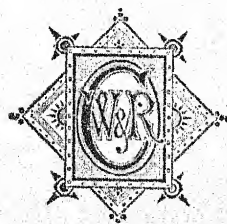


Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES

VOL. III.

December 1899 to November 1900



Edinburgh:
Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Limited.



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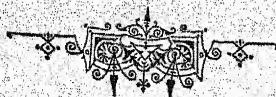
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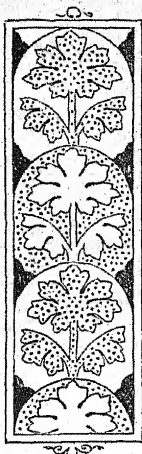
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Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX, Author of *Whoso Findeth a Wife, Scribes and Pharisees, Zoraida, The Day of Temptation, The Great War in England, &c.*

CHAPTER I.—UNDER ORDERS.



DO you understand?"

"Perfectly," I answered.

"And you entirely follow my argument?"

"Entirely."

"It is imperative that active steps must be taken to preserve England's supremacy, and at the same time frustrate this aggressive policy towards us, which is undoubtedly growing. I need not tell you that the outlook is far from reassuring. As a diplomatist you know that as well as I do. The war-cloud which rose over Europe at the end of the last administration is still darkening. It, therefore, behoves us to avoid a repetition of the recent fiasco at St Petersburg with regard to Port Arthur, and strive to prevent foreign diplomacy from again getting the better of us. You quite follow me?"

"I have always striven to do my utmost towards that end," I answered.

"I know, Crawford. I'm perfectly conscious of that; otherwise I would not have spoken so plainly as I have now done. Recollect that I've taken you into my confidence in this matter. You did well—exceedingly well—in Vienna, and showed most creditable tact and forethought. Because of that I have recalled you, and selected you for this particular duty;" and the speaker, the Most Honourable the Marquess of Macclesfield, K.G., Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, paused, with his dark expressive eyes fixed upon me. Under those eyes many a foreign diplomatist had quivered, for so keen was he of perception that he could divine one's inmost thoughts. This calm, thin, gray-faced, rather shabbily-attired man, the great statesman upon whose actions and decisions the prosperity and integrity of the British Empire depended, had,

from the earliest moment when I had entered the Foreign Office, treated me with friendly consideration and kindly regard; and now, as, late on that dull afternoon in February, I sat in his private room in Downing Street, whither I had been summoned from the embassy in Constantinople, he spoke to me not as my master, but as my friend and counsellor.

As an attaché at Vienna, at Rome, and at the Porte, I had worked under ambassadors of various moods; but, by this feeling of friendliness which the Marquess had extended towards me, I had in my duties always felt that I was serving the great statesman personally, and not merely the particular chief I chanced for the time to be under. Undoubtedly the secret of the success of the Macclesfield Ministry in the management of foreign affairs was in great measure due to the amiability of his lordship towards the staff.

"I cannot disguise from myself that this duty is extremely difficult," he went on, leaning back in his chair after a pause and glancing around the fine room, with its life-size portrait of Her Majesty upon the green-painted wall. "Nevertheless, secret services must sometimes be performed; and I have sufficient confidence in your diplomatic instinct to know that you will never act rashly, nor display any ill-advised zeal. The secret of England's greatness is her smart diplomacy; and in this affair you have, Crawford, every chance of distinction."

"You may rely upon me to do my very best to fulfil this important appointment to your satisfaction," I replied. "I will act with care and discretion."

"Act with that caution combined with dignity, as though you were directly serving Her Majesty herself. Remember, I am only her servant."

'And to you is due our peace with honour,' I remarked.

'No, no,' he laughed, depreciatingly. 'True, I am the figurehead; but it is men such as you who man the ship. No Secretary has been more fortunate in his staff than I am to-day, for I am vain enough to think that although they are scattered in all quarters of the globe, yet a cordiality exists among them which is quite as strong as their patriotism. I am proud to think that in all our embassies and ministries we have no traitor.'

'The *esprit de corps* has been engendered by your lordship's personal interest in us, one and all,' I remarked. 'It was not so during the late Ministry.'

He merely raised his gray eyebrows and tapped the edge of the table with the quill in his thin, bony hand. I knew that I had made a mistake in uttering that sentence, for he did not like ill things said of his political opponents.

'Ten years ago, Crawford,' he said, after a few moments' reflection—'it was just ten years ago, this month, if my memory serves me aright, that, in this very room, I first made your acquaintance—you, the son of one of the most trusted and valued men who ever served his Queen at a foreign Court, followed your father's footsteps, and entered the Foreign Office. You remember the advice and maxim I then gave you. That you have remembered them is evidenced by the discretion and ingenuity you have displayed in the various posts you have since occupied. I only ask you still to recollect them while performing the difficult and important duties before you—duties in which I wish you every success and good fortune.'

Then his lordship rose, a sign that our conference was at an end. He shook my hand warmly with that cordiality which endeared him to every member of the Foreign Office staff; and, simultaneously with the re-entry of Manton, his private secretary, who had been dismissed while we had talked, I went out and down the grand staircase—that magnificent flight of stairs up which representatives of every country in the world climbed to have audience of the gray-haired, refined statesman whom Bismarck once referred to as 'the ruler of Europe.' The most tactful, alert, far-seeing Foreign Minister that England had had during the present century, to him was due the extension of the British Empire in all parts of the world during recent years, notably the acquisition of new countries in Africa, with their untold mineral wealth, the occupation of Egypt, the firm policy in the Soudan, and the clever checkmating of Russia in the Far East. To his intimates he was mild-mannered, soft-voiced, and essentially a pleasant man; but to those highly ingenious and unscrupulous diplomats of the Powers who were ever striving to undermine England's prestige he was so dry, hard, and matter-of-fact that they

feared him, and dreaded entering his presence, because in argument they were invariably worsted, while if they attempted diplomacy they were very quickly confounded.

Upon the Marquess of Macclesfield's tact and far-sightedness depended the prosperity of England, the lives of her millions, and the peace of Europe. A single stroke of the pen, a hasty or ill-advised action, and a war might result which would cost our Empire millions in money and millions of valuable lives; an ill-worded note might, he knew, cause England's prestige to be wrecked, and thus precipitate her from her present proud position of first among the great nations of the world. Truly his position was no enviable one, and his salary of five thousand a year inadequate for the eternal anxiety ever upon him day and night for the preservation of his country's greatness and the honour of his sovereign. Restless, whether at his country-seat down in Hampshire or at his town house in Grosvenor Square, he lived ever at the end of a telegraph-wire which brought him hour by hour information or inquiries from the various embassies abroad, all of which demanded his personal attention and reply. In the dead of night, Paterson, his faithful valet, would awaken him and hand him one of those red despatch-boxes with which a foreign service messenger had posted across Europe from Vienna, Constantinople, Berlin, or St Petersburg, in order to deliver it with all possible speed. Indeed, in such a life of terrible brain-tear it was not surprising that the years of statesmanship had aged him prematurely, that his eyes were sunken, that he had developed a restless, nervous habit of pacing the room while talking, or that insomnia would frequently seize him, and at such times he would go forth in the dead of night into the deserted streets of London and walk miles and miles for recreation. For the faithful discharge of his difficult duties he had received many times the personal thanks of Her Majesty; but, truth to tell, it was the applause and the cries of 'Good old Macclesfield!' which fell spontaneously from the lips of those monster audiences he at rare intervals addressed in Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and other provincial centres, that pleased him most of all. He had been heard to say that those hearty ringing cheers which greeted him when he rose to speak, and again when he resented himself, were, in themselves, sufficient repayment for the constant and terrible strain ever upon him.

At the foot of the great staircase, just as I was passing out into the courtyard, wherein the lamps were already lit, as the short day had ended and the yellow twilight was fast fading into night, a cheery voice behind me exclaimed:

'What! Crawford? Is that you, old chap, back from Constant?'

I turned quickly, and saw before me a tall, slim figure in overcoat and silk hat, whom I

recognised as my old friend and whilom colleague, Gordon Clunes, of the Treaty Department, a dark-haired, spruce, easy-going fellow with whom I had lived in chambers in the Albany eight years ago, before being nominated attaché.

'By Jove, Gordon!' I cried, grasping his hand, 'I thought you always went at three, so I meant to look in and see you to-morrow.'

'Busy, old chap,' he laughed in explanation. 'But why are you home? What's occurred?'

'I was recalled by the chief,' I answered.

'Recalled? Nothing wrong, I hope?'

'Not at all. I'm appointed to Brussels,' I laughed.

'To Brussels!' he echoed in a strange tone of surprise, I thought. Then, for a few moments, he was silent in contemplation.

'Yes; but why are you surprised?' I inquired, puzzled. It seemed as though he begrudged me my advancement.

'It will be a pleasant change for you,' he responded, with that air of irresponsibility I had known so well in the old days. 'Brussels is a much better post than Constantinople, and only a few hours from London. Why, Henky, when he was attaché there, used to keep on his rooms in London and run over about once a fortnight—sometimes oftener.'

'Poor Henky wasn't very remarkable for his attention to duty,' I laughed, remembering how, when he was attaché with me at Vienna, he used often to receive a mild reprimand from the ambassador. But the Honourable Alfred Heniker was a merry Guardsman and such a renowned lady-killer that we at the embassy nicknamed him 'The Fly-Paper,' because all the girls stuck to him.

Brussels was, as my friend Clunes had pointed out, a much more desirable diplomatic post than Constantinople, where society is so mixed, and where leave is almost unobtainable.

'When do you go?' my friend inquired.

I told him that it was uncertain, and that, having only arrived from Turkey the night before, after an absence of eighteen months, I hoped to get a few weeks' leave in England. I was staying with a maiden aunt, a very prim and proper old lady, who lived in Warwick Gardens, Kensington, and who had long ago given me to understand that in the event of her decease I should fall in for a very fair share of this world's goods. Therefore, as diplomacy is an expensive profession, and, further, as my income was a decidedly limited one, I felt in duty bound to pay the old lady a visit whenever I came to town; while, on her part, she seemed to be proud of talking to her friends of the advancement and success of her 'nephew in the diplomatic service.'

As we walked together along Downing Street, gloomy and deserted save for the solitary detective

on guard against anarchist outrages, who wished us 'Good-evening, gentlemen,' as we passed, we spoke of mutual friends, and I referred to his own recent marriage, which I had seen announced in the papers.

'Yes,' he laughed. 'Couldn't stand bachelor life any longer, my dear fellow; so, having let our old chambers, I took a wife, and am now settled down as a respectable citizen. I live at Richmond. Come down and dine to-morrow night. My wife will be delighted to meet you. I've told her long ago of our *ménage*, and of the five years we spent together. Those were merry days—weren't they—eh?'

'Yes,' I replied, smiling at some amusing remembrances which at that moment crossed my mind, 'they were. Thank you for your invitation. I'll be pleased to come.'

'Then here's a card,' he said. 'You'll easily find the house; it's one of those new ones on the way up to the Terrace Gardens. But I must take this cab to Waterloo, or I shan't catch my train. Good-bye till to-morrow, old fellow;' and, with a cordial hand-grip, he sprang into a hansom, while I, full of thoughts of my new appointment, turned and strolled on towards that centre whither all diplomats drift, the St James's Club in Piccadilly.

Glad of an opportunity to escape from the terrible formality of dining at my aunt's, where old Batson waited upon one with the air of a funeral mute, I dressed next evening and took train to Richmond, where I had no difficulty in finding Gordon's place, a large new house about half-way up Richmond Hill. It was a decidedly pleasant place, built in artistic Early English style, the interior being mostly decorated in dead white, with a square hall and oak staircase, and rooms with high oak wainscoting and wrought-iron electric-light brackets. In the hall, where he welcomed me, a fire burned brightly; and in his little den beyond, with its high-backed antique chairs, everything was decidedly cosy. Indeed, I envied him, and remarked upon the perfectly artistic arrangement of his abode.

'Yes,' he laughed. 'It was my wife's fancy to have a house like this. She is fond of having things different from other people—a woman's weakness for the distinct, I suppose.'

My train had brought me there about a quarter of an hour too early; therefore, when I had removed my coat, we sat chatting in my old friend's little study, lounging lazily before the fire, and enjoying a quiet few minutes.

'By Jove!' Gordon exclaimed after a pause, 'it is really a stroke of good fortune, old fellow, to be appointed to Brussels. The chief has indeed been generous. I only wish I could get a post abroad; but somehow I'm always passed over.'

'Why, surely you don't want to give this up?' I said. 'How long have you been here?'

'About a year.'

'And yet you want to go abroad!' I said. 'I tell you, Gordon, you wouldn't be half so happy, living in a foreign town, with your wife perhaps snubbed by some of the women to whom you have, for diplomatic purposes, to be nice. It's all very well to be an attaché while you're a bachelor; but afterwards—well, the thing's impossible.'

'And you've had a rattling good time of it—eh?' he asked, smiling.

'Well, on the whole, yes,' I responded.

'At any rate you've earned distinction, and I congratulate you,' he said earnestly. He was a good fellow, one of my best friends, and I had always kept up a weekly or fortnightly correspondence with him ever since I had been appointed abroad. The post he held was one of greatest trust. Indeed, perhaps no one in the whole Department of Foreign Affairs, excepting the Minister himself, knew so many secrets of State as did Gordon Clunes. He was a free, merry, open-hearted fellow, but was discretion itself. With regard to those secret drafts which daily passed through his hands, and were seen by no other eyes than those of Lord Macclesfield, he was a veritable sphinx. There are a good many drones in the Foreign Office hive; but Gordon was by no means an idler. I had often regretted that he had not been appointed to one of the embassies; but it seemed as though the Marquess reposed such perfect confidence in him that his presence at headquarters was much more valuable.

'I know I have your best wishes, old chap,' I remarked. 'And I believe that Brussels is a very pleasant embassy. Lots of life, and within easy distance of London.'

'My dear fellow, Dick Crouch, who was nominated there three years ago, once told me that it was gayer than Vienna. Old Drummond is a brick, and you can get leave almost at any time. When Crouch couldn't get it he used to bring over despatches, and save the messenger a journey.'

'Perhaps I can do the same,' I said.

'No doubt you will,' he replied. 'The chief was talking with the Permanent Secretary in my room to-day, and mentioned that you had been appointed on secret service. You didn't tell me so.'

'I really didn't think it necessary,' I said, slightly annoyed. 'I understood from the chief that this fact was entirely between ourselves. Truth to tell, I don't like the expression secret service.'

'Savours too much of spy—doesn't it, old fellow?' he laughed. 'But,' he added, 'that's the very essence of diplomacy. The successful diplomat is the man who keeps his weather-eye constantly open upon his opponents' doings, and presents elaborate reports to headquarters. Isn't every ambassador a spy, more or less?'

'Certainly,' I responded. 'But I'm not an ambassador yet.'

'But you're a deal more shrewd than some of the old fossils who potter over trifles, and send long screeds to the chief over every vice-consul's worry.'

'Then you think I'll make a good spy?' I asked, laughing.

'My dear old fellow,' he said, clapping me on the back as he rose, 'there are few of those blanketed foreigners who'll be able to get the better of you. The way in which you got at that secret in Vienna is sufficient proof of that.'

'How did you know?' I inquired, starting in surprise that he should be aware of a matter which I fully believed was private between Lord Macclesfield and myself.

'By the alteration in the treaty,' my friend responded promptly. 'The alteration was in your handwriting, and not in the ambassador's. Your tact and shrewdness in that affair saved us from a very ugly difficulty. 'Of course,' he added confidentially, 'I'm not such a fool as to breathe a single word of it. Not a soul in the office knows that you are on secret service besides myself.'

There was a pause, broken only by the low ticking of the clock.

'And you will preserve my secret?' I said, looking him straight in the face. 'Remember that there are secret agents around us even here, and if the truth of my real position leaked out I should no doubt find all my efforts thwarted. Upon secrecy alone my success depends.'

'I know, Philip,' he replied in deep earnestness. 'You have trusted me before; you can trust me now—can't you?'

'Of course, I know I can,' I answered, reassured; and the strange sense of misgiving which had suddenly crept upon me a few moments before was at once succeeded by a feeling of reassurance in my old friend's fidelity.

Just at that moment the door opened, and my hostess entered, a dainty figure in pale coral, sweet-faced, fair-haired, and wearing a beautiful collar of amethysts and pearls around her white, slender throat. She was not more than twenty-three, graceful, with large expressive eyes of deep blue, and a figure almost perfect in its symmetry.

Gordon introduced me as his 'old friend and fellow-bachelor, Phil;' and as I took the slim white hand she extended our eyes met in a quick glance of recognition. I held a suspicion that I felt her hand tremble in mine. Her face was certainly familiar to me—too familiar, it somehow seemed. Yet try how I would I could not recollect under what conditions, or when or where, we had met. That she, too, had recognised me was also evident; yet her quick and strenuous effort to cover her surprise and confusion was in itself suspicious. In an instant I divined her intention. She had recovered herself with a swiftness

that was marvellous—so quickly, indeed, that her husband had not noticed it, and I saw that if I claimed acquaintance with her she intended to deny it. We had met somewhere under extraordinary conditions, I knew; yet, with tantalising perversity, my memory in this direction was an utter blank. She smiled upon me, yet there was

a hardness about the corners of her mouth which I did not fail to notice; and, standing in the centre of that cosy little room, with her necklet of amethysts glistening in the electric glow, she greeted me with an amiable effusiveness which, by some strange intuition, I knew disguised an intense and bitter hatred.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SHAKESPEARE MANUSCRIPTS.

By ALEXANDER CARGILL.



OF the many problems that have gathered round the subject of Shakespeare and his personal history, none has remained so absolutely without solution as that of the disappearance of the manuscripts written by the poet's own hand. For generations this problem has perplexed all who have taken any genuine interest in Shakespeare's magnificent literary bequest; indeed, the mystery of the lost manuscripts may be truly said to have only increased with the lapse of time. Notwithstanding the most careful investigations by successive explorers in this peculiarly fascinating field of inquiry, the same questions that have been asked for now something like two centuries are still, so far, entirely unanswered: By what extraordinary fatality were these precious manuscripts lost to the world? Have they disappeared for ever? If so, when, where, and by whom were they made away with or destroyed? Or, is it possible that they were buried with the poet's mortal remains in his inviolable place of sepulchre by the chancel of the church of Holy Trinity at Stratford-on-Avon, never again to be seen by human eyes? Such are a few of the questions that must ever recur—until the mystery is solved—to those persons for whom this question, in its intimate connection with the life of one of the most surpassing intellects ever created, will always provide matter for speculation of a most interesting kind.

As the matter stands at the present time, the world of literature is, *mirabile dictu*, absolutely without anything whatsoever in the shape of manuscript from the pen of one of its most original, most elegant, and most voluminous writers. Just imagine, were it placed in the market, the money-value of a letter, or of a paragraph or sentence, or even a single line, of genuine 'copy' written by the veritable hand that penned the immortal *Hamlet*! Why, that value cannot for a moment be reckoned, even when compared with the fabulous sums that are nowadays paid for the manuscripts of writers who are not, intellectually, worthy to tie his shoe-latchet! Not a line, however, not a phrase,

not a word even, that can be proved beyond dispute to have been penned by Shakespeare's own hand is known to exist anywhere in the world. 'A blank, my lord; all—all a blank!' is the upshot of the whole matter, thus supplying one of the most remarkable instances on record of the strange caprice of Destiny in dealing with the affairs of men. It is true that there are still extant several sad specimens of the poet's signature—those, for example, appended to his Last Will and Testament, scrawled, in all probability, when his physical force was fast ebbing, and when his signature became a matter of urgent legal necessity. But with the exception of these deathbed mementos, and also excluding his two signatures on the Blackfriars Estate deeds, and his autograph on the title-page of Florio's Montaigne in the British Museum—assuming it to be the autograph of Shakespeare—there is not at the present time to be found anywhere in the world a single stroke of his immortal pen for his admirers to look upon.

How, it may well be asked, did such a literary cataclysm as this ever come to pass? That, of a body of manuscripts, subsequently imprinted in book form, almost rivalling in material bulk our English Bible, and—may it not be said?—approaching it, nearest of all human writings, in respect of beauty of thought and magnificence of language, not a vestige in any shape or form should survive to-day, is one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of English literature. And, moreover, when the comparative recentness of the period of the Shakespeare manuscripts is taken into account, the fact seems all the more bewildering and inexplicable. Nothing, surely, could be more fitly designed to give complexion to the theories that have, from time to time during recent years, been devised to prove that the authorship of the plays belongs, not to Shakespeare, but to some other man of genius, than the mystery of the lost manuscripts. When, however, certain circumstances connected with the life of Shakespeare, so far as that is definitely known, and with the times in which he lived, are duly

considered and their significance adequately appreciated in pondering this interesting literary problem, it may not, after all, be so very much of a mystery as it appears.

In the first place, we must try to realise something of the dangers by which the manuscripts were beset, and therefore of their chances of survival even beyond the limit of the poet's own day and generation. For instance, the age was utterly regardless of the value—supposing there was a value—of the manuscript works of its writers, and certainly had no means of appraising it. The innovation of the arts of printing and book-making, in the modern sense, was then comparatively recent. Once 'imprinted,' the manuscripts were more often regarded as worthless, and fit only to be destroyed, than deserving of special preservation. For the calligraphy of the time was, for the most part, elementary, crude, and inelegant. Fine or fluent penmanship was a practically rare acquirement. Many otherwise well-educated persons could do little more in the matter of penmanship than write their names. Even in the highest social circles signature by cross-mark was by no means an uncommon thing. Judging—if it be fair to do so—from the extant specimens of his own signature, Shakespeare himself would appear to have been but an indifferent penman; and not for many years after the Shakespearian period could it be said of the handwriting of men of even outstanding literary gifts that it was, according at any rate to present-day standards, commensurate or even satisfactory. Obviously, the opportunities for, and aids to, good penmanship some three centuries ago were alike meagre and inadequate. Indeed, in ordinary communities of people few persons could use the quill to much purpose, excepting, perhaps, justices of the peace and attorneys, or scribes, and those in their employment. Shakespeare has, among other occupations that have variously been ascribed to him, been accused of having himself plied the quill as an attorney's apprentice. One has only to glance at his signature to the Blackfriars Estate deeds to give that story its *quietus* once and for all. When the Ireland forgeries were being swallowed down wholesale by the gullible English public of a century ago, no one thought for a moment of applying so simple a test as this signature—ready to hand as it was—by which that foolish youth might easily have been brought to book for his audacious knavery. Keeping all this in view, therefore, it is not difficult to understand how, in Shakespeare's day, the manuscript writings of men even famous among their contemporaries would be lightly regarded and set aside after these writings had been printed and circulated in book or pamphlet form. But in Shakespeare's case the great body of his writings—namely, the Plays—were not published till some years after his death, so that it is permissible

to suppose that, at least, the major portion of the manuscripts were extant in 1623, or seven years after the poet's death; or, how else did his friends Heminge and Condell accomplish their great editorial undertaking in that year? Assuming Heminge and Condell to have edited from the manuscripts—or, at all events, from certain of them—it is not too far-fetched a theory, and it has been suggested before now, to attach to them whatever blame there may be for the subsequent loss of the manuscripts. Yet to no two men does the world of literature owe a deeper debt of gratitude than to these fellow-players of Shakespeare for what they did in conserving and publishing his works, though seven years after he had departed—not a day too soon!

Secondly, it is to be remembered that it is sometimes a characteristic of transcendent genius to belittle its own creations. With Shakespeare this appears, so far as is known, to have been the case in an eminent degree. In his Last Will and Testament—an all-important document in considering this subject—there is not a hint of anything having reference to his writings. His bequests are numerous and varied, but nothing in the shape of literary matter is even suggested. Why this indifference of Shakespeare to the fate of the many and glorious 'heirs of his invention'? Had he previously sold all these to Philip Henslowe, the actor-manager of the famous Globe Theatre, where so many of the plays were first brought out? If not, did Shakespeare consider them to be of such little account as to be unworthy of a scrawl of the scrivener's quill when making up the inventory of his various bequests? Such, indeed, would appear to have been the case; and while it is borne out from internal evidence that the Last Will and Testament was a matter of sudden and serious urgency, though containing many trivial details as to his bequests, the omission of all mention whatsoever to his work of authorship is a fact of strange significance. From what we know of Shakespeare's prudential character in the matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, it is not too much out of the way to suggest that by the year 1616 he had already sold all his plays to Philip Henslowe, so that, his pecuniary interest in them having ceased, he could not bequeath a property which he had parted with to another, and, we may shrewdly surmise, for a worthy consideration. What, therefore, of Henslowe's connection with the manuscripts, supposing he became the purchaser of them?

Before answering this question, however, a third reason in accounting for the disappearance of the manuscripts may be advanced at this stage of the inquiry—namely, Shakespeare's frequent absences from London. These absences would certainly tend to jeopardise their safety, if his manuscripts were left behind either at his lodgings or at the theatre with which he was connected. Probably there was no great English highway more frequented by

Shakespeare than that between the Metropolis and Stratford-on-Avon. It is, of course, unknown how often he journeyed first and last between the two places, at the latter of which lived his wife and family and other relatives, whom no doubt it was his desire to visit as frequently as the exigencies of his actor-calling would permit. But not a single by-the-way incident of these journeys is on record. We only know that the occasion of one of the home visits had to do with the purchase of property there, while another was connected with a sad domestic bereavement—namely, the death of his son Hamnet. Apart, however, from these purely private journeys between London and Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare, in fulfilment of his professional engagements, must unquestionably have travelled extensively from time to time. In Sonnet No. 110 the reference to his wanderings in that capacity is unmistakable:

Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view.

But what were the precise extent and circumstances of his travels with his 'fellowes' will never be known. Not a few biographers have ventured to map out certain lines or routes of travel over which, they say, the poet-player *must* have passed in the course of his career. Italy, for example, declares one writer, he must have visited frequently, since not a few of the plays have all the brilliant sparkle and glamour of the sunny South! Scotland, too, declares another biographer, must assuredly, on one occasion at all events, have been honoured by a visit from Shakespeare and his companions of the sock and buskin; otherwise, how could the tragedy of *Macbeth* have been written? It is quite within the bounds of possibility that he visited not only Scotland and Italy, but also Denmark; but unfortunately there is no evidence extant to show that he actually did so. And to infer that, because the genius of the dramatist has saturated certain of his plays with a natural local colouring, the writer himself must have made a personal pilgrimage to the scenes of the plays, is to draw 'imaginary lines' with a vengeance. The late Mr Halliwell-Phillips was, I am aware, a firm believer in the theory, as supplied by supposed internal evidence of the plays, that Shakespeare must have visited not a few foreign countries some time between his thirtieth and forty-eighth year of age; and, in a letter to myself, Mr Halliwell-Phillips some years ago strongly urged me to make a search among certain ancient municipal documents, which he indicated, with the view of finding traces of the poet's wanderings north of the Tweed. For *vid* Edinburgh, Perth, and Aberdeen, Shakespeare must, in the opinion of that redoubtable biographer, have 'strolled' with the 'Earl of Leicester's

servantes.' To that interesting task of discovery I have not yet addressed myself, since a preliminary 'prospecting' adventure in quest of the classic gold proved to be somewhat discouraging. But whether or not the journeyings of Shakespeare from London included trips to North Britain, or farther afield to Denmark, France, and Italy, there is no doubt that his absence from London from time to time subjected whatever of his manuscripts he left behind him in his reputed lodgings near by the Bear's Garden at Southwark, or in the repositories of the Globe Theatre, in whose fortunes he had a considerable personal interest, to obvious risks of loss, if not of actual destruction.

And the mention in this connection of the famous Globe Theatre suggests, fourthly and finally, the chief accident by which, in the total destruction of that theatre by fire in 1613, many of the Shakespeare manuscripts were in all probability destroyed. By that deplorable disaster, a really tangible reason, accounting for the disappearance of these writings, may not unreasonably be offered. So far as the few extant records of the fire may be relied on, the calamity befell on a certain day in the month of August in the year named, and when a rehearsal of *Henry the Eighth*, which Shakespeare is supposed to have written (partly at least) a short time previously, was in progress. The cause of the fire is unknown, although a contemporary writer alleged it to have been occasioned by some gunpowder used 'in the firing of cannons in displaying the pomp and circumstance of that grand spectacular play.' Be that as it may, the wooden erection was soon ablaze and destroyed with everything it contained. It is not known if any lives were lost; but surely it is not too much to surmise that in this conflagration many of the manuscripts of the actor-poet perished for ever. This, let it be remembered, was the theatre where his plays were, at that period, originally staged. In its fortunes Shakespeare himself had a considerable interest. Philip Henslowe was its acting-manager, and to him initially Shakespeare made over the copyright of his plays, as these were written, for certain sums of money, with which he was enabled to establish himself a proprietor of houses in New Place and elsewhere at Stratford-on-Avon. What more likely, therefore, than that Henslowe had many of these manuscript plays in his possession when the disaster of August 1613 befell? If this theory be set aside, is there another and a better to account for their loss?

The tempest shatters and the flood defiles,
But fire, with ever-ravaging rage, devours,
And, like a fierce and famished beast, licks up
The last and veriest fragment of the wreck!

YOU SING.

By F. T. BULLEN, Author of *The Cruise of the Cachalot*.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

REGARDED collectively, the Chinese may safely be classified under the head of unpleasant races. Most people who have had personal dealings with them will doubtless admit that, while there are to be discovered among them a tiny sprinkling of really decent men and women, taken 'by and large' they are, to Westerns at any rate, anathema. And yet, when due allowance is made for environment, and for hereditary peculiarities of many strange kinds—for which, of course, the individual is in no way responsible—it may not be too bold an assertion that the Chinese are a people who only need a little real leadership on Western lines to become a truly great nation. They possess all the necessary qualifications for such a splendid future and few of the drawbacks. Many virtues that are among us only inculcated by much laborious tuition are with the Chinese *sui generis*. No one will deny that they know how to die; were it possible to teach them how to live, such a revolution would be felt in the progress of the world as it has never yet witnessed. Of course, this does not touch the vast question as to whether such a resurrection of China is to be welcomed or dreaded.

But my intention in these pages is far from that of discussing the economic future of China. Such a task would be indefinitely beyond my powers, besides being utterly unnecessary and out of place here. Besides, I do not really feel sufficiently interested in the Chinese collectively. My story is about a single Chinaman who played a very important part in my own history, and who well deserved a far more powerful testimony than any I am able to bear to his virtues.

But, first, in order to launch my story properly, I must premise that in one of my vagrom voyages, while I was only a puny lad of thirteen, I was flung ashore in Liverpool, penniless, and, of course, friendless. For many days I lived—or, rather, I did not die—by picking up, bird-like, such unvalued trifles of food as chance threw in my way while I wandered about the docks; but as there were many more experienced urchins with sharper eyes than mine on the same keen quest, it may be well imagined that I did not wax overfat upon my findings. Unfortunately my seafaring instincts kept me near the docks at all times, where most of my associates were as hunger-bitten as myself; had I gone up town I should probably have fared better.

However, I had put a very keen edge indeed upon my appetite one bitter November afternoon, when, prowling along the Coburg Dock Quay, I was suddenly brought up 'all standing' by a most maddening smell of soup. With dilated

nostrils I drew in the fragrant breeze, and immediately located its source as the galley of a barque that lay near, loading. I must have looked hungry as I swiftly came alongside of her, for the broad-faced cook, who was standing at his galley-door swabbing his steaming face after his sultry sojourn within, presently caught sight of me and lifted a beckoning finger. I was by his side in two bounds, and before I had quite realised my good fortune I was loading up at a great rate from a comfortably-sized dish of plum soup. My benefactor said nothing as the eager spoonfuls passed, but lolled against the door placidly regarding me with much the same expression as one would a hungry dog with a just-discovered bone. When at last I was well distended he asked me a few questions in a queer broken English that I immediately recognised as the German version. What was I? Where did I come from? Would I like to go to sea? And so on. Eagerly and hopefully I answered him, much to his amazement; for, like every other seaman I fell in with in those days, he found it hard to believe that I had already been nearly two years at sea, so small and weak did I appear. But the upshot of our interview was that he introduced me to the skipper, a burly North German, who, looking stolidly down upon me, between the regular puffs of smoke from his big pipe, said:

'Vell, poy; ju dinks ju like du komm in a Cherman scheep—hein?'

I faltered out a few words, not very coherently, I am afraid, for the prospect of getting any ship at all was just like a glimpse of heaven to me. Fortunately for my hopes, Captain Strauss was a man of action, so, cutting short my faltering reply, he resumed: 'All right. Ve yooost loosl a leedle Engelsch boy lige you. He pin mit me more as ein jeer, gabin-poy, und mein vife lige him fery vell. Ju do so goot as him, you vas all right. Vat ju call jorselluf—hein?'

'Tom, sir,' I answered promptly.

'Ya; den ve calls you Dahn. Dat oder poy ve calls Dahn, und so ju gomes all der same for him—aind id?'

That seemed to settle the matter, for he turned away abruptly and was gone. I hastened to my friend the cook, and told him what the skipper had said, with the result that in another five minutes I was busy laying the cloth for dinner in the cabin as if I had been the original Dan just come back. A pretty, fair-haired little girl of about ten years of age watched me curiously from a state-room door with the frank straightforward curiosity of a child; and I, boy-like, was on my mettle to show her how well I could do my work. Presently she came forward and spoke

to me; but her remarks being in German, I could only smile feebly and look foolish; whereupon she indignantly snapped out, '*Schaafskopf*,' and ran away. She returned almost directly with her mother, a buxom, placid-looking dame of about thirty-five, who addressed me in a dignified tone. Again I was in a hole, for she spoke only German also; and if ever a poor urchin felt nonplussed, I did. This drawback made my berth an uncomfortable one at first; but, with such opportunities as I had, and such a powerful inducement to spur me on, I soon picked up enough to understand what was said to me, and to make some suitable reply.

The vessel was a smart-looking, well-found barque of about six hundred tons, called the *Blitzen* of Rostock, and carried a crew of fourteen all told. Each of the other thirteen was a master of mine, and seldom allowed an opportunity to slip of asserting his authority; while the skipper's wife and daughter evidently believed that I ought to be perpetually in motion. Consequently my berth was no sinecure; and, whatever my qualifications may have been, I have no doubt I earned my food and the tiny triangular lair under the companion-ladder wherein I crept—I was going to say when my work was done—but a rather better term to use would be, in the short intervals between jobs.

Now, the story of the next nine months on board the *Blitzen* is by no means devoid of interest; but I have an uneasy feeling that I have already tried the reader's patience enough with necessary preliminaries to the story of You Sing. After calling at several ports in South America, looking in at Alagoa Bay, visiting Banjowangie and Cheribon, we finally appeared to have settled down as a Chinese coaster, trading between all sorts of out-of-the-way ports for native consignees, and carrying a queer assortment of merchandise. Finally we found ourselves at Amoy under charter for Ilo-Ilo with a full cargo of Chinese 'notions.' Owing, I suppose, to the docility of the German crew, and the high state of discipline maintained on board, we still carried the same crew that we left England with; but I must say that, while I admired the good seamanship displayed by the skipper and his officers, I was heartily weary of my lot on board. I had never become a favourite, not even with the little girl, who seemed to take a delight in imitating her father and mother by calling me strange-sounding Teutonic names of opprobrium; and I was beaten regularly, not apparently from any innate brutality, but from sheer force of habit, as a London costermonger beats his faithful donkey. The only thing that made life at all tolerable was that I was fairly well fed and enjoyed robust health; while I never lost the hope that in some of our wanderings we should happen into an English port, where I might be able to run away. That blissful idea I kept steadily before me as a beacon-light to cheer me on. Happily, dread of losing my wages in such an event did not trouble me,

because I had none to lose as far as I knew; I did not stipulate for any when I joined.

It was on a lovely night that we swung clear of Amoy harbour and, catching a light land-breeze, headed across the strait towards Formosa. Many fishing *sampans* were dotted about the sleeping sea, making little sepia-splashes on the wide white wake of the moon. Little care was taken to avoid running them down; nor did they seem to feel any great anxiety as to whether we did so or not, and as a consequence we occasionally grazed closely past one, and looked down curiously upon the passive figures sitting in their frail craft like roosting sea-birds upon a floating log. Without any actual damage to them, we gradually drew clear of their cruising-ground, and, hauling to the southward a little, stood gently onward for Cape South, the wind still very light and the weather perfect. But suddenly we ran into a strange heavy mist that obscured all the sea around us, and yet did not have that wetness that usually characterises the clinging vapour of the sea-fog. Through this opaque veil we glided as if sailing in cloudland, a silence enwrapping us as if we had been mysteriously changed into a ghostly ship and crew. Then a quick strong blast of wind burst out of the brume right ahead, throwing all the sails aback and driving the vessel stern foremost at a rate that seemed out of all proportion to its force.

For a few moments the watch on deck appeared to be stupid with surprise. Then the skipper, roused by the unusual motion, rushed on deck, and his deep, guttural voice broke the spell as he issued abrupt orders. All hands were soon busy getting the vessel under control, shortening sail and trimming yards. But, to everybody's speechless amazement, it was presently found that entangled alongside lay a small junk, a craft of some twenty to thirty tons, upon whose deck no sign of life was visible. All hands crowded to the rail, staring and muttering almost incoherent comment upon this weird visitor that had so suddenly arisen, as it were, out of the void. As usual, the skipper first recovered his working wits, and ordered a couple of the men to jump on board the junk and investigate. They obeyed unquestioningly, as was their wont, and presently reported that she was unmanned, but apparently full to the hatches of assorted Chinese cargo in mats and boxes. The skipper's voice took an exultant ring as he ordered the vessel to be well secured alongside, and her contents to be transferred on board of us with all possible despatch. Meanwhile the strange mist had vanished as suddenly as it had arisen, and the full bright moon shone down upon the toiling men, who with wonderful celerity were breaking out the junk's cargo and hurling it on to our decks. Such was their expedition that in half-an-hour our decks were almost impassable for the queer-looking boxes and bales and bundles of all shapes disgorged from the junk's hold.

Then they invaded the evil-scented cabin, and ransacked its many hiding-places, finding numerous neatly-bound parcels wrapped in fine silky matting. And, last of all—they declared he must have suddenly been materialised, or words to that effect—they lighted upon a lad of probably sixteen years of age. He showed no surprise, after the fatalistic fashion of his countrymen, but stood gravely before them like some quaint Mongolian idol carved out of yellow jade, and ready for any fortune that might await him. With scant ceremony, he too was man-handled on deck, for the command was urgent to finish the work; the busy labourers followed him, and the junk was cast adrift.

Some sort of rough stowage was made of the treasure-trove thus peculiarly shipped; and, the excitement that had sustained their unusual exertions having subsided, the tired crew flung themselves down anywhere and slept—slept like dead men, all except the officer of the watch and the helmsman. They had at first little to do that night keep them from slumber, for the wind had dropped to a stark calm, which in those sheltered waters, remote from the disturbing influence of any great ocean swell, left the ship almost perfectly motionless, a huge silhouette against the glowing surface of a silver lake. But presently it dawned upon the mate who was in charge of the deck, that although the vessel had certainly not travelled more than a mile since the junk was cast adrift, that strange craft was nowhere to be seen; and, stern martinet though he was, the consciousness of something uncanny about the recent business stole through him, shrinking his skin and making his mouth dry, until for relief he sought the helmsman and entered into conversation with him on the subject. That worthy, a stolid unemotional Dutchman named Pfeiffer, scanned the whole of the palpitating brightness around before he would assent to the mate's theory of any sudden disappearance of our late companion; but, having done so and failed to discover the smallest speck against that dazzling surface, he too was fain to admit that the thing was not comforting. Right glad were those two men when the interminably long watch was over, and the sharp business-like notes of the bell seemed to dissipate in some measure the chilling

atmosphere of mystery that hemmed them in. To the second mate the retiring officer said nothing of his fears, but hastened below, hurriedly scratched a perfunctory note or two on the log-slate, and bundled, 'all standing'—that is, dressed as he was—into his bunk, pulling the upper feather-bed right over his head, as if to shut out the terror that was upon him. Slowly the remainder of the night passed away; but when at last the tiny suggestion of paleness along the eastern horizon gave the first indication of the day's approach, no change, not even the slightest, had occurred to increase the mystery whose environment all felt more or less keenly. As the advancing glory of the new day displaced the deep purple of the night, the awakening crew recalled, as if it had been a lifetime ago, the strange happening of the past few hours. But it was not until the clear light was fully come that the significance of the whole affair was manifest. For there, seated upon a mat-bound case, stamped all over with red 'chops,' was the Chinese youth, whose existence had up till now been unnoticed from the time he was first bundled on board. Impassive as a wooden image, he looked as if the position he had held throughout the night had left him unwearied, and to all appearance the strange and sudden change in his environment possessed for him no significance whatever. But now, when the surly-looking mate approached him and looked him over with evident distaste, he slid off his perch, and, kneeling at the officer's feet, kissed the deck thrice in manifest token of his entire submission to whatever fate might be dealt out to him. The mate stood silently looking down upon him as if hardly able to decide what to do with him. While this curious little episode was being enacted the skipper appeared, and, hastening to the mate's side, addressed the grovelling Celestial in what he supposed to be the only possible medium of communication—'pidgin' English, which, coupled to a German accent, was the queerest jargon conceivable.

'Vell,' he said, 'rot pelong you pidgin—hay? You savvy work, one dime?'

Lifting his yellow mask of a face, but still remaining on his knees, the wail made answer: 'No shabbee. You Sing.'

COTTON-SEED OIL AS USED AND ABUSED.



THE outcome of the parliamentary discussion on margarine will probably result in some protection for the consumer's pocket and the restricted production of a valuable food for the poor. Protective legislation has, however, taken but little cognisance of the reasons why margarine too fre-

quently transgresses the requirements of a healthful food; and, while providing that it shall not emerge from the factory as anything but what it is, does nothing to make it all that it should be.

The advantages of a liberal proportion of fat in the daily dietary are now too well known to be dwelt upon; and cotton-seed oil,

by reason of the superabundance of the supply, contributes largely to meet this demand. The oil, *per se*, enters into the composition of the cheaper grades of margarine; and under what forms it may be found in those of the highest price is a point for the analyst to decide. The intrinsic merits of this oil as a food being exceptionally great, the consumers of it may be interested to know why it is so often found to play an objectionable rôle in dietetic economy, since these consumers are more numerous than they know themselves to be, as the following facts may disclose.

'Where does the cotton-oil go?' was recently asked. The United States produce and export it in largest quantity; but Egypt, India, China, and Brazil also send a considerable amount into the market. The extent and the various guises under which the oil travels may be realised from a study of sundry trade statistics. Chicago, St Louis, Kansas City, and Omaha make large demands on it for conversion into lard, with the aid of beef-suet, and often without assistance from the hog. Nearly an equal portion is shipped to Rotterdam to be transformed into margarine. The packing of sardines on the coast of Maine and on the Continent claims large consignments; and at Marseilles, Trieste, and various points on the Mediterranean coast considerable quantities are manipulated in the manufacture of 'pure' olive-oil. The makers of toilet soaps find use for the remainder.

Therefore, the greater part of all the cotton-oil produced finds its way in various forms to the table; and it is to be hoped that, both for domestic and pharmaceutical purposes, a just recognition of its great merits may soon be realised. The innate capability for easy assimilation, and the sweet nutty flavour of the oil when chemically pure, together with its non-nauseating and non-laxative properties, render it far preferable to cod-liver oil for invalids and children; and there are many forms in which it could be made a mine of wealth in food-stuffs for the poorer classes.

The usual methods of refining are responsible for curtailing its usefulness in these directions. American refiners possess the secret of producing a clear oil of sweet flavour and neutral to the litmus test; and this finds its way to wholesale purchasers branded with various fancy names. The price of this prime quality, however, is so high that margarine manufactured from it has to compete more and more closely with cheap imported butter. To meet commercial exigencies, therefore, the article made from it must be sold, when possible, as pure butter; or cheaper grades of margarine be made from oils not only imperfectly cleansed from their own impurities, but retaining traces of the chemical reagents with which they are refined, and on this account are they detrimental to health. The

nature and effect of these reagents will be best understood from a survey of the commercial handling to which cotton-seed is subjected *ab initio*.

The seed being by nature entangled in the wool, the two are separated by a mechanical process called 'ginning.' The seed consists of a gray farinaceous kernel, enveloped in a hard black hull. This kernel is of a complex nature; and is composed of starchy, albuminoid, mucilaginous, and colouring matters, with sugar and oil. Being a rich source of flesh-formers, it is a valuable food for cattle; the hulls, on the contrary, are valueless for nutrition, and discomfiting to the digestive organs.

The seed is crushed by machinery, and afterwards pressed for the extraction of its oil; the Egyptian seed giving the largest proportion and the lightest-coloured oil. The farinaceous cake left after the oil is expressed is used in stock-raising, and has proved itself by practical experience and recent scientific tests to be the most advantageous of feeding-stuffs. When the seed has not been deprived of its hulls by decortication before being crushed, the hulls pass into the cake, to the deterioration of its nutritive value. In England and Scotland, where Egyptian cotton-seed is exclusively used for making oil, the pressed cake almost invariably contains these hulls.

Some few American crushers, who decorticate the seed before pressing out the oil, demand a proportionately high price for their cake. Owing to troublesome manipulations and the expense of the requisite plant, the practice of decortication has not become general. As, however, the cake gains from forty to fifty per cent. in nourishing efficiency, and loses all of its objectionable qualities, when free of the hulls, it is satisfactory to know that a simple and inexpensive method of removing them during crushing has recently been devised.

The husks may be given a profitable market form by agglutinating them into fire-kindlings by means of melted rosin. The oil expressed from decorticated seed can be more easily and perfectly refined than that obtained from non-decorticated seed.

The oil expressed from cotton-seed is mahogany-coloured, and carries in solution complex matters from the cake which render it very impure. It is known commercially as 'crude oil;' and, to fit it for industrial and domestic purposes, it must be subjected to two treatments: purging and refining. For the first of these caustic soda has a special adaptability, and is universally employed. An aqueous solution of soda of about seventy-two per cent. purity is prepared; and about twenty-four gallons of this liquor per ton of oil will separate the grosser impurities as a mucilaginous deposit, involving a certain percentage of oil. This is a desirable material for soap-making;

and for this purpose it now finds an extensive outlet.

The action of this soda treatment upon the crude oil is as follows: It combines with the albuminoid and extractive impurities to separate them from the oil partly in soluble and partly in insoluble forms. But, having done this, instantly its energy is extended to these precipitated impurities themselves; and enough of them are driven back into the oil, either chemically or by intimate diffusion, to create the chief difficulty in the subsequent refining. The colouring matter, which is naturally in an intimate state of mechanical suspension, is thus converted into a dye to stain the oil a deep orange-colour, and also acts unfavourably upon the stearine constituent, imparting to it a sickly whiteness and a granular tendency. This solid constituent should be removed from the refined oil which is intended for table and culinary purposes, or wherever fluidity and clearness are particularly desirable. The separation can be effected by mechanical means, easily and profitably; for the eliminated stearine would command a higher price than the oil itself.

The refiner, therefore, has to contend not only with the original impurities of the crude oil, but also with the modified phases of them which have intruded into the 'purged' oil through the action of the soda. This treatment leaves in the oil a remnant of foreign matters, dark colour, foul odour, rough taste, and a tendency to rancidity which are difficult to remove. The uninitiated may acquire an acquaintance with this smell by visiting the neighbourhood of a fried-fish shop, and with the rough taste by a cautious consumption of cheap pastry.

The refiner meets rather than overcomes his difficulties by measures more forcible than philosophical. Acids and chemical bleaching-agents of various kinds are resorted to at this point, their effect being to mask temporarily such impurities as they are incapable of removing, to act chemically upon the oil itself, and through it upon the articles of food with which it may be subsequently combined or brought in contact.

Each refiner selects these objectionable reagents at his own discretion—or want of it—and handles them in the fashion best suited to meet the economics of his own refining installation. The favourite bleaching-agents are chloride of lime dissolved in water, supplemented by oil of vitriol diluted with water; the ratio of each per ton of oil being sometimes as high as six pounds seven ounces of chloride of lime and five pounds of the oil of vitriol. The whole of this combination is heated by a steam current, often to the boiling-point, in defiance of the fact that any fixed oil, if heated above one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, is apt to develop rancidity. Fuller's-earth is sometimes used as

a cleanser and sweetener, and, being neutral to the oil, is not directly harmful. It is difficult, however, to remove by washing either the last traces of it or the earthy taste which it imparts.

Although the oil has been chemically acted upon during the above-noted handling, it would be possible to prevent further action by relieving it at this point of all traces of the refining agents, by washing them out with several relays of warm water. But as both impurities and chemicals will thickly encrust the sides of the operating tank, the oil should be drawn from it into a clean one before being drenched. Although water is but sixpence per one thousand gallons, and two hundred gallons of it would cleanse one hundred gallons of oil, the most of the refined oil in the market is sent there insufficiently washed, and the refiner considers that he attains to the acme of good management when he conducts the whole of the cleansing (?) operations in one and the same tank.

Recent researches into the chemistry of oil-refining prove that the impurities which cling to the purged oil after the first soda treatment may be largely removed by a second soda treatment, provided the solution be prepared from caustic soda that is practically pure (ninety-eight per cent.), and that it be used in small quantity.

The elimination from this treatment differs in chemical composition, appearance, and bulk from that deposited by the first purging. Cleansing and sweetening may then be completed with the aid of powdered whiting, which is made to diffuse itself intimately by stirring, the action most probably being solely mechanical. In sweeping through the oil it collects the impurities in small clots or balls, which deposit themselves when left to settle, so that the clear oil above may be drawn off for washing. The bright golden tint which is characteristic of pure cotton-seed oil is thus allowed to appear; the paler or lemon-coloured oils have been chemically bleached. The sweet, nutty, natural flavour is also allowed to manifest itself because high temperature has been avoided. More recent researches have resulted in a philosophical method of making one soda treatment a sufficient precedent to the whiting.

In the decennial period between 1883 and 1893 the shipments of cotton-seed oil progressed from 415,611 gallons to 9,462,074 gallons. In 1889 British India produced 27,000,000 cwt. of cotton-seed, of which only 37,000 cwt. were exported. As the crop everywhere increases annually, it will be seen how abundantly nature supplies that all-important element in nutrition—an assimilable fat-food.

Although cotton-seed oil has been degraded to the position of an adulterant, smuggled upon our

tables in disguise, and charged with noxious ingredients foreign to its composition, yet it has been for years a growing source of national wealth. Released from the disabilities with which it is so unjustifiably hampered, it would prove an invaluable food, the benefits of which could be extended to the poorer classes in particular; for practical science would point the way to many new channels for its utilisation.

At present the British crusher supplies the

stock-raiser with cotton-seed cake loaded with innutritious husks, or sells him at a fancy price decorticated cake imported from the United States. While the broker deals in American cotton-oil commanding the highest market price, the refiner at home manufactures a cheap article for conversion into products which legislation threatens to drive out of existence. The situation demands consideration from a broader view of commercial economy.

'HER MAJESTY'S MAILS.'

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.



Look at Donald Macgregor you would never have supposed him to be a man hopelessly discontented with his lot; such, however, was the case. Under a placid exterior he hid a heart and sentiments that would not have been misplaced in the breast of a Napoleon—or, perhaps it would be more appropriate to say, of a Columbus, a Captain Cook, or a Nelson; for, like these, he followed the profession of the sea.

Macgregor was the master of a small steamer, the *Henrietta*, that every now and then slunk out of the estuary of the Clyde, laden with iron pigs or pots, and crept cautiously coastwards to Liverpool or Bristol, occasionally even as far as London. In spite of her romantic name, the *Henrietta* was not fair to look upon. Her features were plain even to ugliness, and she resorted to none of the arts of coquetry to set them off. Her sides were generally splashed with unsightly patches of red and gray paint, some streaks of which seemed to have reached as far as the battered black funnel. Her deck, on which the most conspicuous object was an evil-smelling donkey-engine morosely surveying a scene of desolation, was of rusty iron. Not a vestige of polished brass ever glimmered in the most brilliant sun to indicate that some anonymous finger had at least made the attempt to improve her personal appearance.

When the worst has been said of the *Henrietta*, however, it is probable there could be found in the world men who would have been satisfied to command her; but Donald Macgregor was not among the number. His right place, he felt, would have been on the bridge of one of the spick-and-span huge mail-steamers that were continually passing him with such disdain in the Irish Channel. There would be some excitement in such an existence! To feel an enormous mass of wood and iron quivering and vibrating under your feet, yet responsive to your slightest wish, and to know that hundreds of human lives depended upon you and you alone, was very

different from the prosaic task of piloting the *Henrietta* from one grimy wharf to another. Yet this, or some similar work, is what Macgregor had been engaged in uninterruptedly now for nearly twenty-five years, ever since he had left the China trade and 'settled down' on his marriage. More than once he had found himself wondering whether a young man who, in sheer exuberance of animal spirits, had tweaked pigtailed in the lanes of Canton and Shanghai was the same person whose whole interest in life was now centred in the tally of his iron pigs being found correct. The blue skies and voluptuously lazy seas appeared like dim reminiscences of some former state of existence. Gradually, however, as the years went by, he had grown, if not satisfied with his life, at least almost reconciled to it, for the unexpected might be said to have been entirely eliminated, and he had long ceased to think a change possible.

One day he was summoned by his owner to Glasgow, and, without any preparation, was asked point-blank whether he could navigate the *Henrietta* to a port on the Red Sea if he were required to do so. The Government had advertised for transports to carry rails, and the services of the *Henrietta* had been tendered. Macgregor, who was at first inclined to be offended that there could be any doubt whatever on the point, replied with considerable dignity that if he could not take his vessel to the North Pole if necessary he would not have been granted his master's certificate thirty years previously.

'I assure you, Captain Macgregor, I would never dream of casting the slightest reflection on your seamanship. We have had too many proofs of your abilities already. I merely thought that perhaps you might not care to leave Europe.'

Macgregor easily allowed himself to be pacified, the more so as the mere prospect of a break in his monotonous life elated him beyond measure. He made up his mind on the spot that he would not mention the project for the present to his wife, fearful lest she might do something

to prevent its realisation; and for the next week he supported the stream of her ordinary sarcasms with stoic equanimity. It was only when the matter was definitely settled, and it was too late to withdraw, that he took her into his confidence, gilding the pill by explaining to her that, as the spouse of the commander of a transport, she might almost consider herself as good as the lady of a captain in the Royal Navy.

A month later the *Henrietta*, or rather Transport 247, four hundred tons or so of steel rails in her flanks, was laboriously plodding through the Bay of Biscay, lurching ominously in the trough of the heavy seas. In honour of her new duties she had been given a fresh coat of black paint, while on each of her bows enormous figures, black on a white ground, proclaimed that, like a convict, she had lost all individuality, and for the nonce was nothing but a number. Macgregor paced the bridge with as consequential a strut as if he had been a young lieutenant put for the first time in command of one of Her Majesty's ships of war. Patriotism burned in his veins, and he was firmly persuaded that he had a great rôle to play, totally unaware, fortunately for his peace of mind, that the *Henrietta* was but an insignificant pawn in a sinister game arranged by the Government of the day to distract the attention of a credulous public. After he had passed Gibraltar, and had been, in turn, greeted from the Rock in response to his having run up his number, he was almost unapproachable by his mate.

The black horsehair sofa that occupied one side of the microscopic cabin was covered from end to end with books of sailing instructions and charts for the navigation of the Red Sea, all of which had been furnished by the Admiralty; and, whenever he had an hour to spare, Macgregor pored over these with the greatest assiduity. Port Saïd was duly reached, and the Canal traversed without any untoward incident happening. At Suez a signal was made from the shore to lie to; and half-an-hour later a steam-launch came alongside with an order from the transport officer to wait until evening, as there was a mail to take down to Suakin. This was almost too much for Macgregor. To carry mails had been one of the greatest ambitions of his life. Not only was the *Henrietta* practically part and parcel of Her Majesty's Navy, but she was also to carry Her Majesty's mails!

Late in the afternoon the same launch made its appearance once more, and a flabby gray canvas bag with imposing-looking seals at the neck was handed on board. Macgregor received it almost with reverence, and, having signed a receipt for it, had it conveyed with great solemnity to a cupboard in the cabin, which was carefully padlocked. The *Henrietta* a mail-steamship!

It was at Suez I renewed a previous slight acquaintance which, strangely enough, I had with Macgregor. I had barely set foot on the vessel before he apprised me of the fact that I was on the deck of a mail-boat. He appeared both surprised and hurt that this communication made, apparently, so little impression on me, and, I am convinced, put me down then and there as a person whose intellect had deteriorated. I was the only passenger on board, however, and it was inevitable that we should become more or less friendly under these circumstances.

Before we retired for the night he had confided to me many of his anxieties. In the Admiralty sailing instructions which he had been perusing so diligently for the previous fortnight the navigation of the Red Sea was represented as being excessively difficult, and Macgregor was at no pains to conceal the misgivings with which his reading had inspired him. 'It's evidently a terribly tight place to get through,' he said. 'The Straits were supposed to be difficult enough to tackle; but they must have been child's-play to the Red Sea.' Nothing I could have said, of course, would have had any effect; but the mate, who had a choice vocabulary of technical seafaring terms, tried to reassure him, expressing the opinion that the books and charts were 'all rot,' and that he had not the least doubt they were simply the result of some plot between the printers and the clerks in London to put money into each other's pockets.

Macgregor pooh-poohed this theory as too absurd for consideration. It was declared in one of the books of instructions that a dangerous coral reef ran down the entire western side of the Red Sea, a few miles from the shore. Here and there in the reef there were gaps through which vessels bound for Suakin and other ports might pass; but to discover these passages was no easy matter. One of these gaps existed a certain distance to the north of Suakin, and was to be found by bearing in a south-south-west direction of what the instructions described as 'a large white ruined tomb,' situated a little way inland. Without the aid of this landmark there was no hope of making the passage, nor, consequently, of ever reaching Suakin in safety. Macgregor told me that the emphatic terms in which this was couched had made such an impression on him that he had dreamed about the tomb every night since he had entered the Mediterranean. I am the more inclined to believe this, for I dreamed about it myself for the next two nights.

He made up his mind that he would find that tomb if it were possible, and drew up his plan of campaign very carefully in consequence. He began by calculating the exact number of miles from Suez to the spot where the tomb was represented to be, and then reckoned that if he drove

the *Henrietta* at full speed, he would come abreast of the tomb shortly before nightfall on the third day out from Suez. This would never do, he told me. He must time his arrival as near dawn as possible, so as to have plenty of time in front of him to look for the tomb. With this object in view, therefore, the engineer was instructed to put the engines at half-speed. On taking the sun the following day, however, Macgregor found he was a good many miles short of the position he hoped to be in, and the engines were once more put full-speed ahead. Next day, when noon arrived, he found he had made more than he ought, and the engines were immediately put at quarter-speed. When evening came he told me he had decided to remain all night on the bridge to be sure of finding the tomb.

The morning was pretty well advanced when I woke, and I speedily became aware that the *Henrietta* was conducting herself in an unusual manner. She appeared, in fact, to be waltzing. Dressing as quickly as I could, I went on deck to investigate, and very soon had an explanation of the mystery. Macgregor was on the bridge, armed with a formidable telescope, every now and then shouting a peremptory order down the speaking-tube to the engine-room. In answer to my inquiries, he told me that no white tomb was to be seen—nothing but an interminable succession of low scrub-grown sand-dunes. From the explanation he gave me, which was somewhat nautical, I made out that he had been running in as close as he dared to the reef, backing away each time he got too close to be safe. This manœuvre he had been repeating for several hours, and this it was that had given me the impression that the *Henrietta* was dancing. When evening came we were no farther advanced. Not a vestige of anything that could possibly be taken for a tomb, white or black, ruined or intact, had been seen.

'I wouldn't mind,' said Macgregor, 'if it were not for the mails. It will never do to be late with them. A mail-steamer ought to allow nothing to stop her.'

That night a council of war consisting of Macgregor and the mate was called in the cabin, and I was allowed to be present in the unofficial character of a spectator. Most of the speaking was done by the mate, who opined in language as profane as it was emphatic that the Admiralty and all its works were accursed, and that, for his part, he did not believe the ruined white tomb had any existence at all. He cited innumerable instances tending to prove that naval officers were all arrant fools, and wound up by roundly declaring that not only did he doubt the existence of the tomb, but of the reef as well, or at any rate of the danger of the reef. Though he was visibly more than once inclined to concur in the opinion of his lieutenant, Macgregor restrained himself,

feeling that the honour of the service was now his. He said, however, that it was absolutely imperative that the *Henrietta*, being a mail-steamer, should reach her destination on the following evening, come what would; and it was finally decided that, if by noon next day the tomb had not been seen, the *Henrietta* would simply steam straight for the place where the reef was supposed to be, and take her chance of there being enough water on it for her to get over without touching. It is certainly no exaggeration to say that neither Cæsar before he crossed the Rubicon nor Clive on the eve of Plassey had more serious self-communings than those of Donald Macgregor, master of the *Henrietta*, that night. He had made up his mind that, if it were in the power of man, the mail-bag which had been entrusted to him should be delivered in Suakin next evening at latest.

The eventful day dawned at last. When, at eleven o'clock, no sign of the tomb had been seen, it was clear that the moment for carrying the great resolution into effect was at hand. Every one on board was becomingly serious. It was a scorching June day, and the sea was perfectly smooth. Not only was there no trace of a tomb, but the reef was only just distinguishable by a slightly different shade in the water. The order was given to put the engines full-speed ahead, and the *Henrietta* was steered straight inshore. Ten minutes later she had passed safely over the reef, and Macgregor was mopping the perspiration from his forehead with a large red handkerchief. His honour was saved. Suakin would get its mail that night!

Sure enough, some four or five hours later a heap of low-lying crumbling white ruins came into view, and about seven o'clock the *Henrietta's* anchor-chain was rattling out. A small brass cannon that was on board was discharged with a feeble bang, and Macgregor signalled to the shore that he had an important communication to make.

'Don't you think it is rather late this evening to bring any one out?' I ventured to ask him.

'It might be, if I had not a mail on board. As it is, every other consideration must give way to that,' he replied impressively.

Quarter of an hour later we saw a boat putting off. It was rowed by Arabs; in the stern was a white man in ducks, no doubt a naval officer. Macgregor ordered the flabby gray bag to be brought on deck, and, with great dignity, took up his station on the bridge, having donned for the occasion a gold-laced cap which I had not yet seen him wearing.

'Who are you? What do you want? Where do you come from?' came in authoritative tones from the boat.

'The *Henrietta* from'—

'Confound your name! What's your number?'

Macgregor reflected that the number was staring

his interlocutor straight in the eyes in figures a couple of feet or so in height, but he answered meekly enough, 'Two hundred and forty-seven, sir.'

'No room in harbour—full—follow reef—ten miles south—anchor beside other transports—wait orders.'

As the last words reached Macgregor's ears, the Arabs, at a signal from the speaker, had already begun to row back towards the shore.

'And the mails?' screamed out Macgregor.

'Eh?'

'The mails!'

'Your rails? Do as you're told.'

THE REVIVAL OF POSTING.



ANY people can still remember the days of stage-coach travelling: the well-kept roads, thronged with vehicles; the bustle of arrival and departure at the various posting-houses; and the various incidents and adventures connected with the journey. With the invention of the steam-engine, and the more rapid means of transit that it offered, all became changed; the roads grew neglected and deserted, the posting-houses silent and forlorn, and the stage-coaches and their garrulous drivers disappeared one by one from the scene. Though we all acknowledge that everything comes round again, with variations, no one, probably, has ever dreamed that posting would be revived, and that the country roads and inns would wake from their long slumber, and be once more the busy haunts of old. But time, that loves to work in a circle, has brought, or is about to bring, back the former custom of road-travelling; though the old-fashioned vehicle with its team of horses will be exchanged for horseless carriages driven by electricity; and it is their universal use, which, in consequence of a new idea, will undoubtedly soon take place, that will revive almost all the adjuncts of coaching. One of the difficulties hitherto preventing the more general application of electricity for transport purposes has been the impossibility of carrying sufficient motive-power for a long journey, or of renewing it *en route*. To meet this objection a company has just been started in Paris, under the title of The International Electric Posting Company. It proposes to establish on all carriage-roads postal relays, destined not only to recharge the accumulators of exhausted electric vehicles, but also to light hitherto neglected and dark neighbourhoods.

The company will naturally begin its operations in France; thereafter it intends to take the roads of Belgium under its care, and then those of other countries. It is easy to see that this suggested perpetual service of electricity will give rise to many changes. It will undoubtedly bring about a greatly stimulated trade with regard to auto-cars for pleasure purposes, and will also entirely revolutionise land transport. The industry of automobilism will enter on a new and apparently boundless course when the driver of an electrical conveyance can feel certain of being able to obtain

the necessary motive-force for his vehicle anywhere on the road, and when he can ensure not being left high and dry in some lonely spot, miles from his destination and without the faintest prospect of succour; it will follow that the highways and byways will soon be crowded with trade-carts, stage-coaches, omnibuses, and wagons of all descriptions driven by electricity. There are still many places which the railway, though perhaps not far off, does not exactly touch, and many, too, that, owing to cross country, are only to be reached with much delay and vexation of spirit.

The new idea will do away with such trouble, and to outlying districts will prove an undoubted boon. In addition to recharging exhausted electrical accumulators, the French company engages to cater for the wants of the petroleum-driven carriage, and to supply all the possible and impossible requirements of cyclists. It aims also, in fact, at establishing a chain of excellent country hotels, where all the necessities of travellers will be carefully studied, medical aid included. Probably the railway companies will be the principal sufferers by and objectors to this scheme. Most of us will gratefully acknowledge the enormous advantage to be gained by the general public. Approved or not, there is no doubt that electricity is the future mode of conveyance; and the company that is first in the field to supply what will soon be a crying necessity deserves to be both welcomed and thanked.

A WINTER LOVE-SONG.

DEAR, if my love could change this earth for thee,
As thy sweet smile has changed a lifeless heart,
These sad, bleak days, this wild inclemency,
Of thy life's calendar should form no part:
But while thou sleepest, Death to Life would start,
And sound of springing flowers—born for Love's sake—
From wintry dreams, my lady would awake—

Wake to a rustling in her canopy,
A smell of earth new-washed with April rain,
A bird's song in the budding apple-tree,
A patch of sunshine on her counterpane,
A breeze that comes and goes and comes again;
And Love's voice, with the bird's voice, calling clear,
'Arise! make glad with us, for Spring is here!'

R. R. WILLIAMSON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

DOMESTIC HELPS AND HINDRANCES.

By E. D. CUMING.

THE Servant Question is one which experience approaches in a spirit akin to despair. It looks back upon a vista of chequered incapacity, punctuated by gleams of competence which the spirit of unrest, now so widely diffused among domestics, forbade you to long enjoy. There is no social difficulty more universally felt among the middle and upper-middle classes; it is less apparent in very large establishments, in which, I imagine, there prevails downstairs a something bearing colourable resemblance to *esprit de corps*. If the weight of the burden fell on husbands instead of wives the legislature would have taken the matter in hand long ere now. That is why I believe in woman suffrage; but this is foreign to the subject.

The only person who can regard the position with a light heart is the registry-office proprietor, who reaps a yearly increasing harvest of fees. An eminent person in the business, when asked how she explained the paucity of domestics, averred that 'they look too high. A girl will come here asking for a situation as a lady's companion when she is not really fit for a kitchenmaid's place in a good house.' This is surely only part of the truth. Education and widened scope for women's work deplete the class from which domestics are drawn, and, naturally enough, of its more intelligent members; though, in point of fact, the perfection of domestic service calls for a degree of method, manual skill, resource, care for detail, and alertness which is only found with intelligence of an order by no means despicable. The greater freedom enjoyed by the shop and restaurant girl, the typist, and the clerk compares favourably with the restraints of service; and the supposed social superiority counts for much. Whether the restaurant-girl or typewriter is really better off than the servant in a reasonably good place is another matter. The former may

get fifty pounds a year, out of which she must pay for every necessary of life; the domestic has board, lodging, food, and washing provided for her, and her wages go in dress and pocket-money. No sensible mistress looks askance on a capable girl who wishes to 'better herself;' but she may be pardoned for impatience with the young person who has no claim but ambition to look higher.

No feature of social economy in recent years has been more marked than the increase of the 'flat' in London and other large towns. The erection of huge blocks of flats is partially an attempt to solve the great domestic difficulty by providing accommodation which requires a reduced number of servants. Many young married couples are attracted to the flat, with its high rent and inevitable one dark side, by the prospect of being able to manage with a single maid. 'It's so convenient,' people airily tell you; 'when you want to go away all you have to do is to send the servant for a holiday and lock the door.' That is true as far as it goes, but it is only one side of the incident. It is depressing enough to return to town after the country, and how much more depressing to return to the 'hearth unswept and chamber ungarnished'! Your single-handed servant, too, leaves you entirely dependent on the doubtful ministrations of charwomen during interregna.

The advantages of the flat are hugely overrated. You constantly meet young couples who have given up the flat for the house at the earliest possible hour; and increase of family is not by any means the usual reason. The rent of the flat is disproportionately high compared with that of the house. No allowance for vacant flats is made to the landlord by the local authorities when fixing rates and taxes; and the landlord, of course, protects his own pocket by charging rents whose aggregate shall leave ample margin against loss through flats that may remain unoccupied. Hence you pay not only

for your own flat but a share of the rent of others, whether occupied or not. As a solution of the domestic difficulty the flat is a failure. The small one provides very indifferent lodging for one servant; while the large one, only found in a good situation, is rented at a sum far beyond moderate means. Servants do not like flats, unless they be on the ground-floor, and so afford practically limitless opportunity for flirtation. The solitariness of an upstairs flat, at whose door no tradesmen call, and whose kitchen is linked to the outer world by a speaking-tube, is hated of the servant-girl; and one cannot blame her.

This may explain why the demand for good general servants, created by the multiplication of small flats, has called into existence no corresponding supply. Under any circumstances it is hard to find a girl who can perform the duties of cook, housemaid, and parlour-maid; and the average 'general' who will come to a flat is a girl who has apparently tried the rôle of each and failed in all three. The flat has contributed little more to the domestic question than to reveal an unexpected wealth of State-educated incompetence.

Various endeavours have been made to meet the difficulty of achieving moderate comfort in the small flat. One enterprising lady, who occupied a flat in a large modern square consisting entirely of 'mansions,' has started a central kitchen, whence meals are sent out to subscribers among her neighbours, who are thus enabled to dispense with the doubtful aid of a 'general' cook. She has now about two hundred customers on her books, representing two hundred small families, freed from incompetence and extravagance in the kitchen. Another enterprise whose aim is to solve the difficulty of getting ordinary housework properly performed is an 'Association of Trained Charwomen.' This organisation sends out women by the day to those who prefer their services to the muddling of the general servant. The work of the association is increasing; but what a change is here from the day of the old family servant, whose interests were merged in those of the house, and who identified herself so entirely with her employers!

The servants' insurance offices, which for a small monthly payment guarantee to maintain the insurer while she remains out of a place, are, it may be conjectured, responsible in some measure for the light-heartedness with which a girl throws up her situation for little reason or none at all. Originally founded, like trade unions, with the praiseworthy object of helping servants in sickness or distress, they have become perverted from their real purpose; and it is doubtful whether they are not in these days productive of more harm than good, for a domestic of very average merit can take her

choice of places, and need never for a week remain unemployed. I have been told, though I do not know how far the assertion is correct, that there are servants' clubs whose members are pledged not to remain longer than a stated period in one place. It will occur to many mistresses that the stipulation is somewhat unnecessary.

Much has been said and written about the lady-help as the refuge of the destitute mistress. I have never tried one, disliking a system that tends to further obliterate class distinction, though no doubt it may work well in some cases. Our nearest approach to the lady-help was a 'superior woman.' Her description of herself must have been the outcome of sardonic humour, as she was at pains to prove herself superior to all the work she engaged to perform. She was the widow of a professional man; and, reduced circumstances obliging her to earn her own living, she indulged a love of housework (described as 'passionate') by going out to service. She remained with us just forty hours. There are few minor follies I regret more than the payment of a month's wages to Mrs Todd to get rid of her peaceably; it was directly encouraging a very impudent blackmailer, for her behaviour left room to doubt that she had come with any other object in view than to be paid to remove herself at the earliest possible moment. A fraud of another kind was a cook who arrived in the evening after dinner, announced when interviewed next morning that the place would not suit, and took her unobtrusive departure (leaving the area door open) somewhere between midnight and dawn. The circumstance that she brought only a handbag, and expected her box 'in a day or two,' suggested that she came with no intention of staying; but whether merely for a couple of nights' free lodging on her way through London (she was from the country), or with a more dishonest object, cannot be decided. If she cherished designs on the silver, there was nothing but her conscience between her pocket and her booty, for we keep nothing locked up. So far as my experience goes, dishonesty even to the extent of 'picking' is extremely rare, the only exception being a girl with a sweet tooth, who could not resist cakes and liqueurs.

While writing of impostors in the shape of domestics, one's mind recurs to the results of advertising. On one or two occasions, when in despair at the failure of registry offices—not to 'suit' me, but to send any one at all—I have advertised. Do not waste money on advertisements for servants. In the first place, it is useless; in the next, if you live in a large town, it is practically certain to bring you visits from beggars, if not thieves. One advertisement for a cook cost a salver (electroplate fortunately), taken from the hall table, and about six shillings in railway

fares. The salver went away under a large and heavy cloak the applicant carried over her arm on one of the very hottest days of a tropical summer. She was only in the house about one minute—long enough to say she should require help in the kitchen, and that the place would not suit her if none were given, as stated in the advertisement. You may draw your own conclusions concerning the real object of her call. The other two applicants were elderly, respectable-looking women, each of whom came from a remote suburb, and gave an acceptable account of herself, with the address of her present place; having done which, each respectfully ventured to ask for her fare. Both letters to the 'present place' were returned through the post. The same experience has befallen friends; but we are apt to cling to our faith in the honesty of the species, or perhaps it were more correct to say we are only too ready to believe that the eagerly-sought cook has at last appeared.

The idea that perfection will appear if she only changes with sufficient frequency is one of the commonest theories held subconsciously by women. That very mistaken idea takes time to wear out; but the sooner it does the better. Constant change ensures the minimum of comfort with the maximum of trouble and expense. Servants, like the rest of us, must have their shortcomings, and the best thing you can do is to settle with yourself what faults you will overlook in consideration of merits. The theory is simple, but the practice is often extremely difficult. When an otherwise excellent servant appears, for example, to be a sworn member of the League for Omitting to Dust the Tops of Books and Pictures, the temptation to give warning for persistent disregard of repeated orders is very strong. What are you to do? The girl has many good points: she is good-tempered and obliging, neat in her person, punctual, and keeps the silver better than any maid you have ever had. You like her, and she likes you; there is nothing to mar the harmony of perfect understanding but those wretched book and picture tops. The only remedy is to give yourself a little trouble to get them dusted; make a point of being in the room at the time it ought to be done, and inquire before the girl quits the room whether she has done it. This is a much better plan than discovering the omission an hour or two later, and calling her back to do the work while you stand over her. The great thing is, if possible, to find means of correction that shall not disturb pleasant relations between mistress and servant.

Our present housemaid offers an instance. Caught wild in the county of Wicklow, she came over to this her first civilised place with nothing to unlearn by way of compensation for exhaustive ignorance of the work she had come to do. She is willing, fairly intelligent, and a nice girl to deal with, as, indeed, the vast majority of Irish

servants are. After eight months' training, as trying probably to her patience as that of her mistress, she has developed into a really good servant. Her wages had been raised once, and would have been raised a second time sooner than they were but for what, with beautifully unconscious self-complacency, she called her 'only fault.' The rule of the house requires that she shall be in by ten o'clock on her weekly evening out; and Annie (save on one occasion when she was nearly punctual by an accident that surprised her into naïve admission) could never get home till eleven or later. In the interests of discipline this failing could not be continually overlooked; such a fault is sure to be infectious; and if each of your household added the respective 'only faults' of her fellow-servants to her own, indulgent toleration would cease to be justified. Having each evening warned Annie before she went out at half-past six that she *must* be in by ten, and when for the fourth or fifth time the latch-key rattled in the front door (I prefer the servants to come in that way at night) at about quarter-past eleven, I yielded to the impulse of the moment, and went downstairs and gave her 'warning' on the spot. She took it with exemplary meekness but Irish diplomacy; she sent up the table-silver so perfectly polished next day and for many days after that I was only too glad a fortnight later to be asked for 'another chance.' We then came to a new arrangement: the weekly night out was stopped unless she could accompany one of her more reliable fellow-servants, and an extra afternoon granted instead. After a month or six weeks an experimental night out was sanctioned, and since then she has taken it regularly without giving cause of complaint.

This girl's sister, who remained with us as cook till the doctor ordered her out of the kitchen and into the country, had an 'only fault' which is by no means uncommon, in the shape of a quick temper. Her idea of protest was confined to giving notice; and she found opportunity of protest in the most unexpected fashion. The temptation to accept the 'warning' which came nearly once a fortnight, at our morning interview, was often strong; but, mindful that her health was indifferent, I forebore, and adopted the plan of bidding her repeat her warning that night if she should then be of the same mind. She never did so, and in course of time the irritating formality was finally dropped.

The most troublesome domestic is the extravagant and indifferent cook—the two defects are only too often found in one—who has been mistress in her last place, and intends to be mistress of you. Then you must fight. Her weapons are frequently insolence and disobedience; but whatever hers, you must be inflexibly firm and apostolically patient. If she gives way gracefully after a struggle she may be worth keeping; if she

goes on fighting there is only one course open to you: to let her go, and to face anew that perennial sorrow, the search for her successor. Apropos of such kitchen warfare: do not keep a servant for whom you contract personal dislike. It is impossible to treat her shortcomings with perfect justice, and the very tone of your voice, differing from the tone in which you address the other servants, will be a grievance. The antipathy is sure to be reciprocated, and the sooner you part the better. If a servant be so excellent that she never needs correction, you may, though her merits do not win your regard, retain her services; but this reservation presupposes a treasure which is too rare to be worth consideration in practical affairs.

There is one ever-present difficulty for which most mistresses are seeking a solution. The best and the worst servants stand on the same level in regard to breakages. A certain amount of breakage is to be expected, and should be overlooked; but there must be a limit to ensure the exercise of reasonable care, and when the limit is exceeded payment should be exacted in conformity with arrangement made by mutual consent. The practice of leaving things to be found out is annoying to the last degree, and I have done my poor best to encourage servants to come and tell when an accident occurs. It is clearly understood (the law requires a definite agreement with the servant on this point when you engage her) that she who breaks and tells pays only half the cost, while she who breaks and does not tell pays the whole. Whether it is that eternally springs the hope that the broken article will not be missed, periodical inventory-taking notwithstanding, or whether their moral courage is positively unequal to saying, 'Please, I have broken a cup,' I do not know. The regrettable fact remains that servants refrain with heart-breaking unanimity from confession. In this connection one word: never, if you can help it, take a servant who has been employed in a large hotel. Domestic and hotel service used to be things apart; but time has changed that, among many other matters, and the line of demarcation between the two is vanishing. In hotels, I am informed, breakages are never charged against the servants, careful handling of glass and crockery being incompatible with the high pressure at which the staff, kept down to lowest limits, is required to work. This immunity from consequences naturally breeds a habit of carelessness nearly impossible to eradicate.

The first month is always a crucial period with a new domestic. Every mistress has her own ways, and her first object is to make the new-comer adopt them to the exclusion of methods to which the girl has been accustomed. In every respect the process of induction—'breaking in,' as the men call it—is a somewhat delicate business. Some people insist that the utmost allowance should be made for novelty, and that you should teach

a maid by degrees how you prefer things done, lest by excess of instruction at the beginning you dishearten a willing servant. There may be something in this plea; nay, there is much to be said for it when the new-comer shows anxiety to please and that very uncommon quality of *thoroughness* in her work. Unhappily there are only too many servants who begin by trying how little will satisfy the mistress; to be lenient towards a maid who comes in this spirit is simply to court bad service. It is better for the mistress to begin as she means to go on, and make it perfectly clear from the outset that she expects the work to be thoroughly done. It is often exceedingly difficult to persuade a girl that methods to which she has been accustomed can be improved upon; particularly if she has been with 'Lady' anybody, whose ways, she imagines, ought to be good enough for a mere 'Mrs.' It is to be feared the usages of the last place are often made the cloak for laziness. What would Lady Blank say if she knew how a certain housemaid libelled her! Lady Blank never wanted hot water to wash her hands before lunch or dinner, or before retiring for the night; never required the stair-rod to be polished, or slops in the bedrooms to be emptied during the day; did not expect the drawing-room hearth to be swept before she came up from dinner. In short, Lady Blank's requirements were so elementary and withal so completely satisfactory to her whilom housemaid that we had to part. If neglect of orders requires such constant correction that one begins to acquire the habit of nagging, one owes it to one's own self-respect to dismiss the source of irritation.

Mistresses must be trained, or train themselves, to perform their duties not less than servants to discharge theirs. If the young wife has never held the household reins before her marriage she has everything to learn afterwards, and the education is not altogether a pleasant experience. Herein is one of the advantages of life in a small flat, though an advantage admittedly not recognisable as such at the time. With one untrained or half-trained 'general,' she must, if she would approach the standard of cleanliness and order she has been accustomed to, take much upon herself. In doing household work with her own hands she discovers how it should be done, learns to know good work when she sees it, and qualifies herself to teach when she controls a larger establishment. It is bad to expect too little of a servant, but worse to require too much; and only the mistress who has borne her share in the household tasks is really qualified to allot work to others.

As an indispensable member of the household, the master and his failings must be kindly dealt with; but if men, particularly men who are at home all day, would only learn that there is such a thing as household routine, how much more smoothly the machine would work! Their im-

patience with the discomforts of house-cleaning is too threadbare a topic to deserve mention; but how accurately it reflects the whole attitude of the masculine mind towards the work of the house! If not 'finicking,' the man is most often deplorably untidy, and at the same time intolerant of untidiness—except in his own study, whose condition is generally a subject for tears. He cannot see dust, and therefore cannot sympathise with your daily war against it; he expects the servants to be at call without thought of the work-table you have drawn up with such pains in order to make the maids' duties fit in. He cannot understand that if he comes to breakfast or lunch three-quarters of an hour later, the same work-table is hopelessly disorganised for the rest of the day. There is no more successful method of demoralising an ordinary staff of servants than by leaving home for a fortnight with the master in charge; and he crowns his misdeeds with a lofty 'Get another' when you

mention that Jane or Mary can no longer be retained.

The small household of only moderate means is at a grave disadvantage with tradesmen as compared to the large establishment. Its needs are so insignificant that its custom is hardly worth having, and accordingly the small household is seldom well served unless the mistress does her own marketing, chooses her own meat, poultry, fish, vegetables, and fruit, and sees the goods put aside for her, or, better perhaps, takes the purchases with her. When she cannot do this and is obliged to make known her wants through post or the tradesman's messenger who calls for orders, she is apt to find herself the recipient of weirdly-shaped joints unduly furnished with bone and fat, of stale fish, and damaged fruit. The majority of tradesmen begin by treating you well, and the only remedy that suggests itself is to change your butcher and greengrocer when his care for your interests begins to decay.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER II.—JUDITH.

DINNER was a pleasant affair in the panelled room, through the long windows of which I could see the valley of the Thames, with its river-side lights twinkling afar. Two elderly men and a couple of pretty girls had been invited to meet me, and the gossip was light and amusing. My hostess was the life and soul of the party, bright, vivacious, and full of mirth; yet I could not disguise the fact that she regarded me with some suspicion. During the meal I tried hard to recollect where we had met before, but failed utterly. Her conversation was that of a well-educated, clever woman. Her face was familiar; her lips, a trifle thick and full, had once before struck me as unusual in one of her beauty and grace. But where I had seen her I could not remember.

'Gordon tells me that you've just had the good fortune to be appointed to Brussels,' exclaimed a pretty, dark-haired girl in blue, who sat next to me, but whose name I had not caught when introduced to her.

'Yes,' I laughed. 'Do you know Brussels?'

'I was at school there four years,' she answered, toying with her hock-glass. 'But I didn't see very much of it. Our excursions were mainly confined to Sunday walks in the Bois.'

'You'll return, perhaps, when you are married,' I said, smiling. 'It's a very pleasant city for a honeymoon.'

'We spent part of our honeymoon there on our way to the Rhine,' interrupted Mrs Clunes. 'It

was quite as bright as Paris, without all the rush and turmoil. And the Bois de la Cambre—isn't it charming?'

'Yes,' I said, for as part of my training for a diplomatic career I had spent a year in the Belgian capital, and practically knew every inch of it, from the Quartier Leopold, where the English reside, away to Laeken, and from St Gilles to Schaerbeek.

'I only wish we could live there instead of here,' she continued, with a slight pout. 'I do hope that some day Gordon will get nominated abroad. I should love a cosmopolitan life.'

'Life at an embassy must be awfully jolly,' observed my neighbour in blue. 'One must meet so many interesting people, from kings and queens downwards.'

'Kings and queens are not as a rule interesting people,' I said. 'The monarchs I have met have not impressed me very much. They look much more regal in the illustrated papers than they are in real life. The most interesting persons, on the whole, are those foreign secret agents who are always seeking to pry into our affairs and learn what we don't desire that they should know.'

'I've heard a lot of strange stories about those spying individuals,' said my hostess, at once interested. 'What are they like? Do tell me.'

'Well,' I said, 'every one of the Governments of Europe, with the possible exception of Switzerland, finds it necessary to maintain a corps of secret agents for confidential duty. Their remuneration is not very high, but it is sufficient to

neration being defrayed from the Secret Service Fund at the disposal of every Prime-Minister, the national treasury takes no cognisance of their expenses or of their names. These latter are only known to the Premier and to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. They are ignored at the regular police headquarters, while the general public very often has no knowledge whatsoever of the existence of such a force. Their duty is to learn all that goes on in the various embassies, and report to the Chancellerie they serve. They number people in every class of life and almost every nationality.'

'And does not our British Government take steps to combat the efforts of these spies?' asked the old gentleman opposite.

'In a measure it does,' I responded carelessly. 'It, of course, behoves us to be wary with this horde of secret agents about us, for their ingenuity is simply marvellous.'

'Of course there are lots of books which reveal the elaborate system of espionage in Russia,' observed the girl in blue.

'Ah! that's quite a different affair,' I replied. 'The Russian agents are mostly employed for the purpose of keeping watch upon the doings of those of the Czar's subjects who live beyond the frontiers of Russia; and when it is borne in mind that those number close upon a million, and that every Russian has in his blood the characteristic Asiatic taste for conspiracy and intrigue against his Government, it can be readily understood that the secret agents of the Chancellerie of the Czar have their hands pretty full. It is not the agents of the Ministry of the Interior that trouble us, but the system of spies established in every country in Europe with a view to learning the secrets of English diplomacy. We hold the balance of power, you see, and because of this every effort is being made to reduce our prestige and undermine our supremacy.'

'It certainly behoves you all to be as secret as the grave,' my hostess said. 'I don't think I should like to be in possession of a State secret which a hundred unscrupulous persons were seeking to discover. One must feel awfully uncomfortable.'

'But you are a woman, my dear,' laughed her husband. 'They say that your sex can't keep a secret,' a remark whereat every one laughed.

'Ah! perhaps not,' answered she. 'But it seems so horrible if you can't tell who is your friend and who is your enemy,' and she fixed her eyes upon me with a strange look of misgiving.

'Exactly,' I said. 'This secret service, being beyond the pale of the law, is contrary to all notions of what is straightforward and honourable. The methods of action these agents employ are often most questionable and unsavoury. Indeed, for example, at Vienna, where perhaps the secret service is permitted to play the greatest

rôle, His Majesty has been compelled by the stress of public opinion to consent to the imprisonment and suspension from office of the chief of the service for making use of dishonourable manœuvres. Again, in Germany, in response to the memorable speech by the Liberal leader, Richter, in the Reichstag, exposing the unscrupulousness of secret agent Von Rumpf, his rôle as a provoker and instigator of crime, and his employment not only of criminal methods but even of criminals, in order to succeed in the intrigues in which he was engaged, the Minister of the Interior proclaimed the doctrine that the executive and his Government have a right to use the extra-legal, or, to put it plainly, unlawful, methods for attaining its aims when the ordinary legal methods are inadequate and unavailing. This declaration is in itself sufficient to show to what an extent espionage is carried at a foreign court.'

'If such is the case, then each of our embassies are surrounded by enemies,' observed young Mrs Clunes.

'Of course they are,' exclaimed her husband. 'Don't you recollect that I told you once how cleverly they work the *cabinet noir* in France, in Germany, and in Russia?—so ingeniously, indeed, that our representatives at these courts dare not send a single despatch through the post, otherwise it is opened and copied.'

'Then they open official letters?' exclaimed the girl in blue at my side.

'To the *cabinet noir* nothing is sacred,' I said. 'It is established for the purpose of dealing with both official and private correspondence; and the manner in which letters are opened and resealed is in itself a marvel of ingenuity. So well is it done that letters sealed with wax are opened and again secured, leaving the original seals intact, without a trace remaining that they have been tampered with.'

'We've had one or two experiences of that sort of thing of late, Crawford—haven't we?' remarked my friend, with a meaning look.

'Yes,' I answered. 'At Constantinople lately one or two matters which we believed secret, while we were trying to adjust affairs between Turkey and Greece after the war, leaked out in a very mysterious way. Active inquiries were made, and it was found that the Russian *cabinet noir* was at work, and, further, that at St Petersburg they were fully informed of all our secret instructions received from Lord Macclesfield.'

My hostess sighed. As her white chest heaved her necklet of amethysts glistened, and her lips became compressed. I noticed this latter involuntary movement of the muscles of her face, and saw that she was anxious to change the subject. I admit that at that moment I entertained a growing suspicion of her.

As to her being eminently graceful and charming there could be no two opinions. Gordon, however, had never told me who she was. When I had been a month at Constantinople I received a letter suddenly announcing his marriage, to which I responded by sending a cheque to a London silversmith with instructions to forward a wedding-present and by writing him a letter of congratulation. Then I had seen the announcement in the *Standard* a week later that he had married, at the village of Rockingham, 'Judith, daughter of the late William Carter-Harrison,' and had wondered whether or not she were pretty.

Gordon had not much changed in the years I had been absent. Ten years ago we were both second division clerks, and we had certainly enjoyed London life and had had a very large circle of friends. He was always gay and light-hearted, fond of practical joking, and eternally declaring that he should never marry. Yet he had now taken to himself a wife, and had become just a trifle graver than before, as, of course, befitted a responsible householder whose name was on the jury-list.

At last, when dessert was finished, the ladies left; and presently, after a brief gossip, we rejoined them in the drawing-room. The size and tasteful decoration of the place surprised me. The walls were entirely in white, with a ceiling of that type for which Adams was noted a century ago; blazing logs burned upon old-fashioned fire-dogs, and there was a capacious chimney-corner, with its settle and old oak arm-chair. It needed not a second glance to ascertain that the furniture, every bit of it, was genuine old oak, and as we entered I could not refrain from repeating to Gordon my admiration of his tasteful home.

'It is Judith's fancy,' he repeated happily. 'I was for a house in Kensington, but she loves Richmond because in summer we can get on the river or go for pleasant drives. She has always been used to the country, and declares that London suffocates her.'

'Can you wonder at it?' his wife asked me, overhearing our conversation. 'To me London is dreadful. I go up once or twice a week to do shopping, or to a theatre, but really I'm always glad to get back here to the quietness of my home. And besides, the view from these windows is the best within a hundred miles of London.'

'Of course,' I replied; for, although I could see nothing in the darkness, I knew well the picturesque scene from the windows of the 'Star and Garter,' where I had so often dined in the days before I went abroad. Below lay the broad green valley, with the Thames winding away like a silver ribbon between trees and meadows past Twickenham Ferry to Teddington Lock—a magnificent picture at any time, but doubly so when the silent highway reflected back the golden blaze of the summer sunset. 'But your decorations here are in such excellent taste, yet so extremely simple. I envy Gordon his home. Only one room have I seen before similar to this.'

'Where?' my friend inquired.

'In Vienna. It belonged to a lady I knew.'

'Vienna!' exclaimed his wife, with sudden interest. 'Were you at the embassy there?'

'Yes,' I replied. 'I was there about two years.'

'Then you may perhaps have known of an officer named Krauss—Oswald Krauss?'

In an instant the truth came upon me as a lightning-flash. Perhaps I started at mention of that name—a name which to me carried with it recollections of a hideous but hidden page in my history. At any rate, even though I felt myself standing immovable, glaring at her, I managed to recover myself sufficiently to answer:

'The name Krauss is exceedingly common in Vienna. I have no recollection of any man whose Christian name was Oswald. What was he?'

'His father was Baron Krauss, of Budapesth,' she answered simply, her blue eyes fixed upon me with a curious look of severity.

'No,' I answered, with affected carelessness, 'I have no recollection of ever meeting him.'

That calm inquiry she had uttered held me breathless. No, I had not been mistaken when suspicion had seized me that we were not altogether strangers. This woman in coral had, by mention of that name—a hated name graven for ever upon my memory because of the burden of evil which had fallen upon me—brought back to me in all their hideous reality those circumstances which I had so long striven to forget. Our eyes again met, and in the blue depths of hers there was a smile of mocking triumph.

This woman who was Gordon's wife held the secret of my sin.



RICHARD CROMWELL, PROTECTOR.

By Sir RICHARD TANGYE.



DURING the past year very much has been written and said about Oliver Cromwell and his achievements, but comparatively little reference has been made to his son Richard, who succeeded him in the Protectorate.

The new Protector's tenure of office was very short—he only occupied the chair of State about eight months; but he might unquestionably have reigned much longer had he chosen to avail himself of the prescriptive rights of rulers in all ages—the rights of the 'Masters of Legions.' The immediate cause of his fall was the treachery of some of his principal officers, men who had been raised to their high position by the late Protector, and who hoped that, in the confusion they expected would ensue upon his death, they might be able to seize upon supreme power.

One of the traitors was General Fleetwood, Oliver's son-in-law; and on hearing of his machinations against Richard, Henry Cromwell wrote from Dublin entreating him to consider what he was doing before it was too late. 'Let me beg you to remember how his late Highness loved you; how he honoured you with the highest trust by leaving the sword in your hand which must defend or destroy us.'

Oliver died on the 3rd September 1658, and Richard's protectorate ended in the following April, when Fleetwood and the Council of Officers took over the government and directed Parliament what to do.

In consideration of Richard's submission and of his giving up possession of Whitehall, Parliament ordered that his debts should be paid, and that he should receive an annuity of ten thousand pounds a year; but this order was never acted upon, and shortly afterwards the ex-Protector had to flee the kingdom and to spend twenty years in exile to avoid arrest for debts incurred on behalf of the State. 'Put not your trust in princes'—nor in revolutionary governments.

In my collection of Cromwellian manuscripts there is a curious little document relating to a 'shagreen truncke,' entirely in the handwriting of Richard Cromwell. Here it is:

'Whereas I have formerly delivered to Mrs Rachell Pengelly my little shagreen truncke which is now in her custody, I doe hereby give and confirme the same and the things therein mentioned unto her the said Rachell Pengelly. But I desire and request her to deliver the said Trunck and the said things contained therein after my death unto my loving sister Mary

Countess of fauconberge upon her payment of the sum of Fifty pounds unto the said Rachell Pengelly, and not otherwise; and upon such payment I give the said Trunck and the said things it contains unto my said sister to her owne use.—Witness my hand this second day of December 1706. RICHARD CROMWELL.'

One wonders what the trunk contained, and what has become of it. It is related in some of the histories of the time that when Richard was removing from Whitehall he ordered his servants to be very careful of two old trunks which stood in his wardrobe. Upon a friend asking him what they contained that he should be so anxious about them, he replied, 'Why, no less than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England.' They contained the addresses of congratulation upon his accession to power from all parts of the kingdom.

Leaving his wife and children at their ancestral home, Hursley Park, near Romsey, Hampshire, he crossed to France, no attempt being made to detain him; and for the space of twenty years he wandered about from place to place on the Continent, living under an assumed name, which he changed with every place of abode.

Surely there is no more pathetic figure in history than that exhibited in the strange reversal of fortune of this unhappy man. Only a few months before he had ascended a throne which seemed unassailable by Charles and his courtiers; receiving the congratulations of all the crowned heads of Europe, Louis XIV. being the foremost; and now he was a wanderer who dared not answer to his name. His wife, to whom he had been married only a few years, and with whom he had been supremely happy, he was destined never to see again; and his youngest daughter, Dorothy, who was born soon after her father became Protector, and was the only Cromwell 'born in the purple,' lived just long enough to receive her father's blessing on her marriage, which she survived but a few months.

Richard Cromwell returned to England in 1680, his wife having been dead five years; he assumed the name of Clarke, and went to reside with his old friend Mrs Rachel Pengelly, mother of Serjeant Pengelly, who was then a young law-student. They lived at Cheshunt. Sir Thomas Pengelly afterwards became Chief Baron of the Exchequer. His house at Cheshunt was standing till 1880, when it was destroyed by fire. It must have been a considerable place, as the estimated damage was ten thousand pounds.

But although the cares of State no longer troubled Richard, the 'serpent's tooth' of children's

ingratitude vexed his soul for a considerable period. He had to defend his right to the enjoyment of his late wife's property against his daughters by a suit in Chancery, which was successfully conducted by his counsel Pengelly, to whom the following quaint letter on the subject was addressed by one of the trustees :

'STIFFORD *The 26 Sep* 1706.

'Sr,—A man came on purpose from London to leave this subpoena att my house. I was not within, but the man tould my wife he had bine downe at Cheshun to serve Richd Cromwell Esq^{re} ye sone of Oliver, but that he theire went by ye name of Mr Clarke. I hope my Ld Keeper this Terme will either dismiss me, or not tye up my hands ; I presume theire is sufficien in ye personall Estate to have paid Mrs Spink her interest wch I suppose wd have contented her, it was folly in me, to pt with executorship ; I shd have parted with both together or with none, but it is too late to recall yesterday.

'After all it will be a great satisfaction to me, if my continuing ye Trust prove servisable to my honored relation, who I think is very much abused. I find there is a great deal of venom in all these vexatious suets, but I hope ye Essew [issue] will be to their shame. My hearty service to my honored relation (R. C.) att Cheshun, please to accept ye same from Sr yr humble servant

'BEN DISBROWE.

'If at any time you have any service for me in towne, please to let me know it, I shall endeavour to waite upon you. *Vale*.

'For Thos. Pengelly Esq^{re} at his chambers, in Figgtree Court, Inner Temple in London.'

This letter, measuring when folded three and a quarter inches by two and a quarter inches, was sent through the post-office, and bears the official stamp in a triangle, 'Peny-Post-Payd.'

After the trial the father became reconciled to his children, dividing his time between his friends at Cheshunt and his daughter Elizabeth at Hursley.

Very little is known of the ex-Protector's doings during his twenty years' exile ; but it is known that in 1660 his name was included with others in a proclamation requiring their presence in England to answer certain charges. Cromwell's servant was examined on behalf of the Crown, and stated that he had lived on the Continent with his master for several years, that he went by the name of Clarke, and that his 'whole diversion was drawing of landscapes and reading of books.'

Richard Cromwell died on 12th July 1712, at the house of his old friends the Pengellys at Cheshunt, and was buried in the chancel of Hursley Church. He enjoyed good health to the last, and at the age of eighty could gallop his horse for several

miles. He is described as having been tall, fair-haired, and 'the lively image of his father.' Certainly there is a great resemblance in their portraits, although Richard's countenance lacks the sternness and majesty of his father's, and he had no wart !

John Howe, the chaplain to both Oliver and Richard, had a high respect for the latter ; and Dr Isaac Watts, who as a young man was often in Richard's company, testified to his abilities as being by no means contemptible. Unprejudiced authorities all concur in describing him as having been a humane man, kind-hearted, and sagacious. Shortly before his death he said to his two attendant daughters, 'Live in love ; I am going to the God of Love.'

I have in my possession a remarkable collection of letters, statements of expenditure, law papers, &c. dealing with the ex-Protector's life from 1680, when he returned to England, to 1712, when he died. The accounts were kept by Cromwell's old friend, Mrs Rachel Pengelly, and are in great detail. From them we learn that the whilom occupant of the throne of England, Lord Protector of Great Britain and Ireland, master of the palaces of Whitehall and Hampton Court, for whom Parliament voted ten thousand pounds a year as 'provision for his comfortable and honourable subsistence,' lived in lodgings at Cheshunt for several years before his death, paying ten shillings a week for his board, and having due allowance made for his occasional periods of absence. But there were evidently 'extras' to this charge, for we find Mrs Pengelly, in her monthly bills, charging four-and-sixpence for 'the Sturgeon you ordered Nan to bye ;' and on another occasion 'one ginney' is charged for 'sammon, oysters, and wild fowl.' At the same time, two shillings are 'down' for 'black cherry beare,' as drink for the table. But Richard liked an occasional taste of some more potent beverage, for I find frequent entries of payments for brandy. He also indulged in the Virginia weed, spending considerable sums on tobacco ; but then his 'pypes' were very inexpensive—two shillings and eightpence per gross !

On one occasion the ex-Protector borrows two pounds from his landlady, 'when you had your feast.' After this one is not surprised at finding an item of payment for some bottle of 'surfeit water.' There are several entries for 'pype-burning, and ishue paper.'

Occasionally Richard's daughters would come up from Hursley, and then he would treat them to dinner at Westminster ; but before leaving his lodgings he would require money, and Mrs Pengelly enters in her account, 'When you dined with the Ladyes, 20 shillings.' If the ladies dined with their father at his lodgings, we find, 'When the ladyes dined here, fowls 5s.' and for afternoon refreshment, 'A quarter pound of Tee, five shillings, and Shuger lofe for Tee, four and sixpence.' And

when 'Mr Clark,' or 'the gentleman' (by which names Mr Cromwell was known), had fowls for his dinner, Mrs Pengelly debits him with eighteen-pence for 'Backon and suit' for 'stuffing.'

Here is an item for 'Phissick drink:' 'Yerbs, six lemons, and bushell of malt to brew the drink, five shillings.'

Mrs Pengelly is also careful in her attention to her lodger's wardrobe; she pays 'half a ginney for Callicho Wascots and making;' 'for mending and lacquering your shoes, eighteen pence;' and 'for repairing your breeches, sixpence.' 'For a pair of striped breeches, thirty-four shillings;' and here is an item that Oliver never indulged in—namely, 'Perriwigs,' for which we find Richard paying a guinea each (guineas were reckoned at thirty shillings each in 1695). An Irish 'frees' coat cost twenty-five shillings, and a new 'hatt' thirty shillings, and 'muslin Cravats' two shillings each.

Incidentally we find that Cromwell wore 'muffs' and that he used spectacles, for there is an entry for one shilling for 'case for your spectacals;' but it does not appear that at that time 'Mr Clark' paid much attention to literature, the only payment for books being one shilling for an 'Almanack' for 1693.

Another small dissipation with which Richard is credited—or rather debited—in Rachel Pengelly's account is when she advanced him 'ten shillings on Lord Mayor's day when you dined with Mr Disbrowe.'

Richard, late 'Chief of the State,' had now to pay tribute to Caesar—Dutch William—as is evidenced by this entry in Mrs Pengelly's account in 1689: 'Paid ye King's Pole [tax] for you, a gentleman, one ginney;' subsequent entries for this tax were only eleven shillings.

That he was kind to his children, and to young people generally, is clear, there being numerous entries of payments for presents for them. To Mrs Aldersey's child he gives 'muffe and ribbons,' also a 'whisell and coralls with ribbons,' costing more than six pounds. To 'Goody Odle's child he gives gloves and a fan.' To young Thomas Pengelly, who afterwards successfully conducted his lawsuit, Richard is very kind, Mrs Pengelly

gratefully acknowledging 'money you were pleased to give Tommy on his entrance at the Temple, £3, 18s. 0d.,' and a guinea towards buying his law-books. But 'Tommy' must have a gun, so his kind friend gives him fifteen shillings wherewith to buy one. Let us hope it was not more dangerous to him than to the 'wild fowl' so dear to 'Mr Clark.' Mrs Pengelly writes to her son 'Tommy' that she has sent him a basket of 'Progg,' which she hopes will be 'toothsome.'

In the year in which Charles II. died (1685) Cromwell presented his daughter Anne with a new 'Tippitt,' and to her sister, Madam Betty, a box of gloves; but he does not appear to have gone into mourning for the king. Ten years later, when Queen Mary died, Mrs Pengelly records that Richard expended half-a-crown upon 'mourning gloves,' in honour of that monarch's memory.

Occasionally Richard would spend a few weeks with his daughters at Hursley, and in one of his letters to Mrs Pengelly he explains a postponement of his return by giving her 'the forcible argument of the want of a shirt. Madam Betty went to buy one, but instead of buying, she borrowed, so that I shall have to have mine washed, which I hope to bring upon my back to Cheshant shortly;' and he adds, 'There is a matter of business that cannot speak by a penny post letter.'

Between Richard Cromwell and his sister Mary, Countess of Fauconberg, there existed a lifelong affection; frequent references are made to her in his letters to Mrs Pengelly, and he gives an account of a visit he made at her 'new town house' in 1709; but in none of his correspondence, nor in that of his friends, is there any reference to his former condition.

There are now no descendants of Oliver Cromwell in the male line, but his stock continues to flourish in the following notable persons and families, amongst others: the Marquis of Ripon; the Villiers family—Earls of Clarendon; the Yyners of Kingston Hill, Surrey; Sir John Lubbock; Sir William Harecourt; and Dr Samuel Rawson Gardiner, author of the standard works on Cromwell and the Commonwealth period.

YOU SING.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.



YOU SING' conveyed no meaning to anybody; but, after various extraordinary attempts to extend the conversation had entirely failed, it was tacitly agreed that You Sing must be his name.

Whether it was or not, the taciturn pagan answered to it immediately it was uttered, or rather he came instantly to whoever mentioned

it. So, seeing that it was hopeless to think of getting any information from him as to the why and wherefore of the strange circumstances under which we had found him, the skipper decided promptly to put him to work as a steward, believing that he would make a good one. To that end he was handed over to me for tuition, much to my delight, for now I felt that I should have a companion who was certainly not more than

my equal, and who would not be likely to ill-treat me in any way, as most of the crew did whenever opportunity arose. His coming was to me a perfect godsend. He was so willing, so docile, and withal so eminently teachable, that it was a pleasure to be with him. And the incongruity of being placed under such an urchin as myself did not appear to strike him at all, for he looked upon me from the first day of our acquaintance as the one creature that stood between him and the outer darkness—although it must be said that, as far as could be judged by his attitude to all with whom he came in contact, he regarded every member of the ship's company as in some sort his saviour. All could command him and he would instantly obey; and although he understood no word of what was said to him, he watched so keenly, his desire to please was so intense, and his natural ability so great that his efforts to do what was required of him were generally successful. Unfortunately his willingness often got him into serious trouble, since he always obeyed the last order, not being able to discriminate between those who had the first claim upon him and those who had no right to his services whatever. But when he was beaten for neglecting tasks that he had been called away from, he never murmured or showed sign of pain or resentment; all treatment was borne with the same placid equanimity, as if he were a perfectly passionless automaton. With one exception—myself. When with me his usually expressionless eyes would shine, and his yellow face wear a peculiarly sweet smile that had quite a fascination for me. I found myself growing so much attached to him that my rage against his persecutors often drove me nearly frantic—such wrath as it had never occurred to me to feel on my own behalf.

Meanwhile the *Blitzen*, sorely hampered by calms and variable winds, crept slowly and painfully toward her destination. I was so much absorbed with the education and company of You Sing that I lost all my usual interest in the progress of the vessel, and did not even wonder when we were going to reach our next port—a speculation that had hitherto always had great charms for me. But one morning before breakfast I was dreadfully affrighted to hear a fierce altercation on deck. It had always been my ill-fortune hitherto to find myself the ultimate vicarious sacrifice in all cases of trouble, and even to this day the old feeling of dread still exists—a feeling that whatever row is going on I shall presently be made to suffer for it; and the well-remembered sensation of sinking at the pit of the stomach comes back, making me for the moment quite ill. So, trembling all over, I peered out of the pantry window on to the maindeck, and saw the mate confronting three men of his watch, who, with inflamed faces and fierce gestures, were evidently threatening his life.

Now, there had never before been the slightest sign of insubordination on board, the discipline seeming as near perfection as possible, and therefore this sudden outbreak was most alarming. A swift step passed the pantry door, and instantly I saw the skipper rushing forward. Without a word he plunged into the midst of the angry four, and seizing the foremost seaman by the throat and waist, hurled him crashing against the bulwarks. At the same moment the mate sprang at another man, as if to serve him in the same manner; but, missing his grasp, he stumbled and fell on his knees. A stifled scream burst from my dry lips as I saw the glint of steel; the seaman attacked had drawn his knife, and as the mate fell the weapon descended with fearful force between his shoulders. I heard the ugly sound right aft, and it remains with me to-day. The skipper, however, with the agility of a porpoise, instantly flung himself on the two men, and fought as if he had the sinews of ten.

Compared with the noise of the preliminary quarrel, this life-and-death struggle was silence itself; but I could hear the laboured breathings of the combatants coming in hoarse gasps, and the cracking of the joints as the writhing bodies knotted and strained. There was a scream behind me, a rustle of skirts, and out of the cabin rushed the skipper's wife, with flying hair and outstretched arms. But before she was half-way to the spot there was a swoop as of some huge bird past her, and the second mate, the youngest officer in the ship and the biggest man, alighted in the fray like a hungry tiger. I did not see the other watch of the crew arrive, but they were there and fighting as fiercely as the rest.

Now, the first flush of fear having gone from me, I became interested—somewhat coldly critical, indeed, of the various points of the battle, finding myself, to the surprise of some other corner of my brain, siding with the officers, and hoping they would be victorious. The surprise of this backwater of thought was probably owing to the fact that all the officers had treated me with steady brutality, while the men, though not kind, seldom touched me, although that was probably only lack of opportunity. But with all my keen watching I could not yet forecast the upshot of this awful encounter. The mass of bodies seemed to me inextricably entangled, heaving and writhing like a basket of wounded eels; while all around them, frantically clutching at the labouring body of her husband, and shrieking pitifully, hovered the unhappy wife and mother.

Suddenly it dawned upon me that the little Elsie was alone, and probably frightened to death; and, though I was never a favourite with even her, it seemed good to go and comfort her if possible. So I turned away from the window, and there behind me was You Sing calmly cleaning the

knives, as unmoved by any external occurrence as a piece of machinery. As I unblocked the window he caught my eye, and the peculiar winsome smile he always wore for me lit up his solemn face. His lips opened, and he murmured softly with an indescribable accent the only two English words I had succeeded in teaching him, 'Ullo, Tommy.' I could only smile back in return as I hurried off to the skipper's stateroom aft, feeling as if with the shutting out of that savage sight a load had been lifted off my brain. A quick revulsion of sympathy thrilled me as I found the pretty child fast asleep in placid unconsciousness of the terrible scene in progress outside. I stood for a minute looking at her with a tenderness I had never before felt towards her, all her childish dislike and funny little ways of showing it, borrowed from her parents, utterly forgotten. Then, softly closing the door, I hurried back to the pantry, finding You Sing still busily employed.

Scrambling to the window, I peered forrard again, seeing, to my horror, only a heap of bodies lying still. I stood there as if frozen, trying hard to think, endeavouring to realise the position, but unable to control my disorganised brain. How long I stood staring thus I have no idea; but I was recalled to usefulness again by You Sing's gentle touch upon my back. Turning slowly round I faced him, while he pointed out his finished work and intimated to me in the sign language we always employed that he awaited instructions what to go on with. Impatiently I made a great effort to show him that all ordinary work was now at an end, and, pulling him to the window, pointed out the awful heap on the main hatch. He looked, and I believe understood the situation, for he turned again to me and patted my face, pointed first to me and then to himself, as if to intimate that upon us two, me as master and he as servant, the conduct of affairs now rested.

Then, taking my courage in both hands, I softly stepped out on deck and approached the scene of conflict, though trembling so violently that I could scarcely go. But when I reached the entwined heap of bodies I did not know what to do, standing helplessly staring at the grim spectacle. A faint groan startled me, and I bent down over the nearest body, which happened to be the skipper's, hearing him murmur faintly, '*Wasser, lieber Gott! wasser.*' Hastily motioning to You Sing to fetch some water, I tried to drag the skipper into a sitting position; but it was too much for my strength. The effort, however, was apparently all that was needed to shake the last faint breath from his body, for, with wide dilated nostrils and open mouth, he gave his final gasp. Then all was still, for all were dead.

The whole waist was like the veriest shambles, and the fearful savagery of the fight was manifest

in many hideous details that need not be reproduced. Suddenly a hope dawned upon me that *one* man might still be left—the helmsman; and, rushing aft, I bounded up on to the poop, only to find the wheel swinging idly to and fro: there was no one there. Then I ran forrard, unheeding You Sing's dog-like wistful look after me, and ransacked the forecabin and galley; but both were deserted. We were quite alone.

This tremendous fact broke in upon me with good effect after the strain to which I had recently been subjected, for it braced me up to action. Calling upon You Sing to help me, I tackled the ghastly heap, tugging and straining at the limp bodies, and getting all gory as they were. The sweat ran down blindingly; I felt my sinews crack with my desperate exertions; but at last all the bodies were separated and laid side by side, the captain's wife last of that sad row. Not a sign of life was to be found in any one of them; and, having at last satisfied myself of this, I dropped upon the crimsoned tarpaulin exhausted, to rack my brains for some reason why this sudden tragedy should have been enacted. Gradually the conviction forced itself upon me that the whole horrible outbreak was due to some quarrel over the junk's cargo; but as that had all been overhauled and stowed away without my knowing anything of its nature, it was only a blind guess. Something, however, of tremendous importance must have occurred to make a body of men fight with such fury among themselves that not one of them remained alive.

But urgent necessity was laid upon me to be up and doing, the first duty that demanded attention being the disposal of the dead. So I called upon You Sing—who, standing near, never seemed to take his eyes off me—and the pair of us triced up one of the bulwark ports and dragged the first of the corpses up to it. Then by a sudden impulse I flung off my cap, and kneeling down on the red deck, said the Lord's Prayer and the final Collect in the Church Service—all I could then remember; while my heathen helper stood gravely by making no sign, but *looking* a very well-spring of sympathy. Strangely cheered and uplifted, I seized the poor piece of clay, and motioning my helpmate, launched it through the yawning port, listening shudderingly to the dull splash that followed. And so with the rest, until we two stood alone, panting and distressed with our heavy task. A few minutes' rest, and then, with draw-bucket and broom, we laboured to cleanse away the blood that besmeared so wide a space of the decks. At this work we toiled for a long time, and when at last we gave over, because I was tired out, we had only partially succeeded in removing the fearful evidence of that great fight. By this time I was so far myself as to feel hungry. The feeling of nausea that had been coming and going, like waves over me, ever

since I first left the cabin had left me, and I ordered You Sing to get breakfast. He set about the job immediately, leaving me seated on the damp hatch wondering what would become of us. Then suddenly it occurred to me for the first time that the ship was entirely left to herself. There was a faint breeze blowing steadily, all sail being set, and the yards canted a couple of points, for what wind existed was on the quarter. I rose and went aft to the wheel, finding that she came up and fell off about three points, so that she was practically steering herself and making a fairly average course S.S.E. This was satisfactory so far, because it relieved me of any necessity for immediate action. I knew how to steer, and, as far as my strength went, could handle sails, besides understanding fairly well how a ship was worked. For I had been over two years at sea, and always a deck-boy until this voyage; so that, unless I had been a very idiot, I must know something about sailing.

Everything being so quiet and favourable, I remembered little Elsie, and with a sinking heart went down below to break the dreadful news to her. How it was to be done I didn't know, my stock of German being pitifully scanty, and she, poor child! not knowing one word of English. As I turned the handle of the stateroom door I heard her calling, '*Mutter, wo bist du?*' and in spite of my efforts some big tears burst from my eyes. But I went in and stood by her cot, racking my brains for some way of making her understand what had happened. As soon as she saw me she began, as usual, to scold me for being there—where, indeed, I was never allowed to enter—and ordered me with much dignity to go and call her mother.

It would be useless for me to attempt any description of the scene that followed. I could not, do what I would, make her understand what an awful change had taken place since she went to sleep. She at last made up her mind that I

must be crazy, and, thoroughly frightened, sprang out of her cot and rushed into the cabin screaming frantically for '*Mutter, Mutter! Vater, Vater!*' I followed her carefully, puzzled beyond measure to know what to do; but she fled on deck, up the ladder and on to the poop, still calling with all her voice for those who were for ever deaf to her cries.

Of course I dared not pursue her, for fear of adding to her terror; so I waited anxiously until she had explored every vacant corner of the ship, and at last, exhausted with her efforts, she returned slowly to the cabin. Then I quietly brought her some food, and begged her to eat a little; but, as I might have expected, that was impossible. However, she was so far quieted that she plied me with questions, which I answered as well as I was able, until I succeeded in making her understand the grim truth. She burst into such a passion of weeping when she comprehended the case that at first I feared for her life; but presently I saw that this outbreak was the best thing that could have happened, for it relieved her poor little brain; and soon, utterly worn out, she went off into a heavy sleep.

Then I searched the cabin thoroughly, with the dim idea in my mind of finding some cause for the mutiny in accordance with my suspicions. Sure enough, I had been right, for in various hiding-places I came upon such treasures as I had never even dreamed of before—coined gold in boxes, in bags, in bundles: sovereigns, eagles, onzas, and napoleons; jewellery of every variety of make, glittering with precious stones of which I had never heard the name. At last I came upon a crucifix nearly two feet in length, apparently of solid gold, and encrusted with large gems, a marvel of costliness and beauty. I showed it to You Sing, who, for the first time in my acquaintance with him, showed signs of horror, and tried hard to induce me to throw the magnificent thing overboard.

HOTEL MANAGEMENT ON NEW LINES.

By F. J. GARDINER, F.R.Hist.S.



IT has sometimes been maintained by those interested in public-house property that if excessive drinking were prevented throughout the country it would not decrease the takings of such houses to the extent of ten per cent. Further, it is contended that the great majority of publicans would be glad to be rid of this ten per cent. of excess sale, which is often the cause of so much drunkenness and crime, and to join with the magistrates and public in the regulation of every case of improper management. It is generally admitted that, whilst

pushing other trades may be attended by few evils, to push the consumption of liquors is extremely pernicious and calculated to inflict serious injury upon the community. From this point of view, any attempt in the direction of a reform in the management of houses of refreshment which minimises the temptations to excessive drinking is calculated to advance the aims of those who seek to promote temperance and thrift. Most workers direct their efforts chiefly towards the promotion of legislation; but when a practical experiment is made which is independent of new Acts of Parliament, it is watched with the

keener interest because its effects may be more immediate than the uncertain passage of Bills through Parliament.

The Duke of Bedford is the owner of an estate of about nineteen thousand acres in Thorney, Cambridgeshire, situated between Wisbech and Peterborough. The history of the origin and administration of the Thorney and Woburn (Bedfordshire) estates has been told by his Grace in a work published two years ago, entitled *The Story of a Great Agricultural Estate*, in which is shown the loss that the management of these estates has involved under present conditions. That the present Duke of Bedford, like his predecessors, possesses a high conception of the responsibilities of landlords is not only generally recognised upon these estates, but will be conceded in relation to the new departure which has been taken with regard to the management of the only hotel on the Thorney estate. Formerly the village had two public-houses, one an antiquated hostelry known as the 'Rose and Crown,' and the other a smaller public-house. Both these houses have ceased to exist, although the 'Rose and Crown' has reappeared in the form of an excellently appointed hotel, which has been erected by the Duke on a piece of land adjoining the former premises. The house, which retains the old sign, is to be managed in the future on new principles and with the object of providing a hostelry that will be useful as a house of refreshment without placing temptations in the way of the villagers and others. Hence it has been let to the People's Refreshment-House Association, Limited, at a rental of £150 per annum.

Among those connected with this association are the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Stamford, the Bishop of Rochester, General Lord Chelmsford, and Cardinal Vaughan, whilst the Bishop of Chester presides over the executive council. The object of the association is to promote public-house reform, independent of further legislation, by giving facilities for the wider adoption of the system of management without private profits, which has already been successfully tried by some owners of licensed property in different parts of England. 'It is believed,' the prospectus states, 'that many landowners, whether individual or corporate bodies, would be glad to see the public-houses which are on their property better conducted, but do not feel justified in undertaking the financial risk which would be involved by their introducing unaided a reformed system of management. In such cases the association offers its help. It is willing, wherever local conditions show a fair prospect of success, to lease public-houses at a fixed rental, undertaking to manage them on their own principles.'

The executive council further intimates that it considers the management of canteens or re-

freshment-bars necessary for the convenience of men employed on large public works as a useful department of their work, but one which has generally fallen into the hands of private individuals, whose interests lie rather in the direction of profits than good management. The manager of the Thorney hotel comes from Tunstall, East Suffolk, where the association has established another branch; and there are at the present time about ten hotels under the control of the association.

Some of the predominant features of this reformed system of management may be mentioned. The general arrangement and management of the house is upon the lines of a respectable house of refreshment instead of a drinking-bar; food and non-intoxicants shall be exposed for sale on the counters and supplied to customers on an equal footing with intoxicants, the latter being deposed from the objectionable prominence into which, from motives of profit, they are forced, in the ordinary public-house. All temptation to the manager to push the sale of intoxicants is removed by charging him at the full retail price for all alcohols consumed, whereas he will be supplied with non-alcohols at a price that will leave him a fair profit for himself on their sale, so that it will be to his own interest to push the trade in non-intoxicants rather than in intoxicants. Great care is taken in guarding against the evils of adulteration, and in providing the best quality of liquor.

The manager is desired to study the well-being, comfort, and health of his customers, and to help those whose self-control in the use of intoxicants is weak, or by a timely hint to check the excess which might lead to his having to refuse a customer drink, or to order him out of the house. Amongst other recommendations is one that a person may quench his thirst with fresh water, plenty of which is to be kept easily accessible, without being expected to make any purchase whatever, nor is any canvassing for orders to be done from the hotel.

It is claimed that the quality of the liquors sold is superior to that which was formerly retailed in Thorney. The net profits, after providing for a reserve fund and paying interest on capital, will be devoted to such objects of public utility, local or general, as the executive council may determine. The capital which will from time to time be required to develop the work of the People's Refreshment-House Association will be offered for subscription to the public in the form of shares entitled to a dividend out of profits not exceeding a specified rate. The association has been in existence about eighteen months, and the Thorney experiment is one of the most important of the undertakings upon which it has embarked on the lines indicated. The house is handsome in design, and admirably adapted for its purpose. It has good stabling, and will have, ultimately, other attractive features as a hostelry. It is the only licensed

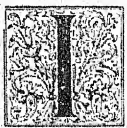
house on the estate, the nearest inn being two and a half miles distant.

This is not the only experiment that has been made of the kind. Quite recently Mrs Randall Davidson, wife of the Bishop of Winchester, opened a similar house at Grayshott, near Haslemere, which has been licensed by the Alton magistrates. It has been built by the Grayshott and District Refreshment Company, of which Sir Frederick Pollock is the president. The promoters have laid out about two thousand pounds on the scheme, and it has received help from Mr Bernard Shaw, who has contributed a small library of books; while the artistic capabilities of Mr Walter Crane are to be brought to bear upon the scheme, in the shape of a gratuitous design which he has offered to make of the sign of 'The Fox and the Pelican.' The object of the promoters in this instance also, as in the case of that on the Duke of Bedford's estate at Thorney, is to discourage unnecessary and excessive drinking, and to make these houses to be places where a variety of good and wholesome refreshments may be obtained at a reasonable price without any one being expected or tempted to consume, 'for the good of the house,' as it is usually termed, that which is often injurious to the individual. How large a measure of success may attend this new departure remains to be seen.

Travellers and cyclists have frequently complained of the need of better provision at posting-houses or village inns, and many ancient hostleries

of stage-coach days have deteriorated since the advent of railways or been superseded by houses that are mainly drinking-bars. Such an experiment as that which has been inaugurated at Thorney will, it is confidently hoped, if wisely managed, result in a considerable advance in temperance without either friction or great expense. If it be desirable, as is often maintained, that the number of licensed houses should be limited to those which can make sufficient profits without having to force the sale of intoxicants, the large number of individuals who are interested in temperance reform will be grateful to the People's Refreshment-House Association for having, with the co-operation of the Duke of Bedford, afforded an opportunity of putting to a practical test an enterprise which deserves to succeed, in view of the benefits it is likely to confer upon those within its sphere of influence. It has been suggested in a book on *The Principles of Wealth Distribution*, by Mr C. Y. C. Dawbarn, M.A., that one effect of increasing wages amongst our artisans and workmen may be the larger consumption of intoxicants, which may absorb a great deal of the benefit derived. In view of this possibility, and apart from the question of temperance legislation, might not much be done to diminish the temptations and evils existent in this country, by the State encouraging houses of refreshment based on a system of management so obviously for the public welfare as that which has been sketched in the preceding lines?

STOCKING LORE.



It is decidedly curious to notice how extensively stockings figure both in common superstitions and in old customs, especially those connected with marriage. Every one knows

that there are innumerable actions which are lucky, and just as many which are unlucky. Among the former, it is commonly held that to put on any article of clothing wrong-side out is decidedly a sign of good luck; but it must be done accidentally, and when the mistake is found out no change must be made, or else good-bye to the luck. This idea is very firmly held about stockings, probably because it is more easy to make such a mistake in putting on a stocking than in donning other garments. It would be hard indeed for a lady to put on her dress or a man his coat or waistcoat inside out without noticing what he was doing.

Sometimes folk are to be found who have refined upon the common notion, or who have even reversed it. One authority actually says that in the county of Westmorland to put on a stocking wrong-side out is classed as an omen of evil with a dog howling three times, or a cock

crowling thrice before midnight. Any one of these shocking occurrences, he says, will bring a gloom on a weak mind which will last a whole week. The only possible inference would be that the minds of Westmorland folk must be unusually sensitive. In another northern county—Durham—it is said that to put on the left stocking inside out is lucky, but so to put on the right one is quite the reverse. In some of the western counties, on the other hand, the right is the favoured leg. So capricious are the meanings of omens, and so hard is it to dodge the decrees of fate.

On the Welsh border it used to be considered that the surest precaution against witchcraft was to wear the left stocking wrong-side out. This leads us to another kind of superstition connected with the harmless, necessary hose—their value, when properly worn or arranged, as charms or as protections against sickness or pain. If you will only take the trouble, when you go to bed, to cross your stockings and shoes, you will be quite safe from the grip of cramp. Again, if you hang your stockings crosswise at the foot of the bed, with a pin stuck in them, you need have no fear of nightmare; the hag has a holy horror of cross

and pin. Wiseacres have also been heard to declare that if you will always put your left stocking and shoe on first you will enjoy immunity from toothache. This, however, the most superstitious of mortals will likely take leave to doubt. Toothache, that 'hell of a' diseases,' as Burns calls it, is no respecter of persons, nor, assuredly, of stockings or legs.

Another superstitious use of hose is connected with the dreaming of dreams. This is a Scotch notion. If a person be about to sleep in a bed which he or she has never slept in before, the certainty of dreaming can be assured by placing the stocking taken off the right foot under the head. Not only will the sleeper be sure to dream, but the dream will certainly come to pass. At one of the monthly meetings of the Folklore Society, held some three years ago, there was exhibited a stocking which had been thus used by a servant-girl in Oban on the first night of her entering on a new situation. The girl could not be persuaded to divulge the subject or nature of the dream; but it was understood that it had been verified, and her belief strengthened thereby. This particular stocking was said to be also interesting as a sample of Highland darning.

Stockings, again, are associated with old-time marriage customs. Most people have heard of 'throwing the stocking.' This rite would hardly be regarded now as consistent with modern notions of decorum; but it was highly popular in the days that are gone. The ceremony was performed at the conclusion of the wedding-day's festivities, by young men and girls seated at the bed-foot—the former having the bride's and the latter the groom's stockings—whose object in throwing the hose backwards over their heads was to hit, if possible, the head, and especially the nose, of one or other of the newly-married couple. A successful shot meant marriage at an early date for the thrower. There are endless allusions to this quaint old custom, now quite out of date, in our older poets and writers. One may suffice. A poet in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1735, singing of the 'The Country Wedding,' says:

Bid the lassies and lads to the merry brown bowl,
While rashers of bacon shall smoke on the coal;
Then Roger and Bridget, and Robin and Nan,
Hit 'em each on the nose with the hose if you can.

Green stockings have a matrimonial signification of their own. In Scotland, if a younger sister is married first, they say that she has given the elder green stockings; and in years gone by it was actually a common joke, when such an event occurred, to send a pair of green stockings to the slighted elder sister to be worn at the dance which always wound up the day's proceedings. 'Green's forsaken' is an old adage familiar to every one. The notion that to choose a younger sister while the elder is still unmarried is a slight to the latter is of very long standing. It finds

a parallel in ancient Jewish customs. In Shropshire there is an old custom, said to be still kept up in humble life, that if a younger sister should be married before her elders, the latter must dance at the wedding in their 'stocking-feet.' A few years ago a maidservant who did not observe this custom at her younger sister's wedding was thus accosted by her aunt, a sturdy stickler for the ancient ways of doing things, who happened to meet her the next day in the town of Wellington: 'So I hear you didna dance bar'foot!' she cried. 'I'm ashamed of you. If I'd a bin there I'd 'a made you do it. I've a good mind to pull off yer boots for ye now this minute, and make ye dance i' the street!'

A more pleasant association connected with stockings is familiar to most households at Christmas-time. Children still hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve in the simple faith, which is never disappointed, that Santa Claus will fill them during that night of wonder; or if the little people are too sophisticated to believe in the stories of St Nicholas's peregrinations, they still retain a firm faith in the goodness of his domestic representatives, and duly hang up their stockings as their predecessors have done for generations. And not children alone hung up their hose of old. 'Grown-ups' as well as the small folk used to observe this custom most conscientiously. But in the olden time the hanging up of the stockings took place not on Christmas Eve, but more appropriately on the eve of St Nicholas' Day, which falls on 5th December. This kindly custom was one of the few practices of the kind that the stern Puritans who founded the New England States took across the Atlantic with them. Consequently, hanging up the stocking is still as familiar in New as in Old England.

QUESTIONS.

THE children say, at close of day,
When earth is wrapped in sleep,
That night has put cloud-shutters in,
And bidden none to peep.

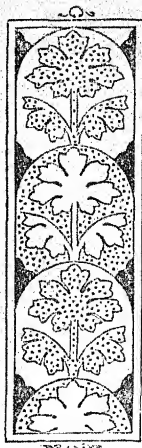
'God's candles shine!' these bairns of mine
Exclaim with raptured gaze;
They wonder where the sun slips down,
And how the moonbeam plays.

Why worlds revolve 'tis hard to solve,
Why friends blow hot and cold,
Why nought worth having can be bought,
Nor love eked out with gold.

Nor none may know how friend and foe
Can hold the same ideal,
And one be clutching falsehood, while
The other grasps the real.

'Tis out of ken: grown babes are men,
And life a trackless wild.
Who knows if Fate be hardest when
We think she most has smiled,
And he be nearest far to Truth
Who seeks her as a child?

B. M. DANBY.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

EMIGRATION 'ON SPEC.'

ROLLING stones gather no moss ; nevertheless the constant repetition of this proverb will in no way prevent adventurous spirits from trying their fortune abroad, and not always unsuccessfully. Many people are apt to imagine that emigration is the only remedy for their decayed fortunes, and they point to the many cases of returned acquaintances who have 'made their pile' in countries where money is presumedly more easily earned. Alas ! they forget that the unsuccessful emigrants, who are probably more numerous—certainly so, if we confine ourselves to those who emigrate 'on spec'—do not return to make a parade of their ill-luck, but rather do all in their power to conceal it.

This article refers chiefly to those who emigrate purely on speculation ; and these may be divided into two classes : those who work with their hands and those who do not. The former are frequently successful, the latter very seldom so ; for it must be remembered that we do not include the emigrant with large capital, the word 'emigrant' generally conveying the impression that the wanderer is blessed with little or none of this world's goods.

We will commence with the latter class, who are only too numerous. Let us suppose that a young man belonging to the middle classes, and who has never done any hard work in his life, is suddenly landed on the shores of some distant colony. He probably has some letters of recommendation to local residents, and he has a vague idea that these will be instrumental in procuring him a situation of some kind. The friends to whom he is introduced may make every effort to assist him, but they find it impossible to obtain for him such employment as he requires. Were he a working-man it would be different ; for such there is generally an opening of some kind in the colonies. But the ranks of clerks, shopmen, and other 'white-hand gentry' are terribly overcrowded ; even local residents with much personal

influence have great difficulty in finding light employment of any kind for their sons. How, then, can the stranger expect to obtain it ? The writer has personal knowledge of the efforts of the late Sir Harry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales, to obtain a situation of some kind for a youth recommended to him ; but, in spite of his great influence and his best endeavours, he was unable to procure suitable employment for the applicant.

Clerks and shopmen are apt to attach too great importance to references or testimonials from English houses with whom they have been employed ; but on landing in a colony they soon find that such testimonials are almost useless, and that a fourth-rate local reference is better than a first-class one to parties who may be thousands of miles away ; in fact, prospective employers always look on the latter with suspicion.

The educated emigrant without capital may find himself in a very unenviable position as soon as his funds are exhausted, which in the majority of cases is very soon after his arrival. His only resource then is to seek for any kind of menial labour for which he may be adapted ; and here he enters into competition with men of a class with whom he would be ashamed to associate at home, but who are vastly his superiors in the field of labour in which he is now forced to seek employment. We have seen in the colonies university graduates acting as lumpers or dock labourers on the Australian wharves, and others as butchers on sheep-stations. There are many who, through some inherent or acquired vice, or even through no fault of their own, sink much lower ; and over the subsequent career of these it is best to draw a veil.

The educated emigrant is always looked on with suspicion in the colonies. The general impression is that he is a ne'er-do-well shipped off by friends who are glad to get him out of their way, and in the great majority of cases this is doubtless very near the truth.

To the emigrant who seeks employment in manual labour—and nearly all are forced to do

so—we would say, Do not wait in the seaport towns until all your money is exhausted. Leave your heavy luggage behind you, and push out, lightly equipped, into the interior, where there is nearly always a demand for labour, even when the large centres are crowded with unemployed. When an opening has once been made the rest is generally easy. Do not be ashamed of menial employment. Such is generally well paid in the colonies, and the prudent man may save enough in a few years to set up in some business or industrial enterprise. For small industries there are frequent openings and a good future.

We remember a typical instance which may show the kind of stuff that is required in the colonist, if he belongs to the educated proletariat class. A doctor of our acquaintance went out to Australia in the same ship with the writer. He gave his services on the voyage in return for his passage, and landed in the colony with very little hard cash in his pocket. Not many days after his arrival we were surprised to see him hard at work in a trench which had been dug in the street for the purpose of repairing mains. 'Hullo, doctor,' we cried, 'do you find this more profitable than drawing teeth?' 'Oh,' he replied cheerily, 'I am going in for that later; I am only raising capital now.' And, in fact, two or three years later we had the satisfaction of seeing him installed, with brass plate on his door, out of the capital he had raised as a navy. Such ups and downs are frequent in the colonies.

There are times when the working-man is very much in demand abroad and in the colonies. We remember when walking through the streets of Chicago in the year 1883 we were frequently accosted by employment touts, who hastened to offer us work at wages ranging from one dollar fifty cents to one dollar seventy-five cents a day. It is the only occasion where we remember to have seen labour in such demand, for it must be remembered that our attire was by no means that of a working-man, which makes the fact more remarkable. Alas! things have changed very much in Chicago since then; let no one, therefore, hurry off to that city of pork and wheat in the hope that certain employment is awaiting him. The United States is rapidly filling up, though in some of the western States the working-man is still in demand at good wages.

There are many of those engaged in light employment who find extreme difficulty in obtaining an engagement after they have reached the age of forty. They are too old, they are told; younger men are wanted. It is a great pity it should be so, but it is a fact. Many of these, in despair of obtaining employment at home, take refuge in emigration. If physically robust and capable of hard work, they may better their

position, for it must be remembered that in a new country as a general rule muscle is worth more than brains. The brainy man should stay at home; if clever, he has more chance of making a fortune in England than in Australia. But do not let the clerk, especially if turned forty, who has never wielded any tool heavier than a pen, imagine that he is capable of hard manual labour; it is only in exceptional cases that this is so.

In the United States and the British colonies the emigrant will find the conditions of life not greatly different from what he has been accustomed to at home. But there are not a few emigrants, speculative and otherwise, who turn their attention to foreign countries, especially the River Plate. Here circumstances are widely different; the habits of the people, the language, and the entire surroundings are strange. The Englishman unacquainted with the language will naturally find himself at a disadvantage, yet there are many such who emigrate thither; from a personal knowledge of the country, however, we consider their ultimate prospects of success much less than in our colonies, although Argentina is an excellent field for those who obtain situations under contract previous to emigration. The best positions in the railways and other large companies in South America are filled from England, where these companies generally have their head offices; and although the speculative emigrant can sometimes find employment on the railways, which nearly all belong to English companies, it is generally of an inferior grade.

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There are times when the working-man is very much in demand abroad and in the colonies. We remember when walking through the streets of Chicago in the year 1883 we were frequently accosted by employment touts, who hastened to offer us work at wages ranging from one dollar fifty cents to one dollar seventy-five cents a day. It is the only occasion where we remember to have seen labour in such demand, for it must be remembered that our attire was by no means that of a working-man, which makes the fact more remarkable. Alas! things have changed very much in Chicago since then; let no one, therefore, hurry off to that city of pork and wheat in the hope that certain employment is awaiting him. The United States is rapidly filling up, though in some of the western States the working-man is still in demand at good wages.

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'Hardly, old fellow. She was born in London, but she lived a good deal on the Continent, and afterwards with an aunt down at Rockingham for several years.'

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Next day I left London on a round of dutiful visits to various friends in the north; and, as it was a particularly dry winter, I managed to get a good deal of enjoyment and plenty of outdoor exercise. To me, tired of the hot, dusty, evil-smelling streets of Constantinople, English rural life was an exceedingly pleasant change; and for nearly three weeks I made one of a particularly gay house-party at Deddisham, Sir Henry Halsford's place beside the Arun in Sussex. There were about fifteen guests besides myself; and, as many of them were young, there was an unvarying round of gaiety.

Among the men staying there, one was a quiet fellow of middle age named Poynter, a relative of Lady Halsford's, to whom I took a particular fancy. We often walked or rode out together, and in the evening we would play billiards, or smoke and chat about the Continental capitals I knew. He was a man of leisure, who had travelled constantly in Europe, as so many men do, for the purpose of obtaining a decent climate, spending each winter in Nice, spring at Florence or Aix or Biarritz, summer in Switzerland, and autumn in Scotland, until he had become, like myself, a thorough cosmopolitan.

One dry, bright afternoon we had together walked over the hill to Dewestryde to make a call on some people, and were returning along the Slinfold Road, past the quaint old windmill which is a landmark in that part of rural Sussex, when, having passed through the quiet little hamlet of Rowhook, our conversation chanced to turn upon the political outlook in Europe.

'Things appear black,' he said as he strode on by my side, both of us heedless of the rain which had commenced to fall. 'In every part of the world other nations seem to show unfriendliness towards England.'

'Quite so,' I said, with a sigh. 'A European war would surprise nobody.'

'It is you diplomatic people whose duty it is to prevent war,' he said, with a smile.

'A good many very acute difficulties are yearly adjusted by our ambassadors and the public remain in ignorance. The papers, for instance, have never been able to show the public how active we have been of late at Constantinople. A dozen times within the last three months we've been on the verge of war with Russia over the eternal Eastern Question.'

'On the verge of war!' he exclaimed, surprised.

'Yes,' I answered. 'And had it not been for the tact and clever diplomacy of my chief, backed by Lord Macclesfield's firm policy at home, we might by this time have had Cossack sentries outside Buckingham Palace.'

'Is it possible? Do you think that such a disaster might ever occur?' he inquired.

'Quite,' I responded. 'With others of my profession I share certain misgivings regarding our naval and military strength. France, Russia, and

Germany are all three our possible enemies; and with such Powers against her England would have to strain every effort to preserve her own. How near we often are to hostilities with the Powers jealous of our position as rulers of the world only we at the embassies know. Our country may thank itself that at this moment its ambassadors are, without exception, calm, level-headed men, who carry out to the letter the instructions of their chief. The Opposition press, and those irresponsible little journalistic curs whose bark is more furious than their bite, may rail at us whenever one of the other Powers have seemingly got the better of us; but they never pause to consider whether discretion is not oft-times the better part of valour, or whether to conciliate is better than to provoke a costly and bloody war.'

'Quite true,' Poynter said. 'The papers are far too fond of making political capital out of our complications abroad. They no doubt form easy subjects for what is journalistically known, I believe, as second leaders. I remember,' he went on, 'when I was in Vienna a couple of years ago, how strained were our political relations with Russia.'

'Two years ago!' I said. 'Why, I was there at that time.'

'Then you remember, of course, how the machinations of Russia against Austria were suddenly exposed by the publication in the press of reports made by a secret agent. It was said that this exposure was brought about by some one in the British Embassy who, at the risk of his life, tracked down the spy and succeeded in getting from him certain plans of the frontier fortresses which he had prepared, together with some documents stolen from the archives of the embassy. Was that true?'

I held my breath, glancing at him furtively. We were skirting Furnace Wood, a dark, gloomy place, and the rain was now falling so heavily that I was nearly wet through.

'I do not know the exact truth,' I stammered, after a moment's hesitation.

'Well,' he said, 'if the exposure was due to anybody in the embassy he ought to have been well rewarded, for it threw a side-light on the byways of Russian diplomacy which not only aroused indignation all over Europe, but thwarted a plan which would have undoubtedly resulted in war if it had been successful.'

'Yes,' I answered; 'I remember the published facts quite well. We were then actually on the verge of hostilities. As we say at the embassies, the chief always sits on the edge of the volcano. He never knows when the eruption is to take place, but must always be on the alert and in readiness to combat any conspiracy against British prestige and power.'

'We ought to be thankful indeed,' my companion said, 'that we have so many excellent

and talented men looking after our interests abroad; for it would be a sorry day for England if war ever broke out.'

'Yes,' I said. 'The Jingoës would certainly receive a heavy blow.' Then in silence we both plodded on along the wet road, the mud splashing with each step, until, in the growing gloom, we saw the old ivy-covered house through the early-budding trees.

How strange it was, I reflected, that this stroke of diplomacy I had myself effected unaided was remembered, even in this later rush of exciting events! Until that evening at Richmond, when I had dined with Gordon and his wife, I had confidently hoped that it was all forgotten. Yet this man, with whom I had come into contact quite by accident, remembered every detail of that action which I was always striving to forget.

He had said that I deserved a rich reward for laying bare a base conspiracy against England's honour. What, I wondered, would he say if he knew the ghastly truth? My reward had been promotion to Constantinople, and now nearer home to a secret and responsible mission in the Belgian capital. True, I had strained every nerve in that long-past affair, and had been successful where all others had failed. Yet at what terrible cost had that vile plot been unmasked! I had saved the honour of England at the cost of my own! That woman who was my friend's wife alone knew the truth.

But I had little time then for reflection, for we were soon indoors; and, after changing, I was compelled to join the ladies for tea in the old-fashioned, low-ceilinged drawing-room, where the wood fire burned brightly, throwing out a wel-

come, flickering light which danced upon the tea-cups and the service of shining silver, and where the gossip was light and the laughter merry. Lady Halsford was a brilliant and tactful hostess, and was always able to gather about her a happy house-party. When I had been appointed abroad I at first missed the shooting and fishing which I had so much enjoyed at country-houses; but now, after a few years, I fear I had grown to be so much of a foreigner that I preferred a warm drawing-room and feminine chatter to tramping over fields after game. The elegant foreigner looks askance at the Englishman's zeal for sport, and is quite content to cycle on public roads attired in wonderful suits and sweaters, for the admiration of his fellows. Beyond that he has no further desire to distinguish himself. If he hunts or shoots it is not because he likes it, but because he considers it correct form. The educated foreigner always apes the Englishman.

Many pleasant chats I had with Poynter during the week I still remained at Dedisham; and as he announced his intention of coming to Brussels for a month or so in spring, I expressed a hope to meet him there. On leaving Sussex I first returned for a few days to Warwick Gardens, then went north to gray old Lancaster, and afterwards spent a few days with my brother Frank, whose regiment, the 7th Hussars, was stationed at York, my leave, however, being cut short by the receipt of a formal letter from the chief's private secretary, asking me to call at the Foreign Office on the following day. Therefore I left, and next day at noon once more ascended the grand staircase which led to the great statesman's private room.

THE 'PALU' OF THE EQUATORIAL PACIFIC.

By LOUIS BECKE.



DURING a residence of half a lifetime among the various island-groups of the North-western and South Pacific, I devoted much of my spare time—and I had plenty of it occasionally—to deep-sea fishing, my tutors being the natives of the Caroline, Marshall, Gilbert, and Ellice groups.

The inhabitants of the last-named cluster of islands I consider to be the most skilled fishermen of all the Malayo-Polynesian peoples with whom it has been my fortune to have come in contact. The very poverty of their island homes—mere sandbanks covered with coco-nut and pandanus palms only—drives them to the sea for their food; for the Ellice Islanders, unlike their more fortunate prototypes who dwell in the forest-clad, mountainous, and fertile islands of Samoa, Tahiti, Raratonga, &c., live almost exclusively

upon coco-nuts, the drupes of the pandanus palm, and fish. From their very infancy they look to the sea as the main source of their food-supply, either in the clear waters of the lagoon, among the breaking surf on the reef, or out in the blue depths of the ocean beyond. From morn till night the frail canoes of these semi-nude, brown-skinned, and fearless toilers of the sea may be seen by the voyager paddling swiftly over the rolling swell of the wide Pacific in chase of the *bonito*, or lying motionless upon the water, miles and miles away from the land, ground-fishing with lines a hundred fathoms long. Then, as the sun dips, the flare of torches will be seen along the sandy beaches as the night-seekers of flying-fish launch their canoes and urge them through the rolling surf beyond the reef, where, for perhaps three or four hours, they will paddle slowly to and fro, just outside the white line of roaring

breakers, and return to the shore with their tiny craft half-filled with the most beautiful and wonderful fish in the world. The Ellice Island method of catching flying-fish would take too long to explain here, much as I should like to do so; my purpose is to describe a very remarkable fish called the *palu*, in the capture of which these people are the most skilful. The catching of flying-fish, however, bears somewhat on the subject of this article, as the *palu* will not take any other bait but a flying-fish, and therefore a supply of the former is a necessary preliminary.

Let us imagine, then, that the bait has been secured, and that a party of *palu*-fishers are ready to set out from the little island of Nanomaga, the smallest but most thickly populated of the Ellice group. The night must be windless and moonless, the latter condition being absolutely indispensable, although, curiously enough, the fish will take the hook on an ordinary starlight night. Time after time have I tried my luck with either a growing or a waning moon, much to the amusement of the natives, and never once did I get a *palu*, although other nocturnal-feeding fish bit freely enough, notably a monstrous species of sea-perch called *la'heu*.

The tackle used by the natives is made of coco-nut sinnet, four or eight-stranded, of great strength, and capable of holding a fifteen-foot shark should one of these prowlers seize the bait. The hook is made of wood—in fact, the same as is used for shark-fishing—about one inch and a half in diameter, fourteen inches in the shank, with a natural curve, the barb, or rather that which answers the purpose of a barb, being supplied by a small piece lashed horizontally across the top of the end of the curve. These peculiar wooden hooks are *grown*; the roots of a tree called *ngia*, whose wood is of great toughness, are watched when they protrude from a bank and trained into the desired shape; specimens of these may be seen in almost any ethnographical museum. To sink the line, coral stones of three or four pounds weight are used, attached by a very thin piece of sinnet or bark, which, when the fish is struck, is always broken by its struggles, and falls off, thus releasing the line from an unnecessary weight. It is no light task hauling in a thick, heavy line, hanging straight up and down for a length of from seventy-five to a hundred fathoms or more.

Each canoe is manned by four men, only two of whom usually fish, the other two, one at the bow and the other at the stern, being employed in keeping the little craft in a stationary position with their paddles. If, however, there is not much current all four lower their lines, one man working his paddle with one hand so as to keep from drifting. My usual companions were the resident native teacher and two stalwart young natives of the island—Tuluia and Muli'ao; and I

may here indulge in a little vanity when I say that my success as a *palu*-fisher was regarded as something phenomenal, only one other white man in the group, a trader on the atoll of Funafuti, having ever caught a *palu*, or, in fact, tried to catch one. But then I had such beautiful tackle that even the most skilled native fisherman had no chance when competing with me. My lines were of twenty-seven-strand white American cotton, as thick as a small goose-quill, and easily handled, never tangling or twisting like the native sinnet; and my hooks were the admiration and envy of all who saw them. They were of the 'fluted' Kirby type, eyed, but with a curve in the shank, which was five inches in length, and as thick as a lead-pencil. I had bought these in Sydney, and during the voyage down had rigged them with snoodings of the very best seizing wire, intending to use them for shark-fishing. I had smaller ones down to three inches, but always preferred using the largest size, as the *palu* has a large mouth, and it is a difficult matter in a small canoe on a dark night to free a hook embedded in the gullet of a fish which is awkward to handle even when exhausted, and weighing as much as sixty or seventy pounds; while I also knew that any unusual noise or commotion would be almost sure to attract two or three of those most dangerous of all night-prowlers of the Pacific, the deep-water blue shark.

Paddling out due westward from the lee side of the island, where the one village is situated, we would bring-to in about seventy or eighty fathoms. As I always used leaden sinkers, my companions invariably let me lower first to test the depth, as with a two or three pound lead my comparatively thin line took but little time in running out and touching bottom. A whole flying-fish was used for one bait by the natives, it being tied on to the inner curve of the great wooden hook, whilst I cut one in half, fore-and-aft, and ran my hook through it lengthwise.

The utmost silence was always observed; and even when lighting our pipes we were always careful not to let the reflection of the flame of the match fall upon the water, on account of the sharks, which would at once be attracted to the canoe, and hover about until they were rewarded for their vigilance by seizing the first *palu* brought to the surface. Sometimes a hungry shark will seize the outrigger in his jaws, or get foul of it, and upset the canoe, and a capsize under such circumstances is a serious matter indeed. For this reason the canoes are never far apart from each other; if one should be attacked or disabled by a shark the others at once render assistance, and the shark is usually thrust through with a lance if he is too big to be captured and killed. All haste is then made to get away from the spot, leaving the disturber of the proceedings to be devoured by his companions, whom the scent of blood soon brings upon the scene.

With ordinary luck we would get our first *palu* within an hour of lowering our lines. At such a great depth as eighty or ninety fathoms a bite would scarcely be felt by one of my companions on his thick, heavy, and clumsy line; but on mine it was very different, and there was hardly an occasion on which I did not secure the first fish. Like most bottom-haunting fish in very deep water the *palu* makes but a brief fight. If he can succeed in getting his head, he will at once rush into the coral forest amid which he lives, and endeavour to save himself by jamming his body into a cleft or chasm of rock, and let the hook be torn from his jaws, which are soft, boneless, and glutinous. Once, however, he is dragged clear of the coral he seems to lose all heart; and, although he makes an occasional spurt, he grows weaker and weaker as he is dragged toward the surface, and when lifted into the canoe, is apparently lifeless, his large eyes literally standing out of his head, and his stomach distended like a balloon. So enormous is the distention of the bladder that sometimes it will protrude from the mouth, and then burst with a noise like a pistol-shot! Perhaps some of my readers will smile at this, but they could see the same thing occur with other deep-sea fish besides the *palu*. In the Caroline and Marshall Islands there is a species of gray groper which is caught in a depth ranging from one hundred to one hundred and fifty fathoms; these fish, which range up to two hundred pounds, actually burst their stomachs when brought to the surface; for the air in the cavities of the body expands on the removal of the great pressure which at such depths keeps it compressed.

Now as to the appearance of the *palu*. When first caught, and seen by the light of a lantern or torch, it is a dark silvery gray in colour, with prickly, inverted scales—like the feathers of a French fowl of a certain breed. The head is somewhat cod-shaped, with eyes quite as large as a crown-piece; the teeth are many, small, and soft, and bend to a firm pressure; and the bones in the fins and tail are so soft and flexible that they may be bent into any shape, but when dried are of the appearance and consistency of gelatine. The length of the largest *palu* I have seen was five feet six inches, with a girth of about forty inches. This one was caught in about ninety fathoms of water; and when I opened the stomach I found it to contain five or six undigested fish, about seven inches in length, of the groper species, and for which the natives of the island had no name nor knowledge of beyond the appellation *ika kehe*

—'unknown fish'—that is, fish which are only seen when taken from the stomach of a deep-sea fish or are brought to the surface or washed ashore after some submarine disturbance.

The flesh of the *palu* is greatly valued by the natives of the equatorial islands of the Pacific for its medicinal qualities as a laxative, whilst the oil with which it is permeated is much used as a remedy for rheumatism and similar complaints. Within half-an-hour of its being taken from the water the skin changes to a dead black, and the flesh assumes the appearance of whale blubber. Generally, the fish is cooked in the usual native ground-oven as quickly as possible, care being taken to wrap it closely up in the broad leaves of the *puraku* plant—a species of gigantic taro—in order that none of the oil may be lost. Thinking that the oil, which is perfectly colourless and with scarcely any odour, might prove of value, I once 'tried out' two of the largest fish taken, and obtained a gallon. This I sent to a firm of drug-merchants in Sydney; but unfortunately the vessel was lost on the passage.

The *palu* does not seem to have a wide habitat. In the Tonga Islands it is, I believe, very rare, if not unknown; and in Fiji, Samoa, and other mountainous groups throughout Polynesia the natives appear to have no knowledge of it, although they have a fish possessing the same peculiar characteristics, but of a somewhat different shape. I have fished for it without success at half-a-dozen places in Samoa, in New Britain, and New Ireland. But it is generally to be found about the coasts of any of the low-lying coral islands of the Union (or Tokelau) group, the Ellice, Gilbert, Marshall, and part of the Caroline archipelagoes. The Gilbert Islanders call it *te ika ne paku*—a name that cannot well be translated into bald English.

Of the marvellous efficacy of the oil in a case of acute rheumatism I can speak with knowledge. The second mate of an island-trading schooner was landed at Arorai, in the Line Islands, unable to move, and suffering great agony. After two days' massaging with *palu* oil he recovered and returned to his duties.

[Since this article was written I have learned that Mr E. R. Waite of the Sydney Museum has found that the *palu* is the well-known *Ruvettus pretiosus*, 'which hitherto was known only from the North Atlantic, and whose recorded range is now enormously increased. The Escolar—to give it its Atlantic name—has been taken at depths as great as three and four hundred fathoms, but can only be taken at night in September and the early part of October.']



YOU SING.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THIS discovery marked a new departure in our relations toward each other. Hitherto I had looked upon You Sing as I might have done upon a big faithful dog, but never dreamed of crediting him with any intelligent initiative. His behaviour so far had certainly justified me in this opinion; but now he became completely transformed. In the most energetic pantomime, and with strangely severe struggles to enunciate a few words of my language, he endeavoured to explain to me the origin of all these treasures. I did not find it hard to understand the general drift of his attempt to enlighten me, because I had already suspected something of what I was now gathering from him. Roughly, it was to the effect that the cargo we had relieved the junk of was the accumulated hoard of a nest of pirates who had long been preying upon such seafarers as they dared attack without fear of reprisals, and who were all deliberately slain after they had been plundered and their vessels scuttled. Then the wretches had turned their bloody hands against each other, and by so doing somewhat atoned for their innumerable crimes by ridding the world of two-thirds of the gang. The survivors then loaded up all the most valuable of the stored plunder into the most seaworthy junk they possessed, and, divesting her of all suspicious appearance, sailed for some port where they intended to dispose of their loot. Again Nemesis overtook them; they had befouled the seas too long. They stealthily murdered one another as opportunity served, until there were hardly enough of them left to handle the junk. You Sing was a slave who had done their cooking, having been spared for that purpose alone out of the entire crew of a large barque they had surprised one night. Doubtless his turn to perish had nearly arrived, when, going down into their storeroom under the cabin for some rice, he found himself in a sort of trap from which he was unable to escape. There he would certainly have perished of starvation, instead of sharing the unknown fate of the remnant of his tyrants, but for our intervention. And in various quaint ways he gave me to understand that he considered his life to belong to this ship and her crew, of whom the child asleep and my small self were now the sole representatives.

I could not bring myself to the point of heaving all those pretty things overboard; but seeing what a dread he had of them, I stowed them all in the late skipper's berth under his bed-place, in two large drawers, which I locked

and hung the key round my neck. Then, for the first time, I began to think about working the ship. Unfortunately I had not the faintest idea of which was the best direction to steer in, for I did not know, within at least a thousand miles, our position. I imagined, of course, that we were somewhere south of Formosa, and between that great island and the Philippines; but that was vague in the extreme. And I was in hourly terror of being sighted by a wandering junk of whatever character, feeling certain of a barbarous death at the hands of any of You Sing's countrymen who might happen to find such a prize as the *Blitzen*. How I longed for the sight of a smoke-wreath festooning the horizon! That vision would have nearly sent me crazy with joy. But I suppose we were far out of the track of steamers, for we saw no sign of one.

Aided most manfully and sensibly by You Sing, I cleaved up the royals and topgallant sails with a view of making the vessel easier to handle, and with a great deal of labour managed to haul up the courses (mainsail and foresail) as well, taking the gear to the capstan where it was too heavy for our united efforts, until those great squares of canvas hung snug as they could be without being actually furled. Then, after long cogitation, I decided to make for the coast of China, which I knew must be west of us, and trust to a merciful God to bring us in sight of either some civilised port or ship before any of those calm, merciless pagans came across us. Now we each took a regular trick at the wheel (You Sing learned to do so in less than half-an-hour); and little Elsie, all her high spirits gone, and docile as You Sing himself, even took a spell at steering when we would let her. Heaven alone knows what our track would have looked like on the chart, but it's my belief that we were getting to the westward at the rate of about twenty miles a day for the best part of a week (I lost all count of time); and, though it seems hard to believe, I was actually beginning to feel quite important as the commander of a big vessel on the high seas. We fed well and we slept well—at least Elsie and I did; as for You Sing, I don't know whether he ever slept at all. He did all the cooking, kept everything clean and tidy, and was ever ready when called upon. Besides all this, he had won his way into the affections of Elsie; and I almost felt a pang of jealousy when I heard her clear laugh at some of the quaint antics he cut in order to amuse her. Had it not been for the one haunting dread of being overhauled by a junk, I believe we

should have been quite happy. For the terror of the past tragedy had faded from our minds, and the sea was kind and gentle, the soft breeze blew sweetly, though it varied a great deal, making our task of trimming the yards in order to keep the vessel somewhere near her course—due west—an uncommonly heavy one.

Then it fell a flat calm. Now, I had, even at that early age, all a sailor's horror of a calm, and this one troubled me more than any I had yet experienced. The silence was almost unbearable. I could not rest day or night—it lasted three days—for more than an hour or so at a time; and when I fell asleep from sheer weariness I always woke with my heart thumping furiously and in an icy sweat of fear. The inaction got upon my nerves, so that I began to hear strange noises, and to imagine that the dead crew were among us, grieving because we were yet alive, and scheming to secure our company. This state of mind grew upon me to such an extent that at last I dared not leave You Sing, clinging to him as the one hope I had of ever again seeing the land of the living. He—grave, careful, and kind as ever—accepted this entire change in our relative positions with the same serene behaviour as before; and in my worst mental trouble I had only to look into his eyes to be completely comforted. Elsie, strange to say, seemed quite happy. She was carelessly kind to me; but she loved our Chinese friend. A word or two from him, in an unintelligible jargon, would set her dancing with delight, and it was only during his unavoidable absence from her for a short time that she ever seemed to feel the misery of our position.

On the tenth evening (I think) of our loneliness, and the third of the calm, I was lolling against the useless wheel watching, with eyes that observed naught, the fantastic efforts of You Sing to amuse Elsie, when an appalling feeling of dread suddenly came over me. It was as if I was going to be violently sea-sick, and affected my limbs to such an extent that I slid down from the wheel to the deck. This disabling sensation was happily only momentary in its effect, so that I was able to rise to my feet again almost immediately, though trembling violently. Whatever mysterious cause had thus affected me I could not tell, and it was evidently peculiar to myself, for my two shipmates were still merry at their play. But I was desperately uneasy, fearing that I was going to be very ill. I left the deck and descended into the cabin, seeing, to my astonishment, several rats prowling uneasily about. They took scarcely any notice of me, and I was too upset to obey the momentary impulse to chase them. I sank down on a settee and tried to collect myself, but I was too uneasy to sit still, and soon wandered out on the main-deck again.

Aimlessly I slouched forward and climbed up on

the fore-castle head. As soon as I reached it, on looking ahead I saw a sight that thickened my blood. Right before the vessel rose a dense mass of inky cloud extending over an arc of the horizon of about one-sixth of its circumference. It was dome-shaped, and upon its apex rested the descending sun, his glowing disc changed into a dull bronze-green ball that shed no light around. It looked as if the glorious orb was sick unto death. As I watched with growing anxiety, the painfully changed luminary sank slowly into that black mountain of gloom and disappeared. But above it the clear sky reflected its ghastliness, not by reason of its rays ascending, for it appeared to have none, but as if some unknown light from the bowels of the earth had broken through the sea and was thus disfiguring the beautiful face of the heavens.

Tearing myself away from the disabling fascination of the sight, I returned to the poop, noticing with much satisfaction that my trembling had almost ceased. I found You Sing and Elsie sitting on a hen-coop watching with solemn faces the rising gloom ahead in perfect silence, all their pleasant play at an end. Meeting You Sing's eye, I read therein a reflection of my own concern, and in an instant we understood each other. Doubtless, it being his native country, he understood the ominous signs far better than I, although even the child could see and feel that something terrible was impending; and as I went up to her to coax her below he murmured in my ear two words of pure Chinese, which, because they have passed into the English language, I understood at once: '*Ty foony!*' They rang through my brain like a sentence of death; but I actually felt some relief at knowing the worst. For if we were about to encounter a typhoon in our utter helplessness either to prepare for it by furling sail, or to handle the vessel in any way, what hope could there be of our survival? But there is a certain satisfaction in knowing that, whatever happens, it is no fault of yours; that you can do nothing of any service but just endure and hope. And that was exactly our position.

We got Elsie down below without alarming her, laid in a stock of fresh water in the cabin, and barricaded the doors opening on to the main-deck. Then we got some old sails up from the locker and covered the cabin skylight, lashing it down as securely as we knew how. The cabin being as secure as we could make it, we braced the yards sharp up on the starboard tack (although I don't know why I chose that side, I'm sure), for I had a dim idea that we should stand a better chance so than with the yards square as they were, since I knew very well that in heavy gales of wind a vessel ought to be hove to, and that that was always effected by bracing the yards forward. Then I let go the topsail-sheets and lowered the upper topsails down on the cap. We also hauled all the jibs and stay-sails down, making them as snug as

we could. Last of all I put the helm hard down and lashed it there. My hope was that in the first burst of the tempest the big sails that were loose would blow away, and that the vessel would then heave herself to naturally, although I knew well enough that if caught by the lee she would probably capsize or drive under stern foremost.

While we had been thus busy the rising pall of clouds had imperceptibly grown until exactly half of the concave above was perfectly black—black as the adit of a coal-mine. The other half astern was of an ugly green tint, as unlike the deep violet of the night sky in those latitudes as could well be imagined. Its chief peculiarity, though, was its light. That segment of the sky was full of glare, diffused light that was even reflected on to the vessel, and yet could not be traced to any definite source. The contrast between this uncanny radiance and the crêpe-like darkness of the other half of the sky was tremendous, and of itself enough to inspire fear in the breast of any creature living.

Presently, as we watched in strained silence, came the beginning of what we were to know; a twining golden webwork of electric fires all over the swart roof of cloud, or whatever that gloom was built of, and in a hot puff of wind the destroying genie of the tropics uplifted the opening strains of his song. All cries of uttermost woe

were blended in it as it faintly fell upon our ears, indistinctly as if echoed and re-echoed from immeasurable distances, but growing louder and wilder with every burning breath. Then, in one furious blast, accompanied by a cracking blaze of lightning, the typhoon burst upon us. It was just sufficiently on the starboard bow to avoid catching us aback, and the vessel paid off, heeling over to its force until her lee rail was awash, and the gleaming foam toppled inboard in a smother of pale light. Lower and lower the sky descended until it seemed as if we might have reached upward and touched it; and, unable to bear the sight any longer, I fled below, followed by You Sing, and securely fastened the scuttle behind us.

Elsie was asleep when I peeped into her room, for which I felt profoundly thankful; for how could we have comforted her? I sat down by You Sing's side and looked up wonderingly into his impassive face, which, as usual, was lighted by a tender smile as he met my troubled gaze. He took hold of my hand and patted it, murmuring his shibboleth, 'Ullo, Tommy;' and in spite of my terrors I smiled. Outside, the uproar was beyond description; but except that we lay over at a most dangerous angle we were fairly steady. The force of the wind did not permit the sea to rise, and so between sleeping and waking that awful night passed.

VICTUALLING A MAN-OF-WAR.

By LEONARD W. LILLINGTON.

GOD sent the food, but the devil sent the cooks,' seems to have been a sea-going proverb in the first place; and one of the deadliest insults on shipboard is to call a man the 'son of a sea-cook.' However, their lordships of the Admiralty are not directly responsible for the shortcomings of the cook; and the provisions now supplied to our jack-tars are in the main of excellent quality.

There are three principal home victualling-yards: the Royal Victoria at Deptford, the Royal Clarence at Gosport, and the Royal William at Queenstown. There are victualling depôts abroad: at Gibraltar, Halifax, Bermuda, Jamaica, the Cape of Good Hope, Trincomalee, Hong-kong, Esquimaux, and Sydney.

In the three home yards practically all the biscuit is made. Ship's biscuit is really good, though you want a sound set of teeth to fully appreciate it. The ship's company eat it as supplied; in the officers' mess it is usually baked a second time, which improves it vastly. As for the weevils so constantly referred to in the nautical novel, it is impossible to keep weevils out of any biscuit after a time.

Flour and oatmeal are manufactured at all three of the yards, while at Deptford the chocolate, mustard, and pepper are ground. A considerable number of articles bought by contract also pass through the Deptford yard, including rum, tobacco, lime juice, salt, preserved meat, medical comforts, and clothing. The strategical position of Deptford makes it an excellent centre of distribution for the other home yards as well as for the depôts abroad.

The Deptford yard stretches half a mile along the river, from Deadman's Rock to the market for foreign cattle. It includes clothing-stores, filled with ready-made suits ready for issue to replace the worn-out uniforms. The supplies of clothing include many thousands of pairs of boots, caps, and articles of underclothing, also the canvas suits worn by the men when engaged in scrubbing down the decks or other dirty work. The pickled pork stored in the yard comes from Prussia, the mutton from Australia, and the tins of beef from America. The stock of tobacco averages twenty thousand pounds. It is imported duty-free, and costs the Admiralty fivepence per pound. From thirty thousand to forty thousand gallons of rum are kept ready for issue. The overproof rum is diluted there—four

parts with one of water. The mixing vats are of huge dimensions; the largest of them has a capacity of thirty-three thousand gallons. Forty thousand pounds of chocolate are also kept in readiness, and half-a-million gallons of oil. All the casks for packing the provisions are made in the yard, and the output amounts to many thousands in the course of the year. Victualling includes not only food but stores of all kinds. Thus, there are thousands of yards of canvas for use as shrouds, and operating boards, wooden legs, hands, and arms, besides other surgical appliances. The utensils used in the preparation of the food—called 'mess traps'—are also supplied by the Admiralty.

Wines and spirits are laid in by the officers at their own cost. The quantity, however, is limited by the wants of each mess. The orders to the wine-merchant must be 'vised' by the captain, and he is supposed to keep a careful eye on the amount consumed. The officers no longer receive rations of rum, but a small allowance in money instead; nor is it issued to seamen under twenty years of age. Before being served out to the crew it is again diluted in the proportion of one part of rum to three parts of water. This is grog, which derives its name from Admiral Vernon. He it was who first diluted the rum. He habitually wore a grogram coat, and went by the name of Old Grog. The barrel is broached on deck at the dinner-hour, and each man comes forward with his pannikin in turn. All Government stores are marked in some way so that they can be readily identified. The rum has a small quantity of finely chopped hair introduced into it, which can be detected by holding it up to the light.

Rations of tea or chocolate can be had instead of rum, or the value of it is credited as 'savings.' This applies to most of the provisions. For example, a mess of twenty-four men would be entitled to draw twenty-four pounds of pork. They claim instead, perhaps, only eighteen pounds, and are allowed fourpence per pound for the balance. On salt beef the allowance is only three-halfpence per pound, on tinned beef five-pence per pound, on suet fourpence per pound, on rum three shillings a gallon, cocoa fivepence per pound, tea a shilling per pound. These savings are generally pooled by the mess and spent at the 'dry canteen.'

The 'dry canteen' plays an important though unofficial part in the victualling of a man-of-war. It is, in fact, a grocery shop, where the various messes can supplement the provisions

supplied by the Admiralty. At naval depôts it is generally run by a local tradesman; but on sea-going ships it is under the management of a committee, and is conducted on a co-operative basis.

Fresh meat and vegetables, whenever procurable, take the place of the salt beef, salt pork, and tinned meat. In fact, when the ship is in harbour salt beef must not be issued at all, and only once a week abroad, except under special circumstances. There are contractors for the supply of fresh meat, bread, and vegetables at all the ports of call in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The fresh meat is always cut up by the ship's butcher in some public part of the ship.

The men are 'lime-juiced' under the orders of the medical officer. The stokers are allowed an extra quantity, and as much oatmeal-water as they choose. Special rations of tea, coffee, or chocolate may be ordered at the discretion of the captain for men serving on night watches. Special delicacies in the form of preserves and potted meats are allowed to ships' companies on active service in unhealthy countries. A surveying party up the Zambesi river, for example, would be entitled to some small extra luxuries.

Tobacco, which comes under the head of victualling, is served out once a month—a pound per man on a home station and two pounds on a foreign station. Ships' tobacco is always in the leaf. When chewing was in vogue it was supplied in plugs or cakes. The few remaining sailors who chew make their own plugs out of the leaf with the aid of a little rum.

There is an elaborate victualling scale. Prisoners, leave-breakers, and stragglers receive only two-thirds of the full allowance. A prisoner on the way home who volunteers to help to work the ship receives the full allowance, but no grog. Non-naval persons are victualled at two-thirds. The master-at-arms supplies a daily return to the ship's office of those whose grog has been stopped for punishment. The value of the grog in this case is not credited as savings except in the case of habitual drunkards.

The accountant officer is the victualling authority on board. He keeps the captain informed as to the requirements of the ship. Should the stores run low the allowances are reduced all round, from the captain down to the ship's boy. The provisions thus withheld are credited as savings. But that must be poor consolation at the time to hungry stomachs.



THE NEW WAITER AT THE BOATHOUSE INN. A TALE OF OLD PARKGATE.

By EDWARD KERNS.

I.

THE night of November 5, 1797, was so replete with incident for the dwellers at Parkgate, on the Cheshire shore of the Dee estuary, that for some time to come all local events of importance were described as having taken place so long before or so long after that eventful evening.

There had been a light fall of snow—the first snow that winter; but the busy traffic of foot-passengers over the Parade, and of wheeled vehicles over the roadway, had almost obliterated it. As often happens, the higher Welsh coast opposite had first caught the skirts of the snow-clouds as they trailed heavily up from the sea, and the outlines of the whitened hills of Clwyd, which under ordinary circumstances would have been invisible on a moonless night, now faintly showed their undulating summits in the bright starlight, with Moel Fannau—the ‘Mother of the Hills’—keeping a shadowy watch and ward over them. Clusters of tiny gems marked the whereabouts of Flint Castle and town, and of Holywell and other centres; but in the intervening spaces the lights were few and far between. Non-existent was the buzz of the Holyhead trains which now intermittently steals across the four and a half miles of estuary, and only the weird cries of the gulls and the shrill whistle of the curlews broke the sombre silence which brooded beyond the quays.

The desolate outlook but served to accentuate the bustle of the thriving little port. Parkgate was at this time, and for long afterwards, the principal northern gateway to Ireland, and a stream of people of all sorts and conditions ebbed and flowed with the tides, or—to the delight of mine host—abode in one or other of the snug hostleries so thickly dotted along the Parade, until the wind blew fair for the Emerald Isle. Every few yards there was an inn (fourteen have vanished within living memory); so that an almost continuous stream of light was shed from the windows, and, where the snow was yet untrodden, stained it with ruddy patches.

The tumult which nightly attended the arrival of the London coach had subsided, and a quaintly-rigged Dublin packet, which had just discharged its cargo, rocked lightly at anchor a few yards from the shore; while, by the side of one of the red sandstone wharves, another packet was being rapidly filled with merchandise, preparatory to sailing with the morning tide. Several post-chaises, bearing wealthy passengers who preferred not to wait for the early morning coach, had set off, with much cracking of the postillions' whips, for West Chester, as the ancient cathedral-town

a dozen miles up the river was then generally termed. The curtains of the large room of the Mostyn Hotel (now a flourishing school) were only partly drawn, and within could be seen a gay group of travellers. The smartly-cut coats and knee-breeches of the gentlemen, their spotless linen, powdered wigs, and profusely ornamented court swords, coupled with their gallant bearing, marked them as persons of distinction; while the ladies of the party had their attractions set off by the rich dresses, high-heeled shoes with gleaming buckles, powder, patches, and other frivolities of the time.

Several passers-by loitered to gaze at the fascinating picture thus presented to their view; and on the roadway a straggling band of urchins were attempting to march in military order under the commands of a slim boy of some ten years, who, with a broken-pointed cutlass, was gallantly leading them on to ‘fight the French.’ Notwithstanding their valour, and the snatches of patriotic songs which dissolved at brief intervals into shrill cheers, they did not court the shadows, and never wandered far from the lighted portion of the Parade; for at that time the name of the arch-enemy of mankind had given place to ‘Bonaparte’ as a terror to small boys, and angry parents had threatened them with a sudden visitation of the latter so often that their youthful minds invariably associated him with the powers of darkness. To and fro the band of miniature warriors marched until at the limit of one of their perambulations near the Neston turning they came face to face with an advancing couple—a man and a woman.

The man was rather over the medium height and powerfully built, with huge sloping shoulders and long arms. He wore a claret-coloured coat with numerous brass buttons on either side, and a pair of baggy breeches of the same material buttoned over his coarse blue hose. His heavy shoes were fastened with massive brass buckles, and a bright red silk handkerchief was loosely knotted around his brawny neck over a coarse but clean white linen shirt. His round swarthy face was clean shaven and heavily marked with smallpox. Tiny gold earrings adorned the lobes of his ears, and his small dark eyes were apparently perpetually twinkling with good humour. He walked with the lumbering tread of a ploughman, and the most casual observer would at once set him down as a French peasant. He was accompanied by a tall and very erect lady, much younger than himself, with well-moulded features of a somewhat aquiline and melancholy cast, and expressive dark eyes. She was well but plainly dressed. Her rather large feet were neatly shod,

and several rings adorned the shapely hand which was employed in holding closely around her a large circular cloak of blue cloth. Unlike her companion, she walked with a firm, quick step, with which he kept pace with evident difficulty.

The man was at once recognised by the army, and was hailed by them as 'Froggy'; while one of them varied this epithet by calling out, 'Boney, Boneyparty!' A dozen current witticisms at the expense of Frenchmen generally, and alluding to their supposed inferiority to Englishmen, were hurled at him; while the leader pretended to dispute his passage with the broken weapon.

The Frenchman caressed their boyish heads with parental fondness as he pushed by with the words, 'Gud boys! gud boys! Now let ze ladee pass.' Cries of 'He has to run! he has to run!' pursued him as he hurried along the Parade. His trading excursions, not to mention certain shady smuggling transactions, had brought him through Parkgate for many years, and he was well known to a large circle there.

Soon the watch-house—standing, as it still does, half-way out upon the road, as if it had elbowed its way forward the better to look out upon the broad estuary—loomed up in the semi-darkness before the couple. A portion of it was roofed and glazed, to protect the watchers from the strong westerly gales, while the broad stone steps and the landing to which they led was open to the weather.

On the topmost stair one of the local revenue officers—a short, broad man, with bronzed face, peaked gray beard, and keen bluish-gray eyes, and with the general aspect of an old veteran—was poising a large telescope in a sling on the outer edge of the wall, and closely scrutinising the black veil which intruded itself between the quay and Hilbre Island. The shoulders of his semi-military coat were powdered over with snow, and a heavy cutlass was tightly girt about his waist.

The Frenchman made out the figure while yet some distance away, and he and his companion came to a full stop, and stood for a little time whispering together and closely scrutinising the actions of the officer before approaching the watch-house. Fully fifty yards away the Frenchman called out in facetious tones, 'I say, monsieur, John Bull Whitehead, what you look out there for? Ha, ha! you tink you see Napoleon coming along—eh!'

'Hullo, Froggy, hullo!' responded the watcher, closing his glass with a snap, 'are you back again? Nay, Boney knows better nor come in this quarter. I was watching the Gunpowder Plot fire at Mostyn;' and he pointed over the estuary considerably to the left of where he had actually been looking. 'If you squint across you can see it with your naked eye—beggin' the lady's pardon.'

Froggy followed the direction of the officer's finger, and with difficulty made out a small leaping tongue of flame distinguishable by its reddish tinge from the pale fixed lights on the Flintshire shore.

'I wish I 'ave your eyes,' the Frenchman exclaimed as he moved on.

'If you could see what I was doing from where you stood, my ould un, they didn't make you a bad pair,' the revenue man muttered to himself as he laid down the glass and began vigorously to clap his numbed arms together; adding, 'I'd naythur tell you nor no other frog what I was looking for.' Then, as if refreshing his memory: "'Three flashes and a flash," that's the word they sent down. See a light I sartinly did; but see "three flashes and a flash" I sartinly did not.'

The Boathouse Inn marked, as its crumbling site still marks, the extreme end of the Parade; and, beyond, the fields and the shores stretched away to the distant sea-coast. The Mostyn Hotel was patronised by the notables; the Boathouse Inn was frequented by numerous sailors, fishermen, ostlers, post-chaise drivers, anchor-smiths, &c., in addition to shoals of individuals of every known occupation, who were continually setting through Parkgate. The large room overlooking the beach rang with song and mirth. A popular song with a swinging chorus was in full progress, and at the end of each verse the pewters rained applause upon the long oak table with a din akin to that of the shipwrights' mallets in a graving-dock, while the old lattice-window rattled in unison in its ancient frame as the Frenchman and his companion passed beneath it, and crept stealthily into the darkness in the rear of the group of buildings, making their way to the opposite side of an unused limekiln some fifty yards farther on.

After carefully scrutinising the vicinity, the lady drew a dark-lantern from her cloak, and, turning towards Hilbre Island, turned the slide of the lantern four times, allowing a lengthy pause between the third and fourth flash. Out of the darkness, some five miles away, came like an echo four answering sparks of light, divided by similar intervals; and almost on the instant the bow of a small boat grated on the beach, and the solitary occupant, a fisherman, sprang lightly ashore.

The new-comer might have sat for the portrait of a Viking. He wore his sixty years lightly, and his tawny beard was unlicked with gray, while his tall figure was erect, and he stepped out across the sands with the suppleness of a youth. 'John' was the name given to him by his sponsors, but the *alias* of 'Ould Uncle' had been welded to him in his early boyhood, and had stuck to him as only a Parkgate nickname can.

Dark as it was, he and the Frenchman recognised each other, and the latter held out his hand with an uneasy laugh. 'Uncle,' however, brushed by, exclaiming breathlessly, 'Out of the road, Froggy; out of the road. There's trouble down at Tinker's Dale; and if some of your dirty countrymen don't get lodgings at Chester Castle to-morrow my name's not Uncle Mealor.'

Before the last word had left his lips the Frenchman had him by the throat.

'Why, what the hangment!'—he began; and then, realising that his opponent was in serious earnest, he locked him in an iron grip, and a deadly struggle began. To and fro and round and round they swung in a grim silence, unbroken save by their panting breath and the crunching sound of their feet on the gravel of the beach.

The struggle was short. In a few moments it was the Frenchman's throat that was being compressed, and he threw up his hands as he felt himself being borne irresistibly to the ground.

At this point the female, who had been darting hither and thither about the combatants, seeking an opportunity to deliver an effective blow, brought the heavy lantern down on Uncle's head with terrific force, and rapidly repeated the blow again and again, at the same time hissing in French to her exhausted countryman, 'The knife, fool—the knife!'

The next moment Uncle staggered back, and crying out faintly to the merrymakers, 'O Lord! mates, help; I'm murdered!' fell like a log.

The female stood, listening intently, to ascertain if the disturbance had been noticed at the 'Boathouse,' and the Frenchman vainly tried to stifle the sound of his laboured breathing as he too strained his ears; but there was no hush in the carousal, and a score of lusty voices could be heard uproariously lifted together in a rhyme which had become immensely popular at Parkgate:

'Says Boney to Johnny, "I'm comin' to Dover;
And when I come over I'll be come, I'll be come."
Says Johnny to Boney, "You're coming to Dover;
And when you come over you'll be over come."'

The last line was repeated several times with great gusto.

On the very brink of the tide, and even nearer to the guilty party than the 'Boathouse' itself, stood the Long Row, facetiously so called; its later sobriquet of William and Mary's Row afterwards attaching itself to it owing to the fact that a William and Mary occupied each of the four humble tenements.

The slight disturbance, however, had been unnoticed. The dim lights continued to burn steadily in the windows; and so still was the night that, between the bursts of song, the air was filled with the moaning voice of the surf, as it battled with the Cambrian rocks fully a score of miles away.

A hurried consultation took place. By proceeding along the shore they would almost certainly fall into the hands of one or other of the coastguard patrols. By taking possession of one of the small boats, and attempting to steer their own course down the river, they would almost as certainly stick fast on one of the numerous sandbanks with which the fishermen were so familiar. Finally, they decided to obtain the services of a fisherman and boat, and with this object they dragged the body of Uncle into the deep shadow of the kiln, and retraced their steps to the 'Boathouse.'

II.

Rumour had it that the latest addition to the staff of the Boathouse Inn owed an old score, and was working it off in the capacity of waiter; and the general opinion among the customers was that he was a bad bargain even at that price. He had a very long body and very short legs; this physical peculiarity being further much emphasised by a coat which had once been blue, the long tails reaching half-way down his podgy-looking calves. He wore a frowsy mouse-coloured wig and a bleary owl-like expression of wisdom that evidently covered the most dense stupidity. He carried an ample supply of snuff in his capacious waistcoat pockets; and, extracting it sometimes from the right pocket, sometimes from the left, with his thumb and finger, sonorously inhaled a portion and flung away the remainder with a contemptuous flit of his fingers that sent a tiny cloud floating over the pewters and glasses in a manner that was peculiarly distressful to poor toppers with a squeamish stomach. He invariably met the incoming coaches and post-chaises, holding forth to the travellers with a very strong Welsh accent upon the superior accommodation of the 'Boathouse,' and seldom left the stranger until he had elicited a verbal reply, after which he at once turned his attention to some one else. He was the constant butt of the company in the 'Boathouse' taproom; but he appeared quite ignorant of the fact, notwithstanding the very personal nature of the sallies levelled at him.

'Now then, you old Welsh tup [ram], you; sharpen your stumps' [quicken your pace], bawled a drover at the far-end of the room, the speaker himself being so thoroughly Welsh that he could with difficulty make himself understood.

The solemnity with which the waiter received the remark caused much hilarity; and as he reached the door a little bandy-legged ostler touched his shoulder, remarking in a serious undertone, but loud enough to be heard by the company, 'Tell you what, ould master, if I'd a pair of legs like your'n I'd cut 'em off!'

A loud burst of laughter followed the waiter through the door; and ere it ended the French man and woman entered the room, the former smiling away like clockwork upon the company, many of whom were well known to him. They were closely followed by Whitehead, who, having been relieved at the watch-house, had come to thaw his inner man with a jorum of rum.

The Frenchman was greeted good-humouredly by several of the company, most of whom, however, exhibited some reserve owing to the presence of the lady. This vanished immediately, however, and a fisherman, far gone in ale, rose unsteadily to his feet, and in a jocular strain attempted the lines, 'Says Boney to Johnny,' &c.

The foreigner, still smiling imperturbably, ordered a bowl of punch 'for his good friends to

drink the health of his only daughter; whom he had brought over to see the country, and who at the remark bestowed a languid smile upon the company.

The arrival of the foreign lady and gentleman had an effect upon the new waiter. For a moment his slipshod manner seemed to drop from him, and he received the generous order almost with alacrity. He took snuff from both pockets in quick succession, and gave a quick nod of acquiescence; but dropped almost at once into his customary listless manner, and shuffled from the room even more limply than before.

After placing the bowl on the table before the Frenchman, the waiter sat down on a vacant seat at the opposite side of the table; but the tap-room fraternity of the 'Boathouse' were not wont to stand upon etiquette, and the action attracted no attention.

The glasses were filled, and an elderly packet-man rose to his feet and began to expatiate on the fact that, although he was a Frenchman by birth, Froggy after all was such a good fellow that some of his ancestors must certainly have gone over from England; when he suddenly stopped, and a thrill ran through the room, for a strange and powerful voice, and a voice, moreover, that thrilled with authority, was suddenly uplifted above the words of the toast.

Looking down, they saw that the new waiter's elbows rested on the table, and a pair of long-barrelled pistols were levelled from them directly at the heads of the foreigners. His face was completely transformed, as his piercing glance rested on the cowering pair before him, and was so lighted up with animation that he was almost unrecognisable. His figure, too, seemed to dilate, as, without a trace of the Welsh accent, there rang out the words:

'I, William Shone, an officer of Bow Street, call upon all loyal subjects of King George here present to assist me to take into lawful custody the bodies of Jean Colat, who, it appears, is known here as Froggy, and his accomplice, Comte de Bordenave, who are wanted for high treason and for the cold-blooded murder of John Bradley, an officer of Bow Street, from whose custody they escaped two months ago.'

This address appeared to be partly given from memory and partly extemporised; and long before it was finished several of the company had rushed before the pair, and pinned them firmly by the arms, upsetting several glasses in the process.

The Frenchman showed his teeth like a wolf caught in a trap, and the Count turned ghastly pale, and looked as if fascinated at the officer as he spoke.

The latter rose to his feet, and laid his pistols on the table, adding solemnly as he displayed a sealed warrant to the company for a moment, and drew out a pair of handcuffs:

'Ay, poor John Bradley, as true a comrade

as ever drew the breath of life. May God have mercy upon his soul!—murdered while doing his duty. Many a ride he and I had together, and many a time have our barkers spoke out together as the honest lads [highwaymen] stood at bay in the moonlight; but this is the first time we have been put upon the track of a dirty foreigner. I hope it will be the last!'

'You pigs of Englishmen!' Froggy broke out as the darbies closed around his wrists with a snap. 'Napoleon will eat you up soon.'

'Not him, indeed!' growled Whitehead. 'You talk like a ha'penny book with no leaves in it. We've got a little one-armed man as'll warm his onions for him if he tries any pig-killing over here.'

'As for your Nelson,' said the Count in broken English and with withering contempt—'pooh! bah!' He spat out bitterly as he spoke.

'Now, gentlemen,' said the waiter cheerfully, 'there's no profit in holding arguments with dead men, and these are no better,' with a slight gesture of his thumb across the table. 'I shall need three good stout Parkgate lads to help me with them to Chester, where I shall be granted a proper escort to London; but before I start you shall drink the King's health in the best bowl of punch that our good host Johnson can brew.' He threw a couple of guineas on the table.

One of the fishermen opened the lattice window, and, taking up his glass, without a word swilled its contents on to the beach.

The remainder followed suit; and the officer, picking up the bowl, stepped briskly across the room and flung the liquor after the rest.

'Now, Mr Johnson,' he added briskly, turning to the landlord, who, with the waiters and guests from the other apartments, thronged the entrance to the taproom, 'wash this well out, and brew us a mixture that won't disgrace the King's health.'

At this juncture there was a sudden commotion among the group and exclamations of horror, in the midst of which the gigantic figure of Uncle staggered into the room. His beard was matted with blood and sea-sand, and a dark blot surrounded a large slash in the breast of his blue shirt. His face was ghastly pale, and as he reeled into the room and rested heavily against a settle he gasped out, 'A drink, mates; for the love of God, a drink! I'm dying!'

A glass of brandy was held to his lips, while a dozen voices asked who had been his assailants.

'Ask them varmint,' he replied as the neat spirit darted new life through his veins. He pointed to the shrinking captives. 'Boys,' he continued, addressing the crowd, 'there's a big French schooner loaded down with arms for the Irish put in under Tinker's Dale, and I suspect they were only waiting for this murderin' pair before they went on their dirty errand to Ireland agen our lawful King—God bless him!—

for I seed madam theer a-bogin' at um with the lantern, though I did not think what it meant till she were beating it into my poor ould head! "Three flashes and a flash" it were, sure enough, Billy Whitehead,' he concluded, turning to that individual.

"Three flashes and a flash" were the last words of poor Jack Bradley,' ejaculated Shone. 'That the words meant mischief of some kind we knew, but what kind of mischief it was we could not make out.'

'Gentlemen,' said Whitehead, rising and sternly buttoning up his coat as he spoke, 'we are all friends here now—leastways all but two—and I can do no harm by stating that the secret order sent down here by Captain Monk was to keep a sharp lookout for "three flashes and a flash." No one seemed to know what it meant, and no doubt the same order has been sent to other ports. Uncle, here, and Jim Bushell were the only ones entrusted with the secret outside our own set, and they've been doing a sort of sentry-go up and down the river every night since. Now, just before I came in here Lieutenant Cottingham marched up to the "Red Lion" with over twenty red-coats bound for Dublin Castle with to-morrow morning's packet. What I have to propose is this, that we take these soldiers down the river in our boats at once, get around the schooner in the dark, and sarve it like we sarved the two passengers.'

A hearty cheer broke from the company. The Frenchmen cursed; but in a few moments the crowd moved out, the prisoners closely guarded, and the officers walking in the rear. The bandy-legged ostler and host Johnson alone remained.

'Well,' ejaculated the former, 'I always thought as them Bow Street runners were runners; but blow me if that old gentleman could run for toffee!'

'Thomas,' sagely rejoined mine host, 'Master Weasel isn't much of a runner like to speak on; but he dines off Master Hare oftener than thee or me.'

The whole population of Parkgate, including the strangers within their gates, remained on the quays during the night. In the early hours of morning the sounds of distant musketry, sometimes in the form of an irregular rattle, and occasionally in a solid volley, could be heard by the listeners grouped about the blazing fires. By-and-by it ceased, and a young sailor declared that he heard three faint cheers.

A few hours later, as the 'Royal Prince' coach climbed the steep summit of the Boathouse Hill, *en route* for Liverpool, the driver suddenly reined in his steeds and listened intently; then the 'outsides' turned an attentive ear westward, and transformed their left hands into the ear-trumpets used by primitive man. Five 'insides'—

three ladies and two gentlemen—stepped quickly upon the road and rapidly followed their example. Hearty cheers were continuously rolling from end to end of the Parkgate Parade; and in the brief intervals which intervened what seemed like a faint echo floated in from the westward.

The dawn began to break beyond the distant marshes, and in the faint light appeared a large schooner in tow of fully a score of small boats, rowed by dark figures with a sprinkling of red uniforms with white facings. Some half-dozen red-coats were drawn up on the deck of the schooner, with their lieutenant, who later on came out of Waterloo with a musket-ball in his foot and a captaincy; and several manacled figures lay on the deck near them. One or two more figures there were, who lay even more still, yet were not pinioned.

As the schooner drew near the quays the shouts of the conquerors and of those who awaited them seemed to blend in one mighty cheer.

The driver's whip-lash described an hieroglyphic over his head, and darted out with a sharp snap at the leaders. 'Well,' he exclaimed aloud, 'they have managed that all right; and the Parkgate lads will have more prize-money than they can spend for a bit!'

There has always been an Uncle Menlor at Parkgate, and, to all appearances, there always will be. The present Uncle, who related the above as I sat in the stern of his boat, watching his thirty-foot mussel-rake rising and falling in the vasty deep at Dawpool, assured me that when his grandfather 'coached it up to London' Mr William Shone informed him that he had brought him up to town not so much to give evidence in the treason case as to witness an execution at Tyburn in which the central figures were one Jean Colat and a certain French aristocrat known as Comte de Bordenave.

RELEASE.

WHEN we have closed the sad, world-tired eyes,
And clasped the hands above the pulseless breast,
And stand in stricken silence crossed with sighs,
In the dim chamber of untroubled rest—
This is not Death, whose mystic lines invest
The white-robed form with strange and stately grace,
But the glad passing of our sometime guest
To higher planes and realms of wider space.
It is not Death's chill fingers that endow
With unaccustomed beauty the still face,
And crown with starry majesty the brow
Late seamed with sorrows of our mortal race.
Not Death, but Life, that, parting, leaves the trace
Of new-found glory on its prison-place.

P. F. SLATER.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

WOMEN AND EXERCISE.

By ERNEST W. LOWE.

WHEN we remember that only a very few years ago it was thought unladylike, if not absolutely indelicate, for a girl to go in for any form of exercise more violent than croquet, it is not very surprising that public opinion upon the subject is still in an unsettled condition. The last few years have indeed witnessed very remarkable changes. Our girls to-day are permitted to enjoy practically the same privileges as their brothers; they cycle, row, play tennis and cricket and hockey, and society looks on and utters approval. To raise the question of 'propriety' in connection with exercise for women is to stamp one's self as hopelessly behind the times. It is true that people do exist who, hide-bound by tradition, still eye askance the healthy, wholesome-minded girl who by means of judicious exercise keeps in glowing health, and who sigh for the sickly, pallid creature of a generation or so back, who mainly occupied her time in 'crewl-work,' and could always summon up a timely 'swoon' when she desired to awaken masculine interest. But these good folk constitute but a trifling minority; and in considering the subject on broad lines, their opinion, however interesting to the student as a survival of a bygone day, need not be taken into serious consideration.

On the other hand, it is idle to deny that, though the vast majority of people have only one opinion with regard to the propriety of women indulging in athletic exercises, there is a great divergence of opinion as to whether the modern trend is expedient or the reverse. Roughly speaking, people are divided into two classes—those who contend that athletic exercises are beneficial to women, and those who hold a directly opposite opinion. There are the staunch upholders of exercise for women, and those who are never weary of decrying it. A great deal of nonsense is talked on both sides, and a great deal of harm done, as is

always the case when expression is freely given to opinions which are not the result of careful and impartial investigation. The 'fors' are enthusiastic in declaring that all and every sort of exercise is good for women; such minor matters as to whether it is suitable or unsuitable, and whether, if suitable, it be taken in a proper manner and with due attention being paid to the laws of health, are beneath their consideration. The 'againsts' content themselves with denouncing the whole thing—lock, stock, and barrel; they tell us that athletic exercise is not only physically harmful to a girl, and tends to make her mannish and awkward, and unfitted for the duties of motherhood, but that it has a very deleterious effect upon her mental, moral, and spiritual nature, and if persisted in will inevitably result in coarsening her nature and destroying all the qualities which have ever been woman's chiefest pride and charm!

It is a terrible indictment; and were there any justification for it, it would undoubtedly furnish a very sufficient reason for the girls of to-day giving up exercise once and for all, and going back to the ways of their grandmothers. But, of course, it is simply a gross exaggeration, due to the constitutional inability of those who hold it to draw a logical deduction from evidence. Unfortunately many otherwise intelligent and cultivated people are in this plight. Only the other day we had the woeful spectacle of a lady-doctor of many years' experience writing an article in a leading review, first postulating that our women were going to the bad in every way, and then endeavouring to show that this was a direct consequence of the spread of bicycling. Between the two sets of opinions—the one refusing to see any drawbacks, the other unable to recognise any advantages—it is by no means astonishing that the rationale of exercise is as yet very imperfectly understood by the majority of women who pursue it in some shape or form. The pity of it is that each of the factions has some reason on its side—

reason which is almost entirely obscured by the violence of their feeling. If they could only come together—if each could be got to give some measure of tolerance to the other—much permanent good might result.

During the last couple of years the writer has had unique opportunities of observing the effects of judicious exercise upon women; and the result of his observations may be interesting. The word 'judicious' is used advisedly; presently he will have something to say about exercise wrongly and excessively pursued. Let it at once be said that as a beautifier of the feminine form and face exercise stands by itself. The benefits conferred by it upon the modern young women of the middle and upper classes are almost incalculable. One has only to look around to become convinced of it. The young women of to-day are finer to look at, straighter, taller, more wholesome-looking, than were those of thirty years ago. In the case of the individual the results of proper and well-regulated exercise are no less striking. A few months will make a vast difference. The girl who formerly was lackadaisical and languid—never absolutely ill, perhaps, but at the same time never entirely well, always suffering from some trifling ailment, which made her and every one with whom she came into contact miserable—becomes literally a 'new woman.' The wheel, the tennis-court, and the river speedily cause such things as 'nerves' to take their departure. Her blood circulates more freely; her organs do their work as they were meant to do it; she is carrying out the scheme designed by Nature, and she begins to learn what it is really to live. She has begun to learn that the first essential to good looks is health, and that one cannot have health without exercise, and plenty of it. The notion that physical exercise is detrimental to feminine beauty of form and grace of movement is absolutely erroneous. It is constantly said, 'Oh, a woman doesn't want to be physically strong; a muscular woman is an abomination.' If by muscle is meant large and badly distributed masses, there is little fault to be found with the statement. On the other hand, well-developed and symmetrical muscles are absolutely essential if a woman desires to have the grace of outline, the roundness of limb, the pliancy and suppleness of movement which are so universally and justly admired. You cannot have grace and ease without strength; the prettily-built woman is almost invariably strong and active. Indeed, grace and ease are the very refinements of strength. If we look at, say, the arm of a finely-built woman, we do not, of course, wish to see huge masses of muscle. What we expect to see, and what pleases our eye in the seeing, is the exquisite modelling, the flowing lines, and the soft yet firm appearance of the flesh. And all that mainly depends upon the condition of the muscles underneath. Looking from a distance at such an arm, we know in-

tuively that, soft as it looks, it will be firm to the touch; we know that were the muscles flabby and toneless, though the limb might please a certain order of eye by reason of its size and fleshiness, the exquisite modelling, the wonderful blending of daintiness and power, would be lacking. And what is true of the arm is equally so of the whole feminine form. It is the peculiar quality of exercise that *it tends to emphasise sex*; while it makes a man more virile, causes his muscles to stand out, and gives him a more determined appearance, it causes the female form to become rounder, the outlines softer, and, in short, makes her more womanly-looking in every way.

'Womanly-looking,' it may be echoed; but does it make her more womanly in character? Well, that is a very wide subject, and one which it would be futile to argue at any great length. Still, it may be said that, as exercise leads to health, the woman who takes exercise is naturally the healthy woman. And is there any good reason for supposing that the healthy woman is likely, *by reason of her health*, to be inferior in character and disposition to her weaker sister? On the contrary, health has an enormous bearing upon the mental and moral qualities, and especially in the case of women. Is not the woman who is overflowing with health likely to have better spirits, to have more large-minded tolerance, to be gentle and more considerate than the feeble creature who is always wrapped up in her own sickly body? It is frequently asserted that the girl who goes in for exercise is overbearing and assertive. Do we usually find those undesirable qualities in the strong? Certainly common experience does not bear out the contention.

Those who are strongly opposed to exercise for women may contend that what has been said with regard to its effects is inaccurate, and in proof of their assertion point to many girls who undoubtedly *do* take exercise, but who are far from being pleasant to gaze upon. They may point to the 'bicycle face,' the angular figure, the strained, weary expression, the awkward gait, and exclaim triumphantly, 'Behold the results of this much-vaunted panacea for all the ills of womanhood!' The writer's reply is that he has been referring to judicious exercise, as he was at pains to point out. It is undeniable that many girls do come to harm through pursuing exercise in a rash and injudicious manner; but this is no argument against exercise itself. It merely shows how great is the necessity for pointing out that exercise, however good in itself, may be responsible for much harm to such of its devotees as pursue it indiscreetly and without due recognition of the fundamental laws of health and life itself.

It is not necessary for a woman to be a profound physiologist to understand that exercise if

carried to excess defeats its own object. Yet it is upon this side that the modern girl is most apt to err. That is, indeed, what is to be expected. Exercise is so comparatively new a thing to women that they cannot be expected to see it all at once in its proper perspective. Men, it must always be remembered, have grown up with a tradition of physical exercise behind them. No doubt in time it will become a tradition with women; but the present generation is only just beginning it. Again, boys begin at a very early age to participate in games and sports, and thus by the time they come to adolescence their frames are hardened, their muscles toughened, their hearts and lungs in good working order, and able to stand a good deal of strain without serious injury. Now, if girls wish to properly benefit by exercise they must take a leaf out of their brothers' book. *Festina lente* must, in fact, be their motto. It is owing to the neglect of this maxim that girls very frequently get more harm than good out of their exercise. Women in general have a greater amount of what—for want of a better name—we call nervous energy than have men; this leads them very frequently to overtax their strength. While under the influence of excitement, or the feeling born of good-natured rivalry, they will attempt, and very frequently succeed in accomplishing, feats out of all proportion to their strength, without having worked up to them by a graduated course of training such as would be undergone by a man in similar circumstances. The result is that they are making a great drain upon their nervous system; and, after the spurious strength born of excitement and the desire not to be outstripped passes off, collapse and nervous prostration follow. On many occasions the writer has been told by lady friends, to whom he has dilated upon the virtues of the bicycle, for instance, 'Oh yes. Dr So-and-so recommended me to try it when I was very run down and out of sorts. But it didn't agree with me; in fact, it only made my headaches worse, and after a day's riding I was unfit for anything the next. So I gave it up.' In almost every case investigation revealed the same state of affairs, the facts, indeed, being curiously similar. None of the ladies who thus complained of the bicycle had ever given it a fair trial. Had they tried rowing, tennis, or any other form of exercise, they would almost to a certainty have had the same tale to tell. Here is a typical instance. The lady in question had only been riding a few months, and after learning rarely got on her machine more than once a week, sometimes not for a fortnight; and yet she told me complacently—be it remembered she was by no means strong, and originally took up the bicycle as a means of improving her health—that she had done fifty or sixty miles in a day, and felt none the worse for it! Probably not at the time; but the headaches and general 'done-up-

ness' next day were fully accounted for. She had ridden with a party of friends—several of whom were of the sterner sex—and her anxiety not to give in had led her to overtax her strength. This tendency on the part of women to overdo it, not to recognise their limitations, is one which is responsible for much evil; and if exercise is to be beneficial it is necessary for women to study the ways of men who have grown up with a tradition of exercise. A 'varsity oar or runner who has been 'out of condition' for a few months, when he commences to 'get fit' again only sets about it very gradually; for a week or two he limits himself to quite light work, and is careful not to overtax himself. Yet a girl who has probably never taken any exercise worth speaking of in her life until she began to ride a bicycle, thinks she is quite fit to go for long spins directly she knows how to mount and dismount!

Another point in which women are woefully lacking is that their ideas are very hazy with regard to the hygiene of exercise. To touch upon one matter—and a very important matter, too—that of the bath. Every male athlete knows the value of the 'order of the bath.' After a bicycle ride, a race, a bout with the gloves, or what not, a man's first idea is 'a bath and change.' Indeed, to the male mind the notion of vigorous exercise without a subsequent bath is exceedingly uninviting. All the laws of health and cleanliness demand it; and yet by far the greater majority of women do not realise this. The average girl will play tennis under a hot summer sun all the afternoon, or come in from a long and dusty bicycle ride, and never dream of doing more than change her blouse, bathe her hands and face, and 'straighten her hair.' As this is a journal for the lay reader, I do not want to enlarge unduly upon this topic; but, without going into details, is it not obvious that the advantages of the exercise are often more than counterbalanced by the effects of sitting for hours in clothes which must be soaked in perspiration? Not to mention the danger of colds and things more serious, this in itself is ample to account for the tired, headachy feeling so many women experience after exercise, and which does not wear off even after they have rested.

What is really required is that girls should be brought up to exercise from their early years as are their brothers, so that when they grow up they are not tempted through ignorance to indulge in it to an excessive extent or in a form which is likely to be harmful. This would, of course, be an ideal state of things; but even when a girl has grown up almost entirely unaccustomed to exercise, much might be done to obviate the evils which undoubtedly do exist in connection with it. Many a girl who is at present quite unfit to ride a bicycle, to play tennis, or in fact

to undertake any form of vigorous exercise, might be made quite capable of doing any of these things by a few months spent in careful attention to physical culture—to the getting of the body and the organs into fit condition for active work. This could be very easily attained by a half-hour daily spent in doing movements designed to exercise every part of the body, either with light dumb-bells or even by simply going through properly regulated movements with the body and limbs. They should be done under the supervision of a competent teacher, who would graduate the work to the physical capacity of the pupil, and keep a watchful eye to see she was not overtasking herself. Most forms of exercise are apt to be one-sided. Thus the bicycle exercises the legs and little else (of course it is exceedingly good because of the facilities it offers for getting into the fresh air); in tennis the right hand and arm is greatly

used, and the left practically neglected; and so on. For some strange reason, the one perfect and easily-got-at exercise is not in favour with women nowadays—namely, walking. But one is glad to see that ladies have taken up golf with so much enthusiasm. In the vicinity of most of our large towns and holiday resorts they may be seen following the ball as keenly as their masculine friends. Hockey or shinty is also played by girls. What the writer is anxious to impress upon women is, that before going in for a specific form of exercise they should endeavour to get themselves what an athlete calls 'generally fit;' and this is best attained by means of a properly regulated course of dumb-bells or calisthenics. If they will do this, and bear in mind what has been said on the subject of moderating their zeal, not forgetting that invaluable bath, I am quite sure that in a few years the opponents of exercise for women will be silenced.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER IV.—THE FACE AND THE MASK.



CABINET Council had been summoned to decide some important affair of State; therefore my interview with Lord Macclesfield was a brief one. As usual, he was grave and courteous, sitting in his large padded writing-chair, his thin white hands clasped upon the table before him, his keen dark eyes fixed upon me.

'I wished to see you once more before you leave, Crawford, in order to give you a word of final advice in the matter you are about to undertake. The affair, from later despatches, appears to be much more serious than I had at first believed. It will require the greatest care and judgment. We have enemies in Brussels—secret enemies, you understand; and if report be true, they are the most daring and unscrupulous set with whom we have yet had to deal. Have you thought over the matter well?'

'Yes,' I answered. 'I have recollected every word you spoke to me when you entrusted the secret to my keeping.'

'And you now feel yourself quite competent to undertake the task?'

'Entirely so,' I said. 'You may rely upon me doing my best.'

'You are not married, I presume?' he asked suddenly, with a quick penetrating glance.

'No,' I laughed.

'Are you likely to be?'

'Well,' I responded, with a smile, 'truth to tell, I have not yet found a woman for whom I should care as wife.'

'Quite right, quite right,' he answered testily.

'It's a mistake for any young diplomatist to marry—a grave mistake. He should be free—entirely free. You are free; therefore you have every chance of succeeding.'

'I shall strive my utmost.'

'Both Russia and France have clever representatives at the Belgian Court; therefore you will be compelled to act with considerable tact. But I rely on you. Matters have become so serious that it is better for you to leave at once for Brussels and take up your position at the embassy. I have instructed Sir John Drummond to allow you to have an absolutely free hand, both as regards time and expense; and from time to time you will report direct to me by special messenger. Trust nothing to the post, for we already have evidence that the *cabinet noir* is active.'

I nodded acquiescence.

'And before you leave,' the Premier added, 'you had better see Clunes, of the Treaty Department. Yesterday, in conversation with me upon another matter, he made a statement which is very extraordinary, and appears to have some connection with the mystery you are about to fathom.'

'Clunes!' I ejaculated in surprise. 'What has he discovered?'

'You had better hear his statement, for the information may, or may not, be of use to you. At any rate, the story is an astounding one, and, if true, shows the extraordinary ingenuity of our enemies.'

'You have doubts as to its veracity?' I suggested.

His eyes fell upon the blotting-pad before him,

and for a few seconds he appeared deep in thought.

'Truth to tell, Crawford,' he said at last in a tone of confidence, 'I am wondering whether the strange allegation was not made to me with some ulterior motive.'

'But you don't suspect that Clunes, a trusted servant in that department where secrecy is so imperative, would willingly mislead you?' I asked.

His lordship shook his head doubtfully.

'Recollect,' he added quickly, 'this matter is entirely between us. I do not know whether or not you are a friend of Clunes'; but if you are, then recollect that you are before everything the servant of your Queen and country, just as I am, and that private friendships or prejudices must never be allowed to interfere with duty.'

'Then what do you wish me to do?' I asked.

'See Clunes this evening, obtain his statement, and on arrival in Brussels report to me your opinion regarding its truth.'

'Very well,' I answered, not, however, pleased at this prospect. His lordship's suspicion of Gordon unsettled me, for I had always found him a true and faithful friend. What, I wondered, had he discovered, and what could be the nature of this extraordinary statement which might throw some light upon the matter I was about to investigate? If anything of importance had come to his knowledge, it was strange, knowing that I had been appointed on a secret mission, that, friends as we were, he had not given me the benefit of his knowledge. I scarcely suspected him of endeavouring to curry favour with his lordship, except that, on account of his wife's eagerness that he should obtain a post abroad, he might have been induced by her to make a bold bid for fortune. I recollected that this woman he had married was my secret and most bitter enemy. Perhaps she was endeavouring to use her husband as a tool for my downfall.

My teeth closed tightly as I recollected that look of triumph in her eyes.

Then, with a final adieu to his lordship, who had already risen and put on his hat to attend the meeting of the Cabinet, I went out and downstairs to Gordon's room.

On entering I found him absent, but one of the clerks informed me that a telegram had been received that morning saying that he was indisposed, and would not attend that day. I was annoyed at this, as it meant that I should be compelled to travel down to Richmond, and there again meet the hateful woman who held my future in her unscrupulous hands.

As I left my friend's room I ran up against one of my whilom colleagues, Jack Carmichael, and with him walked round to the St James's Club to lunch. He was an easy-going bachelor of thirty-five, who never took life very seriously; and as we sat over our coffee in the smoking-room

he gossiped on, telling me all the news of the *personnel* of the Foreign Office during the past couple of years: how young Carew had gone the pace, got into the hands of the Jews, and been compelled to resign; how Bramford, the younger son of a well-known peer, had died of alcoholic poisoning; how old Black, the passport-clerk, had retired on a pension; and how kind Lady Macclesfield had been to the family of old Saddington, the messenger and hall-porter, who had died of bronchitis after forty years of service. These and other things he related, all of them interesting to me, for in the days before my nomination as *attaché* abroad I had, I believe, been rather popular among my colleagues. At least they had made me a very handsome presentation when I had left them for more important duties.

'And Clunes has taken to himself a wife,' I remarked when he had finished.

My companion shrugged his shoulders expressively.

'Why?' I asked.

'A wife!' and he smiled again.

'But surely she is his wife,' I exclaimed. I knew Gordon to be the soul of honour.

'Certainly,' answered Carmichael; 'but she's not the sort of woman I'd care to marry, old chap.'

'Why?' I inquired, instantly interested.

'Least said soonest mended, you know,' he answered vaguely.

'But tell me,' I urged.

'No,' he responded. 'It isn't fair to gossip about a pal's wife. He's your friend and mine, remember.'

'Of course,' I said. 'Nevertheless I've met her, and I also have suspicions that they are not quite so happy as people imagine.'

'Oh yes, they're happy enough,' he answered. 'Gordon's far happier than most men who forge the matrimonial fetters. Thank Heaven! although I've had my periods of sentimental silliness, I've never so far played the giddy ass as to marry.'

'Nor I,' I observed. 'But neither of us is an old man yet. We both might fall in love.'

Jack Carmichael pulled a wry face, as though such a prospect was nauseous. But he was always joking, and one never knew whether or not to take him quite seriously.

'If I married,' he said after a pause, 'I'd rather marry a washerwoman than an unknown foreigner, as Gordon did.'

'A foreigner! Surely she's not a foreigner—is she?'

'Yes. But Heaven alone knows what her nationality really is. She speaks English well, and passes as an Englishwoman,' he replied. 'I stood as Gordon's best-man at the wedding, and it was at the wedding luncheon that I first detected that she wasn't English.'

'How?'

'She was excited, having drunk an unusual quantity of fizz, and once or twice she dropped into a foreign accentuation of certain words. Gordon never seemed to have noticed it, strangely enough.'

'Then perhaps her maiden name was a false one?' I suggested, all these facts only serving to verify the suspicion I had from the first moment entertained of her.

'Her name was Judith Carter-Harrison, but heaven knows whether it was an assumed name or not,' he answered. 'Since their marriage I've been a frequent visitor at Richmond; and once, when I was alone with her, I carefully led up to the subject of foreign birth and education. She, however, strenuously evaded giving me direct answers to my questions, and seemed extremely annoyed that I should entertain any suspicion that she was other than she had represented herself to be.'

'Strange,' I remarked—'very strange. She is, of course, extremely good-looking.'

'I should rather think so. When Gordon takes her to the theatre she's always the centre of attraction. Her face is almost flawless in its beauty.'

'And poor old Gordon is so blindly infatuated that he has not yet discovered that she has deceived him,' I said, with a sigh. 'Some day, I fear, he will suddenly awaken to the truth, and then the blow will fall heavily upon him.'

'Yes,' my friend replied. 'He's such an excellent fellow that I can't help feeling sorry for him. Truth to tell, I believe the chief does not give him his promotion solely because of this foolish marriage.'

'Does Lord Macclesfield know her?' I gasped.

'I'm not certain,' he responded. 'But I have a vague suspicion that he does.'

I held my breath in alarm. If that were so, then I knew not from one moment to another when she might go to him and relate the ghastly story which I had ever striven to hide—a secret which, if exposed, would ruin me irretrievably. His lordship's remarkable words regarding the fidelity of Clunes himself recurred to me, and I became pensive, plunged in gloomy apprehension.

That being my last day in London, I made several calls during the afternoon, and it was about five o'clock, and already dark, when I entered the train at Waterloo for Richmond.

What Carmichael had told me caused me considerable uneasiness. That my old chum Gordon should marry an adventuress seemed extremely improbable; yet I could not forget that her face was quite familiar to me. There was but one way to silence her, I reflected. That I feared her I willingly admit; still, when I thought calmly and weighed each fact carefully, I saw that the look of terror I had noticed in her eyes was not altogether without reason. Her attitude when I had visited her on the last occasion had been one of watchfulness. She apparently desired

to see whether I recognised her, or whether I intended to speak to her husband upon her striking resemblance to that woman I had once known. Yet I had made no sign; therefore she had smiled in confidence and triumph when she had uttered the one name most hateful to me.

In that journey to Richmond, stifled in a compartment overcrowded by City men eagerly returning to their homes at Barnes, Mortlake, and Teddington, and that new suburb Fulwell, I reflected deeply. If ever man was desperate I was at that moment. Before me I had a secret mission which, if successfully accomplished, would no doubt result in my further advancement. For a young man I had made rapid strides; but this woman stood as a menace between myself and success. Well I knew her ingenuity, her craftiness; the calm cunning and the relentless revenge of which she was capable. She was indeed a formidable enemy.

Nevertheless it likewise tardily occurred to me that although she held my secret, yet I also held the key to her disreputable past. Could I not, if she uttered a single word, expose her in her true light as an adventuress, a woman *declassée* and beyond the pale of society, an infamous schemer whose real name stank in the nostrils of every one in two European capitals? This I saw was my only safeguard. She was now awaiting her chance to expose my true office, and to bring not only me but British diplomacy into derision and render it ignominious; therefore I realised that it was incumbent upon me to strike the first blow. I sat in the railway carriage pretending to read the evening paper, but really trying to decide how to act. The best and wisest course appeared to be to recognise her at once, pretend to hold her in abhorrence, and threaten to explain all to her husband. Then she in turn would threaten me, whereupon I could proceed to make advantageous terms with her. This seemed the only course; therefore, after due consideration, I decided to adopt it.

A neat maid answered my summons when I rang, and I was at once ushered into the white drawing-room which I had so admired on my first visit. Then, after a few minutes, she entered, rather flurried, I thought. She was confused at my unexpected call, and this gave me courage.

'I've come down to see Gordon on business,' I explained when we had exchanged greetings and she had taken a seat opposite me.

'He was not at all well this morning, poor boy, so I persuaded him not to go to town,' she explained.

'What's the matter with him?' I asked, concerned.

'Nothing,' she answered quickly. 'A slight headache, that's all. He's very subject to headaches, occasioned, I suppose, by overwork. Lord Macclesfield ought to give him an assistant. It's really too bad.'

She spoke the truth. The duties in the Treaty Department were always very onerous and heavy. He had several times complained to me in his letters that further assistance was absolutely necessary.

'And you are very devoted to him?' I said suddenly, my gaze fixed severely upon her.

She started quickly. I saw a look of terror in her blue eyes. Her brows instantly contracted.

'Devoted to him? Of course I am. What do you mean?' she asked, with affected hauteur.

'It is useless to feign ignorance,' I said quickly. 'Recollect that we are not strangers, Judith.'

'No,' she answered in a hoarse voice. 'Would to God we were!'

'Well,' I went on ruthlessly, 'and why do I find you masquerading here as wife of my best friend? Surely you were not so confiding as to believe that you, of all women, could remain long undiscovered?'

'Not if you were in the vicinity,' she replied in a tone of hatred, her teeth set hard, her eyes flashing an angry fire.

'No, no,' I laughed. 'To struggle against the inevitable is useless. You were ill-advised to marry Gordon Clunes. It is not often that you make such a grave error as this; but it is a step you cannot retrace. That you married him with some set purpose is quite apparent. I won't ask you what it is, because I know you well enough to be aware that I should never obtain the truth from your lips. But,' I added in a stern, meaning tone, 'if you suppose that I will allow my friend to be longer imposed upon by a woman so unscrupulous and worthless, then you are mistaken.'

'You dare!' she cried, rising quickly to her feet, pale with alarm. 'You—you intend to expose me?'

'Do you recollect your words on the last occasion we met?' I asked, also rising and regarding her fixedly. She was, I knew, a woman who would hesitate at nothing in order to gain her ends.

'I forget nothing,' she answered in a low, harsh tone.

'Neither do I,' I replied. 'Once you played me false.'

'Ah, no, Philip!' she cried, her manner in an instant changing from defiance to penitence. 'I tell you that was not my fault. You have misjudged me.'

'But you have nevertheless inveigled Gordon into marriage,' I said bitterly. 'And I am his friend.'

She paused, her eyes fixed for a moment on the burning logs. I saw that she held me in fear.

'But I am his wife,' she said.

'Exactly. And for that very reason I intend to tell him the truth.'

'You dare not,' she said, her face white and resolute. 'Listen; if you utter one word to him

I will explain all that I know. You are fully aware of what I mean.'

I smiled. It was just as I had expected. From her manner I had divined her secret intention to expose me; but victory generally is with him who strikes the first blow, and I saw that she was now in deadly fear of me.

'And if you spoke who would believe you?' I said in order to taunt her, for by doing so I thought I might perhaps gather something further of her plans.

'Once you measured your strength with mine, and proved victor,' she said in a voice of intense hatred. 'My life was wrecked because of you. I staked high and lost—ignominiously. You were too clever, and outwitted me. I shall take care to repay the debt.'

'After Gordon has cast you from his house,' I said, preserving a perfect calm.

'If you dare to tell him, the result will be fatal to your own interests—to all your prospects. You go now to Brussels. Good! Forewarned is forearmed.'

'If your husband overhears this interesting conversation he'll no doubt be edified,' I said.

'He cannot overhear,' she answered in a strained voice. Then she added quickly, 'Do you imagine that I fear any statement that you may care to make about me? You have no evidence.'

'Except one little piece, which is, I think you'll admit, quite sufficient.'

'And what is that, pray?' she inquired, with indignation.

'Something which you have apparently forgotten,' I answered: 'your photograph taken when you left your enforced confinement in that place where they didn't trouble to air the beds, and where the drawing-room was not exactly in Early English style.'

My words held her dumb. She stood before me open-mouthed, her countenance blanched to the lips.

Suddenly her hands clenched, her cold blue eyes darted at me a look of evil, a murderous glance that I had only once seen before, and, uttering an imprecation, she cried, with a strained hollow laugh:

'Then tell him! tell him! But recollect that if you do I will make a statement to the press which will considerably alter the political situation in Europe. You have to choose between silence and exposure.'

And without further word she swept past me out of the room.

I laughed to myself, for this scene had been enacted exactly as I had intended it should be, and I saw by her manner that my threat to expose her had sealed her lips. She had become Gordon's wife for some mysterious purpose or other, and it was evident that she did not mean to relinquish her position. This fact gave me confidence, for I saw that as long as she remained with him she dare utter no word of the past.

I remained there alone for a few minutes; then, hearing no sound, I opened the door and crossed the hall to the dining-room in search of Gordon. The room was, however, empty; therefore, recollecting that the door at the end of that room led to my friend's cosy little study where we had smoked when I had first visited him, I walked across and opened it.

On the couch on the opposite side of the writing-table Gordon was lying, and on seeing him I cried:

'Wake up, old chap! Not too seedy to see me, are you?'

His face was turned to the wall, and he was apparently sleeping soundly. For a moment I hesitated whether I should rouse him; but suddenly the paleness of his neck against the cushion of dark-red velvet struck me as peculiar, and I bent over and looked into his face. His eyes—those merry laughing eyes I knew so well—were wide open. I touched his cheek with my fingertips. It was pale, waxen, and as cold as ice. In an instant the ghastly truth flashed upon me, and involuntarily I uttered a cry of horror and dismay. Gordon Clunes, the husband of this scheming, evil woman who held my secret, was dead.

REMINISCENCES OF GLADSTONE.

By WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM.



HE first volume of Mr Morley's *Life of Gladstone* is expected to be published shortly; and the circumstance recalls the fact that when Mr Morley was in a less exalted position than that which he now occupies, he himself contributed to a magazine what he called a survey of the position Lord Macaulay held in the world of letters, in order that it might be on record just before the appearance of Sir George Trevelyan's book on the life of Macaulay.

A similar survey preceding the official life of Mr Gladstone ought to be of considerable interest, were it not for the fact that the fires of political controversy still blaze, and the recollections of many a fierce battle are still fresh in public memory. But how often have biographers and politicians regretted the absence of anecdotes and personal traits in regard to the great Pitt, whose career and commanding position bore some resemblance to that of Mr Gladstone! And it is remarkable how rapidly personal reminiscences of the latter statesman are fading away, for the generation which knew him most intimately and had the best opportunities of observing his life and actions in the heyday of his power is rapidly disappearing. Of all the men in the House of Commons who were colleagues of his in the Cabinet barely twenty years ago, Sir William Harcourt alone remains.

There is perhaps no man of whom so many anecdotes can be related by those who have had exceptional opportunities of personal observation; and although some of those who were privileged to know him in later years have readily 'rushed into print' with all that their memory could recall, Mr Gladstone's actions and sayings were so essentially of an anecdotal character that, in the absence of any one with the instincts of a born Boswell, every year diminishes the chance of those personal traits being saved from oblivion.

Three men in the later part of the nineteenth century had the remarkable power of attracting large audiences by their *ardentia verba*; and each of them possessed in an extraordinary degree the gift of personal anecdote. The first was Dr Guthrie; the next was Charles Haddon Spurgeon; and last, but not least, was Mr Gladstone. Mr Gladstone seldom delivered an important speech in which he did not tell some circumstance connected with his own life, and which if related of any other man would have been regarded as an interesting anecdote; but most of those narrations are now entombed in his speeches, and as the generation that heard them has forgotten them, they will probably remain thus hidden away. Any one wishing to produce an anecdotal biography of the great statesman could do so by undertaking the task—which would be no light one—of reading through the whole of his speeches. In these circumstances it may be worth while to place on record a few facts and traits observed by one who, as a silent observer, had exceptional opportunities of making notes during the last years—some of them the most eventful—of Mr Gladstone's life in the House of Commons.

One of the reasons that made Mr Gladstone's life so full of anecdote, and enabled him at any time to recall an incident to adorn the argument he was putting before his audience, was the great length and varied experience of his career. I once heard him state that he was present as a youth in the old House of Commons in the year 1831, and that he then witnessed the carrying of the first Reform Bill, introduced by Lord John Russell, by a majority of one; and it is a remarkable circumstance that on the occasion of the debate on the last Reform Bill, carried through the House of Commons in 1884, an incident was recalled in reference to Mr Gladstone's first speech in Parliament in 1833 which amused the great statesman, and which, I believe, was not reported in any newspaper at the time. The incident was told by Sir Eardley Wilmot just before the dinner-hour, when

the attendance was small, and the debate was flagging into what has been called 'the lapping waters of Opposition oratory.' Mr Gladstone was reclining on the Treasury bench listening to the speeches, and Sir Eardley, then an old gray-headed man, got up on the Opposition side and denounced the bill as violating every principle of constitutional law. In order to somewhat alleviate the unstinted character of his condemnation he said, speaking quietly across the floor of the House, that it might interest the Prime-Minister to know that he (Sir Eardley) was present in the Strangers' Gallery on the night when Mr Gladstone delivered his maiden speech. He had been brought there to hear the debate (which was on the slave-trade in the West Indies) by a relative of his who was then a member of Parliament—Colonel Wilmot. Among the speakers was a young man whose name was then practically unknown, either to the members or to the general public. Later in the evening Colonel Wilmot proceeded to the Strangers' Gallery, and, addressing his young relative, observed, 'Did you hear the speech delivered by that young man?' pointing him out. 'His name is Gladstone; and, whether you live to see it or not, his ability is so remarkable that he will some day be Prime-Minister of England.' Mr Gladstone listened to the narrative with a beaming countenance; and when Sir Eardley had finished the story the Premier, who had during its recital raised himself to hear it more distinctly, again resumed his reclining position on the Treasury bench. The account of Mr Disraeli's first speech in the House of Commons has long been a matter of notoriety, but this incident in connection with Mr Gladstone's maiden effort, though not less remarkable, is not known to the public.

Mr Gladstone was often accused by his opponents of a love of applause; but from long observation I can state that he was singularly *insouciant* to anything in the nature of a compliment, although his courtesy, which was universally admitted, always led him to acknowledge any flattering observations made about him. During his long career, despite the fact that some of his political actions at times caused great animosity, he was the recipient of panegyrics from all quarters of the House of Commons; but, with one exception, I do not remember to have seen or heard of his being much affected by these encomiums. The compliment to which I refer—a compliment which was about the last that might be expected to evoke any involuntary appreciation—was given in 1881, when the Irish Question was before Parliament for practically the whole of the session. Some remarks had been made to the effect that the representatives of Ireland, unlike those of England and Scotland, had rarely asked for money from the British Government for purely Irish purposes. A prominent Irish

member, who was sitting behind Mr Gladstone, and whose utterances always commanded the special attention of the Premier, rose and contravened the statement, declaring that he himself had often formed one of a deputation at the Treasury with the object of trying to get money for Irish purposes; but, he added, the experience he had gained was this—that he never met any man who could say 'No' with a better grace than Mr Gladstone. This observation evidently came upon the Prime-Minister as a surprise, for he burst into a laugh; but in order to hide it he first bit his lip and then put his hand over his face. The compliment, though rather an oblique one, was appreciated by Mr Gladstone; and it seemed as if he felt conscious that the speaker had 'reckoned him up' at his real value in that respect.

Talking about the year 1881 recalls to mind an incident which much impressed me at the time. I happened to be chatting one evening with 'an old parliamentary hand,' who had been in the House of Commons during the premierships of Sir R. Peel, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston, and who had also heard most of the great debaters of the present century. He admitted that in oratorical versatility Mr Gladstone had no equal; but, looking at the Prime-Minister as he lay apparently asleep on the Treasury bench, he remarked that Mr Gladstone's countenance resembled that of an old woman. I replied that at certain times he had that appearance, but pointed out that his features more than those of any of the great men I had known were the most changeable. I reminded my friend of the statement which Coleridge had made in his *Table Talk* in regard to one of the most profound thinkers, as well as one of the greatest men of letters, he had known. Coleridge said, '—'s face is almost the only exception I know to the observation that something feminine—not *effeminate*, mind—is discoverable in the countenance of all men of genius. Look at the face of Dampier, a rough sailor, but a man of exquisite mind. How soft is the air of his countenance; how delicate is the shape of his temples!' This conversation recalls the description given by Lord Cockburn in *Memorials of his Time* of the man who in intellectual characteristics perhaps came nearest to Mr Gladstone of any that this century has produced—namely, Dr Chalmers. Lord Cockburn says of him: 'He is awkward, and has a low, rough, husky voice, a guttural articulation, a whitish eye, and a large dingy countenance. In point of mere feature, it would not be difficult to think him ugly. . . . But in spite of the external disadvantages of a bad figure, voice, gesture, and look, and an unusual plainness of Scotch accent, he is a great orator; for effect, indeed, at the moment of speaking, unapproached in our day. Yet he seldom utters an extemporaneous word. His habit is to have everything written, to the very letter.'

The last two sentences emphasise the very notable difference there was in what may be termed the speaking habits of the two men. One of the things that often amused and interested me was to observe Mr Gladstone during the period of cogitation, which was the germ-time of some of his greatest speeches. The following was the method he almost invariably adopted: When an important debate was drawing to a close, he listened attentively to the arguments of the various speakers, and at intervals jotted down a number of 'heads' on slips of paper; and when the leader of the Opposition rose to address the House, Mr Gladstone generally rewrote the chief items on a single sheet. While his distinguished opponent was delivering his speech—which was always expected to be the most powerful—the Premier was busy arranging his reply. He would write down several phrases which he evidently intended to be the cardinal points, and would frequently place a figure in front of each line to notify the order in which he thought his argument could best be developed when he spoke. If in the course of his revision something occurred to him which could be worked into these 'heads,' he wrote a few words at the bottom of the slip of paper, and then drew lines diagrammatically from the headings to the words he had just written. I have sometimes seen his sheet of notes so interwoven with these lines that they almost resembled a map. While doing this he heard the whole of his opponent's speech. To him the feat of writing, revising, and listening at the same time seemed to give little trouble, and it was done with perfect *sang froid* at a time when, owing to the cheering of the Opposition, the House was frequently in a fever of excitement. Members, especially the new-comers, were often as much interested in watching Mr Gladstone indulging in what seemed to be a sort of schoolboy exercise as in listening to the philippic to which he was about to reply. When Mr Gladstone came to the House to take part in a prearranged debate or to expound an important bill he brought copious notes, but it was often observed that frequently he made little use of them.

Two characteristics of the late statesman seemed to distinguish him pre-eminently in the House of Commons—his eloquence and his courtesy. The former has often been described, for combined with a mellifluous voice, which for power and pathos was unique, he also possessed dramatic abilities equal to those of David Garrick, causing him to be probably the greatest rhetorician since the days of Pitt. The other feature, which was not less conspicuous, was his unflinching courtesy. Often as he walked up the floor of the House his tall figure and dignified presence suggested the words of Tennyson about bearing without abuse the grand old name of gentleman. Some of the courtesies of parliamentary life may almost be said to have died with him. In the pre-Reform

days it was the custom of all the members on walking up the floor of the House to bow to the Speaker in the chair; but the practice is now only observed, except in a very few cases, by new members on taking the oath. Mr Gladstone, however, maintained the habit up to the last. Very rarely was he seen to be 'nettled,' especially during the later years of his parliamentary life; but now and then a trivial incident which seemed to impute discourtesy to him appeared to be keenly felt.

On one occasion an obscure member who had put a question on foreign affairs to the right honourable gentleman, and had received an adequate reply, continued day after day to repeat the question in a different form, until Mr Gladstone evidently came to the conclusion that his interrogator was unworthy of further consideration, and he answered him rather brusquely. The member retorted by asking in a somewhat upbraiding tone whether the Prime-Minister would reply to the question if it were put by the leader of the Opposition. Mr Gladstone immediately jumped up as if stung by the taunt of discourtesy, and assured the member that there was no ground for the insinuation; but instantly recovering his sense of dignity, as if he had suddenly remembered that the imputation had not come from a foe worthy of his steel, he again quietly answered the question. On another occasion he did not conceal his mortification when an Irish member who had not succeeded in 'drawing him' referred to Mr Gladstone's son (who had just been elected to a seat in the House) as a young man who might some day get the reversion of the public hangman's job. The Premier characterised this remark as brutal, and declared that probably the only distinction of the person who had made it was that he was the first man he had known in Parliament who had broken the traditional courtesy of according a polite reception to a new member.

Another remarkable feature of the deceased statesman, which even the public who only read his speeches must have noticed, was the magnanimous way in which he complimented political opponents on their speeches, and superficial readers sometimes thought that this was a sort of political makeweight previous to a vigorous onslaught; but those who were in the House and saw the courtesy which he invariably extended to his adversaries generally regarded it as the outcome of his large-mindedness.

I remember one evening a debate took place upon the granting of pensions. It was raised by a Conservative member who had written a book reviewing Mr Gladstone's parliamentary career, with the object of showing his previous political inconsistency. The book attracted considerable attention at the time, and even Mr Gladstone was the recipient of a large number of letters regarding it. There was a great deal of curiosity

evinced as to how he would deal with his opponent's condemnation; and when the aged statesman rose to address the House, he prefaced his remarks by paying a tribute to the honourable member, characterising his speech as a model of moderation, careful investigation, and judicious treatment of the subject. The member in question, who had evidently expected to be violently attacked, seemed to be nonplussed, and blushed visibly at the unlooked-for praise, and this was superseded by a smile as Mr Gladstone quietly went on to state that the subject was a proper one to bring before the House, and that he had had great responsibility resting upon him in regard to the granting of pensions, but that he would be prepared at any time to go before a committee of investigation to answer for any pension he had proposed.

The 'Great Commoner' towards the end of his parliamentary career paid special attention to the speeches of certain members. The late Mr Charles Bradlaugh—incredible as it may seem—exercised a strange fascination over Mr Gladstone for which no satisfactory explanation has hitherto been given. When the honourable member rose to address the House the aged statesman would leave his seat in order to get nearer to the speaker; and if Mr Bradlaugh unexpectedly took part in a debate during the temporary absence of Mr Gladstone, the latter would almost invariably enter the House a few minutes later, as if he had come specially from his private room to hear the speech; and it seemed as if he had made arrangements to be informed immediately Mr Bradlaugh 'caught the Speaker's eye.' Some time after the death of Mr Bradlaugh there was a debate in the House of Commons as to the advisableness of allowing a Roman Catholic to become Lord Chancellor. Mr Gladstone delivered a most eloquent speech in favour of the proposal, and in the course of his remarks he incidentally paid a tribute to 'that distinguished man,' Mr Bradlaugh.

In the zenith of his parliamentary career Mr Gladstone's Budget speeches were popularly regarded as his *chef-d'œuvres*. He had the unique distinction of introducing about a dozen Budgets; and although he spoke at much greater length than his successors, his masterly exposition, his wonderful grasp of details, and his unrivalled knowledge of finance always commanded a crowded House, which listened with riveted attention to the sometimes novel but always ingenious and interesting proposals. Some of his later financial statements as compared with the earlier ones appeared somewhat commonplace; but this was probably because there was nothing startling to enunciate, and having forged his way to the very front rank as an orator, and there being no special need to display his brilliancy, he adopted a quiet, business-like tone in introducing them.

It is worthy of note that the 'Grand Old Man' was the only statesman in the history of England

who was four times Prime-Minister; and his knowledge of every department of government was unique. He had made a special study of the intricacies of parliamentary procedure, and was recognised as the greatest authority on the subject. It is believed he was instrumental in passing more measures than any other statesman. To enable him to do this necessitated an immense amount of reading, so that he could get sufficient data to successfully meet the arguments of his opponents; and having a most tenacious memory, he was always perfectly *au fait* with any subject that might be brought forward. In this connection an amusing incident may be mentioned which occurred when he was last in office. One evening while the Budget resolutions were under discussion, the question arose as to the way the income-tax was levied in Ireland. Mr Arthur Balfour, who was at the time leader of the Opposition, rose and explained that the income-tax in Ireland was assessed in a different way from that in England, giving details of the two methods. This was done in a most courteous manner, and he evidently thought that the great parliamentarian would be pleased to have the information. When Mr Balfour—who while in the position of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant had become familiar with Irish finance—had resumed his seat Mr Gladstone at once got up, and graciously thanked the leader of the Opposition for his kindness in explaining the peculiarities of the Irish income-tax, observing that no doubt the right hon. gentleman had had later opportunities of mastering the subject than he could lay claim to. 'But it so happens,' he added, 'that it was I who introduced that method of levying the income-tax in Ireland over forty years ago.' Mr Balfour, who was then only forty-five years of age, looked quite crestfallen; while Sir William Harcourt, Mr Morley, Mr Asquith, and the other occupants of the Treasury bench were unable to conceal their elation.

Despite the great amount of work which the duties of his office entailed upon him, Mr Gladstone gave his attention to the most trivial details, which many people would regard as incompatible with his great mental powers. One incident in particular recurs to my mind in this regard. Some years ago Mr Gladstone had written two letters and addressed the envelopes. One of them required two stamps, but by mistake he had put them on the wrong envelope. Instead of getting another stamp he set himself the task of rescuing the superfluous one. He wet his finger several times and applied it to the stamp, and after a great deal of trouble he managed to pull it off the envelope, and, placing it on the right one with an air of triumph as if he had won a battle, he left the House evidently with the object of posting the letters.

It is not generally known that in early life Mr Gladstone, owing, I believe, to an accident

while out shooting, lost the forefinger of his left hand, and consequently he always wore a piece of black silk (which was kept in position by two pieces of narrow tape of the same colour fastened round his wrist) over the stump. No matter how carefully the piece of silk had been fixed, it had, in consequence of its awkward position, to be repeatedly adjusted; and often, when in the midst of his greatest flights of oratory, and when the House was electrified by his brilliant periods, Mr Gladstone could be seen carefully readjusting the piece of silk, showing that even at the most exciting times he was always self-possessed, and that his great intellect enabled him to think of several subjects at the same time. This faculty was also strikingly manifested when, in the position of leader of the House, he had to write frequent letters to the Queen giving his impressions as to public business. These letters he often wrote while sitting on the Treasury bench after the dinner-hour, and they sometimes appeared to tax even his mental resources. He wrote them in a small and not very legible hand, and their composition occupied a considerable time. Sometimes he would pause for a few minutes before finishing a half-written letter, and would occasionally delete a word or two after reading what he had already written. In no duty did he seem to take such care, and keen observers often remarked that he could more easily deliver a long speech than write a letter to Her Majesty. While his mind was apparently absorbed in this work he was at the same time listening to the speeches which were being delivered, as was evidenced by the fact that he often jumped up to correct an oral statement or to explain some point in regard to the subject under discussion.

Since Mr Gladstone's death Mr Lecky has re-issued his book on *Democracy and Liberty*, to which he has added a new introduction, in which he devotes a considerable space to an estimate of the character and work of the late statesman. He there gives a brilliant picture of Mr Gladstone's countenance, and especially of his 'eye like Mars, to threaten and command.' In the course of his remarks Mr Lecky says: 'No one could stand before a good portrait of Gladstone without feeling that he was in the presence of an extraordinary man. Yet the greatest painter could only represent one of the many moods of that ever-changing and most expressive countenance. Few men have had so many faces, and the wonderful play of his features contributed very largely to the effectiveness of his speaking. It was a countenance eminently fitted to express enthusiasm, pathos, profound melancholy, commanding power, and lofty disdain. . . . He had a wonderful eye—a bird-of-prey eye—fierce, luminous, and restless.

Its piercing glance added greatly to his eloquence, and was, no doubt, one of the chief elements of that strong personal magnetism which he undoubtedly possessed.' In this connection I

may mention that one of the attendants at the House of Commons once told me an incident which gives additional testimony to the marvellous expressiveness of Mr Gladstone's eye. This attendant at one time occupied a position which brought him for some years under the direct notice of Mr Gladstone; but owing to some change being made, he was for a considerable time placed in a part of the House which the aged statesman never visited. The attendant was at length stationed outside one of the doors leading to the House, and on Mr Gladstone noticing him he cordially shook hands with the attendant, and expressed pleasure at seeing him. The man, in telling me of the incident, said that what impressed him more than anything else was the wonderful fascination and expressiveness of Mr Gladstone's eyes, which beamed with pleasure as he was speaking. Many instances are on record showing that at times when his political adversaries had interjected some angry remarks while he was addressing the House, Mr Gladstone by a look seemed almost to paralyse them. Boehm, the eminent sculptor, was once present when an altercation took place between the late statesman and a Scotch professor, and he has related that when the professor was about to make a violent attack on Mr Gladstone he suddenly stopped as if fascinated by the glance which was given him.

So much has been written in praise of his eloquence that I have purposely avoided giving instances of its marvellous power and effect; but in all the accounts which have appeared I have never seen stated what, to my mind, was the most remarkable feature in his character as a statesman—namely, the striking resemblance he bore to his greatest political predecessor, William Pitt. Pitt may be described as the parliamentary Achilles at the close of the last century, and Mr Gladstone occupied a similar position at the end of the present century. Very few anecdotes and personal reminiscences of Pitt have been made public, and no distinguished speaker of his day seems more to have suffered from the inaccuracy of reporters. Gifford, in his *Life of this great statesman*, published in 1814, speaks of his style and power as an orator; while in a masterly article the *Quarterly Review* shortly afterwards dealt with the eloquence of Pitt, stating that it owed 'its penetrating quality to its being impalpable,' and that there was always a sensation that 'something, however undefinable, was left untold.' In the case of Mr Gladstone the reports of his speeches which have appeared in the public press would fill many volumes; but the same observation that was made about Pitt in regard to the impalpability of his speeches applies with equal force to Gladstone; for, no matter how long he spoke or how convincing his arguments appeared to be, he always seemed to have something in reserve. He possessed astonishing firmness, with an intellectual grasp and a remarkably

seductive power of statement, and these qualities (combined with an unusual intensity of conviction on the ethical aspect of the question which he was advocating) raised him to the pinnacle of success during his lifetime; and it may safely

be predicted that future generations, no matter what their opinions may be in reference to the political views he held, will regard him as one of the greatest statesmen that this country has produced.

YOU SING.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

HAVING no means of knowing the time—for the clock had never been wound, owing to my not being able to find the key—I cannot tell when the change came; but I think it must have been about eight next morning. The vessel suddenly righted, and then began to tumble about in so outrageous a fashion that I thought she must go all to pieces. Elsie awoke screaming with fright; and with all You Sing's cat-like capacity for holding on, it was some minutes before he could get to her to comfort her. He had not left my side more than ten minutes, when, with a tremendous lurch, the vessel was hurled over to starboard, and I knew that my greatest fear was realised—she had been caught aback! Over, over she went until it was almost possible to stand upright upon the lee bulk-heads of the cabin. In sea-phrase, she was on her beam-ends.

I now gave all up for lost, and waited, hardly breathing, for the crash of the end. The water on deck burst in through every crevice and rose upon the lee-side until I was obliged to climb up to the fast-clamped settees to windward to avoid being drowned. The uproar on deck was louder than ever, and I fancied that I could hear every now and then through the tumult the rending and crashing of spars, and feel the shattering blow of their great masses against the hull alongside. But still the vessel appeared staunch, although every inch of her framework visible in the cabin was all awork.

After what seemed like a whole day, but could only have been two or three hours, she began to right herself, and the din outside grew less deafening. Rapidly the howl of the wind moderated, although the vessel still tossed and tumbled about in frantic fashion, until my anxiety to see daylight again got the better of my fears, and I painfully made my way up the companion, opened it, and stepped on to the poop. The sight I beheld took away my breath. The *Blitzen* was a complete wreck. Not a stick was standing except the three jagged stumps of the lower masts; the bulwarks were stripped from her sides for their entire length, the house on deck had clean disappeared, and everything that could be torn from its fastenings about the decks had gone also. It was a clean sweep. A cold shiver went through

me, such as one might feel upon awakening to find his house roofless and all his household gods exposed to the glare of day. But the sky was clear, the sea was going down, and we were still afloat. A great wave of thankfulness came over me, suddenly checked by the paralysing thought that perhaps we had sprung a leak. I stood still for a moment while this latest fear soaked in; then, bracing myself up to learn the worst, I hurried forward to try and find the rod to sound the well. But it had gone, among the rest of the carpenter's gear, with the deck-house, and I was obliged to give up the idea. Returning aft, I uncovered the cabin skylight and went below, finding You Sing busy preparing some food. Then I suddenly remembered that I was ravenously hungry, and we all three sat down and ate our fill cheerfully and gladly. But while we were swallowing the last morsels of our meal, You Sing gravely lifted his hand and sat listening intently. There was a strange sound on deck, and it made me almost helpless with fear. For it sounded like the singing chatter of Chinese. We sat for a few moments as if suddenly frozen, listening with every faculty, and hardly breathing. Then, ghost-like, You Sing rose, and taking the two of us by the arms, gently persuaded us into one of the state-rooms at hand and signed to us to keep close while he went to investigate. Noiselessly he glided away from us and was gone, leaving us a prey to the most harrowing sensations in the belief that all our cruel forebodings were about to be proved true. For some time not a sound could be heard in our hiding-place except the soothing creak of the timbers or the wash of the caressing waves outside the hull. Yet I remember curiously how even in that agony of suspense I noticed that the motion of the ship was changed. She no longer seemed to swing buoyantly from wave to wave, but solemnly, stolidly, she rolled as if the sea had taken possession of her, and bereft her of her own grace of mastery.

A confused thudding sound reached us from above as if caused by the pattering of bare feet on deck; but there were no voices, nor, indeed, any other noises to give us a clue as to what was going on. Very soon even that slight sound ceased, and we were left again to the dumbness of our surroundings. The child went to sleep;

and I, after perhaps half-an-hour of strained listening, felt that I could bear this condition of things no longer, for it had seemed like a whole day to my excited imaginings. So, as silently as had You Sing long ago, I stole from the little state-room and across the saloon. With all my terrors weighing me down, I crawled worm-like up the companion-ladder and wriggled on to the deck on all-fours. The sea, and the sky, and the barren deck all lay in perfect silence, which pressed upon me like one of those nightmares in which you feel that unless you can scream you must die. After two or three attempts I moistened my parched mouth and called 'You Sing!' There was no voice or any one that answered. But that I think the limit of my capacity for being terrified had been reached some time before, I believe this irresponsiveness, with its accompanying sensation of being utterly alone, would have made me an idiot. As it was, I only felt numbed and tired. Slowly I stood up upon my feet, and went forward to the break of the poop, learning at once the reason of You Sing's silence. For by the side of the after-hatch lay three Chinese, naked and dead, bearing on their bodies the grim evidences of the method of their ending. Close to the cabin door, as if he had dragged himself away from his late antagonists in the vain hope of reaching his friends again, lay You Sing. As I looked down upon him he moved slightly. In a moment, forgetting everything else, I was by his side and had lifted his head upon my knee. He opened his glazing eyes and looked up into my face with his old sweet smile, now with something of highest satisfaction in it. His dry lips opened and he murmured, 'Ulo, Tommy; all li-tee.' Then the intelligence faded out of his eyes, and he left me.

It must have been hours afterwards when I again realised my surroundings. Elsie was sitting by the piece of yellow clay that had been You Sing, perfectly still, but with an occasional tearing sob. She must have been crying for a long time. Gradually the whole of the past came back to me, and I saw how our dead friend had indeed paid in full what he considered to be his debt to us; although how that mild and gentle creature, in whom I never saw even so much as a shade of vexation, much less anger, could have risen to such a height of fighting valour as to slay three men in our defence was utterly beyond my powers of comprehension. For, without attempting any eloquence of panegyric, that was precisely what he had done, and with his opponents' own weapons, too. To say that I had not really felt lonely and helpless until now only faintly conveys the appalling sense of loss that had come upon me. As for the poor child, she crouched by the side of the corpse, scarcely more alive than it was, manifesting no fear or repugnance at the presence of death; indeed, she appeared unable to realise the great fact in its full terror.

How long we both sat in this dazed condition it is impossible to say with any definiteness. No doubt it was for several hours, for we both seemed only partially alive; and, for my part, the only impression left was that all besides ourselves were dead. That feeling carried with it a dim anticipation that we too might expect to find our turn to depart confronting us at any moment; but in this thought there was no fear, rather relief.

How often, I wonder, has it been noted that in times of deep mental distress, when the mind appears to have had a mortal blow, and all those higher faculties which are our peculiar possession are so numbed that they give no definite assistance to the organism, the animal needs of the body have instinctively asserted themselves, and thus saved the entire man or woman from madness or death? It must surely be one of the commonest of experiences, although seldom formulated in so many words. At any rate, this was now the case with me. Gradually the fact that I was parched with thirst became the one conscious thing; and, without thinking about it, without any definite idea even, I found myself on my feet, swaying and staggering as I crossed the bare deck to where the scuttle-butt used to be lashed. Finding it gone, I stood helplessly staring at the ends of the lashings that had secured it, with a dull, stupid anger of disappointment. Then I began to think; I had to, for my need was imperative. I remembered that You Sing had brought into the cabin before the typhoon a store of water sufficient for days. This mental effort was bracing, doing much to restore me again to some show of usefulness. I soon found the water, and hurried on deck once more, for the cabin was no place to stay in now. It was tenanted by shapes of dread, full of inaudible signs of woe; and right glad was I to regain the side of the little girl for living companionship. I offered her some water. She looked at it dully, as if unable to attach any idea to it; and it was only by repeatedly rousing her that I managed to awaken any reason in her injured mind at all. In the absence of any such compulsion I think she would have just sat still and ceased to live, painlessly and unconsciously.

Now that the needs of another were laid upon me, I began to move about a little more briskly and to notice our condition with returning interest. For some time the strange steadiness of the ship had puzzled me without arousing any definite inquiry in my mind as to the cause of it. But in crossing the deck to re-enter the cabin the true significance of that want of motion suddenly burst upon me, for I saw the calm face of the water only a few inches from the deck-line. The *Blitzen* was sinking. During the typhoon she must have received tremendous injuries from the wreckage of her top-hamper,

that, floating alongside entangled in the web of its rigging, was as dangerous as so many rocks would have been. There was urgent need now for thought and action also. For there was nothing of any kind on deck floatable. Boats, spars, hencoops, all had gone. A thousand futile thoughts chased one another through my throbbing brain, but they ran in circles that led nowhere. There seemed to be no possible means of escape. Yet somehow I was not hopeless. I felt a curious reliance upon the fact that we two small people had come through so much unhurt in any way, and this baseless unreasoning faith in our good (?) fortune forbade me to despair. So that I cannot say I felt greatly surprised when I presently saw on the starboard side forrard a small *sampan* floating placidly, its grass painter made fast to the fore-chains. There was no mystery about its appearance. It had brought those awful visitors whose defeat caused You Sing his life, and was probably the only surviving relic of some junk that had foundered in the storm. The sight of it did me a world of good. Rushing to Elsie, I pointed out the fact of our immediate danger, and of the hope left us, and after some little difficulty succeeded in getting her into the *sampan*. The *Blitzen* was now so low in the water that my remaining time was countable by seconds. I flew into the cabin, snatched up a few biscuits and the large can of water that stood in the bathroom, and rushed for the boat. As I scrambled into her with my burden I noticed shudderingly that the ship was beginning to move, but with such a motion! It was like the death-throe of a man—a physical fact with which of late I had been well acquainted. Every plank of her groaned as if in agony; she gave a quivering sideways stagger. My fingers trembled so that I could hardly cast adrift the painter, which I was compelled to do, having no knife. I got the clumsy hitches adrift at last, and with one of the rough oars gave our frail craft a vigorous shove off, Elsie staring all the while at the

huge hull with dilating eyes and drawn white face. Presently the *Blitzen* seemed to stumble; a wave upreared itself out of the smooth brightness of the placid sea and embraced her bows, drawing them gently down. So gently, like a tired woman sinking to rest, did the *Blitzen* leave the light, and only a few foam-flecked whorls and spirals on the surface marked for a minute or two the spot where she had been.

Happily for us who were left, our troubles were nearly at an end. One calm night of restless dozing under the warm sky, trying not to think of what a tiny bubble we made on the wide sea, we passed not uncomfortably. Just before dawn I felt rather than heard a throbbing, its regular pulsations beating steadily as if inside my head. But they had not lasted one minute before I knew them for the propeller-beat of a steamer, and strained my eyes around through the departing darkness for a sight of her. Straight for us she came, the watchful officer on the bridge having seen us more than a mile off. In the most matter-of-fact way we were taken on board, and Elsie was soon mothered by the skipper's wife, while I was being made much of by the men. And that was all. Of all that mass of treasure that had caused the sacrifice of so many lives not one atom remained where it could ever again raise the demon of murder in human breasts. And although I could not realise all this, I really did not feel sorry that I had not succeeded in saving the slightest portion of it, my thankfulness at being spared alive being so great.

There were no passengers on board to make a fuss, so none was made. Three days afterwards we were at Hong-kong, and Elsie was handed over to the German Consul, who gravely took down my story, but I could see did not believe half of it. I bade good-bye to Elsie, having elected to remain by the steamer, where I was being well treated, and in due time reached England again, a step nearer to becoming a full-fledged seaman.

SOME REMARKABLE SWORDS.



WE noticed with regret that the descriptions of the sword of honour recently presented to the Sirdar, though they show that the weapon is in every way perfect and splendid value for the hundred guineas given for it, contain no mention of any motto or inscription having been engraved thereon, as was the custom of old. It will be recalled that each of the three swords presented by the Kaiser to his three eldest sons last year bore an inscription, such as 'Thy strength belongs to the Fatherland. To my dear son Wilhelm,

Christmas 1897.—WILHELMUS.' Whilst the other side bore the following admonition: 'Trust in God and bear thyself bravely that thy fair name and honour may be maintained; for he who trusts to God from the bottom of his heart will never be defeated on the field of battle.' 'Fearless and true' was inscribed on another weapon, and on a third, 'Never draw this sword without a reason, and never return it into its sheath until honour is satisfied'—which was the Kaiser's rendering of a motto, very popular once upon a time on Toledo blades, which ran, 'Do not draw me without reason; do not sheathe me

without honour.' For a weapon presented by a man of peace to a soldier the legend once engraved on a Ferrara blade, 'My value varies with the hand that holds me,' would be rather appropriate; but another inscription, 'When this viper stings there is no cure in any doctors' shops,' would be hardly suitable for one who values his own prowess at so modest a figure as the Sirdar.

Some little time ago it was announced in a contemporary that the 'sword of ceremony,' made by Professor Herkomer, which is to be used at Welsh Eisteddfods of the future, was 'the largest sword on record;' and, doubtless, if placed in the hands of a modern Godfrey de Bouillon—who, it will be recalled, with a two-handed sword cleaved a Turk into halves from the shoulder to the hips—its six feet two inches of length would be quite long enough for any one who had a business engagement with it. But although it exceeds by two inches the thirty-pound (avoirdupois) weapon used by Henry the Pious, Duke of Silesia, and is probably more lengthy than the famous two-handed sword of Archibald Bell-the-Cat or Exeter's sword of state, it is still ten inches shorter than the seven-foot ceremonial sword, weighing eighteen pounds, that was made for Edward III., and is now preserved in Westminster Abbey.

On the occasion of George III.'s coronation the sword of state, says Horace Walpole, was forgotten—they do these things better nowadays—and the Lord Mayor's was borrowed for the occasion. Although nothing is said concerning its identity, undoubtedly it would be the celebrated pearl sword that was utilised. 'There are four swords,' said a writer at the beginning of the century, apropos of the Lord Mayor—the black, used on Good Friday, 30th of January, Fire of London, and all fast-days, when his Lordship ought to go to St Paul's; the common sword, to go to sessions, courts of aldermen; . . . the Sunday sword; and the pearl sword, which used to be carried on very rare occasions only, but is now exhibited at any time.' The office of sword-bearer at that time was a valuable one, the last holder of the post purchasing it, giving £7000 for the office, which he could have sold for £9000, 'but was prevented by the corporation,' who made it a gift place. Besides apartments in the Old Bailey and other privileges, the sword-bearer derived emolument from granting admission to two galleries during the sessions.

Apropos of the sword of state, we learn elsewhere, with regard to the coronation of Her Majesty, that 'the Queen, riding up and going to the altar, offers the sword there in the scabbard, delivering it to the Archbishop, who places it on the altar; the Queen then returns and sits down in King Edward's chair; and the lord who first received the sword offereth the price of it, and having thus redeemed it, receiveth it from off the altar by the Dean of Westminster, and draweth it out of the scabbard, and carries it naked before

Her Majesty during the rest of the solemnity.' Lord Melbourne was the sword-bearer at the last coronation, and the price of the redemption of the sword was, as was always customary, one hundred shillings.

Of gorgeous swords which are not so much weapons as settings for precious stones, the most valuable in England is said to be the one presented by the Egyptians to Lord Wolseley, and valued at £2000; but this sum is comparatively little for a bejewelled sword if the value of the sword brought over to Europe by the late Shah of Persia on his first visit—namely, £10,000—can be taken as a standard of what a diamond-hilted weapon ought to cost. Those who can recall that wonderful sabre will be somewhat sceptical about the existence of the Gaikwar of Baroda's gorgeous blade, which is supposed to be worth more than twenty swords of equal beauty and value to the Shah's; but it is popularly supposed that the diamonds, rubies, and emeralds with which it is thickly encrusted bring up its value to about £220,000, which at four per cent. would represent an income of almost £9000 a year, and renders the possession of such a sword something more than a mere luxury.

AFTER TEN YEARS.

If I could make a poem that was full of life and wit,
Of freshness and of force enough to make a brilliant hit;
To stereotype for ages the lovely and the true,
And eclipse all previous efforts, I'd make it, love, for you.

If I could paint a picture with a pencil new inspired,
Which in every part and pigment was unfeignedly admired,
And sweet as morning lily from her bath of silver dew,
I'd paint that witching comeliness personified in you.

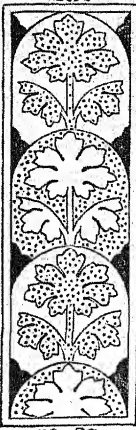
If I could write a novel with a wonder-working pen,
Its situations striking, and its heroes living men,
I would not have to rack my brains nor search the world through
To find the noblest heroine: she's found, my love, in you.

If I could do a valiant deed which all the world would praise—
A deed to bring to life again the old heroic days—
I would not value honours, the many or the few;
I'd feel myself ennobled by doing it for you.

A. MACDONALD.

** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW.

OLD lamps for new !' cried Aladdin through the streets of Bagdad, and from all sides came careful housewives with lamps—good, bad, and indifferent—happy to give them in exchange for the untried new. They were eager to drive such a bargain, and derided the fool who offered them new wares for old ; but, reading further in the story, we discover who was really the fool, and laugh at him for being so easily persuaded to part with the priceless treasure of the wonderful lamp.

The wily Oriental understood human nature ; he knew that the ordinary individual cannot resist what is new, up to date, the latest mode. It was so in ancient Bagdad, and it is so in our modern world. The craze for novelties keeps trade going, and fills shop windows with useless, badly-made rubbish, priced at elevenpence three-farthings. Where would Fashion hide her head if Society refused to buy what is new, even when startlingly ugly ; wearing it till the next novelty appears, then casting it aside ? Even the gardener cannot be contented with the flowers as Nature provides them, but must needs labour to give us blue roses and green carnations.

It is true there are among us some who remain faithful to the old, and others who are ready to believe that what is proved and tried is best worth having. But we are apt to jeer at them because they continue to wear the worn old coat that clings comfortably to every curve of their figure, and know the value of old shoes moulded by age and use to fit the foot. Such a man fully appreciates the civilisation of an Eastern city, where it is possible to buy in the bazaars shoes made easy by wear, for a larger price than those that have yet to be walked into supple comfort. Here also for a small sum a slave can be hired to take the shine off your red-leather slippers and the stiffness out of your embroidered and tinsel-bedecked evening pumps. Ah ! that is a land where one learns to look upon the neat, the highly-polished, the well-brushed garment as the vulgar trappings of tourists who come and stare with

vacant eyes on the beautiful past, and criticise with laughter a civilisation that has long outgrown the stirring activity and fussy self-consciousness of middle-life ; having settled into the venerable composure and wise restraint of mature age, and being content to enjoy life as it is, without striving to keep up appearances and live up to date.

After all, we know—even the most modern of us—that the best things are improved with keeping, such as old homes, old wines, and old friends. Our Yankee cousins and our brothers from Australia boast of new lands and new laws ; but each one of them is silenced when he stands on the turf that owes its beauty to centuries of still growth, and looks up to the carved stonework,

When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebony and ivory ;
When silver edges the imagery
And the scrolls that teach us to live and die ;

and hears through the ever-open door prayers, hallowed by the joys and sorrows of generations of worshippers, offered up before venerable altars.

Strange it is to find a continual struggle to procure the very newest, the gaudily glittering, the still unproved, in that market-place where are bought and sold the lamps that enlighten the mind, and that have the magic power of throwing a bright radiance on the very dreariest of lives. Spend but half-an-hour in a popular lending library, and watch the customers coming in laden with armfuls of books to be exchanged for others ; they have in all likelihood been taken out the day before—indeed, it is necessary to frame a bylaw preventing any book being exchanged on the day it has been taken out ; they have been skimmed through and forgotten, or the remembrance of them remains in that part of the brain provided for stowing away rubbish. If in the continuous stream of men and women there is one who asks for an *old* book the librarian is positively startled. 'May I ask you to repeat the name?' he says politely, to allow himself time to recover from his surprise. 'Yes, it is sure to be in. Kindly wait until I find it.' Then, with the help of a long ladder, he fetches it from some high shelf ;

or, lighting a lantern, he gropes in the cellar until he discovers it, dusty, tattered, and smelling of age. And he who had the wit to ask for it carries it home full of triumph. He keeps it to read when the work of the day is done, when all disturbing people are safely to bed; and through the quiet hours he reads and ponders over it, and re-reads it, and sets forth to find another of its kind.

One hears for ever the complaint that it is impossible to find a book fit to read; that new ones are hard to get hold of, and libraries and librarians are blamed and pronounced to be out of date and behind the times. All the while, silently waiting in patient rows, in the very rooms we live in, stand the great masterpieces of our literature. Since our childhood we have been familiar with their solemn appearance, but we have never thought of peeping between their boards. And so we eagerly struggle to get the last new book, say of travel. Sitting in comfort, well fed and well warmed, it is pleasant to read of a man calculating, in the snows of Siberia, if his tinned soup will last out the journey he has mapped out, or if it will fail, obliging him to turn back. The style is simple and may be read without effort; the pages are enlivened by snapshots of queer people. We wonder a little why our hero faces such discomfort, and have a suspicion that he writes artfully to give us the full measure of sensation for the money. Yet we read book after book of the same sort, and are ever on the lookout for still more sensational ones by the same author. But take down from the top shelf that dingy old volume and read of the travellers of old; not tourists or newspaper-paid explorers, with kodaks and patent food done up in small compass, the strength of one ox in a single pint-pot, but of those who set forth in tiny ships with scant provisions, unaided by science, trusting in God alone. In the midst of the tempest they cry out that they know not fear, for they are nearer to God on sea than on land. It is the best of reading, wholesome and bracing as the lives of the men whose adventures are told.

What is more stirring than the story of Columbus setting forth to discover a new world, as we may read it in the pages of Washington Irving? We

follow him through years of hardship, when he seems but a madman with one idea. When Queen Isabella deigns to listen to his story and aid him we have some faith in his enterprise; we rejoice with him when, after overcoming many difficulties, he at last gets together ships, stores, and crews. But, with his men, our hearts fail us when day after day we drift in empty seas; starvation or drowning is before us, and the horror of the unknown. We can hardly believe with our great captain that the world is round; that we are bound to return to where we sailed from. The end of the sea, the edge of the world, lies before us! Then comes the wonderful night when lights are seen moving on the black horizon, coming and going, moving slowly as if carried by men. In the morning green weeds drift by the ship—not such as grow in the ocean. Then dim shores are seen in the far distance—not a cloud, but low-lying land. America is found. Columbus calls his men together and they sing the *Te Deum*.

So it is with history, lives, novels, and essays: the best are those that have stood the test of time. They are worth keeping until wanted; some day we shall turn to them for some special purpose, at some time in our lives when we require them. Surely it is as well worth our pains to spend time and thought and money on the storing of our book-shelves as on the storing of our landers; in both we want a good supply of solid wholesome food as well as more fanciful dainties. Furthermore, we must have wine—old, well-seasoned port to stimulate and refresh us when faint and weary; or even some lighter sparkling vintage to cheer us when all is dull and depressing.

'In Books lies the *soul* of the whole Past Time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream,' writes Carlyle. And again: 'All that Mankind has done, thought, gained, or been is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possessions of men.' Therefore, if we possess a treasure—a wonderful lamp—let us not cast it aside, attracted by what is merely new, a novelty that strikes our fancy but has not yet been proved worthy of our acceptance.

OF ROYAL BLOOD. A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER V.—THE STATEMENT OF ANN PRIMROSE.

FOR a few seconds I stood inactive, horrified, gazing upon the white face whence the light of life had faded. So suddenly had I made this ghastly discovery that at first I was unable to realise that the man who had been so full of activity and good-humour was now a corpse. Even while I had

been in conversation with this woman, who was his wife, he had been lying there dead; and then, as I reflected, the truth—a vivid and disconcerting one—was suddenly revealed to me: by Gordon's death my power over this woman had vanished; my future was in her hands. And too well I knew that she would be merciless.

Again I placed my fingers upon the chill

face, and then chafed the thin, stiffening hands; but those wide-open glaring eyes, in which the film of death had already gathered, told me that life had fled. The honest, true-hearted man, my comrade through my early years of wild-oat sowing, had been snatched away with a suddenness that was appalling.

Then, the suggestion occurring to me that after all he might be only in a state of unconsciousness, and that medical aid might succeed in resuscitating him, I rushed through into the dining-room and touched the electric button. Opening the door, I listened for the approach of some one; but all seemed strangely silent.

The great square hall, with its black-oak staircase and balcony above, was but dimly lit, and there was an ominous stillness everywhere. I rushed across to the drawing-room, under the impression that the dead man's wife might still be there; but that chamber was in darkness; the electric light had been switched off.

Again I rang the bell violently, and then, standing in the hall, shouted loudly for help. My voice echoed through the house, but no one stirred.

Why, I wondered, had every one deserted the place like that? Surely this woman, who was my enemy, must have known all along that my threats were unavailing now that the man who had made her his wife was lying cold and dead.

Having failed to obtain assistance, I went back to the little study and myself tried to arouse him; but from the first moment of the discovery I knew that all efforts were futile. He had lain down there calmly and passed away in peaceful silence, for his face was in no way distorted. Only the fact that his hands were clenched showed that the last sting of death had caused him pain. The room seemed chill and draughty, and on examination I was surprised to find, behind the drawn curtains, that the long window leading out upon the small sloping lawn was ajar—a fact in itself suspicious.

Could it be possible that Gordon had been the victim of foul play? Such suggestion, however, was quickly put aside by the recollection that a telegram had been received at the Foreign Office announcing his indisposition. He had no doubt been taken ill suddenly, and died from some unknown natural cause.

I had closed the window, when, on glancing round the room, my attention was attracted by a smell of tobacco-smoke, and I saw on the table an ash-tray wherein were ashes and the end of a freshly-smoked cigar. Had Gordon smoked before his death, or had he received some male visitor?

Yet another curious fact greatly perplexed me. In the fireplace was a quantity of tinder, the remains of some voluminous document which had recently been destroyed. One tiny portion of the paper remained, charred but not consumed. I picked it out carefully, and on examining it was

amazed to discover that the paper was of that peculiar tint and texture used in the French Foreign Office. Surely Gordon could not have destroyed some compromising papers in his possession, and then afterwards deliberately committed suicide?

Whatever the explanation, there was no doubt that some secret papers had been burnt there, and, further, that these papers were not English. The window leading to the garden being open lent colour to the theory that some one had passed out of the house by that means. Again, the flight of Judith and the absence of the servants were all circumstances of gravest suspicion.

The room wherein my friend was lying was more of a smoking-room than study. True, there was a large writing-table at the end, and a couple of well-filled bookcases; but the cane rocking-chairs, the long deck-chair with its holders in the arms for the big glass of whisky and soda, and the two smoking-tables, showed that its owner was more fond of ease than of study.

On glancing around the writing-table I saw something unusual on the blotting-pad, and bent to examine it. The paper was white, but discoloured by a great stain of bright yellow. This was still damp, and on smelling it I found it to be some acid; but what it was I could not determine. Just, however, at the moment when I held the pad in my hand I heard a movement behind me, and, turning quickly with a start, perceived a young woman fully dressed in neat black. She seemed equally surprised to discover me there; but without a moment's hesitation I demanded, 'Who are you?'

'I'm Ann, sir,' she answered, drawing back as if in fear of me.

'Are you one of the servants here?' I said, recognising her.

'Yes, sir.'

'Then why are you going out?'

'I've only just come in, sir,' she replied. 'There's nobody in the house, so I came here to see if either master or mistress were here.'

'Your master is there,' I answered, pointing to the couch.

'What!' she cried in alarm. 'Is he unwell?'

'Were you not aware of his illness?' I inquired.

'No, sir,' she answered. 'He went out at the usual hour this morning, and had not returned when I left at three o'clock.'

'Why did you go out?'

'It was my afternoon out, sir. Mistress gave me an extra two hours.'

In this latter statement I scented material for suspicion.

'Why did she give you extra leave?' I demanded.

'I don't know, sir,' the girl responded. 'But is master very ill? Can I do anything?' she asked anxiously.

'No,' I replied; 'you can do nothing, except to tell me all you know of this affair. Where's your mistress?'

'Gone out, I suppose, sir. I've been through all the bedrooms, but there's no one in the house at all—no dinner ready, or anything. But is master sleeping?' she added, with increased anxiety.

'No,' I said, fearing to tell her the truth, lest she should go off into hysterics or do something equally annoying. In this matter calmness was essential, and I was determined to learn from her all I could. 'How long have you been in Mrs Clunes's service?'

'Ever since they were married, sir.'

'And you had a good place here?' I asked.

'I can't grumble. I don't get many Sundays out, but mistress is very kind and thoughtful of us.'

'How many are you?'

'Three, sir—cook, another housemaid, and myself.'

'And you have no knowledge of where your two fellow-servants have gone?'

'None whatever. They were here when I went out.'

'And your mistress?'

'She went out immediately after luncheon.'

'Then your master was not at home ill to-day?' I exclaimed in surprise.

'No, sir. He went out about ten, as he usually does, to catch his train to London; but I noticed that he was dressed differently than is usual.'

'How?' I asked quickly.

'He wore a low felt hat instead of his tall silk one, and had on an old tweed suit that's quite shabby. When I saw him go out I wondered at him dressing so badly. He's always so very smart—neat as a new pin, as the saying is.'

This was certainly a remarkable fact. At the Foreign Office a telegram had been received announcing his indisposition, while at the same time he had gone forth in what was apparently a disguise. It was not like Gordon to go to London in an old tweed suit.

'And after your master had left what occurred?' I inquired, determined to sift this matter to the bottom.

'Nothing,' she responded. 'There was only one caller—a gentleman.'

'A gentleman?' I cried. 'Who was he?'

'I don't know, sir,' she replied.

'Now, my girl,' I said earnestly, 'in this matter you must be perfectly frank. It is most important in your master's interests that I should know all that has occurred here to-day. You, of course, recollect that I dined here a little time ago. I remember now that you waited at table, although at first, in your hat and veil, I failed to recognise you.'

'Certainly, sir; I'm quite ready to tell you, or master, all I know.'

'Well, with regard to this gentleman—was he merely an ordinary-looking man, or was there anything about him which struck you as peculiar?'

'There was nothing extraordinary,' she answered, with a puzzled look. No doubt she thought my words strange ones. Her name was Primrose, she had informed me. 'He merely asked for mistress, and when I inquired his name he said it was Christian. I asked him into this room, and mistress, when I told her he had called, seemed just a trifle excited. Her face went red, and she seemed at first annoyed that he should call so early, for she hadn't quite finished dressing her hair.'

'And what then?'

'She finished hastily with my assistance, and went down to him. He remained there fully half-an-hour, then went away laughing.'

'Did you overhear any of their conversation?'

'No. I think he was a foreigner, for they spoke French, or some foreign language, and they spoke it so quickly and loudly that it seemed once or twice as though they were quarrelling. Mistress is an excellent linguist, you know.'

'Yes, I know she is,' I answered, smiling grimly. 'But this man was an entire stranger—wasn't he?'

'I'd never seen him before.'

'Young or old?'

'About thirty-five or perhaps forty, and rather tall and fair.'

'With a moustache pointing upwards?'

'No; his moustache was short and bristly, and he had a light beard,' the maid replied. 'He was rather thin, and wore a light drab overcoat tightly buttoned.'

'Did he speak English well?'

'Yes; quite well. Indeed, I thought he was English until the bell rang and I went to the dining-room, when I heard mistress speaking to him in a foreign tongue. She was standing near the fireplace, while he was seated in that arm-chair over there, the one master always sits in. He seemed quite at home, and mistress ordered me to bring him some brandy and soda.'

'Then you left the room and heard no more?'

'Not until the bell rang again and I showed him out.'

'And then?' I asked.

'When he'd gone mistress flew into a great rage. She said it was abominable that people should call so early.'

'But she treated him very courteously when he was present?'

'Very. I, however, didn't like him. He seemed to treat mistress just a trifle too familiarly. Perhaps, however, it was only his foreign way. Foreigners hold different views to us, I've heard it said.'

'Well,' I exclaimed, 'continue your story. What happened after that?'

'Mistress spent some little time in the study, writing letters, I think; then she lunched alone, and afterwards went out.'

'Was she dressed as though she intended making visits?'

'Not at all. I assisted her to dress, and remarked that, although the day was fine, she seemed, like master, to have a leaning towards an old dress. She put on an old blue serge and a sailor hat, a thing which she'd put away since last summer, and she seemed in a hurry either to catch a train or to keep some appointment.'

'Has she many friends here in Richmond?' I inquired.

'Oh yes, lots. We're generally crowded on her At Home day.'

'And you went out soon after she did?'

'Yes. I went over to Kingston to see my mother, and then on to Surbiton. When I returned I went round to the back door, found it open, and came in; but, to my surprise, everybody had gone. The place was deserted. To tell you the truth, sir, when I first saw you peering about master's writing-table, which we are forbidden to touch, I thought you were a burglar.'

'That's not surprising,' I answered, with a smile. 'But this affair, I may as well tell you at first, is a most serious one.'

'Serious? What do you mean, sir?' she asked, starting at my words and looking at me in surprise.

'During your absence something mysterious has occurred. I don't know any more of it than you do. I only know the terrible truth.'

'And what's that?' she demanded breathlessly.

'That your poor master is lying in there—dead!'

'Dead!' she gasped, growing pale. 'Dead! It can't be true.'

'It is true,' I responded. 'I found him here not long ago. Look for yourself.'

The trembling girl crossed the room on tiptoe and gazed into the face of her master. It needed no second glance to convince her that she was in presence of the dead.

'It's terrible, sir—terrible!' she gasped, drawing back pale with horror. 'Surely he can't really be dead?'

'Yes,' I answered. 'There is no doubt about it—absolutely no doubt; but whether it is the result of natural causes or of foul play it is impossible at present to tell.'

'Do you suspect, then, that he's been murdered, sir?' she inquired in a low, terrified voice.

'I suspect nothing,' I said. 'I entered here and found him exactly as you see him now. The window, too, was open. Some one might have escaped by it.'

'Ah!—the window!' she said. 'I recollect opening it this morning at mistress's orders. She declared that the room smelt stuffy.'

'Was it often open?'

'It hadn't been opened all the winter until to-day, when I picked out the strips of cloth with which the cracks had been plugged up. Master always declared that there was an unbearable draught from it, so one day last October I helped mistress to seal it up altogether.'

'There was no other reason why it should be opened, except because the place was stuffy, was there?'

'None whatever. It was a fine day, of course, and I suppose mistress thought well to freshen up the room. I must say that the tobacco-smoke is very thick here sometimes when master has two or three friends. But, poor master! I really can't believe it,' she added, looking at him kindly again. 'He was always so considerate towards us. I can't think what's become of cook and Mary.'

'Rather think of your mistress,' I said. 'What a blow this will be to her!'

The girl glanced at me curiously, as if trying to discern how much I knew.

'Yes,' she sighed, but refrained from further comment, a fact which went to confirm my opinion that this domestic knew much more than she had already told me.

'Were your master and mistress always on good terms?' I asked.

'Always,' the girl promptly replied. 'They were devoted to each other.'

I smiled. The idea of that woman, whom I had half-an-hour before threatened with exposure, being devoted to anybody was to me amusing. That she knew of her husband's death was certain, yet after her ominous words to me she had left the house, leaving me alone with the corpse of my friend.

I recollected now how my appearance had caused her confusion, and how she had greeted me with a hollow courtesy. Undoubtedly I had arrived at a very inopportune moment, and it seemed equally certain that the two other servants were fully aware that their master had passed away.

Gordon's wife had fled, and that in itself was sufficient to arouse suspicion; while, on the other hand, my friend's own actions, in sending the telegram of excuse to the Foreign Office and in going out in unusual attire, complicated the puzzle to an extraordinary degree.

Lord Macclesfield had sent me there to hear some strange statement; but the lips that had uttered those words which had startled and interested the great statesman were now silent for ever.

I stood gazing upon that white face, so calm and tranquil in death, and pondered deeply.

Yes; that some grave, extraordinary mystery surrounded my friend's decease I felt convinced.

(To be continued.)

'No,' I replied; 'you can do nothing, except to tell me all you know of this affair. Where's your mistress?'

'Gone out, I suppose, sir. I've been through all the bedrooms, but there's no one in the house at all—no dinner ready, or anything. But is master sleeping?' she added, with increased anxiety.

'No,' I said, fearing to tell her the truth, lest she should go off into hysterics or do something equally annoying. In this matter calmness was essential, and I was determined to learn from her all I could. 'How long have you been in Mrs Clunes's service?'

'Ever since they were married, sir.'

'And you had a good place here?' I asked.

'I can't grumble. I don't get many Sundays out, but mistress is very kind and thoughtful of us.'

'How many are you?'

'Three, sir—cook, another housemaid, and myself.'

'And you have no knowledge of where your two fellow-servants have gone?'

'None whatever. They were here when I went out.'

'And your mistress?'

'She went out immediately after luncheon.'

'Then your master was not at home ill to-day?' I exclaimed in surprise.

'No, sir. He went out about ten, as he usually does, to catch his train to London; but I noticed that he was dressed differently than is usual.'

'How?' I asked quickly.

'He wore a low felt hat instead of his tall silk one, and had on an old tweed suit that's quite shabby. When I saw him go out I wondered at him dressing so badly. He's always so very smart—neat as a new pin, as the saying is.'

This was certainly a remarkable fact. At the Foreign Office a telegram had been received announcing his indisposition, while at the same time he had gone forth in what was apparently a disguise. It was not like Gordon to go to London in an old tweed suit.

'And after your master had left what occurred?' I inquired, determined to sift this matter to the bottom.

'Nothing,' she responded. 'There was only one caller—a gentleman.'

'A gentleman?' I cried. 'Who was he?'

'I don't know, sir,' she replied.

'Now, my girl,' I said earnestly, 'in this matter you must be perfectly frank. It is most important in your master's interests that I should know all that has occurred here to-day. You, of course, recollect that I dined here a little time ago. I remember now that you waited at table, although at first, in your hat and veil, I failed to recognise you.'

'Certainly, sir; I'm quite ready to tell you, or master, all I know.'

'Well, with regard to this gentleman—was he merely an ordinary-looking man, or was there anything about him which struck you as peculiar?'

'There was nothing extraordinary,' she answered, with a puzzled look. No doubt she thought my words strange ones. Her name was Primrose, she had informed me. 'He merely asked for mistress, and when I inquired his name he said it was Christian. I asked him into this room, and mistress, when I told her he had called, seemed just a trifle excited. Her face went red, and she seemed at first annoyed that he should call so early, for she hadn't quite finished dressing her hair.'

'And what then?'

'She finished hastily with my assistance, and went down to him. He remained there fully half-an-hour, then went away laughing.'

'Did you overhear any of their conversation?'

'No. I think he was a foreigner, for they spoke French, or some foreign language, and they spoke it so quickly and loudly that it seemed once or twice as though they were quarrelling. Mistress is an excellent linguist, you know.'

'Yes, I know she is,' I answered, smiling grimly. 'But this man was an entire stranger—wasn't he?'

'I'd never seen him before.'

'Young or old?'

'About thirty-five or perhaps forty, and rather tall and fair.'

'With a moustache pointing upwards?'

'No; his moustache was short and bristly, and he had a light beard,' the maid replied. 'He was rather thin, and wore a light drab overcoat tightly buttoned.'

'Did he speak English well?'

'Yes; quite well. Indeed, I thought he was English until the bell rang and I went to the dining-room, when I heard mistress speaking to him in a foreign tongue. She was standing near the fireplace, while he was seated in that arm-chair over there, the one master always sits in. He seemed quite at home, and mistress ordered me to bring him some brandy and soda.'

'Then you left the room and heard no more?'

'Not until the bell rang again and I showed him out.'

'And then?' I asked.

'When he'd gone mistress flew into a great rage. She said it was abominable that people should call so early.'

'But she treated him very courteously when he was present?'

'Very. I, however, didn't like him. He seemed to treat mistress just a trifle too familiarly. Perhaps, however, it was only his foreign way. Foreigners hold different views to us, I've heard it said.'

'Well,' I exclaimed, 'continue your story. What happened after that?'

'Mistress spent some little time in the study, writing letters, I think; then she lunched alone, and afterwards went out.'

'Was she dressed as though she intended making visits?'

'Not at all. I assisted her to dress, and remarked that, although the day was fine, she seemed, like master, to have a leaning towards an old dress. She put on an old blue serge and a sailor hat, a thing which she'd put away since last summer, and she seemed in a hurry either to catch a train or to keep some appointment.'

'Has she many friends here in Richmond?' I inquired.

'Oh yes, lots. We're generally crowded on her At Home day.'

'And you went out soon after she did?'

'Yes. I went over to Kingston to see my mother, and then on to Surbiton. When I returned I went round to the back door, found it open, and came in; but, to my surprise, everybody had gone. The place was deserted. To tell you the truth, sir, when I first saw you peering about master's writing-table, which we are forbidden to touch, I thought you were a burglar.'

'That's not surprising,' I answered, with a smile. 'But this affair, I may as well tell you at first, is a most serious one.'

'Serious? What do you mean, sir?' she asked, starting at my words and looking at me in surprise.

'During your absence something mysterious has occurred. I don't know any more of it than you do. I only know the terrible truth.'

'And what's that?' she demanded breathlessly.

'That your poor master is lying in there—dead!'

'Dead!' she gasped, growing pale. 'Dead! It can't be true.'

'It is true,' I responded. 'I found him here not long ago. Look for yourself.'

The trembling girl crossed the room on tiptoe and gazed into the face of her master. It needed no second glance to convince her that she was in presence of the dead.

'It's terrible, sir—terrible!' she gasped, drawing back pale with horror. 'Surely he can't really be dead?'

'Yes,' I answered. 'There is no doubt about it—absolutely no doubt; but whether it is the result of natural causes or of foul play it is impossible at present to tell.'

'Do you suspect, then, that he's been murdered, sir?' she inquired in a low, terrified voice.

'I suspect nothing,' I said. 'I entered here and found him exactly as you see him now. The window, too, was open. Some one might have escaped by it.'

'Ah!—the window!' she said. 'I recollect opening it this morning at mistress's orders. She declared that the room smelt stuffy.'

'Was it often open?'

'It hadn't been opened all the winter until to-day, when I picked out the strips of cloth with which the cracks had been plugged up. Master always declared that there was an unbearable draught from it, so one day last October I helped mistress to seal it up altogether.'

'There was no other reason why it should be opened, except because the place was stuffy, was there?'

'None whatever. It was a fine day, of course, and I suppose mistress thought well to freshen up the room. I must say that the tobacco-smoke is very thick here sometimes when master has two or three friends. But, poor master! I really can't believe it,' she added, looking at him kindly again. 'He was always so considerate towards us. I can't think what's become of cook and Mary.'

'Rather think of your mistress,' I said. 'What a blow this will be to her!'

The girl glanced at me curiously, as if trying to discern how much I knew.

'Yes,' she sighed, but refrained from further comment, a fact which went to confirm my opinion that this domestic knew much more than she had already told me.

'Were your master and mistress always on good terms?' I asked.

'Always,' the girl promptly replied. 'They were devoted to each other.'

I smiled. The idea of that woman, whom I had half-an-hour before threatened with exposure, being devoted to anybody was to me amusing. That she knew of her husband's death was certain, yet after her ominous words to me she had left the house, leaving me alone with the corpse of my friend.

I recollected now how my appearance had caused her confusion, and how she had greeted me with a hollow courtesy. Undoubtedly I had arrived at a very inopportune moment, and it seemed equally certain that the two other servants were fully aware that their master had passed away.

Gordon's wife had fled, and that in itself was sufficient to arouse suspicion; while, on the other hand, my friend's own actions, in sending the telegram of excuse to the Foreign Office and in going out in unusual attire, complicated the puzzle to an extraordinary degree.

Lord Macclesfield had sent me there to hear some strange statement; but the lips that had uttered those words which had startled and interested the great statesman were now silent for ever.

I stood gazing upon that white face, so calm and tranquil in death, and pondered deeply.

Yes; that some grave, extraordinary mystery surrounded my friend's decease I felt convinced.

(To be continued.)

FOREST DEVASTATION.

By E. A. FUHR.

FROM the first attempts to colonise North America, and through several generations into this very nineteenth century, sylvan vegetation was regarded by the pioneers of European civilisation as hostile to their enterprise. Benefits were no doubt conferred by the woods. They supplied the settlers with material for the construction of their block-houses, with palisades for their fortifications, with furs and fuel to protect them against the severity of a North American winter, and with venison, fish, wild fowl, edible roots, and herbs and berries in abundance. But the primeval forest was a most formidable obstacle to exploration, and in its sombre depths lurked the ruthless savages, ever ready to pounce upon the pale-faced intruders and slaughter them—men, women, and children—indiscriminately and without mercy.

All this is changed. Since the early part of this century the primeval forest has been mastered completely, and in later years there has been such reckless cutting down of timber almost everywhere that the woodland area of the United States is now reduced to only five hundred and eighty million acres, or not quite 23 per cent. of the total surface measurement; while the proportion in Canada is still 37 per cent. In both countries the work of devastation proceeds incessantly. Everywhere in the interior of Canada wood remains the only article of fuel; and although in the United States mineral coal is now extensively raised, enormous quantities of wood are required for manufacturing purposes. In 1894 two thousand American factories produced six hundred and fifty thousand tons of celluloid; and up to date this industry has been much further developed. Moreover, the States export huge masses of timber to Europe, and there is, so far, no organised system of state protection; but warning voices are heard at last, both in the States and in Canada, pointing out the danger of indiscriminate deforesting, and advocating the establishment of a state authority on the European plan of systematic forest conservation. The present woodland area, in proportion to the whole surface measurement of the five parts of our globe, has been roughly estimated as follows: Europe, 31 per cent.; Asia, 20 per cent.; Africa, 20 per cent.; America, 21 per cent.; Australia, 20 per cent.

Europe, whose climate is such as to render woods less urgently needed, is thus much better provided than Africa, which is densely wooded only in parts of its equatorial region, while in the north and south forests are exceedingly scarce. In Cape Colony, for instance, only 2½ per cent. of the surface is covered with timber growing along

the river-beds. Elsewhere the country is almost bare, or covered with tangled scrub. Hence the Colonial Government offers large premiums to farmers for planting trees, and the creation of a special forest service is only a question of time. In some parts of Central Africa, on the other hand, a vast and almost impenetrable forest still impedes exploration. Sir H. M. Stanley and others have graphically described it. Vegetation was found so dense and luxuriant that tunnels had to be cut with saws and axes; and while elephants and other wild animals could be plainly heard, they were scarcely ever sighted, so opaque were the leafy walls.

Of the whole of Asia, Japan is by far the most richly wooded part, being covered with timber to the extent of 46 per cent. of its total area; and in Australasia nearly one-third of New Zealand is covered with forest. Bulgaria with 72 and Portugal with only 2·9 per cent. mark the opposite extremes in European states.

For Great Britain and Ireland the proportion is only 3½ per cent.—namely, 4·8 for England, 4·5 for Scotland, 3·5 for Wales, and barely 1·6 for Ireland. A multitude of large, park-like demesnes and the prevalence of hedgerows lend to the rural scenery of Great Britain a charm akin to sylvan beauty. By giving shade, protection from the wind, and shelter to cattle and birds, hedges are also of practical utility, and present an agreeable contrast to the sad-looking loose-stone walls of Ireland. The idea of reforesting that country on an extensive scale has been mooted over and over again, and no doubt, if a systematic plan were carried through regardless of expense, material as well as æsthetic advantages would ultimately accrue. The scheme should include all suitable mountain slopes now covered with heather or bog. Bog-slides, which often prove so destructive to the valleys under culture, would thereby be averted, the landscape beauty of the country enhanced, so as to afford greater attraction to tourists, and many of the poorest inhabitants provided with healthy and profitable employment. In most cases the soil is best fitted for growing needlewood. If firs and pines were planted, a moderate profit-rent might be expected after the lapse of twenty-five or thirty years. But Irish landlords, whose rent-rolls are dwindling, cannot be expected to do much, and English capitalists hold cautiously aloof because the political outlook, although much improved of late, is not as yet such as to inspire absolute confidence. Active interference on the part of Government, as in the case of light railways, would work wonders, but at too large an expenditure for any ordinary Chancellor of the Exchequer to advocate in Parliament. Reforesting in Ireland will therefore be

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Between the two extremes mentioned, European statistics of forest-lands in proportion to the total area present almost all conceivable degrees of difference. According to the newest and most reliable returns, the percentage is, in Germany, 25.8; Austria, 32.6; Hungary, 27.9; Switzerland, 20.2; France, 17; Italy, 11.8; Spain, 17; Holland, 7; Belgium, 13; Luxemburg, 30; Denmark, 6; Sweden, 34; Norway, 24; Russia, 37; Finland, 56; Turkey, 9; Bosnia, 45; Servia, 10; Roumania, 17; Greece, 13.

In Europe forests abound in the northern, eastern, and some of the central regions, while they are scarcest along the north-western, western, and southern coasts. Those countries in which, during the last fifty years, most forest devastation has taken place are: Spain, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Sweden, Norway, and Russia. Many parts of Spain have had their water-supply, and the fertility dependent on it, impaired in consequence; and Spain is of all European countries the one for which irrigation is of the most vital importance, considering that in the central and southern parts next to no rain falls in summer, rare thunder-showers excepted. What artificial irrigation can do is shown by the luxuriant fertility of the kingdom of Valencia, although its soil is by no means the best. Travellers who visit the Peninsula in the dry season wonder at the capaciousness of the river-beds, presenting the appearance of an arid wilderness of sand and pebbles, through which a mere rill of water meanders like a slender thread. The picture abruptly changes after heavy rainfall; an angry torrent rushes along, and, capacious as the bed is, it can no longer contain the volume of water pouring down the bare hillsides. Consequent inundations often cause sad havoc. On occasions of long-continued drought in Estremadura and Andalusia all vegetation literally shrivels up unless manual irrigation is carried through with an immense expenditure of labour, or where the waterworks of the ancient Moors provide the needful mechanism, as, for instance, in the neighbourhood of Granada. The Vega, as seen from the heights of the Alhambra, presents the appearance of an oasis of fertility. It is copiously watered by a network of conduits fed from mighty reservoirs hewn out of the solid rock underneath the castle and its extensive grounds. The river Darro, which winds its course down the wooded slopes of the Sierra Nevada, and therefore never runs dry, constantly replenishes the vast receptacles; more than a thousand years old already, these works of the Moors seem indeed to bid defiance to time. Through reckless devastation, the once considerable area of state forests in Spain has greatly dwindled; and although the proportion of woodlands is still estimated at 17 per cent., the figure is probably exaggerated, and should be received with caution.

In Switzerland woods are chiefly communal property, only 4 per cent. being returned under the heading of cantonal or state forests. When exposed to financial pressure, communal authorities, as well as private owners, are prone to act in a manner inconsistent with sound economic principle. Thus the felling of timber in Switzerland is but too often carried on in altogether unsystematic and reckless fashion, so that the dangers arising from avalanches and from the too sudden melting of the snow in springtime are much enhanced. Streams like the Rhine, no matter how broad and deep their bed, can then no longer contain the volume of water pouring into them, and the valleys are flooded, to the detriment of agriculture and industry. In some parts of the country where the woods are carefully managed, as, for instance, in the canton of Zug, the revenue derived from them, without anything like devastation, is so good that not only the cantonal expenditure is completely covered by it, but a considerable surplus remains for distribution among the burghers, even those of them being allowed to participate who have gone to live abroad.

The forests of Austria cover 24,456,050 acres, or 32.6 per cent. of the whole surface area; only 10.6 per cent. being state property. Through scarcity of money arising out of the many wars the House of Hapsburg has waged, the rulers of the country were compelled to part with a vast amount of woodland property in former times. Up to the memorable year 1866, which marks a turning-point in Austria's history, no less than two and a half million acres of crown forests were sold; but since 1872, when the administration of all state property was vested in the Ministry of Agriculture, a reversal of policy has taken place, and an increase of state forests is now observable. Of Hungarian woods about 15, and of those of Croatia and Slavonia nearly 20, per cent. belong to the state. As a rule trans-Leithan forests, in which oaks and beeches predominate, are much more valuable than cis-Leithan ones, composed of needlewood to the extent of 70 per cent. The country richest in timber under administration of the double-monarchy is the province of Bosnia, 45 per cent. of its total area being forest-clad. Consumption and export of timber, bark, &c. continue on a very extensive scale, and the woodland area, on the whole, is still diminishing.

In Sweden the state owns about one-fifth, and in Norway only a tenth, of existing woodlands, which are perceptibly dwindling in consequence of the continual heavy export of timber, more especially to Great Britain and Ireland, and to the vast quantities of wood annually consumed by way of fuel and for such industrial purposes as paper and match making. Houses in Sweden and Norway are also, to a large extent, still built of wood.

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Of the total forest area of Russia in Europe, not less than 70 per cent. belongs to the state. Under financial pressure, great havoc has been

made of the timber during the last fifty years, and attempts at replanting are few and far between. The proportion of woodlands to the total area is, indeed, set down as 37 per cent.; but this estimate dates from the year 1890, later returns not being available. It may safely be taken for granted that the actual proportion is much lower. Some years ago an imperial ukase was issued to check devastation and ordain replanting. But it came too late; a vast amount of mischief had already been wrought, and, moreover, the regulations were not strictly enforced. Only 20 per cent. of the woodland area being in possession of private owners, and about 10 per cent. the property of corporations and village communes, less than one-third of the whole is affected by the law, and the *fiscus* himself is the chief destroyer. Most thickly wooded is the north, where three provinces show a proportion of not less than 70, and five others of 65, per cent. On the other hand, the figure in ten of the provinces which form the South Russian prairie region is only about 6 per cent. Until quite recently wood was the only article of fuel used in most parts of the empire, and it remains the principal one up to the present. Even the boilers of railway locomotives and factory engines are still, to a large extent, fired with wood. In the immediate vicinity of railroads and factories, and for miles around, forests have disappeared. Vast quantities of timber are exported annually to Great Britain and Ireland, Holland, Germany, France, and Belgium. The value of these exports amounted to £3,500,000 in 1895, and to upwards of £3,000,000 in 1896. The rapidly growing paper and match manufacturing industries consume immense quantities of wood.

How heavily the resources of the country are taxed becomes apparent to the most superficial and casual observer, as he travels through Russia, when he beholds the mountains of cut timber heaped up near railway stations and along the river-quays of the principal towns. Great gaps are made in these stacks daily, and there is constant, busy traffic to fill them up again, of course to the detriment of the forests, which, vast as they are, can scarcely bear so heavy and incessant a strain. Bad harvests in Russia are due, as a rule, to inundations or periods of long-continued drought, and both causes are to a large extent attributable to forest devastation. Hence there is a logical connection between it and the famines which have become chronic. That the volume of many streams has diminished is a notorious fact. Even the mighty Volga runs shallower from year to year. Steamers plying on it only find seven or eight feet of water amid-stream in summer-time, barely sufficient to allow them to proceed; and the large ferry-boats which keep up the connection from bank to bank can accomplish their journey only by steering a devious course. Navigation of the river Don is much impaired. The source of the Dnieper slides

farther down-stream from year to year, and its most important tributary, the once mighty Vorskla, two hundred and fifty miles long and with the historic town of Pultawa on its banks, now lies quite dry in summer. Another river, the Bitjuk, in the region of the Don, is shrivelled up, its bed and the adjacent lands being covered with sand and rubble from source to mouth. Perhaps more disastrous still is the fact that the rainfall in spring and summer, which was formerly pretty regular, now fails more or less. Vast tracts of country, as, for instance, the province of Kazan, equal in size to the whole of England, are threatened with famine because last year's crop proved a total failure, and a similar calamity is predicted for a large portion of Southern Russia this year. Nevertheless, lavish expenditure of wood at home and export abroad are going on unchecked, and the consequences are obvious.

In other European countries the proportion of state forests to the total woodland area is as follows: Great Britain, 4 per cent.; France, 10.6 per cent.; Germany, 33 per cent.; Italy, 2 per cent.; Denmark, 25 per cent.; Greece, 80 per cent.; Servia, 25 per cent. It may be affirmed, as a general principle, that wherever the state participates most largely in forest property the best care is taken to conserve and to replant. Russia is perhaps the only exception to this rule, for the special reasons already assigned. Generally speaking the state is prompted in its action not merely by fiscal necessities but by regard for the common good, and its example exercises an educational influence upon private owners and communes, who, in cutting down timber, are more exclusively swayed by motives of self-interest, if not constrained by financial pressure.

The small actual percentage of state forests in France is mainly due to the extensive sales made at former periods, for instance during the Bourbon restoration to the extent of 400,000, and in the time of the Second Empire of about 180,000 acres. A large proportion of the woodlands owned by public institutions or village communes are, however, under the control and management of the state, and, on the whole, the administration is conducted with care and efficiency.

The German Empire remains well provided with forests, covering an area of about 33,000,000 acres. They are most thickly distributed over Thuringia, the Black Forest region, the Hartz Mountains, the Weser country, and the Bavarian Highlands, while the north-western coast-lands are sparsely provided. Well husbanded, these German woodlands yield huge masses of timber annually, and yet not nearly enough to cover the demand for constructive purposes. In 1897, 4,069,000 tons were imported from abroad: 1,672,000 from Russia, 1,509,000 from Austria-Hungary, 454,000 from Sweden and Norway, and 204,000 from the United States. The value of these imports came to upwards of £11,000,000. Exported were only 348,000

tons, worth about £1,000,000, leaving a surplus of import over export equal to 3,721,000 tons, about £10,000,000 in value. Compared with the total consumption of timber throughout the empire, this net import amounts to about 40 per cent. Of oak-bark, for tanning purposes, 400,000 tons are annually required in Germany and only 95,000 produced at home, so that upwards of 300,000 tons have to be drawn from other countries, chiefly Hungary and France. Even in point of political economy, it is, therefore, of the utmost importance for Germany to keep up her forests and add to them. That the various governments are alive to this duty, and perform it with general efficiency, must be admitted. Since the foundation of the new empire in 1870 there have been two statistical returns of the total area covered with timber, the first in 1878 and the second in 1893. Comparison shows the woodland area to have been increased by new plantations to the extent of 585,000 acres (or 1·7 per cent.) during the fifteen years, while 375,000 acres of timber (or 1·1 per cent.) were cut down, thus showing a net increase of 210,000 acres, equal to 0·6 per cent. of the whole, 170,000 of which belong to Prussia, and the rest to Oldenburg and Mecklenburg in the north, and Baden, Württemberg, and Bavaria in the south. The largest amount of deforesting took place in the kingdom of Saxony, where population is densest and industry most widely developed. Here timber to the extent of 7 per cent. of the total woodland area was cut down during the fifteen years, and a large portion of the material thus obtained yielded celluloid for paper-making. All the land suitable for forest culture which now remains available for that purpose throughout the empire is estimated as equal to about 6 per cent. of the whole woodland area.

Forests were formerly believed to exercise a determining influence upon climate, and to operate as an essential factor in the subterranean feeding of springs. Modern observations, conducted with much skill and care by prominent experts, in France, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland have upset these theories to some extent. The climate of countries is in the first place determined by geographical position, the way in which land and water are distributed, by oceanic currents, and atmospheric influences; also by elevation above sea-level and configuration of surface. Only within limits more narrowly confined can the vegetable covering of the soil, along with many other factors, play an important part. Variations in the temperature of the soil are, indeed, lessened by forests more or less decidedly the denser or scantier their growth, and the thicker or thinner their litter of moss, dead leaves, fir-cones, needles, &c.; but this influence is never very great, and does not extend far into the open country. Compared with the latter, the forest-soil in the west and centre of continental Europe shows a temperature somewhat lower in

summer and higher in winter. The difference is slight, however—about 0·6 centigrade, and never exceeding 1 degree. Underneath the tree-tops the air is, if at all, only to an insignificant extent more saturated with moisture than in the open country. Among the tops themselves, and immediately above them, however, a considerably greater amount of moisture prevails, which fact bears out the theory that forests augment the rainfall. By merely mechanical action they also effect an increase in the amount of rain or snow, arresting atmospheric currents replete with moisture, and causing them to condense. Forests afford protection against the winds by abating their destroying and scorching power. From 22 to 34 per cent. of the rainfall is absorbed by the woodland foliage. About one-half of this moisture returns to the air almost immediately through evaporation, and the remainder trickles slowly down the stems. What reaches the ground is to a large extent absorbed by the litter, so that gentle rain does not penetrate into the woodland soil at all. Hence it is an exaggeration to say that the feeding of springs is mainly the work of the forests, and many reports as to the felling of timber having caused springs to dry up should be received with caution. Nevertheless it can scarcely be doubted that the arboreal covering of the woodland soil exercises a certain amount of influence on the copiousness of the subterranean supply, more especially in mountainous regions.

Of great importance is the action of the forests in regularly feeding the surface-waters by retarding the absorption of rain. When the snow melts, the capillary action of the litter above the surface, and of the network of large and small roots below, retards the downward flow of water, thus preventing both the sudden swelling and the drying up of streams. Crumbling rocks and rubble soil are held together by these roots, and the carrying away of particles into the water-courses is obviated, or at any rate delayed. Notoriously the presence of detritus has proved fatal to the navigation of streams where it appeared in large quantities.

Very essential, also, is the action of forest roots in binding sand. Not only along the coasts but in the plains of the interior large layers of drift-sand often occur. The total area of these shoals of sand is estimated at no less than 250,000 acres in France and 82,000 in Prussia. Prior to the reign of Napoleon I., however, their extent in France was much greater. By an imperial decree of 14th December 1810 more than 2,000,000 acres of sandy desert were ordered to be converted into woodland, and the work was executed in due course, the districts chiefly benefited being Les Landes and the Gironde. Of Prussian sandbeds about 40,000 acres were considered dangerous to adjacent fields, and since 1881 nearly three-fourths have been planted with firs or pines, while in the remainder the work is still going on.

In addition to these more essential features, the conservation of woodlands involves a number of minor advantages by no means to be despised, for by them the poorest classes are benefited to a degree which, in Germany at any rate, partly accounts for the fact that there is no abject poverty. Most important is perhaps the utilisation of dead leaves, needles, moss, ferns, &c. as litter for cattle, thus producing most valuable manure. The total value of these deposits in Germany has been estimated at £24,000,000; and even though only a small portion—about 3 per cent.—can be withdrawn annually without risk or danger, the resulting benefit still amounts to the handsome sum of £720,000 a year, reaped almost exclusively by the small peasant proprietors and by the agricultural labourers who keep cattle. In bad seasons forest pasture and the grass growing in the clearings have likewise proved of value. The gathering of fallen branches, of medicinal herbs, beech-nuts, acorns, fir-cones, resin, mushrooms, and wood-berries, affords healthful and profitable employment to that part of the working-class population which has the worst chance of earning—namely, women and children. All the articles enumerated, with the exception of fallen branches, can be collected and taken away by any one without let or hindrance, while only such persons as are known to be reliable may gather fallen wood. On payment of the annual fee of sixpence special permits to that effect are granted by the forest authorities. The importance of some of these minor privileges in the economic life of the German people is illustrated by the fact that from one railway station—that of Celle, in the province of Hanover—3182 cwt. of cranberries and bilberries were despatched in one summer, and that in only one ranger's district of the province of Pomerania such berries to the value of £5000

to £7000 are annually collected and brought to market.

Another matter of great importance is the amount of wages earned in forest labour at the very times when agriculture affords least employment. The annual sum thus paid in Germany fluctuates between £6,000,000 to £7,000,000, and quarter of a million of families, or about one million heads of the population, are to a large extent maintained thereby.

On the other hand, the preservation of game can scarcely be deemed an economic benefit, as far as Continental countries are concerned. The yield in venison, leather, and furs is fully neutralised by the damage to agriculture and to the forest itself. Scotland is differently situated. The high rents paid by wealthy English sportsmen for permission to shoot over Highland moors and forests constitute no doubt an economic benefit of considerable importance, as will be seen in Mr Grimble's forthcoming article in this *Journal* on 'Highland Sport and Highland Prosperity.'

While the practical advantages derived from the careful maintenance of forests are numerous and important, æsthetic considerations likewise plead for it and against ruthless devastation. All mankind love woodland scenery. Hills and dales are embellished by it. Viewed from a distance, the soft, undulating outline of woods charms the sight; and when resting in their cool shade we feel soothed and comforted, and our souls are tuned to holiness as our eye dwells upon the graceful and majestic tracery overhead.

Although in the United Kingdom forest preservation can scarcely be deemed a vital question, as rainfall and irrigation are amply provided by other means, yet for many and various reasons the appeal should be heeded there also. 'Woodman, spare that tree.'

COMEDY ON THE MOORS.

By WILLIAM BUCHAN.

THE afternoon sun had dipped behind the broad shoulder of the Ruchill, and the strath below was plunged in shadow. It had been one of the halcyon days which sometimes fall on the borderland of autumn and winter, when the sun shines with summer brilliance from a cloudless sky, when the now sombre landscape takes a younger and a brighter aspect, and to the worn-out herbage there comes a touch of fresh life. But now, as the cold line of shadow mounted the hillside and the sun's heat died from the earth, the harsher feeling of the late season asserted itself, and there was a shiver in the air betokening a night of frost. The stream in the valley had lost its sparkle; cold and colourless its waters looked as they

flowed full-lipped between their banks of dry gray bent; and even the hills were scarce relieved from monotonous grayness by the bright patches of withered bracken, the soft green turf of the burn-side, and the clumps of dark pine which dotted their slopes.

The shepherd of Kingsmuir arose lazily from the mossy bank where he had been reclining. He was returning from one of his rare visits to the nearest market-town; and, as the way was long and the heat had been oppressive, he had sat him down by the stream-side to rest. But now sundown and the chill of evening reminded him that he must be getting on his way; so, wrapping his plaid more tightly round his broad shoulders, he prepared to resume his journey. Before him in a straggling line the flock of sheep he had that

day bought at the market solemnly cropped the roadside turf, flanked by two shaggy collies, who watched in zealous rivalry to prevent their straying; and the shepherd, as he surveyed their broad well-fleeced backs, was filled with much content.

'Meg—Don—away by wide,' he cried in the mysterious language of herding. But as, at the order, the obedient dogs scampered off in a hairy whirlwind to recall stragglers and trim the flock for the march, something in the stream at his feet caught the shepherd's eye and made him bend cautiously lower. For the shepherd, though in many ways an exemplary subject and a strict observer of the laws of the realm, made one exception. The salmon-laws, he held, were iniquitous; and there being few things in the world he loved better than salmon, he saw no reason why he should not capture them when and by what means he chose. The close season had commenced; and on the lower streams the bailiffs would be keeping strict watch for the unwary poacher. But here it was different. One such gentleman, I have heard, did, in a fit of overzealousness for duty, penetrate these fastnesses; but from his fate his successors took warning, and of late years these moorland streams had been a little overlooked.

So it was with small fear of interruption from that quarter that the shepherd took out his hooks for the capture of a goodly salmon which lay invitingly in a convenient part of the stream. He was an old experienced hand, and advanced confidently expecting an easy capture. Warily he approached the stream and arranged his tackle; and very skilfully he worked his hooks upward. But the salmon was a cunning fish, and resisted the efforts to land him. With each failure the shepherd grew the more determined, till at last, in the heat of the chase, he became oblivious to all else. So engrossed was he that he did not notice a short, thick-set man approach and stand watching him with a grim smile.

The new-comer seemed strangely out of place in his surroundings. In his appearance there were none of those marks which cling to the dweller in the hills and distinguish him from other men. He had the air of one who had strayed from the smoke of a mining country into the midst of this great hill-land; at any rate he was certainly not a shepherd. He was short and squat, with a bull-neck and an unlovely countenance unimproved by a most vicious cast in his eyesight; and the leer which disfigured his face when the shepherd, his perseverance at last rewarded, drew his prize to land and at length turned round, gave him a most sinister aspect.

The shepherd eyed the stranger with some astonishment. He had not heard him approach, and his silent behaviour was ominous. But it was ridiculous to have any fears on the score of so insignificant a person; so, nothing daunted, he slipped the salmon into his plaid and girt himself again for the road. As the other showed no sign

of addressing him, he felt bound in civility to venture a remark.

'Extraordinar' fine wather for the back-end,' he said affably.

'There's naething wrang wi' the wather,' answered the stranger rudely. 'It's fine and clear for seeing poachers.'

The shepherd whistled softly. Could this man be—?

'Is it possible,' he said slowly and deliberately—'can you be what they ca' a bailiff?'

'As ye'll sune find out.'

'Ay, man! Div ye ken, I never saw a bailiff afore, and I've ay wondered what they were like. But I thoct they would pit on bigger men for the job. Dod! I took ye for that new tailor-body that's come to the muirs.'

The bailiff was sensitive, and at the suggestion his eyes flashed. 'Tailor!' he began, with a snort of indignation, but checked himself. 'In the meantime,' he continued, with forced politeness, 'I'll trouble ye for your name.'

'And what if I dinna tell ye?' asked the shepherd sweetly.

'It'll be the waur for yoursel! I'll just ha'e to follow ye.'

'Aweel, it's a gey lonesome bit o' the road onyway, and I'll be nane the waur o' your company. We can ha'e a crack on the way. Ye see,' he continued as they set off together, 'I canna afford to gang to the jail just the noo—the wather's ower guid; and I've nae siller to waste on fines.'

'If ye canna pay the fine, to the jail ye maun gang.'

'We'll see if we canna find some ither way,' said the shepherd cheerily. 'But we'll no crack about that the noo. Tak' a fill,' and he held out a stump of rank black tobacco.

The bailiff was surly and taciturn. He was deeply wrathful at being compelled to follow, and he walked onward in stolid silence. The shepherd, on the other hand, was in a particularly pleasant humour, and, considering his grave delinquency, his conversation was light-hearted to an unseemly degree.

'Guid yowes!' he said, with a wave of his hand towards the flock. 'The best sheep to be got in the market! And ye would scarcely believe it, but I bocht them frae the maist blackyird dealer in the country. It's a queer thing. It doesna often happen; but I've managed it this time,' and he poked at a goodly sheep with a grunt of satisfaction. 'And I see ye're eyeing the dowgs,' he continued airily. 'Fine animals! Man, are they no' just beauties, baith o' them? It would tak' a lot to beat the black yin; and for Meg—there's no' her marrow in the countryside amang sheep; she's a gleg yin, and mony a story I could tell about her. Ye'll ken that wild bit, awa' at the head o' the watter, ca'd the Craig Slap? Weel, it was ae dark winter's nicht'— And

he rambled into some story, not over creditable to himself.

So he rattled on, from subject to subject, story to story, entirely reckless of the fact that the bailiff paid him not the least attention. That minister of the law, albeit at heart he felt somewhat apprehensive, preserved outwardly a dignified and scornful silence.

The day was approaching the darkening, and the night-frost was tingling in the faces of the two men when at last the shepherd halted. They had come to a place where the stream ran in pools and shallows, and as far as the turn in the valley there was no one in sight.

'Meg,' cried the shepherd, 'watch thae sheep;' and he turned towards the stream.

'Whaur are ye gaun?' asked the bailiff suspiciously.

'To catch saumon. Are ye comin'?' said the shepherd cheerfully. He peered cautiously over the edge of the bank, and drew back in silence. 'Hush! Here's a grand yin. Ha'e ye gotten your beuks, bailiff? No? Then I'll ha'e to lend ye mine.'

'What for?'

'To catch that saumon.'

'Whiae?'

'You.'

The bailiff laughed scornfully.

'Weel,' said the shepherd, 'I'll no' pit ye in there. Even a sma' thing frights a saumon. But that's a fine deep pool yonder; and I'm thinkin' it's gey cauld noo that the sun's doon. Will ye catch that saumon?'

'No.'

'Then it canna be helpit;' and, tucking the small man under his arm, the shepherd carried him kicking and wriggling to the edge of the pool. In another moment the unhappy bailiff was standing waist-deep in water.

'Noo,' he continued, laying his watch on the grass, 'I'll gi'e ye three minutes to mak' up your mind; and if by that time ye're aye obstinate, head ower heels ye go into the deep bit.'

For a minute there was silence between the two men, broken only by the swish of the stream and the lapping of the water against the bailiff's body; then the shepherd broke out again:

'No,' he said, with the air of one who has been pondering a difficult question, 'I canna for the life o' me mak' out what in the world garred ye venture sae far frae hame. Ance afore—it was lang syne—a bailiff cam' here, and what he got was a warnin' to them that came after him. He was a big man; but what garred you, a man o' your size, daur I canna think. Ye wad dae weel enouch, I've nae doot, amang the shilpit bodies that bide where you cam' frae. But to come here—it's a perfect insult to the muirs. Just figure you and muckle Jock Shiel—and at the imaginary picture the shepherd was convulsed with silent laughter.

Meanwhile—for he was a conscientious man—a struggle was in progress in the bailiff's heart. For the first minute his resolution stood firm by his duty. But gradually the ice-cold of the water seeped through his clothes, through his skin, into his very bones. His legs ached and shivers went through his whole body. The cold crept steadily upwards, seeming to expel all the blood from his legs; as it advanced his resolution began proportionately to wane, and he to think he had better make the best of a bad business. The struggle with his conscience was short. He looked at the dark, deep hole where the stream plashed into the pool, and shuddered. The struggle was over. He had stood by his duty long enough. Surely it would be folly to go further. So when the time had expired, and the shepherd asked his decision, 'I suppose I'll ha'e to dae it,' he said; 'but I'll pay ye out yet.'

'Never fash yoursel' about that,' said the shepherd. 'Come noo and we'll ha'e a crack wi' yon saumon.'

With an ill grace the bailiff took the hooks and addressed himself to his unpleasant task. At first he made little attempt to catch the fish. He had a vague hope that in time relief would come from some quarter, and he put off the evil moment. Meanwhile the shepherd taunted him from behind.

'Eh, man! ye ha'e little skill. The saumon's playing wi' ye. Div ye no see he's fair lauchin' at ye? And, by the way, bailiff—about that visit of ours to the court—will it be sune, div ye think, or will we pit it aff indefinitely? Personally I would recommend the last way—but ony way ye like.'

But taunts were of no avail. The bailiff did not in the least feel his honour offended, and his efforts were still languid. At last the shepherd grew impatient.

'See here,' he said, 'it's nae use delayin'. Ye've got to catch that saumon, and if ye dinna be smart I'll pit ye in the water again. By the way,' he added casually, 'here's Jock Shiel himsel' comin'. If I were you I'd hurry up and catch that fush afore onybody saw me.'

The bailiff glanced round, and there, sure enough, the six foot of stalwart shepherd came in leisurely fashion down the road. His last hope fled. There was nothing to be expected from the new-comer, whom he knew as a notorious poacher. Besides, it was better that there should be no witness to his deed. So he doggedly recalled his ancient skill, and set himself to catch the salmon with all speed. With much art he gradually drove the fish upwards on to the shallows.

'Fine, man!' said the shepherd approvingly. 'I kenned ye were juist shammin'. It's no' ill to see ye've been at the business afore. Set a thief to catch a thief, and mak' a poacher into a bailiff. Ye ha'e skill after a'. Great, man!—great! Just be cautious, noo—cautious—canny—and there ye ha'e him.'

And just as Jock came up the glittering back was landed at his feet.

'Man, Jock,' said the shepherd, 'ye're ower late. We've been ha'ein' grand sport, me and the bailiff. He could gi'e points in saumon-catchin' even to you.'

The bailiff turned to Jock. 'I tak' you to witness that I ha'e been forced to this.'

'I ken nocht about that,' said Jock, smiling. 'A' I ken is that I saw a bailiff landin' a saumon.'

'Ay,' quoted the shepherd irreverently; 'he diggit a pit for ithers and fell intil't himsel'.'

The bailiff glared savagely at the two men with impotent hatred in his face. Rage and a helpless longing for vengeance filled his heart and choked his utterance. Then he blurted out an oath, and flung himself off.

'Stop a minute, my bonny man,' said the shepherd; 'ye'll surely never le'e this fine saumon ahint ye. Weel, a wilfu' man maun gang his ain gait. But tak' my advice and tell them that employs ye to pit on bigger men for bailiffs, or

the saumon winna ha'e muckle chance up the muirs.'

The bailiff deigned not to reply. He set his shoulders square, drew up his small body to its utmost, and strode over the ridge with high dudgeon writ large on his squat little figure. The other two watched him as he disappeared, mirth and a kind of pity struggling for mastery in their faces. But the ludicrous picture of the forlorn little instrument of the law was too much for their kinder feelings. A storm of laughter caught and shook the shepherd. Presently Jock joined; and these two gigantic men roared in their mirth, their great sides heaving with paroxysms of laughter and the tears rolling down their cheeks.

It was not till long after the bailiff had vanished over the ridge of moorland that the shepherd, weak with laughter, dried his eyes and turned to Jock. 'Hunger,' he said oracularly, 'tames a craw, and cauld watter a bailiff.' And with these sage words the shepherd whistled on his dogs, and, collecting his errant sheep, went chuckling up the moorland road.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

LYDDITE SHELLS.



ALTHOUGH all good people have a horror of war and the terrible tale of misery which it drags in its train, there is a certain amount of fascination about it because of its picturesque and intensely dramatic accompaniments. One cannot, for instance, read without absorbing interest of the work of our Naval Brigade and their awfully destructive lyddite shells, which, by the way, take their name from Lydd, on the Kentish coast, where the explosive is made and tested. Although the 47-inch gun used by the Naval Brigade has a projectile weighing forty-five pounds, this includes the five and a half pounds charge of cordite which expels it; the weight of the lyddite in its head, which breaks the shell into death-dealing fragments, being only ten pounds. The entire projectile is in form like a sportsman's cartridge, containing its own propelling charge, with the addition of the bursting charge of lyddite; deducting these, the weight of metal is only twenty-nine and a half pounds. In the part of this *Journal* for January 1899 the composition and manufacture of lyddite were explained.

WAR TELEGRAMS.

The press of telegrams from the seat of war is straining the telegraphic system to its utmost limit. There are two terminal stations involved, one at Capetown and the other at Durban; and Government messages, by international agreement,

have priority always. Recently a message from Sir George White at Ladysmith was transmitted from Durban to London in the short space of half-an-hour; and if we follow the course of such a telegram, and see how it has to halt at certain intermediate points—Zanzibar, Aden, Suez, Alexandria, Gibraltar, each of these stoppages meaning a delay of several minutes—we cannot but wonder at the extraordinary nature of the feat. A single cable will transmit from one hundred and fifty to two hundred words per minute, every word being spelt right out, and in the present instance no code words were allowable. We must also remember that every message from the seat of war is carefully examined or censored before being sent on. The telegraph company's repairing ship is at Delagoa Bay, in order to be at hand to remedy any breakdown. Before these words appear in print it is highly probable that the Marconi wireless system will in a large measure have supplanted those land lines in Natal which can so easily be cut when the enemy can get near them.

THE FASTEST CRAFT AFLOAT.

It will be remembered that during the great naval display which formed such a notable feature of the Jubilee year, a certain vessel called the *Turbinia*—from the fact that the engines which turn her propellers are of turbine form—made a sensational run, for the edification of the visitors, at a speed approaching that of an express railway train. The principle has been adopted in a torpedo-boat destroyer which has recently been con-

structed for our navy by Messrs Armstrong & Co. at Elswick; and a Newcastle correspondent of the *Shipping Gazette* gives a remarkable account of the behaviour of the vessel during her trial trip. Scarcely bigger than one of the ordinary destroyers, she tears through the water, leaving in her wake 'a wall of white-boiling water.' At full speed she gave the impression of flying over the waves without effort. 'I saw her,' says the correspondent, 'run out of sight to the north in twenty minutes, and reappear again steaming south in ten minutes, and I watched her turn completely round so quickly that the eye was deceived in the movement.'

AN AERIAL STEAMSHIP.

Major B. Baden-Powell writes to the *Times* describing a visit he recently paid in Germany to the 'dockyard' where an aerial steamship of vast size is in actual course of construction. We have all read so much about such contrivances in the pages of Jules Verne and his hundreds of plagiarists that we are not too ready to believe in the realisation of such a dream. But here we have the evidence of an eyewitness that the ship is actually on the stocks, and is to cost when finished about seventy thousand pounds. It is made of aluminium, and has the appearance of an enormous bird-cage. Upon this framework an outer skin is to be stretched, and in the enclosed space a number of balloons are to furnish the rising-power. The total lifting capacity will be ten tons, and in a gallery beneath will be the engines to propel the monster through the air at an estimated speed of twenty-two miles per hour. If there were no such thing as a wind which bloweth where it listeth—and very often at a speed far greater than that stated—the aerial steamship might have more prospect of success than it seems to us to promise.

LAGER BEER.

Among the products 'made in Germany' which seem to have taken a firm root in Britain is lager beer, which, on account of its refreshing qualities and slight proportion of alcohol, has become a favourite beverage with many. Messrs Allsopp of Burton-on-Trent, one of our largest firms of brewers, have determined that the demand for such a light beer shall be met, and they have installed machinery for its production by a new process. Hitherto the method of making lager has consumed much time, and was therefore costly. The process involved two fermentations in separate vessels, of which the first occupied a fortnight and the second several months. By the Pfandler vacuum fermentation process, which has been adopted at Burton, the total time of manufacture is reduced to about three weeks, while at the same time the product is a purer and brighter beer. The principal feature of the new process is the continuous removal of the carbon dioxide given off by

the yeast through the action of a vacuum pump, while air filtered through cotton wool is admitted through the wort as required. Thus the yeast can perform its work more quickly, and 'wild yeasts,' and other organisms which might prove mischievous, are altogether excluded. In this manufacture cleanliness is secured from first to last, even the racking into casks being done under pressure and seal. The apparatus erected at Burton—the first of the kind in this country—will have a yearly output of about sixty thousand barrels.

STREET TRACTION.

Local authorities all over the country are puzzled to know what source of power to employ for traction on street tram-lines. The cable system answers well when there are no steep hills to climb; but it seems to have been almost supplanted in America by electricity. According to the *Electrical Engineer*, three hundred and fifty million pounds have in the United States been invested in these undertakings, nearly as large an amount as that invested in steam railroads. Then, again, there is a revival of compressed air for street work, and ten cars driven by this agency are now running in New York. We may note that some eight years ago, in North London, tram-cars were being run by compressed air; but for some occult reason they were soon replaced by horse-drawn vehicles. In the Metropolis at the present moment omnibuses driven by benzoline engines are in regular operation, and seem to meet with great support from the public. Possibly it will take some years to determine which of all these systems is the best.

SAVING LIFE AT SEA.

A prize of no less than four thousand pounds is offered by the heirs of the late Mr Pollok of Washington to the inventor of the best apparatus for the saving of life at sea, and is to be awarded during the Paris Exhibition of 1900. The money is deposited with the Security and Trust Company of Washington, and will be paid over to the successful competitor when a decision shall have been arrived at by the appointed jury. The total amount of the prize may be awarded to one person; or, should several inventions appear to be of equal merit, it can be split up between them at the discretion of the jury. Should it be decided to retain the prize because no invention of sufficient merit is sent in, the jury will have the power to indemnify competing inventors in such amounts as may be deemed advisable.

ANIMATED PHOTOGRAPHS AS WITNESSES.

During the recent international yacht-race, in which the *Columbia* proved the faster vessel, an interesting new departure was made in recording the details of the race. A biograph camera was placed in position on board the committee-boat, and whenever the competing yachts came within

dangerous proximity of one another the machine was set in motion so as to obtain a cinematographic record of the exact positions of the two yachts, in case of a foul or other untoward occurrence. These pictures were strictly regarded as official documents, and would have been put in evidence had any dispute arisen.

ARTIFICIAL PAVING-STONES.

A new method of making a durable artificial stone for paving purposes has been successfully introduced in Germany, and is likely to find employment in many countries. The basis of the pavement is, like that of many other systems, coal-tar. This is mixed with sulphur and heated, and to the plastic mass is added a preparation of lime. When cold, the compound is broken into fragments and mixed with glass or blast-furnace glass slag. Subjected to heavy pressure, the powder is moulded to any form required; and it is found that its resistance to wear and tear is fully half as great as that of Swedish granite. The other advantages claimed for the paving is that its roughened surface gives a good foothold, that it resists changes of temperature, is not noisy, and is easily kept clean.

NOW AND THEN.

Sixty years' progress in steam navigation has brought many and great changes in the 'ocean ferry' which forms a connecting-link between ourselves and our American cousins; and in *Cassier's Magazine* for November the improvements are summed up in a very concise manner. Speed, we are told, has increased from eight and a half to twenty-two and a half knots, with the result that a journey to-day takes about thirty-eight per cent. of the time it occupied in 1840. Vessels are now three times the length, double the breadth, and have increased tenfold in displacement since the year quoted; while the engine-power is forty times as great. Coal consumption, measured per horse-power per hour, is only about one-third of what it was in 1840. With the old type of engine and boiler each ton of weight produced only about two horse-power; now, with modern twin-screw engines and high pressure, each ton of machinery produces from six to seven horse-power. Had the modern engine been proportionately as heavy as those of sixty years ago, the machinery, boilers, and coal of such a vessel as the *Campania* would have exceeded the entire weight of the ship as she floats to-day. These are some of the apt illustrations from an article by Sir William H. White, Director of Naval Construction to the British Admiralty.

ARTIFICIAL SPONGE.

Many natural products are, in these days of advanced chemistry, so successfully imitated in the laboratory that the manufacture of a sponge which seems to possess all the valuable qualities asso-

ciated with the real article will not perhaps excite the surprise which it surely would have done a few years back. The process is patented by Dr Gustav Pum of Gratz, and consists principally in the action of zinc chloride on pure cellulose. This action results in a pasty viscous mass, which is mixed with coarsely-grained rock-salt. Placed in a press-mould armed with pins, the mass is pierced through and through until it appears traversed by a multitude of tiny canals, like the pores of a natural sponge. The excess of salts is subsequently removed by prolonged washing in a weak alcoholic solution. The artificial sponge swells up with water, but turns horny and hard on drying, just like its prototype; it is eminently adapted for filtering water for sanitary or industrial uses, and can be employed for all the purposes which are usually assigned to the animal product of the submarine rocks.

TRANSVAAL DIAMONDS.

It is not generally known that the diamond-producing region of South Africa is not confined to Kimberley. The United States Consul at Pretoria recently reported that the output of diamonds in the Pretoria district during the year 1898 was valued at nearly nine thousand pounds, the largest stone found having a weight of 38 carats. Although the industry has not developed with any astonishing rapidity, it must be remembered that the first stone was discovered at Reitfontein only in August 1897. The value per carat of the Pretoria stones is sixteen shillings, against twenty-six shillings of those found at Kimberley, and thirty-four shillings per carat for the diamonds from Jagersfontein in the Orange Free State. The total quantity of diamonds found in the Transvaal in 1898 was 22,843 carats, valued at £43,730. The stones found at the alluvial diggings are of finer quality than those found, as at Kimberley, in volcanic 'pipes.' A pure-white stone is sometimes of twelve times the value of a straw-coloured stone of identical weight. Unfortunately the war has caused a diamond crisis, and hundreds of diamond-cutters in Antwerp and Amsterdam have been thrown idle.

CURIOUS EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

Baron Kaulbars writes an interesting letter to *Knowledge* respecting the effect of lightning upon trees and buildings. He says that if the whole surface of a tree is damp when the lightning strikes it little harm is done, but if it is dry the spark will take the course of least resistance along the damp wood beneath the bark, and the latter is blown off by the steam suddenly generated as a result of great heat. Water steam at very high pressure is the force that generally causes the actual disruption in a tree struck by lightning. The Baron quotes a curious case in which a monumental column at Gatchina, in Russia, was destroyed from much the same cause. It was

fifteen metres high, and its stones were held together by interior iron angles. After a period of very rainy weather much water had collected between the stones, and when lightning struck it the entire column was blown to fragments. 'In this extraordinary case there is no doubt that the lightning-spark, retained by the intervals between the iron angles, instantly produced a great quantity of steam of very high pressure in the interior of the damp column, and the latter was actually blown up by its explosion.'

COMPLETION OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN AND CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY.

The announcement is made that the great Trans-Siberian Railway, with the important extension known as the Chinese Eastern Railway, will be completed in 1900, and that trains will then be running from St Petersburg to Vladivostok and Port Arthur on the Pacific. W. A. H. Ford, who describes the railway in *McClure's Magazine*, says that one of the possibilities of the Paris Exposition of 1900 will be a guard who will call out at the railway station, 'This way for trains from Paris to Port Arthur,' a distance of nearly ten thousand miles. The fares from St Petersburg to the Pacific have been quoted as twenty pounds first class, and less for third class. Already the number of emigrants passing eastwards through Cheliabinsk is two hundred thousand a year. Since Mr Geddie published his article, 'The Great Siberian Railway,' in this *Journal* for 1897, remarkable progress has been made, and there have been some adjustments of route at the eastern end. Russia has managed to engineer a shorter way through Manchuria to Port Arthur, which has this advantage over the original terminus of Vladivostok (the 'Glad Far East'), that it is free of ice all the year round. Since this took place the importance of Vladivostok has been somewhat lessened. The Chinese eastern section begins at Kidalova in Siberia, and runs south-east for six hundred miles to Harbin, a place which has sprung up with great rapidity, and which, it is prophesied, will be the Chicago of North Asia. Here, five hundred miles from Vladivostok, it crosses the Sungari River, and goes south six hundred and fifty miles to Port Arthur. A branch from Harbin connects with Vladivostok; south of Harbin there will also be branches to Gerin and Newchwang, and thence to Peking. Who could have dreamt that the end of the century would witness the capital of China connected by rail with Europe?

The Chinese eastern section, which is being built with great rapidity, must always have a Chinese president, with separate offices and management. The order for tools and plant for making this last section was cleverly secured for America by Mr Sergey Friede, of the Engineers' Club of New York, who arrived in Vladivostok in 1897, and after great difficulty hunted up the Russian

engineer-in-chief, who was on survey in Manchuria. According to Mr Ford, the American pickaxes, hammers, and shovels are of better quality than those of European make, with the result that shiploads of American railway plant, with locomotives, &c., arrived during 1898. The contract for the bridges was also placed in America. With the completion of the railway it is believed direct steamship communication will be started between San Francisco, Vladivostok, and Port Arthur. Portland, Oregon, is only some six thousand miles by sea from Port Arthur. This, the longest railway in the world, is to cost at least thirty million pounds. What share, we may ask, is Great Britain to have in these new fields for commercial enterprise? America has been first in the field: will she continue to lead?

LIGHTHOUSE ON THE FLANNAN ISLANDS.

Those who perused Mr Gibson's account of a visit to the Seven Hunters, or Flannan Islands, in our November number, will be glad to hear that a light was exhibited on 7th December from the lighthouse which has been erected by the Commissioners of Northern Lights on Eilean Mor, one of the Flannan Islands, situated north and west eighteen and one-third miles from Gallon Head, west coast of island of Lewis. The light has a group of flashing white lights, showing two flashes in quick succession every half-minute, and its power will be equal to one hundred and forty thousand standard candles; it will be visible all round, and elevated three hundred and thirty feet above high-water spring-tides; and it will be seen about twenty-four nautical miles in clear weather. We may hope that the new light will safeguard ships in this dangerous vicinity.

A CATHEDRAL.

THE Minster's mystic walls uprear
In Time's rich hues against the sky;
Fair sentinels that, year by year,
Have watched slow centuries go by.

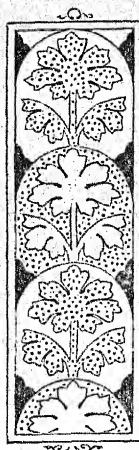
Within such perfect calm doth reign
As by no word may be exprest;
For though without men war with pain,
Here weary souls awhile may rest;

And, resting, gather strength anew
Mid dim memorials of the past;
The Faith our fathers held holds true,
O'er diverse ways Love's light to cast.

C. M. PAINE.

** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Postical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

BONAMY'S ADVENTURE.

By Mrs HAMILTON SYNGE.

CHAPTER I.

IHAD run down to spend Friday till Monday with my cousin Cissy Donnithorne at her pretty home in Hampshire. I particularly enjoyed my little visits to Cissy.

If there was one house where the especial weaknesses of man-nature were understood, it was at The Grange. The claret was Château Lafitte, and was warmed to the exact temperature. The house was old, interesting, and comfortable. The cooking was without blame.

Cissy was a widow, with a handsome income, pretty fluffy hair, blue eyes, and a charming manner. I always felt comfortable and at home with Cissy; and she had a way of asking my advice, which, though I knew she did not always take it, I found very engaging. As for trying to describe her any further, heaven forbid that I should make such a venture. The many years I have known her have only served to whet my interest, certainly never to assuage it; and I will only add that I rarely refused an invitation to come and stay with her—if I could help it.

I had brought down a friend with me—a rather clever young journalist, who was considered very 'rising.' Cissy had met him when dining with me at the 'Dieudonné' one day, and, having taken a fancy to him, had asked him to accompany me.

Bonamy was what is called a very good fellow; he was good-natured, and interested in everything going on around him, and was very popular with everybody. If he had a fault, it appeared to me he was a little opinionated, and, for a quiet man like myself, was rather too energetic.

We had not been long in the house on this particular Friday, when I saw that Cissy had something on her mind. Though I am not

very quick at noticing those sort of things, I could not help seeing that she only kept her attention to the conversation with an effort. It was evident that her thoughts were wandering elsewhere. Now, Cissy very rarely allowed herself the luxury of wandering thoughts; or, at any rate, if she did, it was not observable to the ordinary eye.

I wondered what it could be. Cissy's life was upon such very comfortable lines. Though she had had a trying three years of married life, ending in the death of her husband under very painful circumstances, yet since that period she had had an uninterrupted career of peace. Pretty, popular, and with plenty of money, with two healthy children on whom to lavish her affections, everybody felt that Cissy was now able to enjoy herself. She had a nature, too, which did not worry itself about trifles; and worry, with many women, takes all the advantages of good fortune away.

There was another visitor in the house, a Miss Harborough—a plain girl, with a good figure, who talked rather well. Cissy always had either a pretty girl or a clever girl staying with her, or one who 'did' something or other. The present example played and sang; and, as Bonamy dabbled in music amongst other things, they got on well together. They talked over all the great composers during dinner, and afterwards, when we returned to the drawing-room, were entirely absorbed in exchanging musical emotions at the piano.

Cissy and I sat listening to them in front of the cheerful wood-fire. In the interludes we had talked about the new pair of roans I had had the privilege of buying for her, and the respective merits of preparatory schools for her nine-year-old son, Tommy.

'Bertie,' she said presently, after a pause, during which Miss Harborough had sung 'Poppy-

Land,' and Cissy had stared into the fire—'Bertie, come nearer. I've something to tell you.'

I was always treated as an incorrigible bachelor by my female relations. They confided in me with a charming candour, and treated me with a half-pitying, half-playful affection which was either pleasant or the reverse according to my inner feelings towards them. I got up and sat at the foot of the sofa, while she, from her nest of yellow cushions, leant a little towards me.

'Bertie, I am dreadfully worried. My diamond necklace has disappeared. The valuable one. You know it.'

'Disappeared!' I repeated, aghast. Of course I knew it. On state occasions it blazed forth in all its glory upon her neck. It was of great value, and was strictly entailed. Its loss would oblige her to replace it, or as nearly as she could do so.

'Yes; but I have told no one at present—I have reasons,' said Cissy.

'You have told no one? You ought to tell them at Scotland Yard at once. Each hour of delay diminishes the chance of finding it,' I exclaimed.

'Yes, I know all that. But there is something queer about it. It is very mysterious. There was no trace of the room being broken into; everything was just as I left it. So it must be some one from inside the house, you see.'

'How did it happen?' I questioned, eagerly.

'Well, it was like this. I wore it two days ago at the Ormesbys' dinner. I had it on when I returned, I know for certain, because something was wrong with the clasp, and I had quite a bother to undo it. Henning had gone to bed—I told her she needn't sit up, as she had a headache.'

'Where did you put it?' I queried. I felt so filled with the seriousness of the loss that I scarcely heard the music.

'Well, I am a little careless, as you know,' said Cissy, with a charming frankness, 'and I was sleepy, and did not put it in the safe. I slipped it into my drawer, under the handkerchiefs.'

'You are quite sure?'

'Yes, quite sure. I remember thinking to myself that I had heard it said that the safest place is sometimes quite an ordinary place, because no one would think it would be there; whereas, of course, they would go straight to the safe. And burglars are so clever they can get through anything nowadays.'

Although Cissy freely admitted her delinquencies, she always had very good reasons for the same.

'And you looked everywhere for it?'

'Yes, of course I did. I hunted everywhere.

Not because I expected to find it, but because I couldn't settle to anything else. I know I put it in that drawer.'

'And you told no one?'

'No; I knew you and Mr Bonamy were coming, and I wanted advice. You see, it must be some one in the house; and yet—I'm sure—it *can't be*. It is very perplexing.'

Cissy knitted her brows, a thing she rarely allowed herself to do, as she leant back in the cushions.

'Now, I want you to *observe*, and tell me what you think. You are so clever at reading people's characters.'

'Whom am I to observe?' I asked, after modestly disclaiming any such powers. But Cissy always prepared her prospective servitors by a little judicious praise.

'Everybody,' she replied; 'though you needn't suspect anybody.'

'I suppose it is one of the servants,' I remarked incautiously.

'I'm sure it isn't!' cried my cousin, very indignantly. 'I'm certain they know nothing about it. They would be greatly distressed if they knew. And they have nearly all of them been here for ever so long. And what would they do with such a thing? They couldn't sell it.'

'Oh, there are plenty of ways—though, of course, it would not be easy unless it was some one who knew how to set about it.'

'I'm sure it isn't the servants,' repeated Cissy decidedly.

'Still, I am to observe everybody?'

'Yes; I suppose you had better,' she admitted reluctantly.

'Well, let us begin. First of all there is'—I nodded my head in the direction of Miss Harborough at the piano, pointing as I did so to my first finger.

'Of course it wasn't she. It would be absurd,' cried my cousin under her breath.

I said nothing. With the notorious 'Clifford case' in my mind, however, I did not feel I had a right to be so certain.

'Well, then, there are the children?'

'Oh, there is no need to count them,' said Cissy sweetly; 'they were in bed. They would not dream of such a thing—even in fun. Besides, they would tell me at once all about it.'

'There is a young lady I caught sight of as I passed the schoolroom. Their governess, I suppose?'

'Yes; Miss Evans—a very nice girl. I have known her all her life.' Cissy said the last words with emphasis.

'Well, we had better go through the servants as a matter of form. What about them?'

'Oh, there is Jenkins—dear old thing. Of course I couldn't have him suspected. He is so

religious. He prays for us all, I believe. He's a Wesleyan.'

'Yes,' I answered dubiously. I was not so overcome by these proofs of innocency as was my cousin.

'Then there is Emery. She is almost too conscientious. The other servants complain that she looks after everything so that they hardly get enough to eat. And the kitchenmaid is the gamekeeper's daughter—an exceedingly well-behaved girl, and pretty.'

Cissy looked at me almost reproachfully as she delivered the last words.

'The upper-housemaid was recommended by Lady Trower,' she continued after a pause; 'she had been with them five years. The under one is delicate. I give her cod-liver oil. And she has no mother.'

I did not venture any remark for a minute or two; then I said, 'There is the footman, and you have a maid, I believe?'

'Yes. I don't know much about the footman, I must confess. He has red hands, and I don't like his manner. But Henning is a treasure. I never have to puzzle about what I shall wear. She always knows.'

'Well,' I said after a pause, 'I suppose I must try and live up to my character; though I *thought*—you *thought*—I was not particularly good at that sort of thing.'

I looked at her a little suspiciously, I suppose, for Cissy laughed.

'Now, there's Bonamy,' I continued; 'he's the chap. It is just the sort of job he'd love.'

'Ah! I thought so,' cried my cousin enthusiastically.

'I suppose you really meant *him* all the time, only you didn't want to—hurt my feelings?' I remarked, with an unusual burst of perception.

'Never inquire what a woman means,' answered Cissy, giving my arm an affectionate little pat. 'Leave it in mystery; it is so much more interesting. At any rate, I feel certain he will discover something.'

'He *looks* as if he saw nothing at all,' I believe I said, with a faint tinge of jealousy.

'Yes; that's the only way to observe,' said Cissy, with a wise little shake of her pretty fluffy head. 'Everything is hidden behind its contrary. For instance, I am often most wise when I appear most otherwise.'

'I'm sure you are,' I replied warmly.

Cissy smiled serenely. 'Well, you may tell him all about it, and if he—neither of you—notices anything by Monday, we'll send to Scotland Yard.'

'They will say it is three days lost.'

'I don't care what they say. It is my affair.'

I knew that if she had made up her mind it would take a very fatiguing amount of convincing

argument to make her alter it. So I did not press the point.

'Do you sleep with your door locked?' I asked presently.

'Nearly always, though I sometimes forget it; and I have had the windows arranged with very secure fastenings, and the shutters.'

'And you say there was no trace of any one entering from outside?'

'None. Everything was just as it was left—no traces of any one. Even the drawer was not disarranged.'

At that moment the music ceased, and Miss Harborough and Bonamy came towards us. We entered into conversation for a little while, and then the two ladies went to bed, and Bonamy and I retired to the smoking-room.

I told him everything I had heard, and the way he listened was quite gratifying. His eyes were fixed upon me, or, at intervals, he leaned his head back in the low arm-chair and stared up at the ceiling.

'It is most extraordinary. We must get at the bottom of it,' he said eagerly.

'I thought it would be in your line,' I remarked encouragingly.

'I must think it over. I really should not have made a bad detective,' he said meditatively. 'There was that affair of my aunt's, you remember?'

I did remember. But I knew Bonamy liked to tell the story, so I asked him for the details, which described how he had very successfully tracked down a burglar.

'She wants you to notice everybody,' he said presently, as we resumed the subject. 'She must have suspicions.'

'I'm sure she hasn't,' I replied confidently. 'She was ready to jump down my throat if I so much as looked suspiciously about anybody.'

'That is very like a woman,' said Bonamy.

'You have had more experience with them than I have,' I remarked deferentially. Bonamy was considerably younger than I, but he had had three children, and had just married his second wife.

'It comes to one,' he said modestly. 'But it is possible—with women—to be on the wrong tack.'

'Have you any idea about it?' I said at last. He had relapsed into silence, accompanied by voluminous puffs of tobacco.

'I have several ideas,' he replied confidently; 'but they are not sufficiently developed to discuss at present.'

We went off to other topics; and Bonamy, who is fond of pictures, went into raptures over a little painting over the mantelpiece, with the dark figure of a man and some sheep against a lurid sunset. He talked of pictures that night, and also the next morning, and appeared as if he had quite forgotten we were occupied with any-

thing besides. I myself had thought of nothing else but the lost necklace. I was fond of Cissy, and also I felt interested. I even lay awake part of the night considering the matter—a thing of which I distinctly disapproved, as after a certain time of life one has to be careful.

After breakfast Cissy showed us over the house, in consideration of Bonamy, who was an enthusiast in all departments of architecture. It was an interesting building, in the Tudor style, with mullioned windows and some stained glass, and many of the rooms were oak-panelled. One wing of it was shut up and never used. It was the room where Sir Henry Donnithorne, Cissy's husband, had died by his own hand in a fit of madness, having attempted the nurse's life and Cissy's. It was supposed by the servants and people around to be haunted, and no one ventured near it. I saw Bonamy look down the corridor which led towards it as we passed, but he did not say anything, as I had warned him about it, and Cissy hurried past and took us in another direction.

We went into the schoolroom on our way downstairs, and Bonamy, who was very much at home with children, at once made friends with Gwendoline and Tommy. Cissy introduced us to Miss Evans—a tall, fair girl, with a pale face and rather an anxious manner. We stood and chatted with her for a few minutes on the new methods of teaching, and intimated that we wished we had had the advantages of a modern education.

'Miss Evans is a very successful teacher,' said Cissy, who managed others much as she did myself. 'Even Tommy likes his lessons.'

'Oh—I—say!' protested that young gentleman, as he tilted his chair back as far as it was tiltable.

'He likes some of them very much,' said

Gwendoline, who was always ready with conversation. 'But he thinks it sounds better to pretend he doesn't. I myself don't see anything to be ashamed of,' she added as she tossed back her wavy hair. Gwendoline was very like her mother.

Miss Evans was not listening to her pupils' remarks. She was staring out of the window. I noticed that Bonamy for an instant scrutinised her face as he talked to the children.

At luncheon Cissy informed me that she had ordered the mail-phæton, and was going to take me over to Cravenswood, a pretty place some seven miles distant.

'He wishes to stop at home and photograph,' she added in a whisper to me, glancing at Bonamy, who was replenishing Tommy's plate with cheese-cakes, as he talked to Miss Harborough.

'The light will be excellent. I shall do several of the house,' he remarked presently. 'And may I take some of the interiors? I should like the library, with the rose and portcullis ceiling, and that quaint little room off the spiral stairs.'

'That is my room,' said Miss Evans quickly.

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' replied Bonamy. 'I wouldn't disturb you on any account.'

'But you'll be taking the children for a walk—won't you?' said Cissy as she helped Gwendoline to some pudding. 'And I *should* like that old fireplace photographed; I believe it is the oldest in the house. I'm sure you won't mind.'

'Oh, certainly not,' answered the girl. But as she glanced at Bonamy I felt instinctively that she did mind, or else that for some reason she very much disliked him. I could not be sure which. It struck me as being rather curious.

SOME DIPLOMATIC CURIOSITIES.

TO the aspirant for diplomatic honours there are sundry qualifications necessary for his success. In the first place he must possess an inordinate amount of patience; though, if he follows any other walk of life, he will probably be told that that is necessary. Then he must have a private income of, at least, four hundred a year. Besides these two qualifications, he must be an accomplished linguist, and must possess both the ability and the desire to 'lie and roar' for his country. With these qualities and a certain amount of influence, he will, after a severe training at Downing Street, be given a small appointment at some legation, where he will get plenty of work and little fame. The British member of the *Corps Diplomatique* has,

however, this advantage over his foreign brother, that on the Continent a great deal of notice is taken of the diplomatic service, whilst in England it is a negligible quantity. It is doubtful if any Englishmen, save, of course, those who have intimate dealings with them, know the names of more than two of the Ministers representing foreign nations at the court of St James. On the other hand, diplomatists on the Continent live in a blaze of glory. Those amiable old diplomatists, famous after-dinner story-tellers that only foreign countries seem able to produce, are never more pleased than when they are accredited to the court of St James; whereas the same appointment would be perdition to a young, active, forty-year-old diplomatist. It may seem strange, except to those of about the same age,

to call a diplomatist of forty years of age young; but the youngest diplomatist in England is the Minister representing what we are pleased to call the youngest country, Japan, and he is just forty-one. There is only one younger Minister in all the courts of Europe, and he is also a Japanese Minister, only thirty-six years of age.

To the general public the most important thing about an ambassador is his dress, and the most important thing about his dress is his sword. The blade of the sword is a rapier blade, with the point blunted. The use that the sword is put to, in addition to its trick of tripping up its wearer, is usually the harmless one of poking fires; one diplomatist is said to file his bills on his sword when it is not otherwise engaged, and a standing witticism of the *Corps Diplomatique* is that the Russian ambassadors use their swords to file broken treaties, which is said to account for the inordinate length of their weapons. In very few cases has the diplomatic sword been a serviceable weapon. Many years ago, when relations between France and Germany were strained, the members of the German Legation in Paris are said to have adopted cavalry swords for the better protection of a member of one of their royal families, who unluckily happened to be in Paris at that time. Again, a few years ago the Japanese Minister in China substituted an old Japanese sword-blade for his dull rapier. The Japanese sword-blades go through innumerable processes in the course of making, and are the finest in the world, being able to cut through iron like paper. The Japanese Minister is reported to have said that with one of these by his side he would not mind being taken into the confidence of a mandarin. An ambassador on his entrance to the diplomatic service usually purchases a court suit, and as he rises adds the fresh orders and extra bits of gold lace. This course is economical; but it has one fault. Whilst the suit remains the same size, the ambassador usually has a tendency to corpulency—a tendency fostered by dinners and after-dinner convivialities. In England, when ambassadors attend the levees held by the Prince of Wales, or by some other member of the Royal Family deputed to take his place, they wear trousers with a broad gold band running down one side of the legs—trousers that closely resemble those worn by certain attendants that can be seen standing outside licensed houses of refreshment. When, however, an ambassador appears before the Queen he has to wear knee-breeches. A few nations, for the most part unimportant ones that pride themselves on being up-to-date, have refused to allow their representatives to follow this antiquated custom. In these cases the diplomatists, seeing that they must wear something different from their everyday dress, have decided to wear lavender-coloured trousers with broad gold bands running down the seams. If they had only come

under the influence of William Morris, they might have chosen the more regal purple as the colour of their nether garments.

There are two peculiarities of the American diplomatists. The first is, that they are even worse paid than the English diplomatists. The other is, that their ambassadorial dress is the common or garden evening-dress, with the different orders scattered over it. Both of these peculiarities are sore points with American ambassadors. Those who saw the Diamond Jubilee procession will probably remember a carriage containing a gentleman wrapped up on that sweltering day in an Inverness cape. He was the American Minister. Seeing the incongruity of appearing in evening-dress at a ceremony taking place in the middle of the day, while every one else was resplendent in gold lace, orders, and ribbons, he shielded himself from the piercing rays of the sun with a thick Inverness cape. The first envoy of the United States was Benjamin Franklin, master printer. He presented himself at the splendid court of Louis XVI. at Versailles. On this occasion the French king was wearing a coat embroidered with diamonds; the diamonds on the coat alone were valued at forty thousand pounds. His courtiers were attired in the same luxurious fashion. Franklin appeared in his Sunday best: a brown homespun cutaway, something like our evening-dress with the swallow-tails cut off, brown smalls reaching to the knees, a white kerseymer waistcoat, rough woollen stockings, a pair of thick-soled shoes with silver buckles, old-fashioned frill, fob, &c. A suggestion, worthy of American conception, has been made that the ambassadorial dress of the American Ministers should be a replica of that which Franklin wore on his first appearance at Versailles. The only people that have any objections to raise are the Ministers who will have to wear the dress if the idea is adopted. They imagine they will be too much like walking advertisements. Another suggestion, due to the war-fever, is that all American ambassadors should wear the uniform of a general of the United States army. Not only are America's representatives to have the dress, they are to have the rank of general, with all the rights, dignities, and privileges thereto appertaining; this, perhaps, is one of those little things that help to show the trend of American feeling.

A curious privilege of an ambassador is that he, and he alone, when dismissed, may turn his back to the sovereign to whose court he is accredited. The mode of procedure is as follows: When the ambassador's audience is over he waits to be dismissed by the sovereign. (There is only one instance of a sovereign—the Emperor of Russia—being dismissed instead of giving a dismissal; and then he was not dismissed by an ambassador, but by the peaceful journalist to whom he had granted an interview.) When dismissed the ambassador bows, retires three paces, bows again, retires another

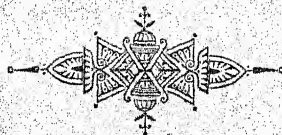
three paces, bows a third time, turns on his heels, and walks to the folding-doors. But it is felt that more polite methods should obtain when the reigning sovereign is a woman. To turn his back is to be discourteous, to walk backwards is to resign a privilege; the ambassador retires sideways, like a crab; he keeps one eye on the sovereign, and with the other tries to see the door. He thus shows politeness to the sovereign and at the same time retains one of his privileges. As the ambassador is usually an aged gentleman, often short-sighted, he sometimes fails to reach the door, and comes into collision with the wall instead. It is surprising how some of the younger members of the court contrive to maintain their composure at these little incidents.

Another privilege of ambassadors is the right of being ushered into the royal presence through folding-doors, both of which must be flung wide open. No one except an ambassador can claim this privilege; the most any non-ambassadorial person can expect is that one of the leaves shall be opened to him. The reason for this privilege is not known. There are certain irreverent suggestions that have been made; but we prefer to be silent with regard to them. Another privilege, capable of causing great inconvenience, is the ambassador's right of admission to the sovereign at any hour of day or night. Thus the Minister representing some little bankrupt state could go down to Windsor and demand an audience at four o'clock in the morning. The audience would have to be granted, though it could be delayed by the exercise of ingenuity.

With regard to the use of British embassies to Englishmen travelling abroad, there is one privilege difficult to obtain, and not worth much when it is obtained. If you are going to a foreign country, you inform some influential friend in the Foreign Office of the fact. He will send you what is known as the 'soup ticket.' This introduces you to the British Minister at the foreign capital you happen to be going to. The Minister on receiving this 'soup ticket' will invite you to dinner—*one* dinner and no more. That is the advantage of having a friend in the Foreign Office. The Americans are the only people who make much use of their consuls and ambassadors. Most of us know the coolness of the American girl either by experience or by hearsay. The 'poppa' of one American girl happened to control a large number of votes. Whenever his daughter came over to Europe she used to send her trunks

and other impedimenta along to the American Embassy. They were always taken in. The next elections would have been rather awkward if the ambassador had refused.

The ground on which a foreign legation stands is considered as belonging to the country whose flag floats from the legation roof. Supposing a member of a foreign legation in London committed a murder, all we could do would be to 'suggest' (a favourite diplomatic word, always used, except in relation to China) that the offender should be sent back to his native country and punished there. Some time ago, when a certain gentleman, whose name was well known at the time, was kidnapped into the Chinese Legation, an inspector from Scotland Yard immediately proceeded thither and released the prisoner. This was a most serious breach of international law, and was intently discussed 'in diplomatic circles.' Since the Chinese Legation is part and parcel of China, an invasion of the Celestial Empire was thus made by a Scotland Yard official. One almost forgets how long ago it is since the Muzzling Order was first issued; but shortly after the inception of that order a housemaid 'attached' to a foreign legation took a pug dog, also 'attached' to the same legation, out for a walk. She was stopped by a constable, who asked her why the dog was not wearing a muzzle. The housemaid replied that the dog did not possess a muzzle, because it was a diplomatic dog. The constable responded that the dog was a pug, and that he was not a fool. The constable took the name and address of the housemaid. A few days later a summons arrived at the legation. The housemaid did not present herself at the court, and the magistrate imposed a fine on her. At last the foreign Minister went to the Marquis of Salisbury about the matter. The result was that all the officials connected with the case were reprimanded; and a 'note' was addressed from Lord Salisbury to all the legations in London, in which note Lord Salisbury said he had the honour to call attention to a certain order entitled the Muzzling Order, by which it was enacted that all dogs, when taken into public places, should wear a muzzle over the head. Taking into consideration the present friendly relations existing between Her Britannic Majesty and the other Powers, might he suggest that, as a favour, all dogs belonging to the different legations should be muzzled when taken into the streets, or, if not muzzled, should be led on a leash?



OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A TALE OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER VI.—IN CIPHER.



HALF-AN-HOUR passed. Accompanied by the girl Primrose, I made a tour of the house; but it was evident that the dead man's wife had fled. Therefore, after full deliberation, I despatched the servant with a note to the police station, asking that an inspector might be sent, but not stating any reason. I instructed the girl to remain silent for the present, and waited patiently until the officer arrived.

Then I took him into the drawing-room, and, when we were alone, said:

'An extraordinary affair has occurred in this house; but there are reasons why the matter should for the present remain absolutely secret—reasons which will become obvious when I explain the position of the parties concerned.'

He was a smart, youngish, rather pleasant-faced man, who listened gravely while I related the whole of the facts. His brow contracted when I told him how Lord Macclesfield had instructed me to travel down to Richmond and hear the statement of the man whom I had discovered dead, and he gave vent to an exclamation of suspicion when I told him the story related by the girl Primrose.

'I'll see him,' the inspector exclaimed when I had finished; therefore I led the way across the hall into the small room where poor Gordon was stretched out upon the red velvet couch.

The officer, to whom a mystery of this description and magnitude was not of everyday occurrence, glanced quickly round the room, turned the body slightly upon its side, and then, noticing no sign of a struggle, exclaimed:

'I see no evidence of foul play. Do you?'

'No,' I answered; 'none whatever. But this window was unfastened, and there in that tray is part of a freshly-smoked cigar.'

'Strange,' he said, examining the ashes closely.

'That points to the fact that he had a visitor,' I said.

'Why?'

'Because he never smoked cigars; always cigarettes.'

'Ah!' observed the officer. 'That may serve as a very valuable clue.' Then passing into the dining-room, where the girl Primrose was standing, he submitted her to a searching cross-examination regarding her statement to me, and especially with reference to the tall, fair man who had called upon her mistress in the earlier part of the day. From the girl's reply it was

quite evident that she was concealing nothing, and that she had been much more observant than one would have supposed a servant to be. It was also clear that she entertained some ill-defined suspicion of her mistress, though of what neither of us could exactly make out.

At length the inspector, whose name was Glass, sent for the divisional surgeon, who lived on the Hill a little lower down, and also for the plain-clothes officer attached to that station.

Without delay the doctor, a stout, red-faced man, arrived, and, after the officer had given him a brief explanation, made a cursory examination of the body.

'He must have died about two hours ago,' he observed, rising from his knees and puffing after the exertion.

'There are no signs of violence?' suggested the officer.

'None whatever. From all outward appearance death was due to sudden failure of the heart's action.'

'Natural causes?'

'I expect so. Of course I must make a post-mortem later, and then I shall be able to speak with greater confidence,' the doctor answered. 'At present there seem no grounds to suspect that death was due to violence. But his wife and the servants have left, you say. Strange, is it not?'

'Very curious—very,' answered Glass. 'I'm confident there's some mystery or other; but what it is there's certainly, as yet, nothing to show.'

'Have you noticed this, doctor?' I asked, taking up the blotting-pad and handing it to him.

He touched the yellow stain with his finger, sniffed it, and, after holding the pad to the light and examining it carefully, said in the uncertain tone of one puzzled:

'I wonder what was spilt here?'

'Isn't it acid of some sort?' I inquired.

'Perhaps.' Then, turning to the inspector, he added: 'It will be better to preserve that. We may want to analyse it.'

I divined by the doctor's manner that he was undecided in his opinion. There were no marks of violence. It appeared as though poor Gordon, having been sitting at his writing-table, became suddenly unwell, and while resting upon the couch had expired before he could summon aid. Yet, if such theory were true, why had that voluminous document been burned, and why had Judith, his wife, fled after my arrival? Was it

because, ignorant of Gordon's death, she feared the exposure which I had threatened; or was it because she knew of his decease, and had escaped before I could discover the truth?

About this time the detective was ushered in by the girl Primrose; and, after hearing a brief explanation of the facts, he looked at the body, and then wandered from room to room, discovering nothing. He expressed an opinion which to me was certainly an absurd one—namely, that my friend's wife, discovering that he had died, had sent out the remaining two servants, and then herself had gone forth to seek some intimate friend. It was quite likely, he declared, that a woman should do this; for her natural instinct is to seek some one to console her in distress.

He, however, had no knowledge of the woman's character, and of course I did not enter into unnecessary detail. The one thought possessing me at that moment was a recollection of Lord Macclesfield's doubt consequent upon the mysterious statement which my friend had made. So startling and so utterly confusing had it been that his lordship had deemed it best that I should be aware of all the facts ere I set forth on my secret mission to Brussels. The terribly sudden death of this man who had made the amazing revelations, whatever they were, was certainly an extraordinary development; and it was, I saw, imperative that his lordship should learn the truth at the earliest possible moment.

I waited an hour in that silent house where lay the body of my friend, but Judith did not return. There was, of course, no direct evidence that he had died from any but natural causes, yet her absence increased our suspicion.

Both servants returned in due course, and were dumb with amazement on finding the house in the possession of the police. We heard their story, which was plain and straightforward enough. Their mistress, after my arrival, had given them leave to go out, saying that Ann would return shortly, therefore they could remain out till nine. They had gone out together, and walked along as far as Kew Bridge and back.

'And you know nothing of your master being in the house when you went out?' the detective asked of the cook, a responsible, middle-aged woman.

'No,' she replied. 'Master went out as usual this morning, and mistress told me that he would not be back to dinner.'

'Neither of you took a telegram to the post-office this morning about ten o'clock?' I asked.

'No, sir,' was the response.

It was therefore evident that Gordon had sent the telegraphic excuse to Downing Street himself, on his way out. Likewise, it was more than curious that his wife should have kept his return secret from the servants. The deeper

we probed the mystery the more inexplicable it became.

'Had you any idea that your mistress intended to go out?' the inspector inquired of the cook.

'None whatever. If she went out, Ann could not get in. She told me that she would remain at home, as she had been out the greater part of the day and was very tired.'

Many were the questions we put to the three domestics, but their knowledge threw no further light upon the mystery. Therefore, having given my name and address to the police, I left and returned at once to London, arriving at Waterloo a little after ten o'clock.

Without delay I took a hansom, and twenty minutes later was admitted to the great gloomy hall of the Premier's fine mansion in Grosvenor Square.

'Is Lord Macclesfield in, Budd?' I inquired of the aged retainer who had spent all his life in the service of the family.

'Yes, sir; but he's engaged. Is the business pressing?'

'Yes; it's official,' I said. 'Send in my card; and I handed him one.'

'Count Cusani, the secretary of the Italian Embassy, is with him; and his lordship said that I was not to disturb him. I'm very sorry, sir.'

'Then I'll wait,' I said, and without further word walked on into the small cosy room opposite, wherein representatives of every nation in the world have, at one time or another, sat awaiting the pleasure of the ruler of Europe. I knew the house well, having many times had occasion to call there to see his lordship. Indeed, night and day he was always visible on matters of pressing importance. His capacity for work was enormous, and his attention to duty a model for those junior clerks in the Foreign Office who preferred to read the *Times* and smoke cigarettes to performing the work for which the country paid them. Old Budd, too, known to every foreign diplomatist in London, from the Russian Ambassador down to the Liberian Minister, was a sharp-witted, amusing old fellow, of courtly manner and impressive voice; and while I sat there I chatted with him.

'I haven't seen you lately, sir,' the old man said presently.

'No,' I answered. 'Of late I've been at Constantinople.'

'Pooh!' he exclaimed. 'Sir Richard Davis was there once, and Colonel Poole was once military attaché. Both gentlemen told me it was a horrid place. You're better in London than there, they said.'

'They were right, Budd,' I laughed. 'But when you get a post abroad you have to put up with the uncomfortable as well as enjoy the comfortable. I really believe you'd have made a good ambassador.'

'No, sir,' laughed the old man heartily, for

he loved a joke. 'I shouldn't be able to take things so calmly as those gentlemen do. I'm afraid I should be for fighting, rather than for diplomacy.'

'Then, Budd, you'd be a dangerous man,' I said, while at the same instant an electric bell sounded; and, begging me to excuse him, he went forth into the hall.

The door being ajar, I heard the swish of silken skirts as a lady passed, and the stately old man opened the outer door and showed her out. Then I heard his lordship's voice telling his man that he would see me in a few moments.

'Who was the lady?' I asked Budd when he returned to me.

'A stranger, sir.'

'Young?'

'Yes. Rather good-looking;' and the old man winked knowingly.

'Ah, Budd!' I said, 'even though they call you an old fossil you're as keen as a knife, and you've got a good eye for pretty women.'

'When I was a youngster, sir, I was reckoned a bit of a don. But now'—and the old fellow pulled a long face and sighed without finishing his sentence.

I laughed.

In the diplomatic world of London, especially among the feminine section of it, old Budd's courtesy and the manner in which he tucked up the pretty women in their carriages had long been a subject of comment. He was ugly and wizened, but he had the manners of a prince, and was as attentive to the ladies as their lovers.

'Did that lady who has just gone out give any card?' I inquired.

'Yes; but I was in a hurry and didn't read the name,' he replied. Then he added: 'I fancy his lordship didn't want to see her, for she was only in his room about two minutes, and was then dismissed rather abruptly.'

'How do you know?'

'I can always tell by the manner his lordship shuts the door whether he's in a good humour or not.'

'And he's in a bad humour to-night—eh?'

'Yes, rather,' he answered confidentially. 'Sir Thomas Ridley, the Permanent Under-Secretary, has been here all the evening, and I fancy the outlook is serious.'

Just then the electric bell again rang, and old Budd led the way to the large roomy chamber which I knew so well, the private, thickly-carpeted room of the trusted Prime-Minister and Foreign Secretary of Her Majesty the Queen.

The three long windows were heavily curtained, and upon the two large writing-tables, littered with State documents and despatches, four green-shaded lamps shed a zone of light, the remainder of the room being in semi-darkness.

Within the circle of light was a leather arm-chair, and, in response to his lordship's invitation,

I seated myself in it. It was not the first time I had sat there; and I knew how cunningly that chair was placed, so that the visitor had the light upon him while the great statesman's face remained in the shadow. As I looked across the table I only saw the pale, serious countenance shadowy and indistinct in the gloom. He had a quill in his thin hand, and had been signing some papers as I entered. On the farther side of that old-fashioned room, wherein so much of the business of the empire was transacted, hung a large portrait of Her Majesty, just visible where the fitful glow of the fire fell upon it, and on a small table opposite was fixed the private telegraph instrument which enabled the Permanent Secretary at the Foreign Office to communicate with his chief at any hour, night or day.

'Well, Crawford, this visit is a rather late one,' he exclaimed in a voice which betrayed impatience. He usually worked alone at night, without even a secretary, and I knew he hated to be disturbed.

'I have to apologise,' I answered; 'but the matter is one which appears to be of pressing importance, in view of the confidence you have already reposed in me.'

'And what is it?' he inquired in a dry, calm tone.

'It is with regard to your instructions to see Gordon Clunes before I leave for Brussels.'

'Well, you have seen him?' he said, glancing at me quickly with his keen, penetrating eyes. 'What is your opinion regarding his statement?'

'I have not been able to get any statement from him,' I answered. 'I regret to say that he is dead.'

'Dead!' gasped his lordship, starting from his chair. 'Is this the truth, Crawford?' he cried.

'Yes, unfortunately,' I answered. 'I found him in his house alone, dead; and from certain appearances a mystery appears to surround the cause of his decease.'

'Clunes dead?' the great statesman echoed. 'Impossible!'

'He had been dead an hour at least before I found him,' I said.

His lordship's hand clenched as it lay upon the table before him.

'And that—that woman—what of her?' he asked, with a look of firm determination upon his blanched face, and laying stress upon the word 'woman.' 'Where is she?'

'She has fled,' I answered briefly.

'Fled!' he cried, standing glaring at me as one dumfounded. 'Do you mean that she has disappeared?'

I nodded.

'Then not an instant must be lost,' exclaimed the controller of England's destiny, touching the electric button upon the table. 'The coup of our enemies has been effected with an ingenuity and swiftness absolutely incredible. England's honour

is involved in this affair, how deeply only myself and another are aware; but at all cost our dignity and prestige must be preserved. This complication is most serious, and creates a crisis the most acute of the many which have occurred during the period of my administration. Our enemies must be outwitted and crushed, or this will indeed be a sorry day in the history of our Government and our country.'

At that instant the private secretary entered, and his lordship, addressing him, said:

'Get the Paris telephone switched on. I must speak with the Embassy at once.'

Matters were indeed serious, for, while the secretary was 'ringing-up,' his lordship took from a locked drawer a small volume containing the secret cipher code for despatches, and after consulting it carefully, wrote a long string of figures upon a sheet of paper.

Presently, after the lapse of some ten minutes, and while I still sat there watching, the secretary

announced they were 'on' to the Embassy in Paris, and that the First Secretary was awaiting his lordship.

At once Lord Macclesfield handed his secretary the slip, whereupon the latter went to the transmitter and in a clear, mechanical voice spoke the usual formal preface, 'From the Marquess of Macclesfield to Lord Lyndhurst, Paris,' and afterwards carefully read out figure after figure with clearness and distinctness, repeating the message, so that there could be no possibility of error.

'End,' the secretary exclaimed, after concluding the unintelligible array of numerals; and as he hung up the receiver the tiny bell rang off.

Thus in those few brief seconds had a secret despatch been sent beneath the sea, and Her Majesty's ambassador in the French capital informed of the latest turn of events.

Who could say what were his instructions, or what was contained in that cipher communication?

LIVINGSTONIA MISSION AND CENTRAL AFRICA.

By Dr GEORGE SMITH, C.I.E.



DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S desire was to reveal the sources of the Nile. He achieved the far greater practical result of discovering and opening up the most important access to the heart of tropical Africa from the mouths of the Zambesi. Only forty years have passed since Lord Palmerston's Government sent him back to the scene of his earliest triumph at the head of the Admiralty's steamship *Pioneer* Expedition, with this despatch addressed to the chiefs by Lord Clarendon: 'Ours is a great and a Christian nation, and we desire to live in peace with all men. We hate the trade in slaves. The Queen sends a small steam vessel to sail along the river Zambesi, which you know and agreed to be the best pathway for conveying merchandise. This is "God's highway."'

Thus, in 1858, the British Government entered the south-east end of the great Rift of Africa, which—by the Zambesi and the Shiré, the four lakes, Nyasa, Tanganyika, Albert and Victoria Nyanza, and the Nile—ends at the Mediterranean Sea. It seems as if nature had hollowed the land and supplied the water for the redemption of tropical Africa. Yet for some twelve centuries, since the Mohammedans overran the Soudan and the eastern coast-lands, and the Portuguese sealed up the Zambesi and the Rovuma against the rest of Christendom, the mute invitation to civilisation to use 'God's highway' was neglected. It was left to the Scottish people, through the Livingstonia Mission, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, to be no longer disobedient to the heavenly vision.

Dr James Stewart was the first to join Livingstone at the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi early in 1862. Then an eager medical graduate of Glasgow and licentiate of divinity in the Free Church of Scotland, he went out, partly at his own cost, to survey the river and lake country. The time for action seemed to be then premature. There was a new upheaval of the slave-raiding interests, which resulted in the cessation of the English Universities Mission under the Scotch Bishop, Mackenzie; so Stewart was sent to Lovedale in the far south, to prepare that great institution to help in the new mission when it should be equipped. From 1858 the years passed on, while Livingstone tramped tropical Africa in his beneficent enterprise and geographical enthusiasm. His death and the burial of his body in Westminster Abbey, while his heart lies at the headwaters of the Congo, roused all Scotland. The sixteen years from 1858 to 1874 were not lost. Again James Stewart was in Scotland, where he planned the new enterprise, raised the funds, and fairly founded the Livingstonia Mission, bearing the name of the master he had just helped to bury in the Abbey nave, consecrated by the dust of heroes.

The enterprise was at once missionary and national. In 1874-5 crowded meetings were held in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Dundee, at which peers and judges like the first Lord Moncreiff vied with merchant-princes like Young of Kelly, James Stevenson, White of Overton, Sir William Mackinnon, Sir William Henderson, Sir John Cowan, Coats of Paisley, and R. A. Macfie of Dreghorn, in practical zeal for the

cause of Africa. In the first year eleven thousand pounds were raised, of which Glasgow gave half and Edinburgh one-third. The three Scottish Churches co-operated in the undertaking. The Free Church of Scotland organised the whole, led by Dr Stewart, who went on in advance to South Africa to prepare the way. The United Presbyterian Church supplied Dr Robert Laws, a man worthy of Livingstone and Stewart, who has for twenty-five years developed the Mission to its present remarkable position. These two Churches sent out the first expedition to Lake Nyasa, consisting of medical and artisan missionaries and the *Ilala* steamer, commanded by Mr R. Young, R.N., whom the Admiralty lent for the purpose. The six were Dr Robert Laws, medical missionary; George Johnston, joiner; John McFadyen, engineer and blacksmith; Allan Simpson, second engineer; Alexander Riddell, agriculturist, and William Baker, seaman. Dr Stewart himself joined at Algoa Bay the second expedition, consisting of these reinforcements: Dr Black, second medical missionary; John Gunn, agriculturist; Robert S. Ross, engineer; and Archibald C. Miller, weaver. This party was also accompanied by Mr Henderson, representing the Established Church of Scotland. It found the Livingstonia Mission successfully planted at Cape Maclear, at the south end of Lake Nyasa, which the *Ilala* had entered on the 12th of October 1875. In a brotherly and business-like way its missionaries, already housed and in the command of skilled and native labour, helped Mr Henderson to found his Blantyre Mission in the Shiré highlands to the south. Dr James Stewart, after a time, retired to Lovedale; his cousin, a civil engineer of the same name, threw up a lucrative appointment in India to give himself to the Livingstonia Mission; and Dr Laws became the trusted and now experienced leader of the Livingstonia enterprise.

The two Missions found themselves, as they had expected, in a No-man's Land, among tribes of the Zulu and Kaffir varieties, who were either terror-stricken slaves on the lake and river shores, or bloodthirsty raiders swooping down from the healthier uplands. Yet the Zambesi, Shiré, and coast approaches to the lake-country were commanded by the Portuguese from Quilimane, whose administration was obstructive, while their claim to the hinterland was none the less annoying that it was ineffective.

Unlike Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Office of 1875 refused Livingstonia a British Consul. Worse than either Portuguese or Zulus, who nevertheless favoured their infamous traffic, were the so-called Arabs from the coast. These scoured the country, setting tribe against tribe, and carrying off slaves at the rate of nineteen thousand a year, as officially reported, to supply concubines and eunuchs to the Mohammedans of Asia. The Scottish staff, increasing every year, found itself exposed to the deadly malarious

fever, which, in the form of the 'black-water' scourge, seemed to strike down the healthiest and strongest. The heroism and the hardships of Dr Laws and his associates in the first fifteen years of the Mission cannot be exaggerated. Very wisely had Dr Stewart drawn up the instructions which formed their code of laws, civil and ecclesiastical. As British subjects they were amenable to the nearest court, the Supreme Court of Cape Colony, thousands of miles away. Yet the British Government gave them neither protection nor advice for a time, and then merely stationed a consular agent at Blantyre. The Livingstonia Scotsmen, guided by the Aberdeen caution and self-sacrificing wisdom of Robert Laws, made no mistake. Gradually the peoples of the western shores of Lake Nyasa, and even its uplands, learned to trust them. Carrying the message of peace—*Pax Evangelistica*, including *Pax Britannica*—all around the fine but often stormy inland sea, three hundred and fifty miles long by sixty broad, the *Ilala* was at once a hope to the terror-stricken and a warning to the slave-trader. Indirectly only, the Mission as a mission thus applied the principles of Jesus Christ to slavery, and with a far more rapid success than the old world of Roman paganism ever witnessed.

While evangelising and working at their industrial tasks at Cape Maclear, the missionaries had two preliminary difficulties of no ordinary magnitude to master before they could advance. They must survey the lake and its western and northern uplands, leaving the eastern shore and Likoma Island to the renewed Universities Mission; and they must master the languages, especially the Nyanja. Accordingly, important contributions were made to geographical science by the voyages and trappings of Dr Stewart and Dr Laws, both F.R.G.S., in 1877; by Mr J. Stewart, C.E., and Dr Laws in 1878; and by Mr J. Stewart and Mr John Moir in 1879. In subsequent years also other members of the Mission, such as Dr Elmslie and Alexander Bain, as well as Professor Henry Drummond, explored Nyasaland, south by Chikusi's country towards the Zambesi, and north up the Songwé and the great plateau to Lake Tanganyika and even Mweru and Bangweolo. Thus prominent points and healthy sites were selected for stations, the chiefs were conciliated, land was acquired, and the medical and educational blessings of the Mission were made known far and wide. Then Messrs J. Stewart and W. McEwan, C.E., laid down their lives in the construction of the Stevenson Road from Karonga, the port at the head of Lake Nyasa, up to the plateau and on to the southern shore of Lake Tanganyika.

Cape Maclear, the climate of which had claimed such victims as Dr Black, was soon left to the charge of the first convert of the Mission, under the supervision of the Rev. Andrew C. Murray,

who began a mission supported by the Dutch Reformed ministers of South Africa, in kindly co-operation with the Free Church of Scotland. Bandawé, a promontory on the west shore of Lake Nyasa, half-way up, was permanently occupied as the chief missionary port, and brick buildings were erected there in 1881. Dr Laws there found himself among the Atonga people, with a new language to overcome. But far more serious was the fact that these tribes were the slaves of the Zulu warriors in the uplands, the Ngoni. These too must be won. For more than two years he and Dr W. A. Elmslie, James Sutherland (from Wick), and William Koyi (Dr Stewart's Kafir from Lovedale) lived and worked in peril of their lives, which, indeed, the two last laid down as truly as any martyr who suffered a death of violence. There is nothing in the whole history of the Church, not even in the dark ages of the conversion of the northern nations of what is now Christendom, finer than the story told all too modestly by Dr W. A. Elmslie in his book, *Among the Wild Ngoni* (Edinburgh, 1899). Only the supernatural, working through such men and their successors, the late Dr Steele and the present Donald Fraser (of Glasgow) can account for the transformation. When making the Stevenson Road, James Stewart had opened a station at Mwiniwandu on the plateau, and soon after Dr Cross began settlements on the slopes of the Livingstone Range, up from the Songwé. But the time of the partition of Africa had come, from the action of Germany at Zanzibar. The vast country, from the east coast opposite that island of ours, back to the lakes and down to the Rovuma, was declared by treaty to belong to our Teutonic kinsfolk, and the Songwé became the boundary between us and them. Transferring the new stations there to the Moravian Society, who, followed by the Berlin Mission, took possession of the Livingstone Mountains, the Livingstonia Mission made the important port of Karonga its headquarters at the north end of Nyasa.

Now, in 1888, came the climax of the struggle between Christian civilisation and Mohammedan slave-raiding. It had been seen very early that, in the absence of a government and of civilised facilities of any kind, a secular company was required to work parallel with the Livingstonia Mission, supplying lawful commerce to push out the slave-trade. The same merchant-princes of Glasgow who did so much for the Mission formed themselves into the African Lakes Company, now the African Lakes Trading Corporation, with a capital of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. For years the shareholders took out their dividends in philanthropy alone, but last year they received seven per cent. Resenting the action of the two influences, the spiritual Mission and the commercial company, three leaders of the Arab slave-raiders resolved to extinguish both. Under Mlozi they stockaded themselves over

against Karonga, and stopped the whole progress of the previous thirteen years. The Lakes Company, by its heroic managers, Messrs John and Frederick Moir, bravely set itself to extinguish the enemy and rescue the Kondé and other peoples whom the Arabs were harrying. Colonel (then Captain) Lugard was invited by the British Consul to join the Moirs, save Karonga, and clear the land, which then owned no ruler's authority. How splendidly, yet humanely, this was accomplished, with one gun, Colonel Lugard tells in *The Rise of our East African Empire* (Edinburgh, 1893). The way was now clear for the step which the action of the other Christian Powers had led us to delay too long in taking—the establishment of the Protectorate of British Central Africa.

The Livingstonia Mission—that is, the self-sacrifice and the consecrated genius of David Livingstone, Dr James Stewart, and Dr Robert Laws—had created a great British colony, extended, by North Rhodesia under the South African Company, over an area as vast as the German Empire. As in 1874, the Scotch Churches again united, this time with the English Universities Mission, their friendly neighbour on Lake Nyasa, to ask the British Government to do its duty. Meeting Members of Parliament under Lord Balfour of Burleigh in London on the 24th of April 1888, their representatives, with whom were those of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society and the Anti-Slavery Society, urged three requests: (1) to impress on Government facts as to the increase of the slave-trade in connection with political changes at Zanzibar, (2) to secure free transit for British goods on British vessels from the coast to the interior, and (3) to declare Nyasaland from the Ruo northwards a sphere of British influence. When the Foreign Office saw the report of the enthusiastic meeting next morning, Lord Salisbury atoned for all past delays and dangers by inviting the Mission deputies to meet him. Had not Lord Palmerston's and Lord Clarendon's action in 1858 shown the way? The Zambesi was again officially declared to be 'God's highway' for all nations; and by 1891 British Central Africa, under its own chief commissioner, was a fact.

As a mission to the dark races, that which so worthily bears Livingstone's name may claim, in this the twenty-fifth year of its operations, to be the most thorough and complete in its methods, and the most rapidly and permanently successful in both its direct and its secondary results, of all Christian missions, ancient and modern. The six methods are, for men and women, preaching and teaching, translating and printing, medical and industrial, with the one aim of creating Christian communities and nations. All six are combined by this one organisation with a vigour and a unity seen elsewhere chiefly in separate agencies. Preaching has the direct and immediate aim of conversions, resulting in a self-

governing, a self-supporting, and a self-extending native Church. Here, before the eyes of this generation, the process has been evident and rapid, in a way rarely seen elsewhere. How soon may a new mission be expected to see true and working converts? The question shuts out the old system of mass movements such as brought into Christendom our fathers and consolidated the great Russian Church. On the individualistic system of at least Scotch missions, the early result must be slow, but all the more thorough and certain in the future. In British Central Africa the first Chinyanja convert dates from 1881, six years after Laws began his Bible translation; in 1883 there were nine, of whom two were women; in 1889, forty-eight; in 1894, two hundred and seventy-seven; in 1899, about thirteen hundred. Among the lately bloodthirsty Ngoni around Ekwendeni, as among the once enslaved Atonga around Bandawé, there have of late been scenes of almost national covenant-making and personal consecration such as have not been surpassed in the revival and hillside sacramental seasons of Scotland, but free from all excess and physical manifestations.

Teaching in one hundred and fifteen vernacular and eight Anglo-vernacular schools, attended on a single day this year by twenty-two thousand two hundred and twenty-eight adults and children of both sexes, at once prepares for such results and perpetuates them on a solid foundation. The best of the scholars are drafted into the High School and Training Institution at Livingstonia in the healthy uplands above Florence Bay, some five thousand six hundred feet above the sea. That busy hive of three hundred and fifty resident students of both sexes, with its self-supporting farm under a grandson of Dr Moffat, and factories and press, gives a permanence and expansion unknown in Uganda. No fewer than twelve languages have been mastered, and in these portions of the Bible are translated, and a pure schoolbook literature prepared in the Mission press by native printers under one Scotch foreman. Of the ordained and university missionaries three-fourths are medical

men with a full British qualification, and there are two certificated nurses. These treated eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty-five medical and fifteen thousand four hundred and ninety-four surgical cases in 1898. To the many English Universities missionaries, white employes of the Government, the trading and the coffee companies, and the workmen of the Transcontinental Telegraph Company already on the south shore of Tanganyika, the medical missionaries have been a blessing. The industrial work at each of the five central stations from Bandawé to Mwenzo on the Congo watershed, the very heart of Africa (as the word signifies), is described by a recent traveller from Mashonaland as resembling 'a large industrial centre at home'; a scene of varied activity and order, with its indentured apprentices and its skilled work for both men and women. The Mission has supplied the whole colony and part of North Rhodesia with cheap and clever and polite Christian labourers. By the successive Chief Commissioners, Sir H. Johnston and Mr Sharp, as by representatives of the Chartered Company like Major Forbes, R.A., and Mr Codrington, official testimony has been borne in almost every year's report to the good deeds unconsciously done by the missionaries, and to the widespread loyalty and elevating civilisation in which may be summed up the secondary results of the Scottish Livingstonia Mission. The Scotch staff is now thirty strong, including cultured women, exclusive of the large allied Mission of the Scotch-Dutch Murays south from Bandawé towards the Zambesi.

Government is now expected to do its duty in laying, on the three-foot-six gauge, the railway which Sir Charles Metcalfe surveyed by its orders in 1897 for two hundred miles, from Chiromo, on the Lower Shiré, to Blantyre and Mpimbi round the cataracts, and then from Blantyre to Zomba, the capital, and Lake Nyasa. That will give uninterrupted water and rail communication from Chindé, at the mouth of the Zambesi, to the north end of Lake Tanganyika.

MRS PORTINGDALE'S LUNATIC.

By W. E. CULE.



HERE are some curious people at Bessing-on-Sea, and they entertain peculiar ideas as to what is the safest thing to do in a thunder-storm. My experience of their quaintness in this respect was a very brief one, but my recollections of it are remarkably vivid and distinct.

I went down to Bessing to spend a fortnight's vacation with my Aunt Esther, and the thunder-storm took place on the morning after my somewhat sudden arrival. Immediately after breakfast

the atmosphere became hushed and sullen, while clouds of a heavy bluish complexion gathered overhead. My aunt viewed these omens with manifest uneasiness, natural, I thought, in a nervous old lady. Presently she left me to myself, and I retired to my own room to write a letter or two. This took me about an hour, and the storm was still gathering when I had finished.

The hush which prevailed without seemed to have found its way to the inmost quarters of my aunt's household, for there was not a sound to be heard anywhere. After some trouble I dis-

covered Aunt Esther in the library, seated in an easy-chair with her eyes fast closed. The expression she wore was one of intense pain.

'Good gracious, aunt!' I cried, 'what on earth is the matter?'

She opened her eyes suddenly. 'Dear me, Harold,' she said mildly, 'how you startled me! There is nothing the matter. It is the thunder-storm.'

'The thunderstorm?'

'Yes. I am very nervous about thunder, and I have found that the best thing to do is to try to forget it. I sit down with my eyes closed, and try to concentrate my thoughts upon something else. Indeed, I have found this plan most successful.'

'Really?' I asked. 'And are all your servants doing the same?'

'Yes,' answered the old lady gravely. 'I have ordered them to do so.'

This accounted for the prevailing silence. The cook, the housemaid, and probably the gardener were all sitting down in the kitchen with their eyes closed, trying hard to concentrate their thoughts on anything but the storm. Before I had quite realised this Aunt Esther went on:

'I am not so foolish as some people about thunder. I know one person who refuses to stay in the house at such times, because there are so many steel articles about her. Mine, however, is a good plan, and I give my servants the full benefit of it. I think, Harold'—

In another moment she might have ordered me to follow the general example, so I left the room hastily. I sat down in the hall for a few moments, to enjoy the vision which her words had suggested; then I took my travelling-cap from the stand and went into the garden.

Aunt Esther's garden, which I had not seen for some ten years, was an extensive and old-fashioned one, with wide walks and the privacy secured by high stone walls. On reaching the farther end I found that the house behind me was quite hidden from view by the abundance of foliage. Before me was the wall, covered by peach and pear trees, and against the wall stood a light hand-ladder. The gardener had left it there when he had been called in to concentrate his thoughts upon something else.

I felt an idle curiosity to know what was on the other side of the wall. Probably I should find a field, or perhaps another garden. With cautious steps I began to mount the ladder. I am inquisitive by nature.

Slowly my head rose above the wall. It was a large garden that came into view, with a house half-concealed among the trees. Everything was very still, and there seemed to be nobody about. I raised myself another step, to make a closer scrutiny.

Then I gave a start, and for a moment drew back. It was only for a moment, for then, with

increasing boldness, I was peering down at the scene which had startled me.

Just below, built against the wall, was a kind of rustic summer-house. It was a wooden erection, covered with the ornamental bark so frequently used for flower-boxes. There was no door, but it was open at the end, and within I could see a couple of tall carpet-chairs and a wicker table. On the table lay two books, one of them open, and in one of the chairs sat a lady. The first glance told me that she was fast asleep; the second, that she was young and charming—quite young and decidedly charming!

For some seconds I could only gaze helplessly. She sat leaning back, with her face turned in my direction and a Tam-o'-Shanter cap set daintily upon her head. Her gloveless hands were delightfully white and small.

When I had observed all these points I mounted a step higher!

Let me say here that I am shockingly susceptible and exceedingly romantic. The sound of a girl's voice, the very rustle of her skirts, can always set my pulse in rapid motion, while I am prepared to read the opening of a romance in a simple chance-meeting or in the commonest everyday remark. As a rule I am shy and reserved; but, like some other men of this character, I can occasionally act in an absolutely reckless and dare-devil way. These facts must be taken in explanation of my further conduct.

I gazed upon that picture for another minute. Then I mounted another step. Again I gazed for a space, and then I found myself seated astride the wall. By this time the spirit of adventure was in me, and I was capable of any madness. A thousand foolish and romantic fancies came rushing to my brain. I was already in love!

Who and what the sleeper was, her name, nature, and station—all these had nothing to do with the matter. Happy chance and a providential thunderstorm had led me to the spot. The same thunderstorm, no doubt, had sent her to sleep with the book open before her.

I looked the grounds carefully over, but there was no sign of life. While I was doing this I thought I heard the sleeper stir, but when I glanced quickly down she was as still as ever. With perfect caution I lifted the ladder over, and let it down on the other side. A moment later I was in the entrance to the summer-house.

Save for the breathing of the sleeper, the stillness was almost painful. It occurred to me once to wonder what she would say if she found me there, but I did not trouble to answer the question. I had read of similar cases before, and everything always came out nicely. Of course she would see at once the romance and beauty of the situation. I felt quite sure of this when I saw that the book before her was a volume of Tennyson, open at 'The Coming of Arthur.' My own name is Arthur—Harold Arthur Simpson.

She was absolutely charming. Beneath the rakish cap stray curls of dark, glossy hair wandered down to the graceful little ears and about the ivory temples. The cheeks were rather pale, and the lips were closed just a trifle too firmly for perfect repose; but—but all that only seemed to increase the charm. I did not gaze too earnestly, fearing to disturb her, and presently took up the other book which lay upon the table. It was a morocco-bound autograph album, with the majority of the leaves empty. I turned them silently, to read a number of unfamiliar names and commonplace quotations. While I was doing this a bright idea came to me, full of the spirit of romance. I would write something in the album!

As I searched for my pencil I decided what this something should be. Finding a vacant page, I quickly drew upon it the outline of a heart. Within this I wrote the name 'Arthur.' When she awoke after I had gone she would find this symbol, and know that her prince had been with her. I would leave the book open at that place.

Prince! As I laid the book down another thought flashed to my mind. It made my heart beat madly and sent the hot blood rushing to my cheeks. Here was the Sleeping Beauty—here was the Prince. There was one thing wanting to make the story whole. One thing. . .

Somehow I felt that it would not waken her; otherwise, perhaps, I should not have dared. But her slumber was sound, and I was strung to the highest pitch of reckless excitement. No, it would not waken her. It would be but a touch.

With intense caution I drew nearer. There was no difficulty whatever, for her face was turned towards me. I trembled as I bent down; the fragrance of her breath was in my face; and then. . . It was just a touch, and nothing more.

But it sent a tremor through her frame, as from a shock. For a breathless moment I stood still behind her chair; and then I saw the madness, the utter folly, of what I had done. I had a vague thought of police, and turned cold with fear.

But she did not wake, and I passed out like a shadow. Some instinct impelled me to close that awful album as I turned away. In another three seconds, it seemed, I had climbed the waiting ladder, drawn it up after me, and placed it in its first position. I was back in Aunt Esther's garden, tremulous with mingled dread and triumph.

'Good heavens!' I said to myself, 'that was the maddest thing a man ever did.'

I walked twice round the garden to quiet my nerves, and then went indoors. With the relief of my sudden panic came the desire to know more about my Sleeping Beauty. The romance had begun well, and now it should move forward. I had some twelve days in which to work it out.

Naturally I had forgotten all about the thunder-storm; but now I found that it had passed over without breaking. The skies were clearer, and my aunt had gone to the kitchen to make arrangements for lunch. As soon as she came back I opened the subject.

'Aunt Esther,' I said, 'whose is the garden next to yours? When I looked over the wall I saw a young lady sitting in a little summer-house, fast asleep.'

My aunt seemed surprised. 'Asleep?' she said. 'That is very strange. But it must have been Mrs Portingdale.'

'Mrs Portingdale?' I gasped. 'Mrs'—

'Yes,' said Aunt Esther quietly. 'She is the person I was about to tell you of this morning. When there is thunder about she dare not stay in the house, because there are so many steel articles in it. She goes to that ridiculous little summer-house until the storm is over. But she could hardly have gone to sleep there; she would be too nervous.'

I felt a horrible sensation of bewilderment.

'But—but,' I cried helplessly, 'this was quite a young girl. She was not twenty'—

'Mrs Portingdale,' said my aunt, nodding, 'is just twenty. She was married six months ago. There is no other young woman there.'

These measured words struck me with dumbness. Aunt Esther looked at my face with increasing surprise, and seemed just about to ask a question when a noisy interruption took place. The front-door bell was rung with an alarming *clang, clang, clang*, eloquent of haste and urgency. We heard the housemaid running to the door, and then there was a sound of voices. We listened and waited, my aunt in surprise, myself in growing guilt and fear.

In a moment the housemaid knocked, and entered. 'If you please, ma'am,' she said excitedly, 'Mr Portingdale's compliments, and can you run over to see Mrs Portingdale? She has had a fright in the garden, and fainted!'

My aunt rose in agitation, but she was not the one to delay a kindness for the sake of asking questions.

'Dear me! dear me!' she said in distress. 'It must have been the thunder. Ask the girl to wait, Mary, and I'll go back with her.'

The messenger was taken to the kitchen, to tell her story at greater length, while Aunt Esther hurried upstairs for her bonnet and mantle. Five minutes later she came down again, and left the house with the girl. As soon as she had disappeared I went to find the housemaid.

'Mary,' I said hastily, 'what did the girl tell you? What is wrong with Mrs Portingdale?'

And Mary told me, pleased to find an interested listener. The first part of the story was exactly as I expected to find it. Mrs Portingdale had gone to the summer-house because of the thunder-storm, and had taken a couple of books with her.

The heaviness of the air had given her a headache, and she had closed her eyes for a while to rest them. Presently a slight sound had disturbed her, and, looking up, she had seen a most terrifying sight.

'It was a lunatic, sir,' said Mary, 'sitting on the wall, and looking round the garden so eager and fierce-like, it made the poor lady's blood run cold to see him. She knew at once that he must have escaped from the Bessing Asylum, because he was a strange face, and such things is happening continually. So she shut her eyes fast, knowing as her only chance was to pretend to be asleep. Then he got down off the wall, and came and stared at her for ever so long, she almost dying of fear. It must have been awful! Then she peeped again between her eyelashes, and there was the madman grinning, silly-like, over her books. After that he was still so long that she expected every second that he would spring at her, but he didn't. What do you think he did, sir?'

'Who knows?' I gasped, falsely and painfully.

'Well, sir, he—kissed her!' Mary blushed at that point, even in her excitement. 'Fancy being kissed by a lunatic! It sent cold shivers all through the poor lady, and indeed it must have been a horrible feeling, but she didn't stir a finger. Then there was quiet so long that she made bold to peep again, and, lo and behold, he was clean gone! Then she fainted right away, and didn't come to until her husband found her; and after she had told them all about it she had another faint. So Mr Portingdale sent round for our mistress to go there at once. And that's all I know about it, sir.'

It was quite sufficient. I dismissed Mary, and sat down in a state of mind which it is impossible to describe. A married woman! I pondered it hastily. I had been a lunatic indeed! Perhaps at that very moment the poor lady was giving a full and accurate description of my person to an inspector of police and to my appalled Aunt Esther!

I sprang from the chair and rushed to my room. I have packed quickly on various occasions, but never so quickly as I did this time. An omnibus passed the door once in every half-hour, and I watched from my window for its appearance at the head of the road. When it came in sight I ran downstairs with my bag in my hand.

Mary was the only one to see me go. I left her with a confused impression that an urgent telegram had come for me, and that a strike had taken place in my department at the General Post-Office. Before she could utter a question I had passed the outer gates and hailed the omnibus. Twenty minutes later I was at the railway station.

As I have already said, there are people at

Bessing-on-Sea who have curious ideas as to what is the best thing to do in a thunderstorm. It is to their quaintness in this respect that I owe the vivid and painful experience related above.

I had not the courage to write to my aunt, but in a few days received a note from her. The affair had not developed to any great extent after all. As no patient had escaped from the local asylum, and as Mrs Portingdale had only very vague ideas as to the stranger's appearance, people soon began to believe that she had fallen asleep in the summer-house, and that her constant dread of lunatics had produced a kind of nightmare. In a few days she was persuaded to adopt the same impression herself. Curiously enough, Aunt Esther was able to set her last doubt at rest by second-hand evidence. Her dear nephew Harold, from London, who had only arrived the previous evening, and who had been called back to town almost immediately, had been walking in the garden that morning, and had chanced to look over the boundary wall. There he had seen Mrs Portingdale fast asleep, and probably at that very moment in the throes of her awful dream.

My aunt closed her letter with the hope that the strike—which she would read up in the daily paper as soon as she could find the place—would soon be over, so that I might run down again to complete my holiday.

I have no intention of going. Though I may object to being called a Nightmare, I cannot help seeing that Mrs Portingdale's last impression of her adventure is a very satisfactory one. She may revise it when she comes to examine her album; but in the meantime I have no wish to disturb it by introducing her to the Lunatic in person.

HOW LONG?

Out of the south is the chill wind blowing,

Straight from the white world of ice and snow;

And over the wild sea my thoughts are going

To a far country where roses glow.

For, dear, unto thee, when the clouds are flying

Like war-torn banners the skies along,

In mournful measure my heart is crying—

'Oh, my beloved! How long? how long?'

Low overhead are the dark mists trailing,

And hiding the mountains from longing eyes;

And, far beyond them, the ships are sailing

To thy fair home-land—Love's paradise!

But here the skylark has ceased his singing,


And dropped to his nest with a broken song,

And ever to thee is my wild cry winging—

'Love of my heart! How long? how long?'

CLARA SINGER POYTNER.

OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

SCOTCH SPORT AND HIGHLAND PROSPERITY.

By AUGUSTUS GRIMBLE.

FINDING myself in June last near Duncansby Head, and having spare time, I resolved on making a journey round the north coast of Scotland and visiting a country which was new to me. During my trip

I stayed at the hotels of Lairg, Overscaig, Altnaharra, Forsinard, Melvich, Bettyhill, Tongue, Durness, Riconich, Scourie, Loch Inver, Inchnadamph, and Altnagallach. All of them are fairly comfortable, and attention and civility reign supreme. The breakfasts would be nicer if good Wiltshire or Irish bacon were put on the table instead of hard, gristly, uneatable lumps of pig, libellously called ham, which appear daily only to be removed untouched. Likewise, the dinners would be better with a less ambitious *menu*—plain roast and boiled of the best is all one wants or expects, and the *vol au vent* of a Highland cook quite fails to recall reminiscences of the club *chef*, or even of the 'Cecil' or the 'Savoy.' However, I did not take up my pen to write about eating, and my readers must pardon the digression. The libel on my old friend Mr Ham led me to run riot.

From the outset of my trip I began to be impressed with the large sums of money that were brought to these parts by the humble brown trout. Each of the above-mentioned hotels have lochs more or less large and numerous lying within a few miles of them, on which they have the right of fishing. The hotels of Lairg—Altnaharra, Forsinard, Melvich, Riconich, Loch Inver, and Inchnadamph—have also salmon-fishings; all, however, were crowded to the attics with anglers, and on the average each of these hotels lodged at the very least ten anglers a day from the middle of May to the middle of September.

At the lowest estimate it will cost each one sixteen shillings a day for his hotel bill. There will be a further charge of three shillings and sixpence a day for the gillie, and one shilling and ninepence more for the man's lunch. The wage is right, the lunch charge too high. To this there

is also usually a further item of three shillings a day as a share of the hire of the machine conveying anglers to and from the nearest points of the various lochs; and so we come to a minimum expenditure of twenty-five shillings a day for each trout-fisher. I have dealt with anglers only; but it may be mentioned that many of them bring their wives and families, and thus add considerably to the takings of the hotels. The thirteen hotels, each with its ten anglers at twenty-five shillings a day, will show a daily return of £162, 10s.; and, as this lasts for fully one hundred days, there is a sum of no less than £16,250 spent in the county of Sutherland alone solely for the privilege of catching brown trout, which at the best average three to the pound. And when it is a matter of a basket of trout, hotel weighing is always flattering.

In addition to these trout-fishing centres, there are also hotels at Inveran, Brora, and Helmsdale much affected by salmon-anglers. Now, it is quite easy to count up sixty-five other hotels in Scotland which are chiefly maintained by the army of trouters, who farther south are in evidence in even larger numbers than in Sutherland, for the hotels of the south are not only more accessible, but are also capable of putting up many more. In order, however, to be well within the mark, we will take it that each thirteen of these sixty-five hotels give the same return as that made by the thirteen of Sutherland, and then we have a further sum of £81,250, and a grand total of £97,500. To this must be added the moneys spent at the many smaller inns which only put up a few anglers, and thus we arrive at a sum of quite £120,000 disbursed each year in the hotels of the Highlands, not by tourists, but by anglers who would not come at all if there was no angling. A large proportion of the earnings of each hotel is distributed in its immediate neighbourhood in the shape of servants' wages, in the purchase of horse-keep, provisions, farm and dairy produce, &c.

It is, therefore, clear that without the presence of the humble brown trout the Highland hotels and the Highland population would fare but poorly during the months of June, July, and August. To maintain and even increase this prosperity should be the object of both hotel-owners and hotel-renters; and to that end it is absolutely essential that the trouting should not be allowed to deteriorate. The incessant and skilful fishing carried on during each trouting season must eventually reduce their numbers and ultimately result in a falling off of quantity and quality unless artificial means are used to make good the over-fishing of each season. Already the *ferox* has become well-nigh extinct where it once was plentiful. The weights have dwindled down to small specimens of from three to six pounds, and it is rare now to hear of them as weighing from ten to thirty pounds. The old stagers have been caught; the younger ones will never have time given them to grow big; and unless the proprietors of lochs holding *ferox* close them periodically, in ten years hence the *ferox* will be as rare in the Sutherland lochs as the osprey.

I remember in the spring of 1858 staying at Ederline, at the south end of Loch Awe. At that period my friend and I were the only fishers out of the few that then fished the loch who devoted whole days to trolling for *ferox*—more often than not with no result; although during my visit my host was rewarded by one of twenty-nine and a half pounds and I with another of twelve pounds. In those times it was quite a matter of course for two rods in a few hours on a favourable day to take into their boat from five to eight dozen herring-sized trout. But now, alas! two rods do not make a score like that once in a season, over-fishing, pike, and steamboats having all contributed to make this splendid loch comparatively poor. I am not able to say if *ferox* are bred at any of the hatcheries. I think not, and beg to throw out the suggestion that the breeding establishments would be doing a good stroke of business for themselves, and at the same time be keeping the race of *ferox* in existence, if they turned their attention that way. Some of the hotel-keepers—the earliest of them, I think, was Mr Morrison of the Melvich Hotel—have already been wise enough to resort to artificial stocking, and by the introduction of Lochleven trout, purchased from Howietoun or other large breeding establishments, are doing their best to make the supply meet the demand. The greater number are, however, content to make hay while the sun shines, and leave matters to take their chance; in their own interests the owners of the hotels ought to bind the hotel-keepers to place a certain amount of fresh stock in the lochs each season. It would be a good plan if the owners or renters of hotels not very far apart combined together and started a hatchery amongst themselves, for up to certain distances the fry are easily transported from place

to place. At other hotels, so numerous are the lochs over which they have fishing rights (one landlord told me he had upwards of eighty!) that a certain number might be closed every year and fished only in alternate seasons, or even in every third one.

To form an approximate estimate of the sums disbursed by the renters of salmon-fishings is a more difficult matter; but, leaving out the money paid for salmon-fishing included in a shooting-rent, the money paid for salmon-fishing, together with the incidental expenses incurred, may be put down at another £80,000, not one penny of which would Scotland see if there were no salmon-fishing. I have arrived at this sum in a roundabout sort of way, but believe it is under the mark. Thus, when I first began to fish on my own account in the early sixties, I could rent a month on a fairly good stretch of water for from forty to sixty pounds, the services of a gillie being usually included in the rent. For that outlay I used to average as nearly as possible a fish for every sovereign; my worst month, which cost forty-five pounds, was sixteen fish; my best eighty-eight, for thirty-five pounds, and both of them were on the Dee. About 1867 the rents began to rise and fish were costing me quite fifty shillings each, which speedily went to five pounds a head; until, from 1870 up to the present, angling rents have increased by leaps and bounds, forcing me to retire—for as anglers became more plentiful good angling became scarcer; and nowadays it may be reckoned that fish cost the catcher quite ten pounds each.

To revert to Sutherland, in which county there are the Borgie, Brora, Dionard, Halladale, Helmsdale, Hope, Inchard, Inver, Kirkaig, Laxford, Naver, and Shin—twelve good rivers in all, the whole of which, with the exception of the Shin, are owned from source to mouth by the Duke of Sutherland, who, inasmuch as he also possesses all the coast netting-rights, is doubly monarch of all he surveys.

Let us look at the rentals of these rivers in the order in which they are printed. The angling rent of the Borgie is included in the rental of the shootings, but may fairly be valued at £100.

The Brora angling is also let with the shootings of Gordon Bush and Balmakillo; and if both tenants cared to let the spring fishing from the 11th of February to the end of May they would get upwards of £600 for it.

The Dionard is a late river, in which clean fish are seldom seen until after the first flood at the end of June. There are the Durness and Gualen beats; and if both were let from 1st July to 30th September, they would bring in from £150 to £200.

The Halladale, which opens on 11th January, is totally dependent on rain. It is divided into six beats, one to each of the hotels at Forsinard

and Melvich, one to Mr Pilkington of Sandside, one to the tenant of the Bighouse shootings, and two go to Mr Fox, who has had the Forsinard shootings for many years. The beats are fished in rotation, No. 6 being nearest the sea; the two upper ones are not of much account, and the probable value of the angling is about £200.

The Helmsdale is let with the six shooting-lodges on its banks. It is one of the best and earliest of the Scotch rivers; it opens on the 11th of January, and if a rod is let for the early fishing from £80 to £100 is usually paid from the opening to the end of February, which, according to the weather, is either very cheap or very dear—more often than not it is the latter; but if by chance the weather be mild and open, then very fine sport is nearly a certainty. If a rod is let later, then up till the end of May from £100 to £120 a month is asked and readily paid. Therefore, if all the six tenants chose to let their angling, they would get for division between them about £2300.

The angling of the Hope goes with the shooting of the same name. It is a late river, not worth a cast till July. From Loch Hope to the sea there are seven good pools, which go with Hope Lodge, which also has a boat on the loch along with two other adjacent shootings, which have the fishing in the upper river running through Strathmore. The whole of the angling may be put down as worth £150.

The Inchard is a July stream, hardly worth calling a salmon river, for the mile of its course is just one swift rocky run of foaming water. Loch Garbet-Beg, out of which it flows, holds a good many sea-trout, with some salmon and grilse, all of which rise to the fly. The angling of this loch may be put down as worth £80 a year.

The angling of the Inver, Kirkaig, and Laxford can be lumped together at about £400. The Shin produces about £650 a year, and the Naver £600.

These figures give us £5200 spent on angling rentals in the county of Sutherland.

In a like manner I have estimated the value of the anglings in all the other Scotch counties; but it would be wearisome to give them in detail. Suffice it to say their total comes to £75,000. Therefore, on the showing of these figures, which I have been particular to keep under rather than over the mark, salmon and trout fishing brings a yearly sum of £200,000 into Scotland, finds work for at least two thousand keepers and gillies, and maintains a hundred hotels, with all their servants, &c. Were it not for the salmon and the trout, the gillies would be idle, and not one penny of this large sum would find its way over the Border.

There would, of course, always be the usual amount of tourist traffic in the summer, of people

who come north merely in search of pretty scenery, bracing air, and change; and though their united disbursements must represent a large sum, yet without the fishers and the shooters the Highlands would be in a sorry plight. I am at a loss to understand how it is that hotel-keepers, tackle-makers, and gillies, and all those who are benefited by supplying the wants of the anglers, do not take a greater interest in the threatened extirpation of the salmon and the sea-trout; for if these fish became so nearly extinct as to make the pleasure of fishing for them a mockery and a farce, then good-bye to the anglers and their money.

As to the sums spent on shootings, so large is the total that it is a difficult matter to arrive even at an approximate estimate. In Perthshire alone there are four hundred and sixty-five shootings, of which about four-fifths are let to tenants, and bring in about £150,000 a year—or an average of £400 a year, which seems about a fair estimate, if it be borne in mind that this is an expensive county, and that fifty of its best shootings fetch £35,000, or an average of £700 a year! In the whole of Scotland there are about four thousand shootings; and as each of them must at least employ one keeper and one gillie during the shooting season, some estimate may be formed of the money expended in wages and the number of people employed. In the deer forests and on the larger shootings there will often be from four to six men permanently engaged, and from six to eight others working for the shooting season only. In a well-known forest, where I once spent many pleasant days, there were three foresters, three gillies, and three pony-men out each day; on the grouse-ground there were three keepers with three under-keepers, a kennel-man, and two carriers going to and from the nearest railway station—a total of eighteen men and five horses; not to mention the ponies kept for riding into the forest and those kept to carry grouse-panniers. On this property three rifles could stalk each day, while three other parties of two each could shoot grouse, or the six could combine for driving.

There are plenty of other places in the north worked on nearly identical lines, and the mention of this class of shooting brings one naturally to the subject of the enormous rents now paid. Those who forty years ago were accustomed to kill eight or ten stags, three to four hundred brace of grouse, and a hundred salmon, all for from £250 to £350 a year, never cease grumbling at the excessive rise in values and the rapacity of the proprietors. As an instance of this appreciation, I well remember that in 1857 a friend rented the Loch Inver and Inchmadamph shootings, together with a daily beat on the Inver, for £250 a year; this included the use of two bedrooms and a sitting-room at Loch Inver Hotel, and the same at Inchmadamph, for in those days there was no house on the ground. It was to this little paradise that

my premier trip to Scotland was made, and there I killed my first stag, grouse, and salmon. We used to get from six to ten stags, three to four hundred brace of grouse, a certain amount of ptarmigan, black-game, duck, and snipe, with about a hundred salmon. The same shooting at present brings in a good deal over £1000 a year, though I doubt if the grouse-shooting is better than ours was. The fishing is certainly very, very much worse, and the difference is that a good house has been built, and a large tract of hill cleared of sheep, so that more deer are killed; also the place is easier of access, for in our day the railway had not got as far as Lairg, and stopped at either Invergordon or Tain—I cannot remember which; but it was from one or the other that we had to post. All the grumbling in the world will not make rents any less. It is true that the much-to-be-pitied old-fashioned sportsman is now asked to pay a pound where years ago he paid five shillings. Then later on how he 'kicked' when it came to ten shillings! But a pound!—an increase of seventy-five per cent. on the original rent!—oh dear, no! He would rather strike than submit, so sadly he takes his departure from the lodge, the while grumbling furiously, and chiding the owner with his greed. Nevertheless, in the lapse of a few weeks some one will have taken the place at the rent asked. Unfortunately for the sportsman with moderate means, rich men appear to become more plentiful each season. It is a case of supply and demand, and cannot be helped.

With regard to the renting of shootings, it seems almost laughable and unnecessary to caution any one against being too easily led away by the wording of an advertisement or the *ipse dixit* of a shooting-agent without duly verifying the same. But, in spite of all the warnings that have been published, the man who wants a thing hotly will be apt to forget that every advertisement is framed to make the very best of the place it describes, and that every agent will be likely to do the same with regard to any place put into his hands. Therefore, after the intending lessee has satisfied himself that the sport is likely to be all right, he should take special care to make sure that the 'thoroughly well-furnished mansion or lodge' is a fact and not a myth. On this point much trouble and unpleasantness has frequently arisen. What can be more annoying for a host who has paid a big rent to take a party to a shooting-house on the 10th of August, perhaps fifteen miles from anywhere, and to find it short of beds and bedding, arm-chairs and sofas, curtains, crockery, glass, pots and pans, &c.? For these sort of troubles the estate-factor is to blame more often than the London shooting-agent, who can but take the description as furnished to him, and who cannot be expected to go to the expense of verifying it. Thus the agent is often innocently led into making 'misrepresentations,' as they are mildly called. The would-be renter's best plan

is to go and see for himself, or to send some one who will ascertain for him the true state of affairs. There is not, I think, so much 'misrepresentation' about shootings as existed formerly. Several actions at law for recovery of rent have ended in the victory of the plaintiff, a result which has done wonders for the interests of future shooting lessees.

In spite, however, of all drawbacks and paltry bothers, money paid for a shooting is money well spent. The class of men who pay each year clearly shows which way the wind blows. I take up my Watson-Lyall—that capital shilling's worth—and open it at random at 'The Shootings and Salmon-fishings of Scotland.' In the first fifty over which I run my eye are the names of well-known bankers, brewers, and brokers; of dukes and distillers; of Jews, judges, and jam-makers, picture-dealers and pickle-makers, soldiers and sailors, M.P.s and merchants, newspaper owners, lawyers, &c. Depend on it, all these gentlemen, representatives of the brains and the wealth of the country, would not be silly enough to spend large sums in rents purely because it is the fashion to have a Highland shooting. No! There is something more in it than that. There is the relief from working at high pressure. There is the inducement to take exercise—and hard exercise, too—in the finest air in the world. There is the sensation of hardening muscles, clearer eyesight, and daily increasing health and vigour. There is the delight of lovely scenery, the scent and the colour of the heather, the sight of distant lochs and the sound of rippling burns; and every footstep of a day at the grouse offers some gratification to our best senses, while the philosopher-sportsman may even train himself to *really* laugh at his misses!

The bulk of the shooting-renters are men who work hard and make money freely. The same may be said of the salmon-fishers; but the bulk of the trouters are men who work hard but do not make money in such large sums. I have shown how in their case 'every mickle makes a muckle,' and that they spend £120,000 a year on trouting; that the salmon-fishers spend £80,000 a year on rent alone; and now to come to some estimate of the yearly sum disbursed by the shooters. It would be well within bounds if we estimate that every Scotch shooting is let at an average rent of £250 a year. There are four thousand of them; and, supposing that three-quarters are let, we arrive at a sum of £750,000 paid for rent only, and which does not include the wage-bill or any of the hundred and one sundries that are necessary. If we add these results together we arrive at a total of £995,000 annually spent in sport in the Highlands; and I believe it would be quite safe to add another £100,000 to this and yet be within the mark.

I was on one occasion the guest of an intimate and rich friend whose shooting expenditure was

very large; and, as he first mentioned the subject to me in the course of conversation, I dropped some remark which he construed into a censure of his big rent; whereupon he turned on me, exclaiming, 'Worth the money? Why, of course

it is—and no one knows it better than yourself. Why, rather than miss it, I would pay the whole thing twice over.' And, in the belief that that man was right, so, if he could only afford it, would also do
 AUGUSTUS GRIMBLE.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER VII.—HER MAJESTY'S AMBASSADOR.



FEW minutes after the telephonic despatch had been transmitted, his lordship, still greatly agitated, with his own hand wrote a note to Scotland Yard, and sent it by one of the messengers always in attend-

ance. Then, when we were alone again, he turned to me, saying:

'The fact that Clunes is dead must remain an entire secret, remember. Nobody must know. I have given instructions to the police to allow no word of it to leak out; and if an inquest is necessary, it must be held in such a manner that the press will not know the official position of the deceased. It is useless to mince matters; therefore I tell you that this death of poor Clunes is a very grave affair indeed. No effort must be spared to find that woman,' he added.

'His wife, you mean?'

'Yes,' he said, with a heavy look upon his face. He was pacing the room with fevered steps, and whenever he came within the zone of lamplight I saw how deadly pale he was.

'Have you any suspicion of her?' I inquired, for I was hesitating whether I should tell him all I knew regarding her. Yet if I did I should undoubtedly reveal my own ghastly secret. No: I decided to act with discretion.

'Suspicion!' he echoed, starting involuntarily. 'Why?' he asked, quickly recovering himself. 'What cause have I for suspicion? I only saw her once, at one of the receptions. She seemed a very refined and rather pretty woman, I thought.'

I saw he knew more of her secret history than he intended to reveal, so I did not pursue the subject further. However, in response to his inquiry I related all that had occurred at Richmond, omitting, of course, all mention of the scene between Judith and myself.

'Extraordinary!' he ejaculated when I had finished. 'And the doctor has found no trace of foul play?'

'None.'

'Very curious,' his lordship repeated thoughtfully. 'The incident of the telegram of excuse is most mysterious. There seems no doubt that he went out this morning with a fixed purpose. He must have visited somebody, and with his wife's

knowledge, too, for she would no doubt remark his shabbiness of dress. Again, he must have returned to the house secretly, for the servants did not know that he had come back.'

'He might, of course, have let himself in with his latch-key,' I suggested.

'Ah, yes,' he said. 'I didn't think of that. Still, the fact remains that poor Clunes has died in most mysterious circumstances, which, combined with the statement he made to me, certainly point to foul play.'

'Was there a motive for his assassination, then?' I cried, in quick surprise.

'Yes,' he answered gravely, 'there was.'

'Then your theory is that he has been murdered?'

'I have no theories,' the quick-witted old statesman responded. 'In this matter we can only deal with facts; and, briefly, they were these: Gordon Clunes, as servant of his Queen and his country, was in possession of certain secret information of a grave and most startling character, involving the peace of Europe and the discredit of one of the Powers—which of them I shall not say—so there was every reason why he should be silenced. You, yourself, as a diplomatist and a member of the Secret Service, have more than once gained information which, had it been known to be in your possession, might have cost you your life. Of that you are quite well aware—eh?'

I nodded. What the world-renowned Minister said was quite correct.

'Well, then,' he went on, 'our enemies, determined that their secret should be preserved, have no doubt silenced him—by death.'

This argument seemed conclusive enough. I had suspected the dead man's wife; but his lordship, while desiring to see Judith, apparently entertained a suspicion that the guilt lay in another quarter.

'But they struck their blow too late—too late,' he went on, as if speaking to himself. 'They thought to preserve their secret; but their unfortunate victim forestalled them, and we are now forearmed. Poor Clunes!' sighed the Premier; 'he has died, having done his duty honourably. He is one of the many silent heroes, and will always be remembered by me as a man who, knowing the risks he ran and the dangers that

surrounded him, acted with manful courage and saved England a war.'

'Saved a war!' I echoed. 'Was his statement of such value as that?'

'Yes. When he told it to me yesterday I thought it too wildly improbable to be true; but in the light of to-day's events all is borne out—every word of it—and I regret having misjudged him. It seems now apparent that he feared attempts would be made to silence him, yet he acted promptly and courageously in making that statement to me, which has placed in our hands a weapon against a certain combination of the Powers.'

'But you wished me to hear his statement,' I observed. 'Had it any connection with the work before me in Brussels?'

'Yes,' he replied; 'but in view of this later startling event, I have decided that his story shall remain secret. After all, it is unnecessary for you to know what is merely a key to certain other matters of which you have no knowledge.'

'Then I am to remain in ignorance of his revelations?' I said, disappointed, for the mystery had fascinated me.

'Yes,' he replied unhesitatingly. 'I have already given you instructions how to act in Brussels. Follow them, and report to me from time to time. Then, with his keen, grave eyes fixed upon me, he added earnestly, 'Remember, Crawford, that I have every confidence in you, and that your past services lead me to the hope that in this your efforts may be crowned by success.'

'Then my work in Belgium has a connection with this secret which my poor friend Clunes learnt so opportunely?'

'Yes,' he answered simply; 'it has. Beyond that, I can tell you nothing—absolutely nothing.'

I had anticipated that his lordship would at least repeat to me the story he was so anxious that I should hear from my friend's own lips; this decision, therefore, caused me the keenest dissatisfaction. Gordon was my friend, and I felt myself in duty bound to assist in the elucidation of the cause of his tragic end. That statement he had made appeared to be the key to the situation, and without knowledge of it the solution of the enigma seemed impossible.

I inquired when, under the circumstances, I should leave for Brussels.

'To-morrow,' he answered promptly. 'Go over and take up your duties at once. Drummoud expects you. I shall see the Director of Criminal Investigations in the morning, and will explain that you were compelled to leave London. Therefore you will not be called as witness.'

His gray face, looking ghost-like in the shadow where he sat, was unusually grave; his eyes were fixed thoughtfully upon the table between us; and I noticed that his hand holding the quill trembled nervously.

'Then I can be of no service in seeking to clear

up the mystery of poor Clunes's death?' I said in a disappointed voice.

'No,' he responded promptly. 'It must be left to the police. Your duties lie in another direction. Act with courage and tact, and remember that your first duty is towards your country and Queen.'

'I am not likely to forget that,' I answered. Then, after some further conversation, he rose and dismissed me courteously. The electric bell rang in the hall, and old Budd opened the door and bowed me out, while the Minister returned to his work among that miscellaneous collection of papers and despatches with which his desk was piled. He was the most methodical of men, and I well knew that ere he retired to rest that night every single paper would have his attention and bear his familiar initial.

Next day, according to my orders, I left Charing Cross; and I arrived in the Belgian capital the same evening. On awaking on the following morning I found that here the spring days had come earlier than in London; the chestnuts and beeches in the long avenues wore their freshest green, the Boulevards were spick and span, and the streets, always models of extreme cleanliness, were full of life and movement. Brussels is a gay, airy, careless counterpart of its sister-city, Paris, for in it are centred all the gaiety, all the life, all the outdoor freedom for which the French capital is so notable, yet without that constant turmoil of the streets which yearly renders the Paris thoroughfares more and more like those of London.

No city in the whole of Europe is brighter, gayer, or more pleasant than Brussels in May. From the windows of my room in the Place Louise, at the corner of that magnificent thoroughfare, the Avenue de la Toison d'Or, I watched the constant procession of fine equipages, *chic* cyclists, four-in-hands, automobiles, and electric trams, as they converged into the long, shady Avenue Louise on their way to the Bois de la Cambre, one of the most picturesque woods on the whole Continent. Light and life were everywhere, for sunshine had come, and the gay-hearted Bruxellois always welcome the springtime right gladly. Already the weather was warm and bright, and the foliage of the spreading trees so thick that in some of the avenues near my abode there were spots where the sunlight did not penetrate, and it remained gloomy even at midday. In Brussels—the lively little city where the women are so neat-ankled and *chic*, and the men so smart; where the carriages are as well-ordered as those in the Row at home, and the blackbirds sing in the great trees opposite one's house—they have indeed brought enjoyment to a fine art. In May it is undoubtedly a City of Pleasure, with its columns, its fountains, its leafy, breezy Boulevards, its countless cafés, and its gay outdoor life; while Monsieur le Brave Belge, the gay *débonnaire*

of the capital, has almost forgotten his native Flemish in his tireless pains to acquire a Parisian accent pure and undefiled. The city on the Senne has, with truth, been modelled after the city on the Seine, and with a happy result.

Indeed, I was not sorry to return to this cheerful, careless city, pleasant indeed after a wearying life beside the Bosphorus; for I knew it well, from the venerable Grande Place where rises the brocaded Hôtel de Ville, with its impossible embroidered spire and ancient Guild Houses opposite, and where the old market-women gossip beneath their big white umbrellas covering their stalls, even to the gilded *salon* of the pretty, youthful, and skittish Baroness de Melreux, of whose escapades Brussels society is always so fond of whispering, and whose elderly and portly husband is one of the leading men in the Chamber.

Day after day I bought the London newspapers at the kiosk of the Grand Hotel, and scanned them, eager to see some report of the inquest upon the body of poor Gordon. Nothing, however, transpired. It was possible, of course, that the inquiry had been held, and that some false name had been bestowed upon my unfortunate friend in order to avoid the attraction of the press. Thousands of inquests are held in London annually which are never reported in the papers. The list of coroners' inquiries must be exhibited publicly at the coroner's office before they are held; but when secrecy is desired the name is very frequently altered. For example, a nobleman who dies mysteriously is usually designated by his family name only, his title being omitted; and the family name being generally a rather common one, the vigilant reporter is almost certain, in journalistic parlance, to 'let it slide.'

In the case of Gordon Clunes, however, Lord Macclesfield had distinctly told me that he intended to take steps to keep the truth from the public; therefore I presumed that the inquest had been held, my unfortunate friend had been buried, and that Scotland Yard were making secret inquiries.

What, I wondered, had been the result of the post-mortem? Had death actually been due to natural causes, or were there signs of foul play?

I longed to write to the inspector, Glass, at Richmond, but, in the circumstances, saw that such communication would be ill-advised. The police were undoubtedly under strict orders from the Commissioner; therefore I could learn nothing.

And of Judith, the woman who had fled—what of her?

So the pleasant spring days passed in Brussels, and I remained in entire ignorance of all that had occurred. Truth to tell, my duties were at first of a very light character; and after an attendance of an hour or so each day at the Embassy, I usually spent the afternoons in the

Bois, and the evenings at one or other of the gay, brightly-lit cafés down in the city, the 'Grand,' the 'Métropole,' or the 'Couronne,' where I could sit out on the pavement, take my after-dinner coffee, smoke, and watch the passers-by. The theatre possessed but little attraction for me; I preferred *al fresco* enjoyment in the evening.

The staff at the British Embassy, that great gray mansion in the Rue de Spa, was a particularly pleasant one, Giffard, the military attaché, having been an old colleague of mine at Madrid; and Frank Hamilton, the first secretary, was also a friend of long ago. My first interview with my new chief, Sir John Drummond, had been entirely cordial. I found him one morning in his bright, sunny, private room—a tall, well-built man of fifty, with grayish hair, full gray beard, and a face gentle and kindly. Before him lay the letter Lord Macclesfield had written regarding my duties, and he welcomed me with pleasant affability, expressing pleasure at my appointment.

'Here, of course, we have not such heavy duties as they have at Vienna or Constantinople,' he said; 'but it appears from this letter of the Marquess that you are appointed for a special purpose. I presume that before you left London the whole facts were laid before you?'

'Yes,' I replied. 'His lordship gave me a full explanation.'

'Good,' he said. 'Of course the utmost discretion and secrecy are necessary. Here, although the actual duties are not so heavy as in the larger capitals, nevertheless the undercurrents at work are legion, and diplomacy must be conducted with the utmost finesse. There is war in the air; and from Brussels, rather than from anywhere else, might emanate the single spark required to fire the mine. In the case of war we must preserve the Belgians as our friends. If British soldiers are ever landed on the Continent they must land at Antwerp. Therefore, in view of all the facts, you see that, although you are nominally attached to this Embassy as a secretary, you have an extremely delicate task to accomplish. You must solve the mystery in silence, without awakening the least suspicion of the thousand and one spies who surround us. You are to have perfect liberty of action, according to this private despatch; and I trust that you will bring your efforts to a successful issue.'

'I hope I shall,' I answered. 'But has anything further transpired of late to arouse suspicion or alarm?'

'Russia, France, and Germany have all three sought to combat my efforts during the past week,' he answered gravely; 'and I have suspicion that a cipher despatch containing the draft of a secret convention has recently fallen in some inexplicable manner into the hands of those unknown agents with whom you will have to

deal. The situation here is, I honestly confess, alarming?

'And you will keep me advised of any facts which may come to your knowledge?' I asked.

'Of course,' the Minister replied. He had not mentioned anything of the strange affair which had taken place in London, and I had hesitated to broach the subject, for was it not a secret between the chief and myself? The remainder of our conversation was devoted to various technicalities regarding my secretarial duties, for it had been arranged that, in order that our enemies should not suspect the true reason of my appointment, I should assume the position of third secretary of legation.

As I went out I found Giffard, a tall, handsome, dark-eyed Guardsman, smoking a cigarette on the

steps which led down into the courtyard, beyond which lay the stables and the servants' quarters.

'Well,' he exclaimed, 'seen the chief?'

'Yes,' I responded.

'Good fellow—isn't he? Everybody here gets on famously. No jealousies, or any of that confounded humbug, and as much gaiety as you like. You'll like Brussels, old chap.'

'Yes,' I said, 'I think I shall;' and then, at my invitation, we went down to the Boulevard Anspach to lunch.

Giffard was an exceedingly good fellow, a thorough type of the merry, easy-going British cavalry officer, and a great favourite with the ladies. I had known him for years; and of the whole staff of the legation he alone knew the real reason why I had been appointed there.

MORE ABOUT ELECTRICAL INKLESS PRINTING.

[MR A. SANDERSON, Managing Director of the Electrical Inkless Printing Syndicate, sends the following communication, which, as it is supplementary to an article, 'Inkless Printing,' in our November issue, and also supplies additional information, we have pleasure in laying before our readers.]



IN referring to the demonstration of electrical inkless printing given four months ago in London, it was quite right to state that the results then shown represented only an initial stage rather than the finality of the process. It would be difficult to say in this wonderful century of discovery when any process has reached finality, and printing by electricity without ink is no exception. Printing as now carried on is the result of nearly five centuries of progress, and no one can say that its processes are anywhere near finality.

Just at the time of the demonstration already referred to, and as the result of a long series of investigations and experiments, an entirely new combination of sensitising chemicals was discovered, which has immensely helped forward the completion—or, more strictly speaking, the commercial practicability—of electrical printing. As the patent of this new discovery is as yet only in its preliminary stages, we cannot enter into details; but we may explain wherein the advance consists.

In previous patents, as in all similar inkless processes, it was only possible to get the right results with paper chemically damped at the moment of use, the moisture being necessary to overcome the electric resistance. Every printer knows that this damping process has for many years been almost entirely abandoned, except in a few newspaper offices; and printers are not

likely to return to a system which is not only time-wasting but unsuited to most modern papers, with their wood cellulose bodies and burnished clay surfaces.

The newly discovered sensitising chemical combination is totally distinct from the sensitisers generally used in photography. It does not, as with other inkless processes, in any way include the use of nitrate of silver, which, as is rightly noted, is far too expensive for printing purposes. The chemicals now used are plentiful and cheap, may take the place of some chemicals hitherto largely used in making paper, and therefore will not in any way increase the cost. Further, there were many difficulties met with in incorporating the chemicals previously used into the pulp in the process of manufacture. The new sensitising combination removes most of these difficulties, and such as still remain are of minor importance, and are almost daily being overcome as our methods become perfected.

But the full significance of the latest advance is in the fact that (first) the new sensitising chemicals are incorporated in the pulp in the ordinary process of manufacture, and (second) that the machine-paper—not hand-made—is printed dry, thus removing the final disadvantage to the immediate adoption of electric printing.

It has already been pointed out that all machines now in use can be adapted for electric printing, the inking arrangements only being discarded. It only remains, therefore, to show the commercial or economical advantages afforded by the new process. The sizes of printing-machines and the size and class of work vary so considerably that this is best done by selecting an example; and, as the saving in printing ink is one of the largest items, the example may be based on that at present important article.

Printed work varying so much in character,

scarcely any two jobs being exactly the same as regards the quantity of ink used, it is difficult to lay down any definite amount. We will, therefore, take an example of frequent occurrence—a form of eight quarto pages of an illustrated catalogue, with light display, and five of its pages consisting of process blocks.

It was found that every 1000 impressions consumed slightly over one pound of 2s. black ink. In the week's work of fifty-four hours the outturn was 36,000 impressions, giving a total cost for ink of £3, 12s., or—reckoning on fifty-one working weeks—of £183, 12s. for the year. For the same amount of work, the cost of electric current at 1½d. per hour for fifty-four hours would be 6s. 9d. per week, or £17, 4s. 3d. for the year; or, with the added cost (£20) for license to use the process, £37, 4s. 3d. This gives a balance in favour of electrical inkless printing, for ink alone, on a year's working of one machine, of £146, 7s. 9d.

With this experience before them, printers can work out other examples for themselves from their own particular run of ordinary or special jobs, and thus arrive at an idea of the immediate saving in ink alone in cost of production offered to them by electrical inkless printing. The foregoing presents only one of many economies of electrical inkless printing which it is scarcely necessary to enter on here, but which the practical printer will at once see for himself.

It may be well to note here that we are aware of other 'inkless' processes before the public, but they are incomplete and founded on formulas discarded some time ago as of no practical value. Some of them require a subsequent process of washing, developing, and fixing of the print, obviously not commercially economical when applied to printing.

Another point referred to in the November issue of this *Journal* is that of colour-printing. So far our energies have been devoted to the perfection of a process for black printing, which constitutes fully 75 per cent. of all the work done. This is a sufficiently extensive field to occupy all our attention, and we do not, of course, expect to fill it in a year or two, as we recognise that there are many prejudices and objections to be overcome. But, at the same time, we have not lost sight of the colour problem; and experiments already made convince us that the electric process is capable of being adapted to all classes of colour work. In fact, it has already been demonstrated to be possible in the analogous wonderful invention of Schzecepanik of weaving pictures in colours by electricity. In this direction we have found that the current can be so

regulated or governed by means of a 'resist' as to give any required shade, tint, or tone, from the lightest to the deepest required, and sheets printed some six months ago and since constantly exposed to the light are as perfect in solidity and depth of colour now as when printed—which is more than can be said of many of the fugitive aniline printing inks now used.

With regard to the reliability of electricity, the 'resist' above mentioned is the 'governor' regulating the supply of current; and, being fitted to every machine, it minimises any danger there may be from any escape of current. It gives instant notice of anything wrong, and the operator in attendance has simply to push a button and the current is at once shut off. Pushing the button back again turns on the current. For small work less than one ampère of current, which may be conducted from an ordinary eight-candle lamp, is sufficient; and for the largest work—say a big newspaper sheet—the consumption cannot exceed four ampères per hour—a quite harmless quantity. The whole electric arrangement fitted to the printing-machine is as near as possible automatic in its action and as absolutely under control as turning on or off the electric light.

As regards the point raised whether high speeds are compatible with any desired depth or density of colour, it is our experience, as we have already said, that depth of tone is easily regulated. At the Exhibition at Blackpool in connection with the recent Health Congress, we gave, by special request, a demonstration of the electrical printing process, which was witnessed by hundreds of scientists, printers, and others, when a small rotary machine was run at the rate of 6000 impressions per hour, the sheets automatically cut and delivered from the reel, and the work done was pronounced perfect in every respect. Demonstrations with the same machine have also recently been given, by request, to the patent authorities and official experts at Berlin and Vienna, with equally successful results. At Blackpool one of the delegates, representing a well-known corporation, has recommended the adoption of the process for the printing works about to be erected to do the municipal printing, and several newspaper owners—two in London—have placed their fast rotary machines at our disposal as soon as we are ready to commence operations. The demonstrations in Germany and Austria have also led to similar offers.

As we have already said, we do not claim finality for our process, but we do claim that it is commercially practical, and in due time we hope to prove it.



BONAMY'S ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER II.



LATER on, as I considered things, it struck me that very likely this photographing was a deep-laid scheme of Bonamy's for some sort of observation. He doubtless had his suspicions. At any rate I should hear all about it that night. I can't say I had progressed much myself. I had narrowly eyed all the servants. I quite embarrassed the housemaid with my scrutiny as I found her in my room preparing my bath in the evening; and I think the footman thought me very undignified in entering into such lengthy conversation when he called me in the morning. I must say they all had the appearance of being exceptionally respectable and honest; and though I knew appearances were deceitful, yet I believed in them up to a point.

The phaeton and roans came round at three o'clock, and we drove off, leaving Bonamy with Tommy dancing around, deep in the mysteries of camera, dry plates, platinotypes, and other paraphernalia.

Cissy drove well, and the roans were perfectly trained. I had seen to that. I had had one painful visit with a drive behind two abominable half-broken colts, which she was pleased to consider she was getting 'into shape,' and I never intended to repeat the experiment.

'I think he is decidedly *deep*,' said my cousin presently, as she gently tickled the back of one of the roans with her whip.

'The off or the near?' I questioned innocently.

'Bertie, you are a dear creature, and know a great deal about many things, but you are not quick at what one is *thinking*.'

I replied that quickness was a matter of comparison, and against the quickness of some people that of others might appear wanting.

'You always have a nice, comfortable speech ready, anyhow,' she laughed. 'But don't you think he's deep? I do.'

'I think he *appears* deep, if you mean Bonamy,' I answered; 'because he is so absorbed in things in which he is interested that one forgets he can be interested in more than one thing at once. All the time he was talking about pictures I dare say he was thinking out things about that necklace. At any rate, I know he notices everything.'

'It is possible to notice too much,' said Cissy meditatively. 'It does not do to get an idea and then make everything fit.'

'That is no doubt a fault he might fall into,' I answered. 'Do you think—you were talking to him before dinner—do you think he has any clue?'

'Yes, I think he has; but he is quite right—he wants to confirm it before he speaks. I almost wish he *hadn't*, Bertie,' she added presently, as we turned into a long avenue which led to Cravenswood House.

'I thought you were so anxious about it, and so distressed. It's enough to *be* distressed about.'

'I know,' said Cissy dolefully.

'It is very serious, I think. You will have to replace it if it is not found. I suppose you know that.'

'Oh yes; I know all that. Do you suppose it isn't dreadfully on my mind? That is the worst of having a gay manner—one is supposed never to feel anything! But there are things that one would pay any money to save happening; and—I am so afraid he may be on the *wrong* scent.'

We had no time for further conversation, as at that moment we drew up at the hall-door; and afterwards, coming home, she appeared to have forgotten even the necklace in her excitement over one or two pieces of local news we had acquired during our visit.

When we reached home we found Bonamy in the library, deep in some scientific-looking work. He appeared to have taken a great many photographs, which we were to see upon the morrow. At tea-time the conversation turned upon thought-reading—telepathy, as it is called.

'Our thoughts carry farther than we suppose,' Bonamy was saying. 'The thought-waves are always going about, only our senses are generally too dull to respond to them.'

'What a mercy!' exclaimed Cissy. 'I shouldn't like to know what people thought. I like to believe they think nice things about me, and I dare say they don't.'

Before I had time to reassure her upon this point I was struck by something in Miss Evans's face. She had been making the tea, and for an instant she stopped and looked at Bonamy as she poured out his cup. It was a singular look. I could not understand it. But it was only for an instant; it quickly passed.

'If we knew each other's thoughts, it would leave us no mysteries, at any rate,' said Bonamy as he munched a piece of toast. 'The voice of even the necklace might cry out.'

'Ah!' said Cissy as she looked at him with eager eyes, 'I wish it would.'

'Perhaps it may—yet,' he answered.

Again I noticed upon Miss Evans's face that peculiar look. And then suddenly it flashed across me that Bonamy was suspecting her, and that she was aware of it.

At that moment the children burst into the

room; after tea they generally spent an hour with their mother. Cissy upon this occasion was seized upon by Tommy for 'Halma,' whilst Gwendoline and I had a game of draughts.

Miss Harborough had been spending the day with some friends, who lived in the neighbourhood, and she only appeared at dinner. She had on a very becoming frock, and looked almost handsome, I thought. Bonamy appeared as if he thought so too, and they got on so well that I felt that some one ought to mention the three children and second wife before it became serious.

That evening we had a long discussion over our pipes. Bonamy would not admit who it was, but I could see there was some one in the house about whom he had doubts.

'I have discovered a very curious and important clue,' he said presently, 'upon which hangs much. But I can say no more at present. I shall investigate further to-morrow.'

The next day was Sunday. Cissy was very particular about church—not for visitors; they had even Sabbath liberty, and could do as they liked; but for the other inmates of the house at least one service was expected. Cissy herself always attended both morning and afternoon. I think she extracted a certain amount of satisfaction from sitting under the beautiful stained-glass window she had put up to her husband's memory. A man to whom apostles and saints with aureoles are dedicated becomes in time, in a sort of a way, almost a saint also. I accompanied Cissy and Miss Harborough and the children. Miss Evans sat somewhere in the choir, and had started a little earlier. Bonamy stayed at home, sharing the responsibilities of house-guarding with the dogs and the kitchen-maid.

'Hartop, my dear fellow,' he said to me as we went to the library to smoke after luncheon—'Hartop, my dear fellow, I hope you are braced up by the sermon?'

I looked at him questioningly, I suppose, for he went on: 'You've got to come with me upon an exciting exploration to-night. I want good nerves, and such as are not easily shaken.'

'What on earth do you mean?' I exclaimed. 'What sort of exploration?'

'The west wing,' he replied laconically.

'The west wing!' I repeated. 'No one goes there. It has been shut up for years. Besides, it is locked. You know the horrible story. I don't believe it has been entered since that event happened.'

'Was it long ago?' asked Bonamy as he refilled his pipe and lit it carefully.

'About seven years, I suppose. Gwendoline was about two, and Tommy quite a baby.'

'Did Lady Donnithorne use it—before?'

'Yes; she was there, of course, with her husband.'

'And she has never entered it since?'

'No; you can understand that.'

Bonamy was silent for a moment.

'Well, we will have to visit it to-night.'

'All right,' I said. 'But how will you get in?'

'I have the key.'

'Did she give it to you?'

'No; I discovered it,' he answered.

I pondered over this new development. What the west wing could have to do with the lost necklace I could not conceive. And I must say I should have preferred a daylight excursion in that part of the house. Still, I was quite ready to do it if it was necessary, and I intimated to Bonamy that I would be prepared.

'About what time are you going?' I asked presently, interrupting him in a chain of 'evidence,' as I imagined.

'About a couple of hours after we go to bed. I don't want any one to hear or see us.'

'I will be ready,' I replied. 'Have you got a further clue?' I queried, in a tone of voice, however, which did not press for an answer.

He nodded his head mysteriously.

'I am afraid it is closing in upon *some one*,' he added.

I thought that Cissy looked at Bonamy a little anxiously sometimes in the intervals of dinner. 'Had he approached discovery, or had he failed?' I felt was in her mind. We had only till to-morrow.

When we retired for the night I did not undress, but lay upon the outside of my bed with a book, and by my side a shaded candle. But though I had a selection of the newest novels (thoughtfully placed in my room by my hostess), I could not read. My thoughts kept travelling to the west wing, and I watched for the two hours to have an ending. But I am very regular in my habits, and I fell asleep, I suppose, for suddenly I found Bonamy standing by me.

'It is not only virgins who slumber,' he remarked, with rather doubtful taste, I thought. 'Put your socks on over your slippers.'

There was a determined look about him, as if he meant business. He had a small lamp in his hand, which, I believe, belonged to Tommy, and he carried a box of matches.

I followed him down the passages, stepping softly and cautiously amongst the shadows. Once he stood quite still for a few minutes, listening. But there was not a sound to be heard save the tick of the great hall-clock and a dog distantly baying. We turned down into the corridor presently, and I stared about me curiously. There was no carpet underfoot; the boards were stained black with age, and they looked dull, as if no polishing had been done lately. On the walls hung portraits in sombre rows, and there were some quaint old chests and carved chairs standing at intervals. At the bottom, behind heavy tapestry curtains, was the door. I held these back as Bonamy, taking a key out of his pocket, unlocked it. He glanced at me as he did so.

'Some one has been here not very long ago,' he said. 'Look there!'

He shed the light of the lamp upon the floor as he spoke; and, stooping down till I got in the right position, I saw that the coating of dust which covered it had been displaced, and there were the faint marks of footsteps both coming and going.

Things were beginning to be exciting. The door opened easily, and I followed him down a softly-carpeted passage. A stuffy, unwholesome odour pervaded the place—the odour of shut-up air and a want of ventilation. We passed several doors which were closed—closed for seven years! I wondered what lay behind them. My imagination, generally very prosaic, took fire. I felt surrounded by mystery.

Presently, when we were nearly at the end of the passage, we came to one which was slightly open.

'This is the room I want,' said Bonamy—the one with a big bay window.'

He pushed the door open and walked in, flashing the lamp around, and I followed him. It was a large double-bedded room, with quaint old furniture. Everything was covered with dust, and the curtains and bed-hangings had a limp and yellow appearance. The windows were unshuttered, however, and the blinds up; and, through the trees which grew close outside, the moon glittered. I noticed that the air was not so musty as the passages, and it came over me that not long ago the windows must have been opened. I said so to Bonamy, and he nodded his head, and, going up to them, began to examine them carefully.

'This one has been opened,' he said presently; 'and it did not open very easily.'

He pointed to the edges of the frame where some sharp instrument had been used to force it; and upon the sill I noticed some little pieces of dislodged paint had fallen.

'It is all just as I supposed,' he said. In his tone was a touch of satisfaction. 'Now,' he continued cheerfully, 'we must examine the floor.'

He went down upon his hands and knees, and whilst I held the lamp he took out of his pocket a piece of candle, which he lighted, and moved about as if searching for something.

'It is very curious,' he said at last, having examined all the boarded portion of the floor. 'There are a man's footsteps quite distinct *here*, but only a woman's outside the door in the corridor. Two women,' he corrected, 'one with slippers and one with her feet bare.'

'Are there women's feet here also?' I asked breathlessly.

'Yes,' he answered. 'Can't you see them?'

He pointed as he spoke to the floor where the carpet ended, just by an old carved bureau. In front of this I could distinctly see the marks, clearly cut in the dust, of some small bare toes.

'It is very odd,' I muttered below my breath. 'How do you account for it? Are you sure it is *only* the women's feet outside in the corridor?'

He nodded his head. 'I examined them when I was doing the photographs, and again while you were in church,' he said. 'I also found the marks of a man's footsteps amongst the bushes underneath this window.'

'And that is how it was stolen. He must have been let in,' I gasped. 'But *who were the women?*'

'That is the question,' he said, knitting his brows. 'Who were the women? I am afraid things point to *some one*,' he said after a pause, as we stood staring at each other.

'She has occasionally looked — peculiar,' I admitted.

'Looks are not everything,' he replied cautiously. 'People sometimes look as if they knew something because they are afraid of looking as if they knew something—particularly a nervous sort of girl like her. Nevertheless, I took an outline of her foot,' he continued, as, after fumbling in his pocket, he produced the cut-out form in paper of a woman's shoe.

'This also whilst we were in church,' I observed pleasantly.

But Bonamy was upon his knees again, and did not answer.

'Yes, it is exact,' he said presently, as he got up, brushing the knees of his trousers.

'Could she have stolen it, or brought it to him—whoever he was?' I queried, putting it all together.

'That does not follow, though it is suspicious, I own,' he answered thoughtfully.

'Look at the bed,' he said suddenly.

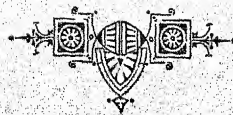
The light of the lamp was upon it. It had a mattress, and over it was a crimson silk cover. Upon this was the mark as if some one had lain upon it, denting it in, and there was the trace as of a head upon the pillow.

'Some one has slept here,' he said. And we both stood staring silently upon it.

It was very uncanny. Why should the burglar want to sleep there instead of making off with his booty?

'What will you do?' I said at last. 'Do you think you can get her to say anything?'

'That depends,' he answered. 'I shall have to think it over.'



ON SPANISH PROVERBS.

IT has been an opinion,' says Lord Bacon, 'that the French are wiser than they seem, and that the Spaniards seem wiser than they are.' Well, whatever the Dons may be in reality, they certainly appear wise enough, to judge from their proverbs, which are justly admired for their peculiar shrewdness.

There are few languages, if any, richer in proverbs than the Spanish. Many of these are the outcome of a life's experience summed up in a single sentence, and contain a pithy shrewdness which it would be hard to surpass. Others again, like many proverbs of the Scotch, combine shrewdness with the caustic humour of the man who takes a cynical view of human life.

Proverbs relating to places are numerous. Of the air of Madrid they say that it is so subtle that it kills a man and does not extinguish a candle. The climate of the same city is also described as six months of winter and six months of Hades (*seis meses de invierno y seis meses de infierno*). The Italians say, 'See Naples and die;' and the Spaniards, 'He who has not seen Seville has seen nothing marvellous.' 'Rain or no rain, there is always wheat in Orihuela,' is an allusion to a garden spot of Spain where irrigation is extensively practised. The English proverb 'to carry coals to Newcastle' has as its equivalent, 'to carry iron to Biscay,' which, centring in Bilbao, is the great iron-district of Spain.

In the former Spanish colonies local allusions are not so numerous; but the following advice has led to the fortune of many: 'If you go to the Indies, let it be to a spot whence you can see the volcanoes'—in reference to the comparative coolness of those elevated regions and the great fertility of a volcanic soil.

The following are a few relating to national or provincial characteristics: 'A Moor ruins himself with wedding-feasts, a Jew with Pass-overs, and a Christian with lawsuits.' 'The Catalans make bread from stones,' is an allusion to the well-known industry of the inhabitants of Catalonia—the Spanish Lancashire. If one meets a successful Spanish merchant or manufacturer abroad, the chances are that he is a Catalan; indeed, Spanish colonisation has been almost entirely the work of the men of the northern provinces—principally Catalans and Gallegos (natives of Galicia). The latter are the Irish of Spain, emigrating to all parts of the Spanish-speaking world, but generally less educated than the Catalans; they perform the most menial class of labour—so much so that in Spanish the name 'Gallego' is synonymous with 'porter.'

The indolent and shiftless nature of the in-

habitants of the southern provinces is hit off by the following proverbs: 'In Valencia the men are women and the earth is water;' 'When you see an Andaluz, make the sign of the cross; when you see a Sevillano, make it with both hands; when you see a Cordobes, make it with hands and feet.' The natives of Cordoba have a bad reputation in the Peninsula; a Spanish writer, alluding to one of his characters, says: 'He was a Cordobes. I say it, so that you may know he was dyed in the wool.' The following also applies principally to the southerner: 'The English advance by sea, and the Russians by land; while I, who am a Spaniard, am lying in bed.' Another proverb regarding our countrymen is, 'War with all the world, but peace with England,' which would seem to indicate the alarm created by Drake and Frobisher and their successors, the buccaneers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who made large fortunes by the capture of Spanish galleons laden with treasure from the mines of Mexico and Peru.

Proverbs uncomplimentary to the fair sex are common: 'A woman, like a pavement, should be well trampled on to be kept in order;' 'A woman is like a candle: twist her neck if you wish her to be good;' 'Beware of a bad woman, and do not trust a good one;' 'Crying in a woman, and limping in a dog, is all a sham;' 'A cock crows on his own dunghill, but hens cackle everywhere' (this in reference to the supposed garrulousness and inquisitive disposition of the sex); 'Show me a magpie without a spot, and I will show you a woman without a fault.' In English, counterparts are not wanting—for example:

A woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree—
The more you beat them the better they be.

Mothers-in-law and stepmothers come in for a good deal of sarcasm; some of the proverbs in regard to them will not stand translation. Of a man who is accounted lucky they say, 'If he fell from the roof of a house he would fall on the top of his mother-in-law.'

Readers of *Don Quixote* will remember that Sancho Panza was in the habit of letting off proverbs on every conceivable occasion—and not singly, but in strings. In this case Cervantes only portrayed the ordinary characteristic of a Spanish peasant. The following proverbs are taken at random from *Don Quixote*: 'To do good to a clown is like throwing water into the sea' (a fruitless task is also referred to as 'looking for pears on an elm-tree' and 'preaching in the desert'); 'A virtuous woman and a broken leg should stay at home;' 'A fool knows more about his own business than a wise man about other people's;' 'Don't say "rope" to the family

of the man who has been hanged ; ' There are no birds in last year's nest ; ' ' To go for wool and come back shorn ; ' ' Tell me who are your companions, and I will tell you who you are ; ' ' Pray to God, but swing the hammer also. '

We give a few sayings as follows, with their English equivalents, not taken in a literal sense, but which convey the same moral : ' He who sows thorns should not go barefooted ; ' ' Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. ' ' Fleeing from the bull, he fell into the river ; ' ' Out of the frying-pan into the fire. ' ' Hard bread is better than none ; ' ' Half a loaf is better than no bread. ' ' He who looks through the keyhole sees his misfortune ; ' ' Eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves. ' ' The ass that belongs to many is eaten by the wolves ; ' ' Everybody's business is nobody's business. ' ' The river in flood is a gain to the fisherman ; ' ' It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. ' ' Give a clown your hand and he will take your elbow, and, again, ' Let a beggar sleep in your barn and he will make himself your heir ; ' ' Give a clown an inch and he will take an ell. ' ' Take that bone to another dog ; ' ' Tell that to the Marines. ' ' To sell honey to the bee-keeper, another form of ' carrying coals to Newcastle. ' ' When the horseshoe clatters there is a nail loose ; ' ' Empty vessels make most noise. '

Ambitious, vain, and avaricious people are reminded that ' Dunghills rise, while battlements fall down ; ' ' He who tries to get rich in a year gets hanged at the end of six months ; ' ' A great leap causes a great jolting ; ' ' A level road is the safest ; ' ' The devil lies in a rich man's coffer ; ' and, ' Although a monkey arrays herself in silk, she is still a monkey. '

Here are a few relating to marriage : ' He who goes far from home to seek a wife either is a deceiver or is deceived ; ' ' Before you marry look what you are about, for it is not a knot that you can untie ; ' ' The rich wife " wears the breeks ; " ' ' Get your son married when you like, and your daughter when you can. ' Of a man who marries twice it is said, ' The first wife sweeps the floor, the second is a lady. '

In Spain proverbs are more commonly used in ordinary conversation than in any other country of Europe, a custom that may be accounted for by long intercourse with the Moors, whose language is permeated with proverbs. Mr Ford has said on this subject, ' A proverb, well introduced, is as decisive of an argument in Spain as a bet is in England. This shooting a discourse is always greeted with a smile from high and low. ' Thus, when speaking of matrimony the Spaniard will say, ' The day you marry, you kill or cure yourself. ' To express his disapproval of revenge he says, ' He begins the quarrel who strikes the second blow. ' His explanation for any surprising method of procedure is : ' We must suit

our behaviour to the occasion. ' Simulation he shrewdly counsels by the saying, ' Tell a lie and find a truth. ' ' Snuff me these candles ' means ' Clear up this difficulty for me. ' Gamblers are warned with, ' He who shuffles the cards does not cut them, ' or ' You may lose as well by a card too much as by a card too little. ' Should you wish to change the subject before it has been thoroughly thrashed out, the reminder is : ' We have still to skin the tail. '

The Spaniards are a patriotic people, and when Italians tell them to ' See Naples and die, ' they match it with ' See Seville and die ; ' and, boasting of the luxuriant fertility of their Andalusian plains, they say, ' The water alone of the Guadalquivir fattens horses better than the barley of other countries. '

The haughty *Hidalgos* sometimes condescend to be humorous. ' Let my death come from Spain ' is a joke referring to their slowness in business matters. Talking of the stubbornness of their Aragonese countrymen, ' They drive in nails with their heads ' is the expression. They are pleasant also on the climate of their capital, describing it as ' Three months in an ice-house, and nine in a furnace. ' Once, after the completion of a beautiful bridge in Madrid over the Manzanares, a little river that lacks water during the summer, a wag remarked, ' They should sell the bridge and buy some water for the river. '

' Home, sweet home, there is no place like home, ' is English, and is thus rendered in Spanish : ' The reek of my own house is better than the fire of another's. '

The New Woman would doubtless get little countenance in the Peninsula. Were she seen there in divided skirts, flying along on a bicycle, she would soon be told, ' Let every wench mind her *spinning wheel*. '

The following miscellaneous proverbs may close the list : ' He who buys a horse buys care ; ' ' That hen is not a good one who eats in your yard and lays in your neighbour's ; ' ' The rope breaks at the weakest point ; ' ' Never deceive your doctor, your confessor, nor your lawyer ; ' ' Give a greedy horse a short halter ; ' ' Shoemakers go to church and pray that cattle may die of the plague ' (so that leather may be cheap) ; ' Every one wishes to carry the water to his own mill, and leave his neighbour's water-course dry ; ' ' He who always lies to me never deceives me ; ' ' The man who shows you unwonted attention either wishes to deceive you or has need of you ; ' ' The secret of two is God's secret, the secret of three is everybody's secret ; ' ' Tell your secret to a man and you give him your liberty ; ' ' A poor man is always full of schemes ; ' ' If you have a lazy boy, set his dinner before him, and then send him on an errand ; ' ' The lazy youth will take ten steps to avoid taking one ; ' ' To swim for the shore and drown as you reach it ; ' ' A golden scabbard

covers a leaden sword;' 'Salt once spilt cannot be well picked up.'

Lastly, let us wind up with two proverbs which, by their stately, chivalrous tone, are quite in keep-

ing with the lofty character of the Spaniards: 'The king goes as far as he may, not as far as he would;' and, 'When thou seest thine house in flames, approach and warm thyself by it.'

GREAT MEN'S GARRETS.

By T. ST E. HAKE.



HE early days of famous men have always roused the keenest interest. The frequent struggle for existence, the almost insuperable difficulties under which their first projects are often achieved, constitute an attractive page in biography. An affection for the attic, more especially shown by the literary aspirant, has helped to throw a distinct halo of romance around their lives. Balzac, as he has himself recorded, was enabled during his years in a garret to amass a treasure of delightful remembrances. His great masterpiece, *Le Père Goriot*, written long afterwards, contains many a touch that was mentally incubated in those attic days. His lodging was in Paris, near the Library of the Arsenal. It was as dark as an oven, where the wind whistled through the door and windows like Tulon through his flute, though not so pleasantly. It was furnished in the most scanty manner. Here it was that Balzac commenced that drudgery which continued almost to the end. He has given a graphic sketch of his life at this period: 'Three pennyworth of bread, and two of milk, and three of sausage-meat prevented me from dying of hunger, and kept my brain singularly clear. My room cost me three sous a day; I burnt my midnight oil for three sous; and I was my own housemaid. To save the washerwoman I wore flannel shirts. I warmed myself by means of a charcoal fire, which is cheap and cheerless. . . . I only go out marketing every three or four days, and then only to the cheapest tradespeople in this *quartier*.'

Even Victor Hugo was never seen in a more poetic light than when, having taken refuge in Belgium, he lived like an ascetic in a veritable garret. 'It was reached by a winding staircase,' says Rochefort in his memoir, 'a tiny attic, so lightly roofed that the sky could be seen through the tiles; and, as Victor Hugo somewhat proudly declared, the rain occasionally found its way into the room.' A folding bedstead, a regular military piece of furniture, divided the room into two parts. It was here that the mighty poet composed his masterpieces. He had a small shelf hinged to the wall at about the level of his elbow, and by this means, when lowered to a horizontal position, his writing-table was formed. He never sat down, but composed while making the four strides to which he was limited by the smallness of his cage. The day's labour at an

end, the plank was fixed flat against the wall in order to give a few inches more of space for moving about. 'It seemed,' says his friend, 'as if one were reading his celebrated poem, *Regard jeté dans une mansarde*.' The love of an attic could hardly have been more pronounced! And yet Béranger almost excelled Hugo in the same direction. While living on the fifth story in the Boulevard St Martin, 'without money and with no prospects,' he had installed himself in his garret with inexpressible satisfaction, because, as he wrote, 'to live alone and to compose verse at my leisure appeared to me the very summit of felicity.' Speaking in this spirit of that famous 'sky parlour,' he exclaims, 'What a beautiful view I enjoyed from its window! What delight I felt in sitting there of an evening, hovering, as it were, over the immense city, from which a loud, hoarse murmur incessantly ascended, especially when there blended with it the noise and tumult of some great storm.' He wrote and starved there until the dread of the conscription fell upon him. But even then Providence seemed to befriend him. He says: 'I was bald at twenty-three. . . . When the gendarmes came in search of conscripts I removed my hat. They looked at my bald head, and were satisfied. They went away without me.' One day, while sitting there, engaged in mending a hole in the knee of his trousers, a letter was put into his hand. The Senator Bonaparte desired to see him; and from that hour his fortune changed.

Even the great Rousseau resided for four years in a small garret in a street off St Étienne du Mont. There he suffered mental as well as intense physical pain. But in spite of his reverses, he has given assurance, in writing of his life and his works, that it was there 'I enjoyed the most exquisite pleasures of my life—that of producing my *Studies of Nature*.' The early lives of the two most widely read writers in France at the present hour, Zola and Daudet, afford striking illustrations of how history continues to repeat itself with strange exactitude. Émile Zola's youthful struggles have been recently made known to the world in the *Journal des Goncourt*. The renowned author of *L'Assommoir* was so poor in his early days that he was frequently forced to pawn his coat and sit at home in his shirt-sleeves. He lived in a Parisian garret on the seventh floor, in regular Grub Street fashion, whence he looked over a vast area of house-roofs, and dreamed of the day when his name

would be a household word in all those dwellings. Although so wretchedly impecunious, Zola was quite happy, for he was busied in writing a vast epic poem called *Genesis, Humanity, and the Future*. In that garret he thought himself fortunate if he could afford twopence for a candle to light him through his midnight work. In the *Goncourt Journal*, Alphonse Daudet is mentioned as having been expelled from his lodgings, when only seventeen years old, for not paying his rent. It was a cold night; and the future author of *Tartarin* was compelled to wander about Paris, until he found a friend, near the Fountain of the Luxembourg, who took him home, and put him in his own bed. Daudet has asserted that the feeling of being in that warm bed was the greatest luxury he had ever known.

When Tom Moore, fresh from the cloisters of Trinity, turned up in London with the MS. of his translation of *Anacreon*, which he had set his heart on publishing by hook or by crook, he took up his abode in George Street, Portman Square, in a top room that cost him six shillings a week; and here the author of *Lalla Rookh* pored over the relics of the Scian bard night and day. Who has not heard of the sound-proof room in Cheyne Row which Carlyle contrived for himself in the attic? It was lighted from the top, where no sight or noise from outside could penetrate. 'My conscience!' cried a friend, addressing the Sage of Chelsea with unconscious sarcasm, 'here ye may study and write all the rest of your life, and no human being be one bit the wiser.' The literary 'parlour next the sky,' one may safely assume, has never before been so vividly described as in *Sartor Resartus*. 'It was the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahngasse, and might truly be called the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, for it rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from elevated ground. . . . It was the speculum or watch-tower of Teufelsdröckh; wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might see the whole life-circulation of that considerable city. . . . It was a true sublimity to dwell there. . . . That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest, and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like night-birds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven!'

Even Robert Bloomfield began his literary career in garrets—first in Fisher's Court, and afterwards in Blue Hart Court, both near Coleman Street in the City of London. Under most trying circumstances, in the midst of the noise and bustle of workmen in the same house, he composed his famous poem, *The Farmer's Boy*, the latter part of his *Autumn*, and the whole of his *Winter*. But the most pathetic romance of literary life in a garret was that of the boy Chat-

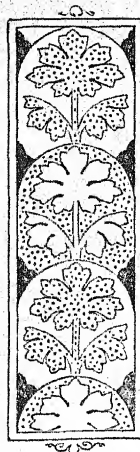
terton beyond a doubt. Even De Quincey, who for two months in London—as related in his *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*—seldom slept under a roof, has failed to awaken our sympathy in a like degree. For the first seven weeks of his life in London, according to a plasterer who shared his lodging, Chatterton hardly ever slept. He wrote with a sort of fury all through the night. In the month of June, in the same year—1770—he changed his residence to another garret. This was the famous landmark in Brook Street, the first house from Holborn on the left-hand side—No. 39. From here he contributed to the *London Magazine*, among other journals. Withdrawing one night to this garret, hungry and in despair, he died from the effects of arsenic. He was found at daybreak—when the attic door was broken open—the contents of a nearly empty phial still in his hand. When Goldsmith first found literary employment he took a lodging in Green Arbour Court, in the Old Bailey—a miserable room, with but one chair. He did not quit this squalid abode for over three years. Improved circumstances enabled him to move to the famous house in Wine Office Court—to the memorable room in which Dr Johnson 'discovered' the immortal *Vicar of Wakefield*. Johnson's sympathy with Goldsmith was no doubt quickened by the recollection of his own humble lodgings in Exeter Street, Strand, when, as he has declared, he 'dined for eightpence at the "Pine Apple" in New Street, fast by.'

In the face of so many remarkable examples, it would seem evident that a garret has proved a salutary abode, a monastic workshop, in which a severe apprenticeship to fame may be served to the best advantage. 'In this room fame was won!' cries Hawthorne, referring to his garret at Salem. But even those who have possessed the full courage of conviction and have sternly faced adversity, labouring persistently in spite of every repulse, have sometimes failed to attain success; and all this goes clearly to show that a man having the genius of a Shakespeare can seldom, if ever, rise to eminence without sacrifice and fearless toil.

INSPIRATION.

It is not in the solitary place,
Where breezes blow across untrodden sward
And shy wild-birds frequent the open space,
That best is heard the message of the Lord.
Nor yet upon the weed-strewn, rocky shore,
Where waves toss up their flying clouds of spray,
And high above the mighty ocean's roar
Shrills out the whistling wind unceasingly.
The dreamful quiet lulls the mind to rest,
The winds and waves chase other thoughts away,
And Inspiration's voice is heard the best
When sounding through the duty of the day;
For well-accustomed duties leave the mind
At leisure, calm, receptive, unconfined.

ANITA STUART.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

DURING the later half of the nineteenth century science has accomplished many triumphs over the forces of nature. She has harnessed them to her car, and made them obedient to her beck and will.

Light has, in the hands of the scientific photographer, been made to penetrate the most opaque substances, and to become the handmaid of the medical man and of the surgeon. The power of the telescope has been so increased that more is known about some of the heavenly bodies than of the earth on which we live. The telegraph wire has encircled the globe, and daily makes us acquainted with the news of events that have happened only a few hours before in the farthest corner of the world. The telephone has enabled friend to speak with friend, and to recognise each other's voices at almost incredible distances. All these and many more have entirely revolutionised the 'ways and means' of twenty years ago.

In nothing has there been such marked progress as in the matter of light. Electricity has triumphed over all other forces, and has lighted our streets, shops, offices, and homes in a manner that our fathers never dreamed of. Between the rush-light and the electric light, as applied to domestic uses, there is a long period. The object of this article is to pass in review the various methods of lighting adopted by man from primitive times till now.

In that beautiful description of the order of creation which has been recorded by the sacred penman, light is very naturally placed first, for it was essential to the existence of all that followed. When the aboriginal races of mankind, in their natural rock-shelters or underground dwellings, produced their first spark, and made it subservient to their rude wants, not only would they appreciate the warmth of the fire and its other uses, but the dark recesses of their caves, or other rude dwellings, would be lighted up by it. This no doubt would develop in them a desire to have

the means of lighting, independent of the fire, and hence the first lamp or candle. No attempt is here made to chronologically tabulate the different methods of lighting used by man; for there was of necessity much overlapping in this as in other matters during the progress of civilisation. In fact, the most primitive methods may still be seen in use side by side with the electric light.

As has been already said, the fire was in all probability the first lamp or candle; and, as wood would be largely used for fuel, probably a lighted piece of wood may have been used as a fixed or movable light. This same method has come down to the present day. The 'fir-candle' was seen in use last Christmas in Banffshire. The 'fir-candle' is made from the fir-trees that are found embedded in the peat-moss. These are dried and split up into pieces of convenient size and thickness; a bundle of such pieces is kept in a convenient place, and lighted as occasion requires, and carried through the house. They were fixed at the side of the fire, and kept burning and trimmed by the 'herd laddie,' whose duty it was to prepare the candles during the day, and act as candlestick during the evening. He was relieved of this duty when a beggar-man came that way and obtained a night's lodging, for which he had to hold the candle during the evening. This circumstance gave the name 'peer man' to the first candlesticks used in Aberdeenshire, 'peer man' being in the Aberdeen dialect a poor man.

The 'peer man' was a simple piece of iron, or rather two pieces of iron, about one inch broad, and about seven or eight inches long, welded together and twisted into the form of a screw towards the lower end, which was inserted in an upright stick fixed into a block of wood. The two pieces of iron were left free at the upper end for the insertion of the piece of 'fir.' The 'peer men' were of many shapes, from the rude one just described, to the more elaborately finished ones which were in use in

the houses of the upper or well-to-do classes. Some were jointed like our ordinary gas-bracket. In addition to the split pieces of fir-wood, the small knots full of resin were burned upon a stone projection at the side of the fire, or upon an ornamental grating suspended from a movable bracket. When the peat-moss was specially rich in oily or fatty matter, a certain kind of peat was used for lighting in the same way. These were known in some parts of Banffshire as 'creeshy cloddies.'

After man began to use fire for cooking or roasting purposes, he would observe that the fat accidentally dropped into the fire possessed good lighting properties. He would also see that heat changed the solid fat into a fluid. By-and-by he would obtain lighting material from this source, as some primitive races do at the present time. This would lead to the necessity of a lamp to hold the fat or oil. As primitive man used stone as the readiest material for his implements, he would naturally look to this to supply him with a lamp. A naturally hollowed stone would serve his purpose very well until he obtained artificially prepared ones. There is no doubt that stone lamps were in use in Scotland, as numerous specimens testify. The oil or fat was placed in the cup with the wick, which projected over the side.

It would be hazardous to conjecture what the first wick consisted of; but when we come to consider the iron lamp or 'crusie,' we know that the wick commonly used was the pith of the rush, which was gathered and partially stripped of its outer green covering, cut into proper lengths, dried, and tied up into bundles, ready for use. The iron lamp was hammered out of one piece of iron, in a stone mould. This was usually done by the blacksmith, and the moulds are still to be seen in museums, in the hands of private collectors, and no doubt at some of the country blacksmiths' shops. They are of one uniform shape, with some slight varieties. The lamp consists of two cups, one suspended above and inside the other. The suspender is so fixed and notched as to enable the upper cup, which holds the oil and wick, to be shifted to keep the oil constantly in contact with the wick. The lower cup catches the drip of the oil, which can be easily replaced in the upper cup by lifting it off until the oil is poured into it. The upper cup has sometimes a movable lid.

There is a remarkable resemblance not only between the iron crusies in this country, but to those on the Continent and in Egypt. They preserve the same general shape, but differ in the material from which they are made. The Pompeian lamps, or at least some of them, might be described as three crusies in one. The cup of the lamp is the same, but it has provision for three lights. The oil used in these Scotch lamps was of the coarsest kind. On the west coast the oil used

was, and is still, fish-oil. The material for wicks was variable.

The candle was long in use, and made in at least two ways. One was by attaching one or more cotton wicks to a stick and suspending them over a vessel containing liquid fat, into which they were dipped and held up till they cooled. This process was repeated till the candle was of sufficient thickness to satisfy the taste of the housewife. These were known as 'dips,' and were far from being uniform in shape, and were of very weak light-giving power. The other method was pouring the liquid fat into moulds, in the centre of which had previously been fixed a wick. The moulds, usually made of tin, produced one or more candles at a time, and may still be seen in some houses. The candle was sometimes used side by side with the 'fir-candle.' Some of the 'peer men' are provided not only with a split for the 'fir' but a socket for a tallow-candle.

The next step in advance was the substitution of tin for iron in the construction of lamps; but these were constructed on exactly the same principles, and were facsimiles of the iron ones. The simpler ones were small, made for hanging, and consisted of two cups, and were provided with a cotton wick and 'train-oil.' They resembled very much the old miner's lamp, which was worn as a naked light suspended from his cap over his forehead. In these lamps the upper cup containing the oil and wick was sometimes simply inserted in the lower one; so that the whole lamp had to be hung at an angle sufficient to keep the oil in constant contact with the wick. In others the upper cup was suspended on a notched piece of tin, as in the iron 'crusie.' A stage of development in these tin lamps which was never realised by the iron ones was very marked. All previous lamps could only be held or carried or suspended; they could not be placed on a table or stand. A foot or stalk was attached to some of the tin ones, to enable them to stand on a table or any convenient place. There was no automatic appliance for maintaining a steady light; but as the wick burned down and the light got low the former had to be pulled out by the hand, furnished with an ordinary pin. With the introduction of benzoline came another change over the lighting of our homes; and lamps were very quickly adapted to this new product, which had certain explosive properties necessary to be guarded against. Here again we had hanging lamps, and lamps for the table, and a combination of the two, when the oil-cup was suspended on a swivel, so that it was kept in a vertical position when being carried about.

The introduction of paraffin has done more to brighten the homes of the people—beyond the reach of gas and electric light—than any other light-producing product that has yet been tried. With it came an entire change in the lamps which may be said to be now in universal use.

In towns gas and its various products super-

sed all other methods of light, and it already stands doomed to be eclipsed by the electric light, which bids fair to be not only the lighting but the motive power of the future.

In conclusion, attention may be drawn to the shape of lamps which were used for burning oil.

This might be said to be universal, not only in this country, but all over the globe.

The wonderful uniformity, not only in this, but in other things—for example, in the flint arrow-tips and stone axes—would seem to point to the unity of the race.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A TALE OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER VIII.—A MASTER-STROKE.

TO the British public, who are strangely ignorant of the work of our embassies and legations beyond the seas, that of Brussels is usually considered quite an unimportant one; but if the truth were told, the position of British Minister there is an exceedingly difficult post to fill, there being quite as many conflicting interests at work as at Berlin, Paris, or St Petersburg.

The diplomatic body work silently, and without seeking to attract any public attention. Only now and then, at the request of some inquisitive member of the Opposition in the House, are despatches on certain matters published to the world; and then those able to read between the lines can discern how delicate have been the negotiations, and with what consummate tact and finesse have they been transacted.

Early one bright sunny morning, after I had been in Brussels some three weeks, I had taken my cup of black coffee, which alone served me as breakfast—a habit contracted in the East—and strolled out along the Avenue Louise to the Bois de la Cambre. It was not much after eight o'clock; nevertheless there were many people riding and cycling along the broad, well-kept roads and shady byways. When I had formerly lived in Brussels I used to delight in an hour in the Bois about eight, for the fresh smell of the woods was invigorating and the bright green always refreshing. I had not yet started a hack, but meant to before long. Many smart Belgians were in the saddle, including a fair sprinkling of officers of higher grade and a few English residents. Sometimes the king himself takes morning exercise there on his magnificent roan; but on this occasion he was absent.

I had passed along the end of the lake on the main road, and was enjoying a cigarette on a seat at a spot where the morning sunshine shone through the greenery, when suddenly I heard a noise round the bend of the road, simultaneous with a woman's scream. A moment later I was in view of the scene, and there saw a young girl lying on the road with a cycle beside her. An accident had occurred, but of what nature I knew not. The girl was alone and helpless; at once

I assisted her to rise, and with difficulty she struggled, gasping, to her feet.

'I trust you are not hurt, mademoiselle?' I exclaimed concernedly, in French.

'I—I think not, thank you, monsieur; only shaken—that is all;' and she endeavoured to laugh, but the attempt was a very poor one.

I noticed, however, that her hand was badly grazed and bleeding. In falling she had put out her hand and slid along upon it.

'But your hand!' I exclaimed, noticing that she was extremely handsome, a perfect incarnation of grace and beauty, even though her cycling-dress was severely simple—a plain costume of black serge and a sailor hat with black band such as English girls affect.

'Yes,' she said in fairly good English, holding her hand up to me. 'I've scratched it. Most annoying—isn't it?'

'You must allow me to bandage it,' I urged. 'I once went through some surgical courses, so I can fix it up temporarily;' and, so saying, I took out my handkerchief and folded it.

'Thanks. You are extremely kind,' she said, as I stanchied the blood and afterwards carefully bandaged the slim white hand she held forth. 'I'm so much obliged,' she exclaimed when, having finished it, I secured it with a pin she took from her bodice and handed to me. 'I was riding carelessly, and I think my dress must have caught.'

'I'm inclined to think,' I said, glancing at the road, over which a water-cart had recently passed, 'that your wheel skidded, and thus caused a side-slip.'

Then, picking up the cycle, I saw that one of the cranks was bent, and that the handles had been knocked awry by the force of the concussion. It was impossible for her to ride the machine in that condition; therefore, as she had been badly shaken, and was rather pale and her hands trembling, I advised her to rest on one of the seats; first, however, brushing the dust from her skirt.

'How kind it is of you to groom me!' she laughed. Then, sinking upon a seat, panting, she examined her bandaged hand with an expression of dismay.

'Every cyclist must be prepared for falls,' I said. 'Side-slips like that cannot be avoided, even by the most expert riders. You might have been much more badly hurt—broken your arm or leg perhaps. Does your hand pain you very much?'

'A little; but it is really nothing. I shall bathe it when I get home, and then it will soon be all right, I hope.'

'I hope so,' I observed. 'In a few days you will be quite ready to ride again; only, don't ride carelessly.'

'No,' she laughed. 'This will certainly be a lesson.'

She was a delightful companion, and I was inwardly thankful for the accident which had resulted in our meeting.

Only one or two stray cyclists passed the spot where we were seated, for it was in an unfrequented part of the Bois. The lady cyclist's dark hair had become disarranged by her fall; her straw hat, discoloured by the sun as hats will become, was dusty; her dress torn at the hem; and, with her hand bandaged, she looked in sorry plight. I judged her to be about twenty-two. Her face was of that type of beauty handsome rather than really pretty, with well-cut features regular and sharply defined, a pair of black eyes in which shone the sparkling light of buoyant youth, a small well-formed mouth, and a pointed dimpled chin protruding and giving a piquancy to her whole face. She was certainly a lady—perhaps a governess. The latter seemed most probable, judging from her dress. The excellent accent of her English had evidently been acquired at some school in England; her French likewise being Parisian, and not that imitation as spoken by Belgians. Her dress, extremely simple, seemed well made, and her tiny russet cycling boots were of finest quality, even though well worn and slightly down at heel. All these details I noticed as I sat at her side chatting; while she, on her part, appeared to accept my assistance with an air of puzzled confusion, which had its culmination in her sudden exclamation:

'What a horrid fright I must look!'

'No, no,' I laughed. 'It's only the dust. It will all brush off. After a wash you'll be quite yourself again.'

'A wash!' she echoed, laughing. 'I feel as if I really ought to have a bath. I'm horribly dirty. An accident like this is sufficient to cause one to vow never to mount a cycle again.'

'Don't say that,' I smiled. 'In a week I shall meet you careering along again. I'm sure I shall.'

'Yes,' she answered frankly. 'Perhaps you will, for I'm awfully fond of cycling. To tell the truth, I don't think anything would induce me to give it up.'

'Ah!' I laughed. 'I was quite right, you

see. Well, the best course is to take a cab from the gate, and allow me to wheel your cycle home.'

'No; I couldn't hear of such a thing, monsieur,' she protested, with a graceful dignity. 'The cab can carry the cycle. Let us go;' and, rising in obedience, I wheeled the injured machine to the entrance, while she walked at my side, now quite calm and recovered from the shock of her fall. At the gate we placed the machine upon a cab; and, entering the vehicle, she thanked me warmly, gave the cabman an address in the Rue de la Regence, and then, bowing gracefully and waving her tiny hand in farewell, drove away, leaving me in wonder as to who she was.

As we had proceeded towards the gate I noticed one well-dressed middle-aged man riding a chestnut mare raise his hat to her, which she acknowledged with a bow. The greeting thus exchanged caused me to think she was an ardent cyclist well known by sight to those in the habit of taking morning exercise in the Bois. When her cab had passed out into the avenue towards the city she turned back and waved her hand again, then an instant later she became hidden behind the trees and I saw her no more.

During the remainder of that day I was much puzzled as to whether she were a governess or a lady. I had that day a report to write upon certain inquiries I had made in a quarter where it was suspected that our diplomatic secrets had leaked out to the embassies of our enemies. I had already been in Brussels a month, but had discovered absolutely nothing. The fact of being appointed on secret service is, to the uninitiated, synonymous with being appointed a spy; but in the world of diplomacy a man loses no dignity from seeking to serve his country by secret means. As in love and war, so also in diplomacy, all means are fair to secure one's end. War is always within the bounds of possibility, and it is only by careful and diligent diplomacy that the colossal armies and navies of Europe are prevented from coming into collision. English men and women at home little realise this, and are too fond of relying for their safety upon their insular impregnability, without taking into consideration the fact that in case of successful invasion our islands might be starved out within a week. Never in the history of the world has the outlook in Europe been so black as it now is; never has the position of the Powers been so absolutely desperate. Surely the Fashoda incident has shown this, even to the most sceptical.

As I sat writing in the secretary's room of the Embassy the hall-porter brought me the letters which had just been delivered by the postman; for every letter, either private or official, now passed through my hands before being opened.

I laid down my pen, and when the man had gone took from a drawer a microscope, beneath which I placed the edge of each envelope one after another. To the naked eye there was nothing to show that they had been tampered with; but when beneath the lens it was apparent how from the end of each envelope a tiny slip a sixteenth of an inch wide had been cut off by a specially constructed guillotine, thus opening it; and after the contents had been examined and replaced, the open end had been secured by paper-pulp of exactly the same shade as the envelope operated upon. Thus the seals and gum remained intact. Every one of those letters had been through the *cabinet noir*!

Just then Hamilton entered rather hot and hurried. He was a fair-moustached open-faced man of about forty, who had made his mark in the diplomatic service, and expected to be appointed shortly to St Petersburg. I passed over the letters to him, observing that they had all been opened.

'Scoundrels!' he cried in savage wrath. 'Nothing is sacred from them. Not content with tampering with the official correspondence, they must even pry into one's family affairs. It's simply disgraceful.'

'No doubt our friends in Paris and St Petersburg are at the bottom of it all,' I observed. 'As you well know, there's a conspiracy to isolate England.'

'By heaven! and they are doing it too,' he said. 'Have you seen the private despatch which came by special messenger from the Marquess this morning?'

'No,' I answered. 'I haven't seen Sir John to-day. What is it about?'

'Its tone is extremely serious,' he answered. 'It is briefly this: the whole of the secret correspondence between the king and Sir John regarding the secret agreement between England and Belgium, which we transmitted to London for the Marquess's instructions, is missing.'

'Missing!' I echoed, rising from my chair. 'Impossible!'

'But it is unfortunately the truth, and we are in a deucedly awkward fix. Sir John is at his wits' end. The despatch only arrived at noon, and Hammerton, the messenger, is awaiting a reply.'

'How can it be missing?' I asked. 'I remember seeing you make up all the letters into a packet and seal them the day before yesterday. The messenger Graves came from Paris expressly, and took them to London.'

'Certainly,' he said. 'I placed them in the despatch-box myself, and Sir John locked it with his own key, after having placed several other private papers along with them.'

'And afterwards?'

'Graves went away to the station in Sir John's brougham, as there was no cab in the vicinity,

and he travelled straight to London. It appears that he arrived at six, and drove first to Downing Street and then to Grosvenor Square; but when the Marquess opened the despatch-box it was empty.'

'Empty!' I gasped. 'Then they've actually got possession of the original letters written by the king as well as Sir John's suggestions. There's no denying them. Why,' I cried in alarm, 'the tone of that correspondence is sufficient to cause an immediate declaration of war against us by France and Russia. Certainly this *coup* is the master-stroke of our enemies!'

'It is, my dear fellow, and a very serious business for us. Sir John goes to London to-night to consult the chief.'

'And the king?' I said. 'Does he know?'

'Sir John has already sent to inform him. I fear to think how angry he will be, for it has placed him in a false position with the Powers. The whole thing is exposed; England's policy is entirely checkmated, and her prestige absolutely ruined in the eyes of Europe.'

'But if we could recover that packet?' I suggested.

'Ah, if we only could!' exclaimed Hamilton. 'By Jove! it would be the nation's salvation. But the letters are in Paris by this time, no doubt, and a copy of the correspondence on its way to St Petersburg. Our enemies never do anything by halves.'

'How the papers could be extracted from the despatch-box is an absolute marvel,' I said. 'Does any suspicion rest upon Graves?'

'None, as far as is known,' he responded. 'Why, my dear fellow, he is one of the most trusted of the whole staff of messengers, and as sharp as the proverbial needle. He has been nearly twenty years travelling with despatches, and has never before lost a single one. According to the letter from the Marquess, who has personally investigated the affair, he finds that no suspicion whatever attaches to Graves. He believes that the papers must have been stolen somewhere on this side of the Channel.'

'Well, I saw you with my own eyes seal them and put them into the box,' I remarked, amazed.

'Oh, there's no doubt whatever that they left us, but how they disappeared afterwards is a complete mystery.'

'A mystery which we shall have to solve,' I added thoughtfully. 'This theft is about the most daring in the annals of diplomacy. It could not have been committed at a more inopportune moment.'

As, however, I uttered these words the door of the room was suddenly flung open wide by Salmon, the blue-uniformed English porter, who, in a loud, clear voice, announced:

'His Majesty the King!'

We both rose instinctively, and there entered

a tall, thin, sharp-featured man with long gray beard. He was attired in close-fitting black frock-coat and gray suede gloves, and walked erect, carrying his silk hat and cane in his hand.

We bowed in the royal presence; and, although his pale face was unusually wrinkled and careworn, he returned our greeting with a courtly affability, motioning us to be reseated.

'I have an appointment with Sir John,' he said, in English, briefly. 'I will wait'; and then, with a sigh which showed how troubled were his

thoughts, he sank into the arm-chair I placed for him.

True it was that this monarch's life was not, as was popularly supposed, an unvarying round of pleasure. As he sat there silent and a trifle thoughtful, gazing out into the sunny courtyard where his fine horses were champing their bits and pawing impatient to be gone, he retained a truly regal self-possession. Few indeed would have guessed the truth. But it was a hideous one.

His crown and kingdom were at stake.

OFF TO THE GOLDFIELDS. HOW KAFFIRS TRAVEL.

PARTLY owing to the indomitable efforts of the various railway companies, partly to the rapid advancement of science in recent years, the discomforts and inconveniences of railway travelling have now practically been reduced to a minimum. Yet, notwithstanding the vast improvements that have been effected in this direction, the average European contemplates the prospect of a long railway journey with anything but feelings of satisfaction; and, even when he can afford the luxury of travelling in a first-class carriage, with an assortment of periodicals and the latest yellow-back novel in his bag to help to beguile the weary hours, still he dreads the enforced confinement and enervating inactivity that he must undergo. Not so is it with the merry and unsophisticated Zulu. To him the very idea of a long ride in the 'steamer' (train) is bliss; and no British child experiencing its first journey in the 'puff-puff' shows more thorough appreciation of the unusual event than does the brawny coffee-coloured Zulu of Natal as he takes his seat in a crowded third-class carriage.

The goldfields of the Rand draw a large proportion of the necessary native labour from the neighbouring colony of Natal; and, owing to the high intelligence, splendid physique, and general willingness of these Kaffirs, they are always in great demand at the mines. In consequence, however, of their rooted objection to steadily remaining at work for any lengthened period, reinforcements have continually to be sent up from Natal to take the place of those returning to their women-folk and flocks at home. Generally, so soon as a Kaffir labourer has succeeded in amassing from ten to fifteen pounds, he packs up his usually heterogeneous collection of goods and chattels in skins, blankets, or mats, and without further loss of time journeys back by train to the parental kraal. Here he eats, sleeps, drinks, and—when opportunity occurs—fights, until he feels that his energies are thoroughly recuperated,

or until his pockets are once more destitute of coin. This is the usual *modus operandi* of such natives as elect to become mine-hands; and, as might be expected, the annual profits of the Natal railways are greatly augmented by the system. Indeed, the yearly returns of the third-class passenger traffic show a profit greatly in excess of that of both the first and second classes—classes used exclusively by Europeans.

Before the war there was one through-train per day between Durban and Johannesburg conveying natives; and, although the distance between these places is only four hundred and eighty-two miles, the 'Kaffir mail'—the sobriquet given this train locally—takes some thirty-five hours to reach its destination! Such a leisurely mode of progression would hardly meet with the approval of the more mercurial and impatient whites; but the philosophical and phlegmatic natives make no protest against the loss of time and apparently unnecessary delays along the route, doubtless arguing that the longer the time occupied on the way the more they obtain for their money. Again, time being of no earthly consideration to a Kaffir, while safety is deemed infinitely preferable to speed, why should he raise complaints against the low rate of speed attained by the locomotive?

The third-class or native accommodation is good of its kind. All carriages are well ventilated, roomy, and hung on elliptical springs, causing them to run with little or no vibration; while the electric light is provided in all through-trains. Each compartment is constructed to seat five on each side; but frequently as many as fourteen lusty Kaffirs squeeze themselves in—six on each seat or bench, the remaining two taking up position on the dusty floor at the feet of their more fortunate fellow-travellers. Be it understood, however, that this crowding is not always due to inadequacy of accommodation, nor must it be put down to apathy on the part of the railway authorities. No; the characteristic native love of a 'squash,' and their firm belief in the truth of the juvenile saying, 'The more the merrier,' is alone respon-

sible for the customary sardine-like packing of the third-class carriages.

A general cross-fire of questions and answers, jokes and chaff, commences so soon as these happy individuals have stowed themselves comfortably (?) away in the manner described. Then, later on, when the train has started, one of their number will be told off to spin a yarn; and, whether it be fact or fiction, of love or war, so brightly and eloquently will it be related that all will listen with absorbing and untiring interest. In point of fact, many of these natives are excellent *raconteurs*, having at their command a fund of most exciting and quite original stories; and a European conversant with the language would always find an hour or two spent in a native compartment very enjoyable were it not for the close and stifling atmosphere considered 'just nice' by the Kaffirs, but wholly impossible to sensitive British lungs and nostrils.

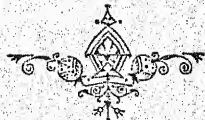
So hour after hour will be spent in happy content by these unconventional creatures; and when wearied of story-telling, in order to banish ennui, they will turn to account their really marvellous gastronomic powers. Then lumps of half-raw meat, loaves of questionable bread, and packages of coarse, sandy sugar will be extracted from innumerable bundles. The gritty sugar is emptied into tin pannikins full of water, and stirred until entirely dissolved—at least such of it as is sugar. Into this—to us—unpalatable mixture the coarse crusts of bread are thrust and allowed to soak until thoroughly impregnated, and are then devoured by all with much apparent relish. The *pièce de résistance* of the travellers' meal is, of course, the somewhat stringy and leathery meat, which, tough as it is, does not long resist the Kaffirs' magnificent set of molars. Doubtless after such a banquet many of the participants would hugely enjoy forty winks or so; but the limited space at command forbids the indulgence in such a luxury, and nothing remains for them but a return to conversation and light chatter.

The electric light, too, forms a never-ending source of wonder and delight, and some of the native theories and beliefs as to its nature and origin are curious in the extreme. On one occasion the writer recollects hearing an elderly Kaffir explaining to a number of his kind that the electric light was nothing more nor less than captive lightning. This, he went on, has been

carefully trained and broken in by the white men, and finally compelled to act in the capacity of an illuminant. Whether the native really believed this himself or was merely taking a rise out of his credulous fellow-natives it would be difficult indeed to say; anyhow, the yarn was swallowed by all. Others, again, maintain that the electric light is only 'palaffin' (paraffin) in another form, and no great wonder after all; while a few, less enlightened, claim that it is a production of *tyagati* (witchcraft). Nevertheless, all concede that the ways of the white man are wonderful, and that what he does not know about things in general is not worth the knowing.

Other inexhaustible topics for conversation are, of course, the ever-changing scenery, the telegraph-posts along the line with their endless miles of wire, the busy wayside stations, the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, and the ripening fields of maize and *mabele* through which the train passes on its way to the Golden City.

Generally speaking, Zulus travelling by rail exercise much caution in order to evade contravening the railway laws and regulations; but now and again, through forgetfulness or want of forethought, a native commits some act of indiscretion which places him within the power of the law. They chiefly sin in this respect in alighting from or in entering a train before it has come to a standstill—a practice which in some cases is accountable for loss of life and limb. Not long since a Kaffir woman travelling by train committed an act of folly that might have cost her and her baby their lives. Observing her train running past the station where she desired to alight, she, without hesitation, opened the carriage door, cast her child into the arms of some native bystanders, and finally jumped out herself. After turning a few somersaults she picked herself up, and, smiling, held out her arms for her little one. Fortunately the woman sustained no greater damage than a badly scratched face, while the child seemed to more enjoy its involuntary flight through space than otherwise. The woman was, of course, instantly arrested, and though at her trial she eloquently pleaded extenuating circumstances, was heavily fined for her rash act. However, such flagrant breaches of the railway bye-laws are the exception; for, generally, the natives of Natal are as easily catered for, law-abiding, and honest a travelling public as could be found in any part of Her Majesty's broad dominions.



BONAMY'S ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER III.



As we left the room Bonamy's quick eye detected, crunched up in the fireplace, a small piece of paper. He picked it up, and, smoothing it out, held it up to the lamp. It was the corner of an envelope, upon which was the post-mark, and, in a woman's handwriting, '—s, Esqre.' Evidently the 's' was the last letter of a name.

'See, the postmark is Gloucester, and the date is the day before the necklace was lost,' he said excitedly. 'We must keep it to compare—with her writing.'

'That will be evidence—in plenty,' I cried under my breath.

Bonamy pursed up his lips and looked non-committal. But he put the paper in his pocket.

'It is the other woman's feet that are the bother,' he said *sotto voce*. 'I can't understand another being in it.'

We were walking down the corridor, having shut and relocked the west-wing door.

'It is very mysterious,' I assented.

In fact, the whole thing was enveloped in mystery. I felt even a shilling-shocker would be tame after the night's disclosures.

'It must have been one of the servants in collusion,' I said as we turned down the passage towards our own rooms once more.

'It's a very small foot—whosoever it is,' said Bonamy in a cautious whisper. 'Get a good sleep, and we'll think of something to-morrow.' He added the last words as we came to my door. But as he turned to go to his room he stopped suddenly.

At the end of the passage appeared a figure. It came towards us. We both gazed spell-bound as it came nearer and the light falling upon it showed us who it was. It was the governess—Miss Evans. She was dressed in a long, pale-coloured garment; her fair hair hung limply down behind. Her face was white; her eyes shone. She stopped in front of us, without speaking for an instant. Some overpowering emotion was upon her.

'I know where you have been,' she said at length. 'Oh, I know. I know what is in your mind.'

She looked quite different, somehow. She was neither timid nor frightened.

'You had better come and see what I will show you,' she went on after a moment's pause.

Both Bonamy and I had been too much astonished to reply.

'I had not intended to tell you anything,' she continued; 'but now I have changed my mind.'

She beckoned us to follow her. I looked at

Bonamy; he nodded his head, and in a whirl of amazement—at least I speak for myself—we went after her. She led us, as I instinctively knew she would, down the corridor. When she reached the end she paused, and turning to Bonamy, requested him to unlock the door.

How did she know which of us had the key? Had she followed from afar? She went straight down the passage, looking strange and spirit-like in her long clinging wrapper and flowing hair. Then she entered the room, we following her. She neither looked to the right nor to the left, but went up to the bureau. She opened the slanting top, which was not fastened, and then, putting her hand behind one of the pigeon-holes, she evidently pressed a spring, for out flew a secret drawer. And—what did we behold! We started; we gasped—at least I did, and I am pretty certain of Bonamy. For there lay the necklace sparkling and shimmering from its dark recess! There it lay, flashing with a thousand liquid colours, gleaming wondrously!

We gazed upon it with fascinated eyes.

'Yes, you are surprised, no doubt,' said the girl. 'You were so sure you had a clue.' She looked at us reproachfully. 'But, as it happens, the clue had nothing to do with it.'

'Well, there was ground for—inquiry,' said Bonamy. He was going to have said 'suspicion,' I felt sure, but changed the word hurriedly.

'Why should you come prying into what does not concern you?' she went on, ignoring his remark. 'It would have been all right if you had let things alone.'

'Perhaps you will explain,' I said in as mollifying a voice as I could. 'It is a little difficult to follow you. We have only tried to help my cousin. She was terribly worried at the loss.'

'It is true—I felt that,' said the girl. She spoke more gently. 'But still, I had nothing to do with it.' She stopped for an instant; then she went on: 'But it would have been all right in a few days; I felt sure of that. And now I shall have to explain.'

She sighed, and for an instant turned her head away. Then she recovered herself, and went on, speaking rapidly:

'I knew from the first you suspected me. Oh yes; you were very careful. You hardly ever even looked at me; but I could read your thoughts—the thought-waves which are going about"—though you did not know mine.' She gave a little laugh. 'Oh yes; I knew you suspected me. Perhaps you are not aware that I came out of church before the sermon, and returned home through the shrubbery, past the west wing?'

She again looked at Bonamy. No doubt she

had been a witness to some of his investigations.

'He all along said we couldn't be sure; it only looked peculiar,' I said apologetically.

'He is very kind,' she answered coldly. 'However, I will tell you how it happened. You have forced it from me.'

I was in such a state of bewilderment that I don't think I realised the unusualness of the situation. I suppose it was about three in the morning—a dark November morning. Bonamy and I in our dress-clothes in the haunted room with this strange young woman. Looking back, the scene stands out, from years of calm and ordinary days and nights, with vivid distinctness.

'I have a brother,' said the girl; there was a new inflection in her voice. 'He has been unfortunate—he—he was always weak and easily led. But I loved him.' She paused for a minute, and then went on. 'He took to gambling, and lost money. And then he was persuaded to—to pass a forged cheque—and it was discovered, and he had to escape.'

There was a look of terror in her eyes.

'He took a passage for America; but they were after him—everywhere, and his ship did not sail for some days. So—I hid him—here. I knew no one would come. It was quite safe. Even sounds would only frighten people away.'

She again paused.

'I let him in through the window—there is a tree quite near; and I fastened a rope securely. I brought him food at night. I dared not come by day. And he promised to lead a better life—a new life—over there.'

She sighed. I began to feel a brute. So, I believe, did Bonamy.

'The second night I had come to see him. We were talking together. He was eating the food I had brought—when—it happened.'

'What happened?' we both exclaimed.

'*We heard some one coming.*' A gleam of what she had felt at the time came into her eyes for an instant. 'Soft footsteps coming along, down the passage, outside'—

'Yes!' exclaimed Bonamy. I never saw him look so excited.

'We hid behind the curtain. We had no light—we were afraid to; and there was the moon. But it carried a light. We could see the gleaming in front as it came into the room. And then—we saw—from our hiding-place—who it was. It was *she*!'

'She—who?' we both uttered.

'Lady Donnithorne!'

I think she enjoyed the look upon our faces.

'We needn't have hidden ourselves. She was walking in her sleep; she saw nothing, though her eyes were open. She went straight to the bureau, and opening it, touched the secret spring. I suppose that is where she kept the necklace—before. She laid it in the drawer and closed it, and then walked out just as she came in.'

'It is most extraordinary!' I exclaimed. I felt as if I had been saying nothing else the last few hours.

'No, not so very,' replied Miss Evans coldly. 'She has occasionally walked in this direction in her sleep before. I found her once trying the corridor door. But of course it was locked. It was odd she should come just when it was unlocked and we were there.'

'Has she done this sort of thing—lately?' I asked.

'No; the last time was when Tommy was ill. She came to his side and fumbled among the medicine bottles, but the nurse took her away. She does it when anything is on her mind. It was evidently upon her mind that night that she ought to have put the necklace away. It was not wonderful that she should go to the place where she used to keep it for safety. And she would have come back for it again. If you had not interfered it would have been all right. I felt sure she would come and fetch it again.'

'Why do you think so?' I said.

'Because she is anxious about it. It will lead her back sooner or later. But now I shall have to tell her. Surely you understand why I did not want to tell her. I should have to explain how the door was open—and how I came to be there.'

'Where is the key?' said Bonamy.

'It is kept on a nail in the housekeeper's room,' she answered.

'I think it is best to tell the truth about things,' said Bonamy bluntly. 'It would have saved all this bother.'

'It was not my secret,' said the girl simply. 'Besides, it would have frightened her, even if she was not angry, to think I could let him into the house. Of course she would look upon him as everything bad—her voice faltered—and one cannot wonder.'

We stood for a minute silently looking at each other; it was all so extraordinary and so unlooked for, it took a little time to adjust our thoughts. Miss Evans was the first to make a move; she closed the drawer with its sparkling contents, shut the bureau, and walked out of the room, we following her. In spite of a blameless conscience, I felt rather guilty as we crept through the passages, and longed to have done with adventure and to be between the peaceful sheets. But the unexpected had still something in store for us. We were approaching Cissy's door, when Miss Evans suddenly stopped.

She raised her head into an attitude of listening.

'I believe she is stirring in her room,' she said. 'Perhaps—but it would be too fortunate to happen.'

We looked wonderingly at her.

'Yes, she is coming,' said Miss Evans under her breath. We heard the door-handle turn, and then a white figure came out and walked towards us.

Bonamy and I instinctively shrank back. But Miss Evans did not stir.

'You need not fear,' she said calmly; 'she does not see you. I have watched her before.'

Cissy looked strange and ghost-like in her pale-blue dressing-gown. Her eyes gazed straight in front of her, as if lost in some far-away dream. She carried a light and walked firmly, as if she knew what she was about. We watched her as she turned down the passage which led to the corridor, and then, when she had disappeared from view, we looked at each other.

'Is the corridor door unlocked?' said Miss Evans suddenly.

'Yes,' answered Bonamy; 'I forgot to lock it this time. I was so—— I meant to go back and do so.'

'That is well,' replied the girl. 'Now you can wait and see. Circumstances are not always so accommodating,' she went on, with a little laugh. 'To think it should happen just at this moment to exculpate me.'

'That has already been done by your explanation,' said Bonamy hastily.

'That I do not know,' she replied, I thought a little less coldly.

'It is certainly very wonderful she should do it now. A wonderful coincidence,' I said as we stood there waiting.

'Something from our agitated personalities may have reached her,' said Bonamy meditatively; 'all our thoughts concentrated on the one subject. It may have given the stimulus she needed. We know that consciousness is not'—— But he stopped in the midst of his disquisition, for we heard her returning footsteps, and we peered eagerly in front of us. Yes, there she came, walking softly in her bare feet; and in her hand was something dazzlingly sparkling!

It was the necklace!

Our eyes were fastened upon it. I have seen many beautiful diamonds in my day, glorious stones upon royal diadems and amongst the treasures of Eastern kings. But there was something peculiar about that necklace. Whether it was the circumstances which found us there, and the mystery which had surrounded it, I don't know, but it looked a thing of rarely glistening wonder.

We breathed a great sigh as she disappeared within her room and closed the door.

'What will she think?' said Bonamy under his breath. 'Will you tell her?'

'It will be all right, I have no doubt. She will guess what happened,' said the girl, as she turned to go. 'At least she will guess she hid it somewhere. She knows she sometimes does those sort of things in her sleep. And if she does not, I shall suggest it to her.'

'I have something I want to say,' said Bonamy, moving a step in her direction; 'please wait a minute. I feel—I think we both feel—I nodded my head—we feel we ought to apologise for our——' Bonamy was seldom at a loss for

words, but now he appeared as if he did not know quite what to say. 'I hope you will forget it. If we had known you better it would not have happened. We hardly knew you at all; and things looked so strange, and we were so anxious to distinguish ourselves.'

Miss Evans smiled a little. 'Yes, I suppose so,' she said. 'Well, it is over now. Perhaps I was unduly sensitive—and I have not slept much lately.' She gave a little sigh. She looked tired.

'If I can ever do anything to show you how sorry I am,' stammered Bonamy, 'you may depend upon me.'

'Thank you; I will remember,' she replied, quite gently. Then she smiled and nodded to us, and went away.

The next morning I could hardly believe, as I shaved and performed the usual prosaic details of dressing, that all this had happened. It was only as I entered the dining-room, and was rapturously greeted by Cissy with the necklace in her hand, that I was sure it had not been a dream.

'Is it not wonderful!' she cried, as she held it up for our inspection. 'There it was, just where I had put it in my drawer. 'Oh, I know what you are going to say!' she cried, as I opened my lips to congratulate her. 'You are going to say that some one took it, and was frightened, and put it back again. I don't think it is that at all. I believe I did it myself!'

I think she was too excited to notice our not very surprised faces. For I could not act what I did not feel to save my life, and Bonamy certainly did not try to.

'Yes, I did it myself, I am certain; though where I put it I can't say. You know I walk in my sleep sometimes, and do odd things—connected with things that have been on my mind. I thought of it at the time. That is why I didn't want you to suspect anybody. But I always have a dream, not of what I have done, but something connected with it. But that night I could not remember dreaming. And then, too, I have not done it for months. And so I thought it *might* be some one else, and I wanted you to notice without making a fuss. And then last night I dreamt I found it—I can't remember where, but that I found it and brought it back again. It was so vivid I know it was the sleep-walking dream. I remember feeling it was cold, and that I must put on my dressing-gown because I had to go to some long, cold passage—somewhere.'

She put her hand to her forehead.

'Helen, I am telling them about it,' she said as Miss Evans appeared. 'I have shown it to her already,' she said, turning to us again. 'She agrees with me—that I hid it somewhere for safety, and found it again.'

We felt rather guilty, somehow, as we made some commonplace remarks upon the occurrence, Miss Evans eyeing us demurely the while. 'Though, really,' as Bonamy remarked afterwards,

'there was nothing to feel guilty about. It was a case in which the best thing was silence. There was no occasion to tell her or anybody.'

'It is a good thing I didn't send to Scotland Yard,' said Cissy. 'I had a sort of instinct not to, though I had no particular reason.'

'A woman's instinct is generally to be trusted,' said Bonamy solemnly as he helped himself to marmalade.

'I don't know—altogether. Now, I had an instinct *you* would discover about it,' said Cissy mischievously. 'I felt quite certain.'

Bonamy flushed slightly. 'I wanted to,' he said, as he took a draught of coffee. 'In fact, there is nothing I should have liked better.'

'Never mind; you were most comforting. You were so interested. You really thought more about it than I did. And so did Bertie. Oh yes, you *did*, Bertie; don't be ashamed of your virtues, like Tommy. You looked quite ill over it.'

I forget what I answered. I remember feeling consoled. Cissy always consoled one so delightfully when one's actions fell short of one's intentions in a matter.

Afterwards, as we went up in the train together, Bonamy could hardly give his mind to even his paper.

'I say, old chap,' he said as he lit his cigar,

'even though we don't exactly shine in this affair, it would make a rattling good story for a magazine. You must write it out one day, when it is all forgotten.'

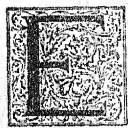
He reminded me of it as we sat smoking in the club together the other night.

Many years have passed since it happened. Miss Evans went out to her brother in America, where he became a reformed character—so she wrote and told us, at least. The Grange is let, as Tommy's regiment is in India. And Cissy—well, Cissy and I are married. And Cissy still makes me feel pleased with myself; and if I did not know myself very well indeed I might even think I was sometimes rather clever.

After she left The Grange I told her the truth about the necklace, and she agreed that we did quite right not to tell her.

'It would have frightened me horribly,' she said; 'and I should never have felt comfortable in the house any more. But let us do as Bonamy says, and make it into a story.' And we have done so, simply altering the names of the people and places; and Bonamy is going to put it into his new magazine. Though I am afraid, thrilling as it appeared to me at the time, it is nothing to some of the wonderful stories that are now written.

THE SCOTTISH GRANITE INDUSTRY.



EVERY visitor to Aberdeen—the centre of Scotland's granite industry—is naturally struck with the remarkable cleanliness and beauty of the great silver-gray buildings that line the principal streets of the city.

No need to impress on him that this is one of the staple industries of this particular part of Scotland. On every hand he sees the amplest evidence of this. At all the principal railway stations stands wagon after wagon laden with rough unhewn blocks of the familiar red and gray rock. Cart after cart and lorry after lorry passes him on the street, bearing to its destination the products of the neighbouring quarries. By his side he hears the busy clank of hammer on chisel, and anon the steady whir of machinery, as the stubborn rock is slowly fashioned into the separate parts of the architect or engineer's design.

The granite industry of Scotland practically dates from the beginning of the present century. True, of course, for simpler building purposes the stone has doubtless been used from the time when the prehistoric men raised in the north-western wilds of Caledonia those mysterious circles of gigantic granite boulders which still bear testimony to their presence in our midst. But the history of this industry begins with the nineteenth century. Prior to this the great public

buildings of the Granite City itself were almost wholly erected with stones from the sandstone quarries of the north and south. Decorative work in granite was wholly unknown in those days. But enterprising craftsmen were already at work devising newer methods of conquering the hard, unyielding granite. That stone, which ages before had been polished and carved in ancient Egypt in a fashion which our workmen of to-day have never been able to surpass, and which even yet bears testimony to the marvellous dexterity of those ancient craftsmen—that stone was not to lie dormant and useless in the great granite hills of the north. One pioneer craftsman, seeing some specimens of ancient polished granite, determined to experiment on the local Scottish stones. His implements were crude and the hand-polishing process infinitely laborious; but such success as he met with encouraged him to go on and prosper; ay, and in due time brought fresh rivals into the virgin industry. The old hewing-tools were discarded; lighter and more pliant implements took their place; the powerful giant, steam, was harnessed to the polishing machinery, and in itself soon revolutionised the trade. From being a purely local industry, supplying local needs, it gradually extended its connection to the north, south, east, and west. New quarries were tapped throughout the whole of Scotland, wherever

granite boulders reared their heads, until to-day structures of Scottish granite may be found in almost every part of the civilised world.

In Scotland alone this industry finds employment for upwards of fifteen thousand men. A glance at the export trade for a single year will, however, afford the best conception of the various uses to which Scottish granite is now put. First, let us begin with the foundations of our cities; and from this firm standpoint work up to decorative architecture. For the year ending 1897 there was shipped from Aberdeen alone thirty-one thousand four hundred and three tons of granite setts, and four thousand five hundred tons of granite paving. This represents an increase of fifty per cent. in less than five years, evidently tending to show that in that line granite is more than holding its own against the rival wood and concrete materials. Vast quantities, too, have been shipped from the same port for bridges and docks, embankments and sea-walls, its great weight and durability rendering it an efficient protector from the stormy waves of winter. During the year 1898 polished granite to the value of £26,700 was shipped to the United States of America. In this department, however, a steady decline has manifested itself since the enforcement of the McKinley tariff. In 1892 the export trade to the States amounted to £123,565, compared with which the year 1898 shows the startling decrease of £96,865. This loss, however, has been more than counterbalanced by a vastly increased English and colonial trade. South African and even Australian markets have developed rapidly; whilst with London and the larger cities of the south a successful trade in polished fronts for shops and public buildings has now been established. As the cost of an American granite monument averages from £15 to £20, whilst the cost of a polished shop-front varies from £500 to £2000, it will readily be seen that the loss of the American trade has not been so disastrous as it might otherwise have been. But the trade in polished fronts is not confined to Britain. Decorative work in Scottish granite now adorns the streets of the principal cities of Holland and Belgium, of France and Switzerland. Last year a costly and handsome monument was sent to Buenos Ayres, there to be erected over the grave of a famous merchant-prince; another scarcely less valuable went to France to mark the resting-place of one of her most famous public men; whilst yet another specimen of finely-polished Peterhead granite, covered with quaint Chinese characters, went to occupy a prominent place in one of the many temples of the Flowery Land. An Aberdeen firm is perhaps still executing an order from President Kruger's Government for a lasting monument to commemorate the repulse of Dr Jameson and the triumph of 'law and order' in the Transvaal Republic.

During the last few years special attention has been paid to the cultivation of artistic work in

granite. Under the auspices of the Granite Association, the Master Masons' Association, and the Operative Masons' and Granite-cutters' Union, there has been established at Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen, a very successful class for training the younger workmen in the arts of modelling and sculpture. Judging from the results already achieved, this special and systematic training of the *élite* of the younger craftsmen promises to create in Scotland a band of skilful sculptors whose work will yet reflect great credit on the whole granite industry of the north.

The principal granite quarries in Scotland are Rubislaw, Kemnay, Persley, Dancing Cairns, and Dunecht—all near Aberdeen; and Peterhead, Oban, the Isle of Mull, the island of Arran, and Craignair and Creetown in Kirkcudbrightshire. Other districts of course there are; but they are mainly of lesser repute. The Kirkcudbrightshire granite is largely employed in dockwork and bridges, having been satisfactorily used in such works as the Swansea docks, and the Liverpool, Birkenhead, and Newport docks. The famous rich red granite quarried at Stirling Hill, Peterhead, is highly prized for its beautiful colour and fine texture, and is largely used for polished columns, pilasters, and cornices. Fine specimens of this granite may be seen in the pillars of the Carlton Clubhouse, London, and the handsome columns of St George's Hall, Liverpool. From Dunecht quarries were extracted the stones used in building Dunecht House, lately the property of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. This magnificent building, erected by Messrs F. Christie & Son, is undoubtedly the finest specimen of granite architecture in the United Kingdom. For amount of output, however, Rubislaw quarry remains perhaps unrivalled. Standing on the eastern side of the little hill, our gaze is soon riveted by the magnitude of the operations. 'The half o' Aiberdeen has come oot o' that hole,' the workmen there will tell you. Far, far down at the bottom of the jagged cliffs one sees men seemingly scarce bigger than a large doll drilling and splitting great blocks of rock; others are scattered round the rough granite walls preparing for blasting operations. Suddenly the shrill summons of a steam-horn breaks through the air, and the pigmy quarrymen with one accord strike for the summit. As they emerge, one notes with some amazement that, so far from being the dwarfs which the depth of the quarry had depicted them, they are as sturdy and stalwart a band of workmen as one could meet in 'Aiberdeen an' twal' mile roon' (for, *sub rosa* be it said, to the true Aberdonian the world beyond that limit is of 'vera sma' accoot'). No sooner is a place of safety reached than a tremendous report bursts forth, accompanied by a shaking of the earth as if by a tiny earthquake. After the smoke has wholly cleared away we return to the edge of the great granite pit once more. At the bottom now lie vast boulders of

granite, weighing in all perhaps over a hundred tons. Soon the quarrymen are at work again, cutting those boulders into blocks of convenient size. Nothing—absolutely nothing—is wasted. First, the larger stones are raised by a powerful Blondin crane to the level of the ground, drawn along an enormous overhanging wire rope to the loading-bank, deposited on lorries, and promptly driven off to be hewn and carved into monuments, pillars, and pedestals. Follow next the smaller building-stones, then the still smaller blocks for granite setts, and yet again still smaller chips for rubble walling. In one of the neighbouring quarries in particular this economy of materials is carried yet one step further. Even the stones which the builders reject are cast into a powerful crushing-machine, ground to the required size, and utilised in the manufacture of 'adamant paving,' an artificial substitute for granite or sandstone.

A large and most valuable piece of rock at Kemnay Quarries, Aberdeenshire, was recently loosened from its bed and shifted to where it could be conveniently cut into the sizes desired. The work preparatory to blasting was in progress for some weeks. Along the back of the huge mass a series of twelve holes, each over twenty feet deep, were bored by means of the steam boring-machine. These were charged with powder, and fired simultaneously by means of electricity. A

succession of eight charges were fired in order to loosen or shake the mass from its 'bed' (or, more properly, as applied to granite, 'fault'). This having been done, the final or larger charge was given, and so well had the quantity of powder required been calculated that the immense block was simply shifted forward into the desired place. The rock was of first-class quality, and the block displaced weighs over nine thousand tons. Some idea of the size of this block may be gathered from the fact that eleven hundred and twenty-five railway wagons were required for its transport, or a single train over four miles long.

By stepping-stones, such as those we have described, by dint of enterprise, economy, and foresight, the Scottish granite industry has reached at last its present proud position in the north. Yet, successful though it has been in the past, there is no reason to believe that the hey-day of its prosperity is gone. At home and abroad a growing demand for artistic granite produce still continues. In lands far distant its fame and worth have been discovered; and whilst the hands of Scotland's craftsmen lose not their cunning nor their eyes grow dim to appreciate the beautiful and artistic in their work, the granite industry of the north will be a source of pride and profit to all who have at heart the prosperity of our national industries.

A MAID AND TWO SWORDS.

By Professor C. G. D. ROBERTS.



ADEMOISELLE DE LALANNE was in a gay mood that night. She was very happy, and might therefore have been expected to be kind. On the contrary, with a woman's title to the unexpected,

she was filled for the moment with a kind of radiant malice; an impulse to be delicately cruel lurked behind the tender scarlet curve of her lips, and the wide innocence of her bewildering eyes hid very successfully a merciless desire to wound the two men who hung upon her words. From time to time, after a coquetry more audacious than usual, she would glance half-repentantly at the closed door, as if looking for yet another visitor. Her mother, Madame de Lalanne, an elderly gentlewoman of Quebec, who had declined into a rustic dullness after years of life among the good country-folk of Acadia, dozed over her knitting beside the ample hearth.

Mademoiselle was dressed in a shortish skirt of the pattern worn by the country girls. The material, however, was not of the coarse wool of the district, but a heavy homespun linen bleached to the tint of cream; the bodice was of the same stuff, with sleeves turned back at the elbows to

show arms that were slim almost to thinness, but milk-white and bewitchingly moulded. Over her shoulders was thrown carelessly a shawl of fine silk, black, but no blacker than the silken hair above it. On her small, slim feet, one of which kept restlessly tapping the floor, she wore shoes of fine scarlet leather. These little shoes every girl in Acadia had heard of and discussed with jealous admiration; but few indeed, even of the Grand Pré maids, had seen them, for the De Lalanne, mindful of their past seigneurial pride, maintained much of their aloofness amid their changed fortunes.

Beautiful as was her face, broad-browed, finely chiselled, white with the warm whiteness of ivory, it was above all her eyes that made Marie de Lalanne the wonder of all Acadia. When she turned their dark radiance from time to time full upon her two cavaliers, both felt their hearts jump painfully, and each burned with a fierce impulse to pitch the other from the nearest window.

This tempting window, low and broad, looked out across a snowy slope that sparkled under the full moon. At the foot of the slope, visible from mademoiselle's chair, a close hedge of young

fir-trees hid the channel of the Gaspereau River. A sullen grinding roar from the flood-tide achafed among the ice-cakes was heard in the quiet room whenever the light talk flagged. It flagged often, as moments of absent-mindedness crossed mademoiselle's whimsical mood; but it never flagged for long, seeing that it was her pleasure to be gay that night. The white moonlight, too, came in through the window and mixed curiously with the leaping red firelight and the pale yellow of the two candles that stood on the brick chimneypiece, and added inextricable complications to the enigmatic lights that flamed softly from mademoiselle's eyes.

The two young men upon whose passions she was playing so recklessly had come to Grand Pré village that same evening from opposite directions. Both had made all haste out over the hill to the old farmhouse by the Gaspereau. Captain Barras, journeying on snow-shoes from the French post at Chignecto, had arrived first, flushed with elation at finding mademoiselle alone—for Madame de Lalanne was ever too sunk in old dreams to count as a personality. Scarcely had he bowed his devoirs over the little restless white hand which mademoiselle was wont to use as mercilessly as her eyes, when there came from the hunting-fields behind La Héve the spare, sombre-suited, silent figure of Jean Michel Landry de Latour, the proud and impoverished descendant of the De Latours of Port Royal and St John.

Now, on the coming of Captain Barras mademoiselle had not been over-gracious. She had been merely *ennuyée*. It was when De Latour arrived that the caprice of gaiety had seized upon her. What were these unencouraged suitors for, indeed, if not to furnish amusement through the hour of waiting before her? On the instant she was all gracious.

'I trust your absence from Grand Pré has not seemed as long to you as it has to us, monsieur!' she murmured, as De Latour kissed her finger-tips and shot a glance of dark disdain at Barras.

The captain's mouth grew dry suddenly, as he perceived in this changed demeanour of his hostess an explanation of the chill civility which had greeted his own arrival. But in the next moment those resistless eyes flashed upon him something that thrilled like a caress; and straightway, remembering all that he was and his rival was not—rich, handsome, and in high favour with the Governor at Quebec—he returned the new-comer's glance with interest.

When mademoiselle presented the two, De Latour's curt formality was a veiled declaration of war, while the elaborate courtesy of Barras was an exquisite insolence. And mademoiselle was sinfully delighted.

The demeanour of the two men contrasted sharply. Barras, not long from the revels and brightness of Quebec, hung boldly on mademoiselle's

glances, and his vanity was facile game to her. He could not take his eyes from her face, except to dart an occasional look of supercilious impatience at the intruder who, as he now felt convinced, alone stood in the way of his conquest. De Latour, on the other hand, while ever seeking the glances which enthralled him, seemed ever unable to endure their light. Whenever he encountered them he would drop his own eyes—and quietly fearless eyes they were in the customary matters of battle and peril—from the too dazzling brilliancy of her face to the daintiness of her scarlet shoes. He seldom troubled to look at his rival; but his reserve managed somehow to express quite unmeasured depths of contempt. He spoke little, even to mademoiselle, but that little always had point. The burden of the conversation was borne by Barras, who had a flow of glittering compliment at command. Mademoiselle de Lalanne had but to direct the game, now with deft turn of phrase, now with a smile, now with a swift look; and with such wicked nicety of skill did she direct it that within the half-hour the air of that peaceful chamber seemed full of swords. At this point, however, she kept things under curb, so that neither man dared in the least degree ruffle the shining surface of civility which she had spread between them. Madame de Lalanne sank so deep into her dreams that her knitting fell unheeded to the floor, and was seized upon by a gratified black kitten. One of the candles on the chimneypiece guttered spitefully and went out. The ghostly patch of moonlight moved across the floor till it touched and paled the scarlet of mademoiselle's shoes. Then, on a sudden, just as she opened her lips for some sally more sweetly envenomed than any that had gone before, the faint sound of a footstep in another part of the house caught her ear. No one else heard it; but it was what she was waiting for. Her face softened, and she sprang up.

'Excuse me, messieurs,' she said hastily; 'I have forgotten something.' And in a breath she was gone, closing the door behind her, and leaving the two men to stand with blank faces staring after her.

So they stood for a moment, then turned to each other. De Latour spoke first.

'Your society is distasteful to me, Captain Barras!' said he coldly.

'I can quite imagine it, monsieur!' murmured Barras, with the most courteous intonation. 'Different, I suppose, from that to which you are accustomed!'

De Latour smiled grimly. Mere verbal repartee seemed to him little worth while when the retort of the sword was in question.

'Nevertheless,' said he, 'I could tolerate it for a short time under other conditions. Behind yonder fir-trees there is a level space by the side of the water, where the moon shines clearly. I

could meet you there with pleasure, so it be at once, monsieur !'

Barras's bold eyes flashed. This was just what he wanted. Yet, for the mere insolence of it, he affected to hesitate.

'Your appearance is against you, monsieur,' he drawled ; 'but—yes, you are received by Mademoiselle de Lalanne, and therefore I may without dishonour cross swords with you. His Excellency would understand, I am sure.' Suddenly dropping his fine manners, he went out brusquely, leaving De Latour to follow. But the iron face of the wood-ranger (for such he was) was untroubled by the insult. He felt only compassion for the ignorance of a Canadian who knew not the precedence of the De Latours.

The two strode in silence, side by side, down the crisply glittering slope, their distorted black shadows dancing grotesquely behind them. When they were within about a hundred paces of the fir-grove Mademoiselle de Lalanne returned to the room they had so hastily forsaken. Her face was now more softly radiant, and the laughing malice had died out of her eyes. Close at her skirts came a tall, fair-haired, ruddy-featured man, with 'English' written large all over him. His eyes rested for a moment on madame's slumbering form in her big chair, then swept the empty spaces quizzically.

'Your fine birds have flown, sweetheart!' he exclaimed, with a boyish laugh.

Mademoiselle was at the window in time to note the direction of their flight. At a glance she understood the imminent results of her coquetry. Pale with sudden fear, she turned and clutched her companion's arm.

'Oh Jack!' she cried, 'they have gone away to fight. Quick! quick! stop them!'

The Englishman laughed again—but very softly, so as not to waken madame—and looked down into her face. He was thinking of her eyes, of her lips; and he only half-heard her words.

'Stop what?' he asked, stooping with a swift movement to kiss her. But she sprang back, angry and frightened.

'Stop them, I say, Jack. They are going to fight, and perhaps they'll kill each other; and it's all my fault. I've been very wicked. Oh! I'll go myself;' and she darted out of the room.

At this he awoke. He caught her before she was out of the house, and clutched her firmly.

'It's an awkward thing, sweet,' said he, 'to interfere between two indignant gentlemen who have a right to disagree in their own way. But if you say so, I'll do it. What shall I say to them? How is it your fault?'

'Oh, stupid! Can't you see how wicked I've been? I've made them both think I cared for them; I've made them furiously jealous! I was so tired waiting for you to come! And now if they're killed I'll never speak to you again.'

Jack Moleby's face broke into a grin of delighted comprehension.

'Wretch,' he retorted, 'I go!' and made off down the snow with long strides. Throwing a hooded cloak about her and thrusting her feet, red shoes and all, into a pair of white, fur-lined moccasins, mademoiselle sped after him.

The winter air was crisp and clear, and with a fine frosty sting in it. There was no wind whatever. There was no sound but the grinding of the tide among the ice-cakes. The light was almost like full day in the little white glade where the two Frenchmen faced each other with swords at the salute. The next moment the sibilant whisper of the steel began, deadly in its soft reserve; and the easy superciliousness of the smile on Barras's lips changed to a look as stern as his adversary's as he felt the dangerous competence of the wrist opposed to him.

The two fought in their vests, their coats lying upon the snow near by. In skill they appeared to be well matched; and De Latour, who had never before met any one at all his equal in fence, began to conceive an unwilling respect for the coxcomb captain. In fact, he had just, by the merest hair-breadth, escaped a scratch; when, from the edge of the grove, a voice of sharp authority rang out 'Halt!' and Captain Jack's tall figure appeared suddenly beside them.

With instant and instinctive obedience both men sprang back and dropped their points; then, in the next second, both turned indignantly upon the intruder.

'Who are you, sir?' demanded De Latour curtly.

'And by what right, if I may ask, do you interfere in our pastime?' inquired Barras.

Captain Jack, who was more embarrassed than he would have cared to show, chose to answer the latter question.

'By no right, gentlemen,' he replied heartily; 'and I beg to apologise in the fullest manner I know, too. I owe you satisfaction for my abruptness, and of course I am quite ready to afford it to you both if you demand it. But I beg you rather to accept my apology.'

'We can discuss that later on,' said De Latour in tones of ice; 'and meanwhile, Captain Barras, with your consent, we will resume.'

But before the blades could cross again the Englishman stepped forward sharply, his own sword half-drawn.

'Really, gentlemen,' he began, in a voice of mastery, 'I must insist that you stop fighting. No more of it, I say!' and his blood began to get hot. Then he remembered that he would certainly not be fulfilling Marie's wishes if he should himself kill one, or perhaps both, of these impetuous and infatuated Frenchmen; and the thought gave him pause. He considered the situation very awkward altogether.

Both men faced him. 'This is astonishing,

truly,' exclaimed Barras, with a biting sneer. 'I think we had better have an explanation before we go on with our own affair.'

But now Jack Moleby had an inspiration. He would try diplomacy. Replacing his sword, and relapsing into his customary large good-humour, he smiled genially upon the scowling faces.

'You see, gentlemen, I hated to disturb you, but I had to do as I was commanded. Mademoiselle de Lalanne sent me with positive orders to stop the fight at any cost. In my stupidity I thought I might have to fight you both, in order to obey her. But I should have known, as soon as I saw the courtly gentlemen you were, that my one effective weapon would be the expression of her wishes. She simply implores you, if her happiness is of any concern to you, that you will do each other no injury. She beseeches you to promise that you will put your quarrel, whatever it may be, for ever by; without which promise she declares that she will live in ceaseless anxiety. I think, gentlemen, from my observation of her solicitude in this matter, that one or the other of you must be honoured by a very distinguished place in her regard.'

Each, on hearing these sagacious words, conceived himself to be the one so honoured. Into De Latour's cold eyes came a gleam of elation.

'Mademoiselle de Lalanne's wishes are a command, monsieur,' said he, sheathing his sword. 'I need no apology from you for having obeyed them. Rather should I wish to hold you to account had you failed to fulfil them to the letter.'

'I thank you, monsieur, with all my heart,' replied Captain Jack, bowing, and biting back a smile. 'And you, monsieur,' he went on, turning to Barras, 'have I grace from you also for my somewhat blundering zeal?'

Barras's face, no longer that of the fearless and inexorable swordsman, wore now a simper of pleased vanity. The coxcomb was back.

'Mademoiselle's wishes are my law,' said he, bowing elaborately; 'and he who carries them out is my ensample.'

With another ceremony to De Latour he slipped his sword back into its place, as if to say, 'Let there be peace between us.'

At this moment mademoiselle came tripping from the grove, the hood of her cloak half-fallen back from her hair. She came up to the Englishman's side, and laid her hand lightly on his arm. Upon the two swordsmen she turned a smile of subjugating sweetness.

'With all my heart I thank you, gentlemen,' she said, 'for your gracious courtesy in yielding to my wishes. Let us go back to the house, and I will ask you to take a glass of wine with me to the long continuance of friendship between two such gallant gentlemen as I well know you to be.'

Both men stood bowing, each with his hand on his heart, and each boiling inwardly at sight of those

small fingers on the Englishman's sleeve. There was a brief pause, during which mademoiselle flushed faintly and her eyelids fluttered down. Then she went on steadily:

'And let me present to you, Captain Barras, and to you, Monsieur De Latour, my dear friend Captain Moleby, of the English garrison at Halifax. It is my prayer, gentlemen, that when your flag and his are again at war, as is like to be soon, he may not find such swords as yours opposed to him, for he is my betrothed. I commend him to your kind goodwill.'

The two Frenchmen met each other's eyes with a glance of mutual comprehension, murmured some inarticulate compliments, and hid their discomfiture in the final bitterness of permitting Captain Jack to help them on with their coats.

It was one of the triumphs of Captain Jack Moleby's career that he did not smile.

'THE VENICE OF THE NORTH.'

Bright sunshine over everything—
Catching and gilding with its magic touch
The burnished domes and spires
Of this fair city of a northern clime,
Where countless waterways reflect
Man's stony, strange devices of a bygone time,
When Nature revelled in her loneliness as queen
Upon the gray, grim rocks which girt blue Maclar's deep;
Whilst all around—o'er forest and *holm*—
A soft, blue summer haze did hide
The whole bright world below,
In one enchanting sleep.

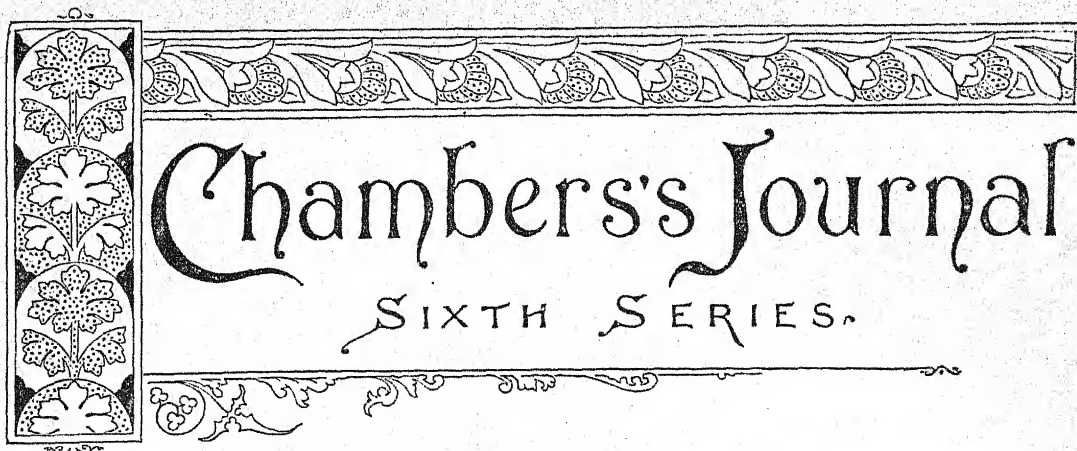
That age is past—
That dim, that magic time of yore,
When Vikings brave and free—
Fit children of the Asgard heroes old—
Held sway o'er this calm Venice of the North
As Odin's kingdom, undisputed, bold.
Their reign is past, and that of him—
The blue-eyed David of the North*—
Who bare his country's wrongs, the tyrant's yoke, awhile;
Then, in an instant—as yon summer sun
Blazed out—dispersing fierily the foe,
With one stern warning: 'Forth!'

All has not fled:
Nature still holds her regal sway unchecked
E'en to the city doors,†
Where Lake and Sea do meet at last,
And stately ships, with flags of liberty,
Majestically float forth, as in the days long past.
The silver wave still laps the shore
Of many a moss-grown berg and pine-clad hill,
Girding the city in on every side,
Which tint with thousand shades the mirror'd blue beneath,
Proclaiming, by the warble of their birds,
Stockholm is Nature's still!

L. MURIEL RAIKES BROMAGE.

* Gustaf Vasa finally defeated Sweden's Danish oppressor, Christian II., in 1523.

† The locks, to the south of the city, dividing lake and sea.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE ADVENT OF SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT.

By SAMUEL VYLE.

THE article in *Chambers's Journal* for November last on 'The Decline of Oatmeal Porridge,' which attracted considerable attention, may perhaps appropriately be followed by one on shredded wheat biscuit, a recent achievement of Mr Henry D. Perky, an American.

The new preparation is bread without flour—that is, the production of an unfermented biscuit, which is light and airy, without reducing the wheat to flour. The grain is first washed and cleansed, then finely shaved or shred—not ground or rolled, as heretofore, in a mill. Special care is taken to first remove all gritty substances from the wheat; then it is submitted to a thorough soaking in cold water. Next it is immersed in boiling water in monster kettles or pans, there undergoing its first cooking process; and, being continuously agitated by what are termed 'tumblers,' the grains are constantly rubbed against each other, this friction loosening the woody fibre and fungi on the surface, and removing the minute insect-life and eggs of insects which adhere to the wheat. This thorough purification appears to be a very important process, securing the cleanliness of the food-stuff. The hot water has rendered the wheat soft enough for the shredding which follows; and during that rapid and interesting process showers of fine threads of wheat fall upon a moving carriage. Sharp knives now quickly cut up the accumulated shreds into four-inch lengths, the size determined upon for the biscuits, which are three inches across and half an inch deep, weighing a little over an ounce each. Being now formed into shapes of the desired size, the biscuits are lifted on to wire trays by wooden spoons, and so passed to the first oven, where they are subjected to a baking heat of no less than five hundred and sixty degrees! Only thirty minutes of this high temperature are required, when they are withdrawn, and the second cooking has been completed. The biscuits are then transferred to a second oven of much lower temperature, and

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baked steadily for six hours, which is the third and last process of cooking. Thus the starch in the wheat has been made soluble, and is easily digested by the weakest stomach. The three cookings, however, do not destroy any of the nutritive qualities of the wheat. From the following table it will be seen how little change has taken place, and also how pure an article of diet the shredded wheat biscuit has become:

	Raw Wheat.	Shredded Wheat Biscuit.
Moisture.....	10.60	10.57
Ether extract	1.75	1.03
Fibre.....	2.40	2.58
Ash.....	1.75	2.65
Proteins.....	12.25	12.06
Soluble starch and other carbo- hydrates.....	71.25	71.11

The slight difference in certain parts is due largely to the action of the great heat used in its preparation.

Previous to becoming acquainted with the merits of shredded wheat biscuit, the writer, during a visit to the south of England, met a gentleman who related a unique and most interesting experience in dietetics. It was that for the last three years he had lived on one meal a day, and that meal was composed chiefly of *apples*! Further astonishment was evoked by his reply to my question as to what he drank, when he stated that the juices of the apples supplied him with all the moisture or drink he needed; this, he claimed, was of the purest kind, being in reality water distilled by nature, and flavoured with the pleasant aroma of the apple. He partook of his one meal about three o'clock in the afternoon, eating what he felt satisfied him, the meal occupying him from twenty minutes to half-an-hour. He looked the picture of healthful manhood, and is engaged daily in literary work. Further conversation led to his offer of a scholarly work upon the subject, which was gladly accepted. It stated that man's first and natural food was similar to that which Adam

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found ready to his hand both in and outside of Eden—namely, the produce of the garden and field, fruits, and nuts, upon which man *should* and *could* live and be well nourished.

Such a radical alteration in diet as was suggested by the author of that work called for very thoughtful consideration, for it was felt that to do without bread or its substitute was scarcely possible, however fond one might be of fruit. White bread was strongly condemned as being nearly all starch, inducing ossification; the nutrient quality being removed from the wheat with the bran by the miller.

It was while he was trying to solve this problem that shredded wheat biscuit was first brought under the writer's notice; and, after a trial of the preparation for two months continuously, it was found to fill the gap—nay, more than fill it.

To the athlete, its muscle-forming qualities and sustaining power are of marked benefit; and it is very highly spoken of by some trainers, whose pupils can train on the biscuit better than on any other food. For the healthful and the strong it is beneficial, as walking exercise can be more largely indulged in and enjoyed with less fatigue. In the home it is the foundation of many appetising dishes, both savoury and sweet, as is evidenced by four hundred and sixty-two recipes published and circulated at the lectures demonstrating its use. It is a boon to invalids, not only because of its easy digestion and its nutriment, but because it is capable of being made up into so many attractive and temptingly dainty dishes. The aged, by reason of the shredding, are peculiarly helped and benefited, as they do not suffer for their inability to properly masticate their food. Thus they enjoy the blessing of food with easy digesting properties, which must tend to promote 'length of days, even to old age;' and at life's eventide have a prospect of calm, joyous strength to the last.

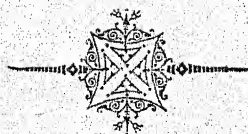
Baby life, at the other extreme, will also be greatly benefited by the use of this food-stuff, the system being built up in its earliest days. Some doctors describe it as an ideal baby-food, and prescribe it freely for adults; and, what is more wonderful, some of the eminent amongst them take and enjoy their own medicine themselves! Dentists, too, speak highly of its great value as a bone-forming food, and hence beneficial to the teething generation.

Like oatmeal, the shredded wheat biscuit has a dual character, yielding both 'meat and drink.' Half a biscuit placed in a muslin bag and boiled for five minutes makes a delicious drink, the slight taste of the baked corn being most agreeable, while the liquid is nutritious.

In England the use of oatmeal porridge is rather on the increase amongst the upper-middle classes. Vegetarians and temperance folk use it largely, chiefly for breakfast. The writer has enjoyed this very nourishing food for nearly forty years, it having been first introduced to him (or was it not he to 'them,' rather?) the morning after his first arrival in Edinburgh from the west of England in 1862; and he has had it as an item of breakfast fare ever since—in Glasgow, the Western Highlands, England; also, during a ten years' residence, with hard, exhausting work, physical and mental, in the West Indies, where, however, many Scotsmen declined its use because they averred it was too heating for the tropical climate, with a normal temperature of eighty-seven degrees, rising to a hundred and ten degrees. From experience that is proved to be a matter of opinion, as it depends so largely upon the cooking and the quantity partaken of. But oatmeal porridge and shredded wheat biscuit will form a splendid basis for meals all through the day, whilst the question of economy will, with many, not be without its influence. Certain it is that if the hard toilers within the British Empire—and that is now a large market!—used oatmeal and shredded wheat biscuit they would be far better nourished, and their children both healthier and stronger, and the many diseases which an excessive meat diet is responsible for would disappear.

Oatmeal porridge as a breakfast food cannot be surpassed; and with the shredded wheat biscuit, and the fruits, nuts, and jams, now so greatly used as the diet of many thoughtful humanitarian folk, it may effect a quiet and beneficial revolution; as with the use of the wheat biscuit for fish-cakes, meat rissoles, and nicely creamed fruit compotes, the appetite is tempted with a really sustaining diet which will not greatly add to the domestic outlay. However, the greatest beneficiaries will be the children, invalids, and the aged.

Milk and honey and shredded wheat
Is a dainty meal a king might eat.



OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER IX.—AT THE STATE BALL.



HERE was no disguising the fact that the British Empire, the pride of the world, was in deadly peril. Day by day went by; yet, to our surprise, the situation in Europe remained undisturbed. I paid a flying visit to London to make further inquiries regarding the theft, but soon returned. At the Royal Palace, as at the Embassy and at Downing Street, the few who knew of the theft awaited the dawn of each succeeding day with trembling anxiety, fearing lest the explosion so long threatened should occur. To the last button upon the gaiter Europe was armed, not with the arms of twenty-nine years ago, when France measured strength with Germany, but with quick-firing guns, Maxims, rifles of astounding range, and all kinds of inventions for causing widespread desolation and loss of human life. War was terrible enough in the days of Sedan and Plevna; but all knew that its horrors would now be far greater. Yet in that period of suspense, although the King and his Ministers knew themselves to be on the edge of a volcano, the festivities of the Belgian Court never slackened. Only perhaps a dozen people were aware of the theft of that file of secret correspondence, and any countermanding of previous fêtes would have given rise to comment.

Every inquiry I had made produced only negative results. I had questioned Graves, the messenger, closely, and he had asserted that the despatch-box had never left his hand after it had been given him by Hamilton. The file of papers had disappeared as if by magic. In every effort I was baffled by the fact that no suspicion could possibly rest upon Graves, a man who for years had carried the nation's secrets in his safe keeping.

One night, in an anxious, despondent frame of mind, I, accompanied by Giffard, attended the state ball at the Palace, a function at which all of us were expected to be present. Our party, headed by Sir John and Lady Drummond, the former wearing his star of St Michael and St George, were received by the royal pair at the head of the grand staircase, with its magnificent marbles and statuary; and as we passed in, the great ballroom with its thousand electric lamps presented a particularly brilliant scene. The various uniforms, sparkling orders, and multi-coloured decorations contrasted well with the magnificent toilets of the ladies, and the show of diamonds for which the Belgian Court functions have long been notable was unusually profuse. British diplomatic uniforms are, how-

ever, the reverse of showy; and a Portuguese vice-consul is always a more bejewelled, decorated, and imposing-looking person than a British ambassador.

Among them all, however, few men looked so smart as did my companion Giffard in his Guards uniform, wearing the violet ribbon and cross which the Emperor Francis Joseph conferred upon him, a duplicate of which I also wore. Around us were many people we knew: the Russian Minister, in his imposing white tunic, glittering with orders; the French and German attachés, to whom we were always courteous but never very friendly; and the Turkish Minister, a little, squat, brown-faced man in black embroidered coat and dingy fez.

The magnificent band of the Guides, one of the finest in Europe, was playing Strauss's 'Morgenblätter' walse, and many dancers were gliding around the great chamber in the midst of the brilliant crowd. There was gaiety, brightness, and laughter everywhere. On every side was a ceaseless chatter in French, with now and then an expression in English or German, for those assembled were nothing if not thoroughly cosmopolitan; and it may safely be said that there are few in the Court circle in Brussels who cannot speak English. Together, Giffard and I passed on towards the top of the room, bowing here and there to ladies in *décolleté* leaning on the arms of their cavaliers, or nodding and exchanging words with men we knew.

Suddenly there was a pause in the music as the walse ended, then a slight stir among the crowd.

'The royal circle have entered,' Giffard remarked; and as I turned I saw at some distance from me the tall, imposing figure of the King, his face smiling and bearing no trace of the terrible anxiety which I knew must be consuming him within. These men, the ambassadors of the Powers, whose hands he had shaken in welcome that night, were his most bitter and deadly enemies. To-night they laughed gaily with him and partook of his boundless hospitality; yet he well knew that they were conspiring to take from him his crown and wreck the kingdom he loved so well.

I gave word to my thoughts in a whisper to Giffard; but in response he said:

'Hush, old fellow! Keep silent. It wouldn't do for you to be overheard.'

'Of course not,' I said; then I fell to thinking as I gazed around upon that brilliant assembly, where the women blazed with gems and the men wore their full decorations upon their breasts.

I had attended many an imperial function in Vienna, and many a reception at the Palace at Madrid; but never had I been present at a ball where was displayed such a wealth of jewels, or where the women were on the whole so good-looking.

Some of the ladies were well known to me, for a secretary of Embassy gets very quickly into society; and to many of them I chatted after Giffard had left me to dance with the pretty daughter of the Minister of Agriculture, a fair-haired young lady whom I had detected on more than one occasion flirting desperately with him. I was seated with the pink-and-white, fluffly-haired Baroness de Melreux, whose historic pearl necklet was being admired, perhaps coveted, by most women in the room, gossiping and watching the dancers, when suddenly, on the opposite side of the polished space where the 'Lancers' were in progress, my eyes encountered a striking figure in turquoise blue. She was standing in conversation with a couple of elderly ladies, when, as she suddenly turned her face towards me, I was amazed to recognise her. She had not noticed me, and was slowly waving her large ostrich-feather fan to and fro, chatting with the elder of her two companions. Her toilet was certainly one of the most beautiful and striking in the room, its tint suiting her dark complexion admirably, and its *facture* of the latest mode garnished with silver passementerie and tiny ruches of chiffon. Across her open white brow was a magnificent tiara of diamonds, and around her throat a beautiful necklet of the same gems sparkled beneath the electric rays with a thousand iridescent fires. Her dark, well-coiled hair had been arranged by a maid of the first order; there were diamonds on her wrists; and every one about me was remarking her beauty. For a long time my eyes were riveted upon her, to make certain that I was not mistaken, and to reassure myself that it was more than a mere striking resemblance. Then, when at last I became satisfied, I sat gazing upon her in blank amazement.

'Do you know who that is, over there, in blue?' I asked of my friend the skittish Baroness, for in Brussels society she knew everybody.

'Of course,' she answered in English. 'She's awfully smart and good-looking—isn't she? Don't you know her? Oh, but of course you were not in Brussels last season,' she added. 'She's Mélanie, daughter of the Princess Charlotte of Hapsburg. That's her mother, the rather stout woman talking to her now.'

'Then she's a princess of blood royal?' I exclaimed, absolutely dumfounded.

'Certainly,' answered the Baroness. 'Her mother is a Hohenzollern, you know, and they are here on a visit to the Queen. The Princess Mélanie is certainly very handsome; but she has all the pride of the Hapsburgs, and makes very few friends. As for the men, she gives them all their *congé*

—all save one,' she added, dropping her voice to a whisper and smiling significantly.

'And who's he?' I asked quickly, for in her I took more than a passing interest.

'Oh, a mere nobody,' she answered. 'Last season, when they were here, there were lots of funny stories about. They say she is fond of escaping from the royal circle of an evening, and going out for walks with her cavalier, and that there have been a good many scenes created in the family because of her liking for this fellow.'

I looked up again at the striking figure in turquoise, whom every one was admiring, and wondered whether she remembered that morning in the Bois when I had brushed the dust from her skirt and bandaged up her hand. How different was her appearance now, the centre and admired of all that throng, one of the most dazzlingly brilliant in the whole of Europe! I recollected her rather shabby cycling skirt, her straw hat which had been discoloured by the suns of the previous season, and her boots worn until they had gone out of shape; and contrasted them with the erect, rather haughty figure before me, the costly Paris-made gown, and the flashing tiara against her dark hair. I recollected how so unaffected had she seemed when we had met after her accident that I had actually set her down as a governess, whereas she was none other than a princess of the great and powerful House of Hapsburg, the proudest House in Europe.

Her beauty fascinated me. I sat there gazing at her as one held beneath a spell. As a rule I fear I am not very impressionable where women are concerned. My profession as diplomatist has brought me in contact with many women of dazzling beauty; but at the embassies it is part of our creed never to fall victim to a woman's loveliness; never to become the slave of any of those capricious butterflies of fashion who are so fond of angling after the foreign diplomat. All this was impressed upon me by the kindly Marquis prior to my first appointment abroad. It was part of his wise counsel how to conduct diplomacy successfully.

Of course, just as it is part of a diplomat's creed not to love, it is also part of his creed to flirt desperately should occasion require. There are times when the young attaché can gain valuable information withheld from his chief, through the brainless woman whom he flatters, and with whom he affects to be desperately in love. Indeed, in all the embassies abroad love plays a greater part in international negotiations than is ever dreamed of by the public. I think that I, like certain of my colleagues, had succeeded in bringing flirtation near to the perfection of an art; and when I recollected certain escapades in Vienna, where by an affectation of affection I had been successful in gaining some exceedingly valuable

information regarding the political undercurrent, and remembered how near a duel I had been on more than one occasion, I smiled within myself.

Yet at this moment I confess to a very serious affair of the heart. That dark-haired, neatly-dressed girl who had had such a nasty spill from her cycle had captivated me by her grace, her beauty, and her natural outspokenness. I saw now why she would not allow me to wheel her cycle home. She did not wish the world to know that she had had a fall in the Bois, being aware how fond the papers are of giving publicity to all sorts of alarming reports. It was her natural discretion which led her to refuse my further aid. But had she not turned in the cab, and, with laughing, mischievous eyes, waved her hand to me in farewell?

The Baroness at my side was chattering away, now and then whispering behind her fan some scandal or other about those who passed by; but I only replied mechanically. I was too much occupied with my own reflections to heed the chatter of this, one of the giddiest and smartest leaders of fashion. I wondered whether I should salute this woman who had so fascinated me, or whether I should preserve strict etiquette and wait until she recognised me. This was the question which sorely puzzled me. If she saw me and desired to renew the acquaintance she would surely speak, I argued. If not, then she would cut me dead, and I should know that she wished the secret of her accident preserved.

At length a mutual acquaintance, Count Corrigani, of the Italian Legation, came up and commenced to chat with the Baroness, whereupon I seized the opportunity and strolled away in the direction of where my friend of the Bois was standing, now in conversation with the Queen of the Belgians and her unmarried daughter, a pretty, dark-haired girl of nineteen, who had only lately been admitted to such functions, and who, truth to tell, was more at home on her pony in the leafy glades of Spa than among that bejewelled throng with its ceaseless chatter and combined odour of a thousand intoxicating perfumes.

For some time I lounged about, exchanging words with those I knew and dancing a couple of waltzes with a smart woman to whom I had been introduced by Hamilton, and who was, I understood, the wife of the ex-Governor-General of the Congo. But through all that time I kept surreptitious observation upon that tall figure in turquoise, with the diamond tiara which flashed back every colour of the spectrum. She was surrounded by admirers, but refused all in-

vitations to dance. The King and the Archduchess Stephanie had led the cotillion, and according to strict etiquette that was sufficient. At no Court, save that of Spain perhaps, is etiquette so rigorously preserved as at Brussels, and perhaps, alas! no reigning family is more unfortunate in its matrimonial alliances than that of Belgium.

At length, when I saw my divinity with only a single lady at her side, the wife of the German Minister, I hastened across and leisurely passed her, hoping that she might recognise me and bow. I had resolved not to commit such a flagrant breach of etiquette as to claim acquaintance with her. Idly, and with affected carelessness, I therefore strode past, when just as I got level with her she raised her dark eyes from those of her companion and looked me straight in the face. I expected each second that she would bow; but in her gaze was no glance of recognition, only a cold, haughty askance stare, as though she had noticed I had watched her, and was now annoyed that I should approach her in that manner. No, she evidently did not intend to recognise me. There was no excuse whatever, because she looked full into my face with her great dark eyes—a glance firm, cold, unflinching. She had cut me dead. My heart sank within me, for she was my idol, and her perfect beauty, enhanced by these dazzling jewels, held me captive. Thus I passed on, and it was a long while before I summoned courage to again look in her direction, fearing lest she might consider me an uncouth boor. When, however, I did I saw her still chatting with the buxom lady who presided over the German Legation, and smiling at some words the latter had uttered.

Then I passed into the lounge set apart for men, swallowed a glass of champagne, smoked a cigarette—the cigarettes the King gives to his guests are, as every diplomatist knows, the best in Europe—and joined in the cosmopolitan chatter of a dozen or so of the diplomatic body more or less known to me.

For a long time I lingered in the galleries, and it was nearly an hour before I returned to the ballroom, where I found the function at its height. An old minuet had been performed, and everybody was discussing it; when, ere I became aware of the fact, I came face to face with my dark-haired divinity in blue, who, seated alone on a settee, suddenly recognised me, smiled graciously, and bowed. My heart leapt for joy. She had, by this action, given me permission to speak.

(To be continued.)



DO PUBLIC LIBRARIES FOSTER A LOVE OF LITERATURE AMONG THE MASSES? *

By A WORKING WOMAN.



AFTER much consideration, this question must be answered in the negative. The word 'foster,' according to the dictionary, means to encourage or nourish; but the object to be encouraged or nourished must be already in existence, or, of course, it cannot be fostered. When public libraries were first instituted they were intended mainly for the use of the working classes, to meet the need of those who were desirous of obtaining knowledge but could not afford to pay for it. That the working classes in general have not availed themselves of this privilege is not the fault of the free libraries or of their promoters; and yet, neither is it the fault of the working classes. There are those who will talk about developing a taste for literature in the masses, as if such a thing could be done in a few weeks or months at the most. But, all the while, they entirely overlook the most important point; and that is, that the taste for literature among the toiling masses of this country has yet to be created. Free libraries may have helped to foster the love of literature among the lower middle class and the upper working class; but the great bulk of working people have not yet experienced any longing for an intellectual life; and the reason for this is not far to seek.

No doubt it will be a hard task for cultured individuals to even attempt to realise such a state of affairs; to try for one moment to think that there are hundreds—nay, thousands—to whom the word literature conveys no meaning whatever. Yet such is the case. And, indeed, self-culture is certainly not the end and aim of the members of the middle class who join the free libraries. Complaints are numerous that in most of our free libraries fiction is in great and increasing demand; while books of a higher order are comparatively little read. The members of the middle class seem to regard public libraries as being places where it is very convenient to keep up-to-date in the latest sensational novel, with the least possible expense; to be the first in the field to read books like *Tess*, *Jude the Obscure*, *The Manxman*, *The Christian*, *Trilby*, *Sorrows of Satan*, *The Heavenly Twins*, *Dodo*, and others of a similar nature. And if this is the idea of literature enjoyed by the middle class, what sort of an idea can be expected of the working classes

pure and simple, whose lives are dragged out under much less favourable conditions?

Just think for one moment of the literature which passes muster with the rising generation of the working class. Inquire of the newsagents what style of so-called literature has the readiest sale. They will soon tell you that it is not good, sound matter, but trashy comic papers which are in constant demand. Of course, in common justice, it is only fair to point out that there are plenty of excuses to be found for the children of working parents. First and foremost, their environments are not, strictly speaking, of a pronounced literary flavour. It is still an undisputed fact that, in spite of modern civilisation and modern education, working men, but more especially working women, have, as one of the characters in *David Grieve* expresses it, 'as much use for learning as a cow has for clogs;' and this is literally true. If the children do show a taste for reading, it is the boys who are allowed the opportunity of developing it; the girls of a working-class family are usually found something else to do. The parents are not to blame in the matter. They have not the necessary leisure, even if they had the insight, to develop the intellectual faculties of their children. All the energies of the parents are required, and are always at full stretch, to get a bare living for themselves and their offspring. They have no spare time in which to study the characters of the children, or to overlook their various pastimes; and when the home-life of the children of working parents is carefully considered, the wonder is, not that they develop such a small measure of intellectual life, but that under the circumstances they develop any. The boys, after the day's work is over, go home and get their tea, wash themselves, and then betake themselves off for the evening, sometimes to lounge about at street-corners, sometimes to go to the public-house, and sometimes to go to the theatre or any other place of amusement. But very seldom indeed do they find their way to the reading-room of the free library. The evenings of the girls are mostly occupied in domestic duties; and when, at the end of the week, they do get one or two evenings to spare, they also go in for various amusements. As already pointed out, there is absolutely nothing in the home-life to encourage a taste for literary pursuits; and, among such surroundings, is it any wonder that the taste is only too often not there to develop? Certainly there are instances where the boys and girls of working parents do join the free libraries, if only to read for amusement. This generally takes place in their earlier

* This article is published without prejudice, and is interesting as an expression of personal opinion on the part of one who has derived great benefit from the use of free libraries. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for all the conclusions contained in the article.

years. A boy of fourteen or fifteen shows a marked taste for reading the daily and weekly papers, and perhaps some friend will suggest that he would be greatly benefited by joining the free library. He does so, and his reading consists mainly of books of travel and adventure, varied with historical romances. The boy is just at the age when love-tales are despised with a lofty scorn, and tales with a moral scouted. And so it comes about that Harrison Ainsworth, Captain Marryat, Kingston, Fenimore Cooper, Henty, Jules Verne, R. M. Ballantyne, Captain Mayne Reid, Rider Haggard, and Rudyard Kipling are his favourite authors. A girl of the same age, or perhaps a year or two older, shows a disposition to like reading. She joins the free library, and being of a more romantic turn of mind than her brother, her reading proceeds on different lines. Mrs Henry Wood, Miss Braddon, Rosa N. Carey, E. P. Roe, Annie S. Swan, and others of a similar nature are her favourites. But, as a rule, when they should be launching out into deeper waters both boys and girls cease to be members of the free libraries, and gradually drift into other and more harmful amusements; and so it happens that George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens are quite unfamiliar names. Poetry is seldom or never read. The only idea of poetry which many boys and girls of the working classes possess is that derived from learning pieces to recite at school entertainments or of committing to memory so many lines for an examination. But these are regarded in the light of tasks; and so whatever love for poetry may be created soon evaporates on leaving school.

On the whole, the girls have really more excuses for not reading than the boys. A little consideration concerning the daily routine of the lives of working girls will soon dispel any sentimental notions which may have been cherished on the subject. Picture a domestic servant, tired out with a hard day's washing or cleaning; the factory girl, shut up for ten hours in the stuffy atmosphere of a factory, engaged in monotonous labour; the seamstress, jaded and worn with her work, 'sewing at once with a double thread a shroud as well as a shirt,' and too weary even to think. What opportunity or inclination can such as these have for literary pursuits? To preach the doctrine of self-culture to these poor souls must appear to them as nothing less than cruel mockery. The conditions of industrial life will have to alter strangely before any progress can be made in this direction. Then, again, the habit which boys and girls have contracted of late years, of doing their reading in bits, often of a scrappy and sensational nature, is slowly and surely undermining what little taste there might have been for solid and instructive literature. The information swallowed by this system of miscellaneous reading is enormous as far as the quantity goes, but it generally passes

through the brain like water going through a sieve. Among working people, at any rate, the saying of the wise Lord Bacon, that 'some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested,' has never caused a ripple of disturbance to arise on their mental calm, and probably never will. Both sexes of the working classes, when they do read, do it mainly for amusement; and this fact must be faced.

The conditions inseparable from the lives of ordinary working people, not even excepting the artisan class, are all against the development of intellectual tastes in any shape or form. There is no doubt but that when a literary taste has once been created, the free libraries, with their stores of good books, and the reading-rooms, with their supply of high-class magazines, are regarded as mines of untold wealth. In my own particular case, probably only one of many such, I am glad to be able to say how much I owe to the free library. I should, in truth, have fared badly without the help of such a friend. I left school at the age of thirteen, and until quite recently have worked without a break in a large worsted factory. From a mere child I developed a taste for reading, and was not long before I had completely exhausted my own and my friends' stock of literature. And whatever literary tastes I may develop in after-life I owe to the fostering these tastes received from the free library. From this source I have been able to make the acquaintance of authors whose works I could not afford to buy; and from the delights of fiction I soon got into deeper water. Ruskin, Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, J. A. Froude, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Longfellow have since become like familiar friends.

History, travel, science, and biography have all opened their delights to me through the medium of the free library, and by its help and encouragement I have acquired such a taste for good literature as will last me all through life. It appears that the promoters of the evening continuation classes have at last been able to grasp the idea that these aids to education might be of real value in creating the necessary taste to make our rising generation desirous of walking in the realms of higher literature. During the past winter several Board schools started literature classes for both sexes. There is a grand opportunity here for those who are wishful to elevate the masses. The days of the so-called comic and sensational paper would then be numbered, for children will be taught the meaning of true literature, and, it is hoped, will have no desire for reading of a lower order. For the sake of humanity, let the evening schools have a higher ambition than merely to earn grants. Teach the students to dance and sing, but above all to read. Why, if an evening school did nothing but improve the taste for reading in a district, it would be worth all the money spent upon it. Only, as before pointed out, it needs keeping in mind that before

any real good can be done, the taste for literature must be created, and the opportunity to create this taste ought to be given a thorough trial in all evening schools. Then, perhaps, in days to

come, the children of our working classes will be able to realise the truth of the saying: 'Science, art, and literature are three guardian angels, but the strongest of the three is literature.'

THE CHAPERON: AN ADVENTURE.

By R. RAMSAY.

THERE was to be a grand review of the Fleet off Spithead, and excursions were running from all parts of the kingdom. Mrs Lawson had once gone down to the sea on a similar occasion, and, having been jammed against a pickpocket in the crowd, had lost her purse. Since then it had become an indispensable preliminary to sight-seeing expeditions in her family to leave all their valuables behind. So they were all turning out their pockets.

Mrs Lawson was aunt-in-law to Francesca and mother of Cis, and had a right to insist; and as Mr Stair was her nephew and lawful subject, she made him also give up his worldly goods before packing off the three on their jaunt to Portsmouth. She was very tyrannical in her prudence.

'And you, Francesca?'

Hugh Stair glanced across at her, and his smile was rueful. He had already been deprived of almost all but his pipe and a railway ticket.

'We must submit,' he said.

Francesca produced her purse and two pocket-handkerchiefs.

The purse was immediately confiscated, but one of the latter was grudgingly given back: 'Although I think it's a positive pampering of the thieves,' said Mrs Lawson sternly. 'You have your excursion tickets, and I suppose'—grudgingly—'you will want a little silver, in case you go on a steamer, and for your food. Beyond that—Who can pick your pockets if they are empty?'

Stair smiled again at Francesca. He had just come from Australia, and regarded the British matron, as aggressively visible in his aunt, with an awe that was just then merging in alarm. He muttered something and ran down the steps hurriedly into the street, afraid lest she might take away his watch, which, strangely enough, she had not yet demanded. After him fluttered Cis, white as a summer cloud in the blue sky-drift; but Mrs Lawson laid her hand mysteriously on Francesca's arm for a minute, drawing her back in the deserted hall.

'Take care of Cis,' she said. 'I don't want you to hamper them or to be a wet blanket in any way; and I quite trust her to you, my dear. Just keep her out of mischief.'

There was a bitter dash in the staid smile with which Francesca too started and caught up the other two walking side by side in the sun. They

had sallied out to enjoy themselves, with light hearts and lighter pockets; but she was the chaperon.

It was a long day—a long, hot, and weary day; no happier than other days set apart for amusement. They had gone aboard a steamer with a crowd of excursionists like themselves, and the skipper, with a solemn promise to land them all in time for the excursion train, had carried them out in triumph.

The first dim stars were appearing and the sky was already dark as Francesca leaned over the ship's side among its hundred passengers, all alone. Far away there was a glimmer of landward lights, and the shore was running, a line of sparkles, into the sea. The ships, still waiting, were all glittering in the blackness of the tide. There was to be an illumination, and the warships that had impressed (who was it said alarmed?) a foreign personage all the day were to dissipate the menace in a display of fireworks. However, they could not begin till the personage had had his dinner. The people ashore and afloat in their thousands were all impatient. They were watching angrily, thinking themselves defrauded by each dark minute, for the signal that was to make all the black waters gay and startling. But Francesca was in no hurry.

Not far away—and yet strangely distant—were her young girl-cousin and Mr Stair. She heard them laughing softly as people laugh in a crowd—or alone with each other—an intimate smothered laugh. She was not to hamper them, Mrs Lawson had said, laying a last charge upon her; and so she had withdrawn herself a little way, leaving them. It was her fate always to be the chaperon.

There were not so many years between her and Cis; she had dared to count them, wondering what had thrust her among the elders. Perhaps it was because she had had younger sisters and had got into the way of ruling them with a staid air that assumed the age and authority that was wanted. She had had to think for them all, and it had been a burden. The last of them was married now—ah! she remembered the motherly way in which she used to listen to and advise their lovers!—but her post was fixed for ever. Even strangers appeared to see her in that character. It was laughable—almost always. Only just lately it had hurt her strangely. Was she,

after all, so very staid and ancient? Although the light in her eyes and the red in her cheeks had always been overlooked, she had become dimly aware that the beat of her heart was young.

It was her part to look with a kindly tolerance upon Cis and Mr Stair, and the part was familiar. Why, then, had she risen up and fled lately at his approach? It was absurd. Francesca laughed a little unhappily in the dark. She knew the look—the wistfulness and the embarrassment appealing to her pity—in Mr Stair. How many young men had she heard with a motherly earnestness? She had always been proud of the trust, a kind and a dauntless backer; and why should she suddenly struggle against her fate? Three times since they had been visiting in that house together had Mr Stair attempted to confide in her and enlist her aid. She was clever in reading the signs; she was accustomed to being trusted. Why then, guessing, had she run away in a fright?

'Miss Lawson!'

Francesca turned hurriedly. Ah, the alarming ring in his tone! With a gasp of thankfulness she remembered the impatient hundred pressing against the ship's sides with her. Their many faces gave her the courage to look and smile, her own face very dim in the shadow.

'Miss Lawson!' he said again—he had not learnt to call her Francesca: was it a tribute to her elderliness and gravity, or to the more distant relationship?—'why did you hide yourself? I could hardly find you. And Cis is quarrelling with me most unfairly because of that great personage's greed. It seems to be my fault that the fireworks are not beginning.'

'What is it? Any slander?' interrupted Cis, appearing at his elbow. She was in one of her wilful moods, and the unaccustomed scene had roused her spirits. Francesca could see that she had been tormenting him.

'I was stating a fact,' said Stair; and they glanced at each other in playful challenge.

'He has been so absurd,' said the girl, hooking her arm in Francesca's, and Francesca thought she saw a darkening in his face. They made a capital pair, the man tall and dark, with the strong look of one who had had to fight his way up in life; and the girl pretty and glittering like a star. Perhaps he had been trying already to make her understand.

'Tired?' asked Stair.

'No,' interrupted Cis, answering him; 'only solemn.'

But he did not take his eyes away from Francesca, waiting for her own answer. She had to give it gaily.

'It's the responsibility,' she said. 'You are two gay people without a care; but I am the chaperon.'

She saw his eyes rest on hers almost reproachfully as she attempted the little joke that was earnest;

and then the signal was flashed along the ships, and the night was made wonderful with display.

The crowd on the ship's deck surged and struggled like the waves underneath, gazing distractedly at the sudden brilliance. Delay, impatience, all were forgotten in the spectacle granted to them at last. Cis leant against the boat's rail, exclaiming; and Mr Stair, behind her, was watchful of her rash movements. He had made room for Francesca also against the rail, and she was gazing stupidly at the sight with eyes that were dazzled. He was so near her—so very near; if she, the third person, could only slip past him and leave the two! For a crowd is nobody after all.

'It's over. Oh dear, it's over!'

Cis's cry had its tragic note. She lifted her face lamentably to Mr Stair, and sighed that it could not begin again; and then she shook Francesca and asked her to waken up. Had she failed to see this and that, with her eyes on the water? Had she let the last wide scatter of rockets rise and die like vain things, and little stars?

'I—I saw it all,' said Francesca.

And then there was the rush ashore. The excursion boats hurried towards the pier, ruffling the black waters, to which darkness and its hush were returning. They were all belated, even the lucky first, and the last train became a nightmare.

'Captain, you promised faithfully that we should catch the train!' called a nervous excursionist, peering up at the figure on the bridge. He was voicing the fears of half the hundred passengers who had been beguiled on board. It was an old tub, and they might well feel anxious as she turned and kicked slowly towards the land. The skipper leaned over the rail and smiled.

'Captain, you undertook it' (there was a distant whistle); 'you *swore* we should be in time!'

It was painfully apparent that the skipper ranked all that among the excusable wiles of his trade.

'So I did,' he said carelessly. 'So I did.'

There was a general thrill of panic. Why had they embarked on that faithless boat? Why had they not trusted themselves to Cook? To their minds this skipper was little less than a pirate.

'Shall we do it?' asked the passengers nervously, as the black distance grew slowly narrower and they plunged on in the wake of faster boats. The skipper looked down at them all grimly. He had their fares.

'I can't say, I'm sure,' he said.

Terrified matrons gathered round him, shrieking and reproaching, while the other passengers gazed desperately ashore.

Boat after boat slid their dark sides along the pier, and the human river streamed up between the lanterns. They watched the lucky travellers landing, while still distant, and saw that they were hurrying—even they.

Stair felt for his watch—the watch he had rescued from Mrs Lawson; but it was not there, and Cis saw his attempt with a quick burst of laughter. It was the third time he had done so mechanically; the third time she had explained that Mrs Lawson had taken it while he was looking at Francesca.

‘It must be past midnight now,’ he said after a pause, ‘and our boat will be the last. We shall have to run for it, I’m afraid.’

Panic had spread among the other passengers, and they made ready for a rush at the sound of the chains grinding against the pier. None were willing to be stranded in a strange place where the inns were full.

‘You had better take my arm,’ said Stair, turning to Francesca. Cis had already slipped her arm frankly into his at the other side. But the chaperon drew back quickly.

There was a chorus of shouting from the pier, warning, and jeers, and all the cries of a tired and excited crowd. In the midst of the hubbub they landed.

‘Train’s starting! Hurry up, there!’

‘That old villain of a skipper!’

‘Run!’

The exclamations were flung from lip to lip as the travellers dashed frantically along the pier. From the railway there came a threatening whistle.

‘Hurrah!’ cried Cis, her eyes dancing as the tide of travellers shouldered past, fighting their way in desperation. It was the kind of adventure she dearly liked. ‘Now, Madame Chaperon, clear the way! Can you run, either of you?’

‘Hush!’ said Francesca, hurrying after her, but the girl was irrepressible. She flung a mirthful glance behind her and began to run with the rest. Francesca never knew how they all rushed up the ill-lit street, with black figures everywhere making a living darkness. It was like a regiment in flight. She only saw the provoking shadow of Cis ahead, and felt that Stair had caught her hand and they were racing after the girl together. She could run fast, at least!

Then there was the rush into the station, and a noise of shouting; a glimpse of Cis flinging herself rashly forward, with a laugh excited and full of triumph, waving her hand out of the midst of strangers, and then disappearing into the dark.

Francesca was out of breath with running; she could only stare at the deserted rails.

‘Awfully risky of her to jump into the train like that.’ Her companion’s voice startled her into a sudden, horrified realisation that they were left behind. Already the station was almost empty.

‘Oh, what will she do!’ she cried.

‘What shall we do, rather?’ said Mr Stair.

‘Cis will only have to run up half a street from the station and hammer at the door till they let her in; while we—’

‘But there’s another train?’ cried Francesca, terrified. ‘There must be another train.’

‘I’m afraid not,’ said Stair.

He seized the weary porter blinking at them unkindly, and shook an answer out of him. And then he came back to Francesca.

‘There is no train till six in the morning,’ he said, ‘and—he looked ruefully at her, trying to laugh, and failing—‘and—we haven’t got any money.’

That was Mrs Lawson’s prudence! They turned out their pockets under the last flaring lantern (with the porter waiting to put out the lights), and Francesca had twopence-halfpenny. Stair had not even his watch to pawn.

‘If Jill had only been here,’ he said, with a bothered whistle—Jill was his married sister, whose home was in the town, but who, unluckily, was absent—‘we could have gone there. But she’s goodness knows where, and the house shut up.’

‘Perhaps they will let us stay in the station?’ said Francesca; but as she said it the light died suddenly in the ladies’ waiting-room, and there was an ominous sound of locking. The porter signified that they could not be allowed to remain; he was waiting to shut them out. They gazed at each other, both aghast.

‘I’m afraid they won’t trust us in these strange hotels,’ said Stair as they left the station, coming out into the dark and deserted street, with its lamps glimmering far apart.

Francesca felt her cheeks burning in the darkness. What would they say? He and she left behind—alone in this strange place—almost without a penny! It was awful. Then she seemed to hear Mrs Lawson cry, ‘If it had been Cis!’ in a burst of relief that it was only the chaperon. Oh, they would all think of her with less alarm, and ejaculate that it might have been much more dreadful. Francesca the staid and ancient! It was lucky that it was she.

The red had died in her cheeks; but its fading was curiously arrested by a contradictory dash of anger. Alas! she had ranked with the elders in soberness all her life.

‘They can’t take us in,’ said Stair.

She had stood thinking, unconscious, therefore hardly embarrassed, in the still brilliant entrance of an hotel, while he argued with the people. They had no room, not a bed, not a corner. Perhaps luck might be with the travellers farther on. But at the next place they were so doubtfully regarded—strangers with no luggage and with no money—that Stair broke off half-way in his explanations and hurried Francesca away from the insulting eyes. They turned their faces towards the darkness and trudged on a little while. The streets were becoming silent.

‘What shall I do?’ Stair said hoarsely. He was willing to face any rebuff himself; but then

she had to face them with him. Francesca heard the trouble in his voice, and immediately her own weariness and fear were driven away by a reckless spirit.

'I—I—I don't mind,' she said. 'I hardly ever had an adventure! We must just tramp about till the morning. But are you hungry?'

'Are you?' he asked. The pluck in her tone reassured him. Francesca felt in her pocket, bringing out the twopence-halfpenny that was all their riches.

'It will buy half a loaf,' she said.

A faint smell of new bread had assailed them, strangely comforting and familiar; they had stumbled into the neighbourhood of a bakehouse, and the men (overtaking the extra pressure by labour at unearthly hours) were bringing the first batch out of the oven. Stair managed to make his way in among the ghostly, white-dusted figures, assuring them that he was not an apparition; and then he and Francesca had a loaf to divide between them. It was hot and crumbly, the crust breaking in their fingers. Stair had given Francesca the larger half, and she peered at him to find out if it had been parted fairly; amusement was uppermost in their eyes just then.

'Why did you keep such a little share?'

'I'm not hungry.'

'Neither am I.'

They withstood each other defiantly, both untruthful, and then made peace over the last crust, sharing it. Then they started afresh on their wanderings. All the hotels were full to the brim—or that was made the excuse to the penniless travellers. Stair turned from the last hoarse with excited arguing and explanation, and Francesca could not bear the lamentable look in his face as he pushed the hair back from his forehead wearily, with a despairing laugh.

'Is the workhouse shut?' she asked, attempting a joke. He did not appear to hear it.

'It's awful,' he said. 'Good heavens! That you should be walking all night like this!'

He caught her arm in his in an involuntary gesture of indignant support, and again they started. She was tired, and her feet were aching, and yet she felt strangely young.

They passed up a narrow street, and the lights were dying in all the houses. Above them the stars were few in an inky sky, and the way was dark. It was as if they were shut out from all the live world together, walking on and on in a weird pilgrimage, side by side; as if there were not another soul in the darkness but he and she. And to Francesca there was a strange happiness in it all.

She could not hear the shocked murmurs of Mrs Lawson; she could not imagine the faces, the voices that would exclaim, or even the bitter amusement in their relief that it was only Francesca after all! All that belonged to the

daylight and to the morrow; to-night she was reckless and did not care.

It was just a dream that she was living, and she must waken; they could not always be wandering side by side; she could not always look up and distinguish the strong face, with its kind, troubled eyes fixed ahead. She could not always feel her arm lie in his, and lean a little if very weary. It was just a dream in the darkness; she would think of it in the daytime and smile sadly all her life. With a start she became aware of a silence in which she could almost hear her heart beat treacherously and fast. In a hurry she tried to break it.

'You—might—smoke?' she said.

He started also and smiled. He had refused before, but perhaps he was now discouraged; and nothing cheers a man like his pipe.

'You don't mind?' he asked anxiously.

'Why,' said Francesca, 'it is the right thing, I think, for us—tramps; and I should like it.'

She dipped in his pocket audaciously, thrusting the pipe into his hands, and in another pocket he discovered a last match lurking. He paused in a doorway to strike it, bending with his hand hollowed round the pipe and the match's flicker; it was the last and precious. Francesca walked a little way on alone.

It was then that she, the only visible figure in the deserted street, saw another reel round the corner, a threatening shadow with mad, wild eyes. It made for her with a sudden cursing, mistaking her for a victim it was pursuing, or perhaps only with a brute's drunken fury. A curious willingness to die followed her cry in the suddenness of her fear; she saw the wild arm lifted—and then—then she heard a blow that had fallen, and there was a heap at her feet.

'Francesca!'

Stair had never uttered that name before.

He was shaking with anger; his arm was round her, and that heap was lying, as it had been hurled, in the road. Francesca had shut her eyes; she could hardly stand, and she had to lean against him. Through the humming in her ears she heard him talking strangely. Oh, surely she must be mad!

'My darling—my darling! It's all right. Don't be afraid! Nothing shall hurt you. Don't be afraid, my darling!'

Francesca looked up, and saw his face above her, white and earnest. It was all she saw, just a vision in the little street of dark houses shutting in the sky. Then she saw it alter and grow remorseful. Was her look all afraid?

'Forgive me,' he said. 'I did not mean—Oh! I know it was cowardly to betray it—now; and till that villain— But it has been hard not to speak all this time, and I was off my guard.' He had withdrawn his arm and was standing before her, respectfully, a little distant.

'It's no good,' he was saying. 'I know it.

I've tried to find out if there was any chance; but you never would let me ask you. I saw that you guessed, and I knew it was just your pity.'

And she had thought—

They stood facing each other in the starlight, the drunken man hoarsely murmuring, all his wit bidding him lie where he had fallen, hearing nothing nor understanding.

'I never meant'—said Stair, and his voice was not steady. 'You will forgive me and forget it? It's all I ask now, Francesca. You will not remember me as a coward who betrayed himself when he knew that you had to listen—that you could not run away—that you could not get rid of him if you wanted?'

There is a light that can transfigure the strangest and darkest street; it lit Francesca's eyes after many days' haunting pain until they were like the stars; and then it lit all that was dark for Stair.

'I will neither forget nor forgive it,' she said, her voice, like the night wind, uncertain; 'as—as I cannot get rid of you—if—I wanted.'

After that they did not know where they were wandering; but they did not believe it was in the darkness, although right and left walls were rising, houses weird and lightless and all asleep.

At last they came to a sudden corner. Stair glanced up with a rueful laugh.

'That is Jill's house behind,' he said. 'All shut up, and she away!'

'It is unlucky,' said Francesca; 'but'—her hand was fast in his, and he clasped it tighter—'if she had been there'—

'We should have missed *that*,' said Stair. 'We should have gone there, straight, and said, "How lucky!"—and lost each other.'

And then he looked at her anxiously; she must be very weary, trudging by his side with a

face patiently brave and tender; she could not walk for ever.

'We'll turn back to that last hotel,' he said, 'and I'll murder them if they won't take you in!'

They had turned the corner, and there was Jill's house, with all the windows lit.

Almost breathless they stared at the astounding sight, until they gathered that it was a real illumination, and not a magic prank. The dark house was almost gay in the surrounding blackness, and looked anything but deserted.

'Hurrah!' shouted Stair, starting forward and knocking wildly.

They were let in by one of Jill's London servants, and found themselves immediately in the middle of lights and faces and exclamations. Jill had made up her mind at the very last to come down to the review, had sent down the servants that very morning, and had just arrived on shore with a supper-party to entertain in the half-dismantled house. Jumping up, she hid the wanderers with her large figure for a minute. Her kind, motherly face was all astonishment.

'My dear Hugh! Or is it a pair of ghosts?'

'We missed the train,' said Stair hurriedly; 'and we hadn't a penny. The hotels were full, and would not trust us. You might have wired to me that you were here. And, Jill, you'll take care of her?'

Jill had glanced from one to the other, eyeing them narrowly, with pity and amusement. Francesca was not wan, although she must be worn out with the adventure; there was a red colour in her cheek and a strange flicker in her eyes. If she could not read that, the sister had only to glance at Stair.

'You poor child!' she said, kissing her suddenly; and then Francesca knew that she was young at last.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.



COMPARATIVELY few people know anything about the design or other particulars concerning the Great Seal of England, the possession of which is one of the dignities conferred upon the Lord High Chancellor. It was, therefore, with great interest that Mr Allan Wyon's lecture upon the subject before the Society of Arts was listened to by a large audience. Mr Wyon described the seal as consisting of a large mass of sterling silver, measuring about six and a half inches diameter by one and a quarter inch in depth or thickness. It is in two parts, both smooth on the outer side, but elaborately engraved within. These two surfaces are impressed upon a lump of wax at-

tached in an ingenious way to any document to which Her Majesty as sovereign gives her royal assent. The weight of the seal is one hundred and eighty-five ounces, and its value in metal about thirty pounds sterling. Each seal is engraved during the reign of the sovereign whose name it bears, and the collection presents a curious and accurate epitome of English history. All Lord Chancellors have taken the greatest care of the seals in their charge, and have contrived recesses and elaborate devices for their safe custody. One of them in the reign of Charles II. actually slept with the seal under his pillow, and by this loving precaution saved it from thieves who one night broke into his house and carried off the mace belonging to the House of Lords, and other valuable property.

GLASS-MAKING BY ELECTRICITY.

An American glass-maker has patented apparatus for the production of glass by electric furnace, and he is said to have adopted in its construction a hint which he derived from an accidental breakage. Passing through his works one day, he saw the globe of an electric arc-light crack, and a piece of the broken glass dropped upon the white-hot carbon points and was almost instantaneously melted. Thereupon he had a box or vat made, upon the interior of which were brought together pairs of carbon rods, powerful currents being sent through them to secure great heat. Immediately below them was a channel for the passage of sand and the other constituents of glass, and it is found that these are reduced to the vitreous state in as many minutes as it requires hours to melt glass under the old system.

THE PARASITES OF POULTRY.

The Board of Agriculture have recently issued two illustrated leaflets (Nos. 57 and 58) dealing with the parasites which affect the domestic fowl, and the best means of combating their ravages. These publications may be obtained from the Board by application at their office, 4 Whitehall Place, London, S.W., and will be of the greatest value to all poultry-keepers. Cleanliness is naturally the best preventive of parasites, infestation of poultry always being worst in dirty runs, roosts, and nests. The best remedy is to clean the poultry-quarters thoroughly at least every six months, using a wash made of hot lime and soft soap, and giving walls, nests, and ceilings a good dressing with it. The houses should be free of cracks and crevices where insects can harbour and congregate, and which often are not reached by the washing operation. The nests and perches should be removable, so that they can be periodically dressed with hot lime-wash, and wood shavings or wood wool should be used in preference to straw for nesting purposes, because it is too aromatic for parasites to live in it.

FOOD PRESERVATIVES.

The departmental committee appointed to discuss the question of preservatives and colouring matters in food have been hearing evidence from many experts on the various points raised. It was stated by one that the use of borax or boracic acid for ham, bacon, and butter was necessary on account of the demand for a mild-cured article, and that it was a most effective preservative and a sure remedy against fly-blow. Seventy-five per cent. of the ham and bacon sold in Britain was treated with this chemical, and after the meat had been cooked most if not all the borax disappeared. This last statement is one which surely could easily be put to the test of experiment; and, should it be found correct, the use of borax for meat could hardly be con-

sidered objectionable. The trade in Canadian hams increased from three hundred thousand dollars in 1889 to one million eight hundred thousand dollars in 1898; and, according to the opinion of another expert, this increase might be attributed solely to the use of preservatives.

PROTECTING SEED FROM SPARROWS.

The correspondent of a German technical paper describes a method by which gardens may be protected from the invasion of sparrows bent upon robbing the beds of their freshly-sown seed. He procures from a button-factory sheets of perforated tin from which the button-blanks have been punched, and makes these into the shape of a roof. Thus covered, the rows of seeds are amply protected from the birds, and the seedlings, under an airy roof, can develop undisturbed. In windy weather it is sometimes necessary to peg down the bent tin-plates by means of small twigs stuck into the ground. The plates, if reasonable care be taken, will last for at least ten consecutive seasons.

SCIENTIFIC DESTRUCTION OF LOCUSTS.

In South and East Africa, and in Algeria and Morocco, the locusts have of late years inflicted enormous damage. The same complaint comes from the United States, especially from places west of the Mississippi, with regard to the American locust plague; farmers in some places having left their holdings and sought a new means of existence elsewhere. There is at last some hope that a means has been discovered of successfully waging war against the pest. Four years ago in Cape Colony the locusts were almost destroyed by an epidemic, which seemed to be the result of the insects feeding upon a fungoid growth now known as 'locust fungus.' It was also ascertained that a few individuals affected with the malady would quickly communicate it to thousands of others. In the following year a similar epidemic occurred in Natal; and then the idea was mooted that it might be possible to propagate this destructive malady among the locusts whenever their numbers gave cause for alarm. This has now been done, the first step being the preparation of a germ culture from the locust fungus at the Bacteriological Institute at Grahamstown; and experiments have shown that the infection of a number of individual insects with this preparation leads to wholesale destruction of their fellows among whom they are let loose. It may be mentioned here that the Boer inhabitants of the Transvaal have hitherto set their faces against any measure for the destruction of locusts, on the ground that the insects must have been created for some wise purpose, and that it was wrong to annihilate them.

A NEW METAL.

In the course of an interesting lecture on 'Medieval and other Locks,' given by Mr H. W.

Chubb at the Camera Club, reference was made to the scientific way in which the modern burglar was able to break into a presumably thief-proof safe, and the precautions which were taken against his assaults. In order to meet the want of a burglar-proof material, Messrs Cammell of Sheffield had lately produced a new kind of steel, which could not be softened by heat, which no drill would pierce, which was as adamant to any kind of cutting tool, while at the same time the heaviest blow will not induce it to fracture. A plate of this new metal having a thickness of less than three-sixteenths of an inch will stop a Lee-Metford bullet. This new steel has, indeed, the most resistant properties of any material known, and it can only be fashioned by the artificer by the employment of hydraulic pressure. It will no doubt have wide application in defensive warfare.

CHARLOCK SPRAYING.

Agriculturists are interested in a new method of destroying charlock in corn crops which has been successfully employed during the past season. It consists in spraying the crops with a two per cent. solution of pure sulphate of copper, which has a toxic effect upon the charlock without injuring the crops. The conditions of success are that the solution be applied at the rate of fifty gallons per acre, and that the spraying take place while the charlock is young and from two to six inches high. The chief sources of failure are spraying too late, using too little of the solution, and employing impure sulphate of copper.

INDIA-RUBBER SUBSTITUTE.

Many are the compounds which have been invented as substitutes for india-rubber, and few are those which come up to the anticipations of the discoverers. The last of the tribe was brought forward at a recent meeting of the Society of Chemical Industry by Mr W. F. Reid, under the name of velvrit, and it seems to answer its description to a certain extent—that is to say, it will make good machine belting in conjunction with canvas, it is a good waterproofing agent, and it will make serviceable varnish. For such employments it compares favourably with india-rubber; but for golf-balls or for submarine cables it does not offer the flexibility required, although it is thought that improvements in manufacture will confer upon it the necessary quality. It is strange that nothing is known about its adaptability for wheel tires; for it stands to reason that any substance which would take the place of india-rubber in this manufacture would, if cheap, meet with very wide application.

ELECTRIC TRACTION ON THE TOWING-PATH.

There are many canals intersecting the country where horses may be seen steadily plod-

ding along and towing behind them heavy barges. An interesting experiment is to be tried shortly on the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, near Wigan, in the substitution for the horse of an electrical locomotive. From the artistic point of view the change will not be regarded with satisfaction; but electric traction on towing-paths has been found in France and some other countries to be well adapted to canal use, and cheaper than the employment of the horse. The work of opening and closing locks and of operating sluices is also to be done by electrical power. It is possible that this alteration of methods may once more cause our inland waterways to recover some of the importance which attached to them before the advent of railways.

GRAPES FROM CANADA.

Grapes of fine quality have hitherto been 'forbidden fruit' to the Briton of limited income, whose acquaintance with them is derived solely from what he sees in the shop windows marked at a price far beyond his means. Perhaps he would occasionally buy the hard green grapes which, packed in sawdust, come in barrels from Spain; but they are so unlike the product of our hothouses that they may be regarded as very much inferior fruit. Recently, however, some magnificent grapes have been imported from Canada, and we are promised in the near future an abundant supply from that country. The grapes are excellent both in appearance and in quality, and they will be sold at a price within the reach of all. It need hardly be said that their transport to this country is rendered possible by storage in refrigerating chambers on board ship.

TUBERCULOSIS.

The chief medical officer of the Local Government Board, in an address which he delivered to the London Medical Society the other day, pointed out that the scourge called tuberculosis, or more commonly consumption, might be banished altogether from our midst if we would only take the precautions which science has pointed out to be absolutely necessary. Dwelling-houses must be so constructed that fresh air is admitted to the rooms, and the overcrowding which is such a melancholy feature of all our large towns and cities should be abolished. Milk is one of the most fruitful carriers of the germ which does the mischief; and he asserted that probably some ninety per cent. of our milch cows are infected with it. In a herd of forty selected beasts belonging to Her Majesty the Queen, all but six were found, upon examination, to be infected with tubercle. If this is the case in a dairy where no expense is spared in the way of cleanliness and good feeding, what must be the state of the inferior establishments where cows are kept?

A SUBMARINE BOAT.

The dream of a submarine boat which shall be able to float at any depth between the surface of the water and the sea-bottom is much older than the time of Jules Verne, who gave the power of his imagination to the idea. At last, however, reality has given place to romance, and the *Holland* submarine vessel has been tried with success in New York harbour, when she fulfilled all the requirements laid down by the Naval Board. These requirements were that she should have all arrangements for charging torpedoes without delay, that she should carry three such torpedoes, and that she should be able to discharge one while travelling at full speed either on the surface of the water or below it. The chief engineer, who was ordered to observe and report on the preliminary trials, says: 'I report my belief, after full examination, that the *Holland* is a successful and veritable submarine torpedo-boat, capable of making a veritable attack upon the enemy unseen and undetectable; and that, therefore, she is an engine of warfare of terrible potency, which the Government must necessarily adopt into its service.' He further recommends that his Government should at once purchase the vessel in question, so that the secrets of its construction shall not leak out to the benefit of other nations.

WOOD PULP IN SURGERY.

Wood pulp, now so largely used for the manufacture of paper, has been lately recommended, after a series of experiments, as a highly valuable aid to the surgeon for poultices and dressings. It has the merit of being very cheap, and can be readily obtained in various thicknesses. It swells up in water and retains four or five times its weight of the liquid, so that a poultice of any consistency can be made by varying the proportion of water. It is found to retain its heat much better than the ordinary materials used for poultices, and any antiseptic drugs soluble in water can be used in conjunction with it. Wood pulp can be easily moulded when wet, and when dry it becomes quite hard and will make an effective splint. It is said to be quite an ideal material for the country doctor, ensuring uniform results and having excellent keeping qualities.

COST OF MODERN GUNS.

The *Scientific American* publishes some figures with regard to the cost of big guns and the firing of the same which cannot fail to be of interest to us in connection with the present war in the Transvaal. A twelve-inch breech-loading gun costs, with its disappearing carriage, more than £28,000. The cost of firing is proportionally great; and the report of experts who have inspected these guns, and the devices for securing an accurate aim, show the great saving effected

by position and range-finding apparatus. As the report truly says: 'The demoralising effect of a hit as compared to a miss cannot be reduced to a money value; but it costs big money to shoot a big gun and then miss the mark.' In the case of the twelve-inch gun above mentioned the cost of firing is £112. A ten-inch gun costs to fire it £64, while an eight-inch gun costs £23 for every charge. These figures apply to American ordnance, and we cannot hope that our own guns are any cheaper in operation.

NETTLE-FIBRE.

According to the United States Consul at Glau-chau, nettle-fibre or Ramie has recently come greatly into favour in Germany in the manufacture of fine yarns and tissues. In spinning alone, over ten thousand spindles and many hundred workmen are employed. The raw material comes almost exclusively from China, about eight hundred thousand pounds being annually exported to Germany. Nettle-fibre is considered to produce one of the finest tissues obtainable from any known description of vegetable fibre. It is proposed to introduce the culture of the nettle into the Cameroons; and should experiment prove that the product is of the necessary quality, nettle-growing enterprises on a far more extended scale will be organised.

SUGAR DIET, AND LIQUORICE.

The Queen's gift of chocolate to the soldiers in South Africa testifies to a belief in high quarters as to the sustaining properties of this sweetmeat. The *Times* points out, in connection with the provisioning arrangements for South Africa, that jam has taken a permanent place, among others, as a good thing for troops to fight on. Sir H. M. Stanley found jam and biscuits a portable and sustaining food in the heart of Africa. The Berlin correspondent of the *Standard* writes of the elaborate experiments in Germany with a view to ascertaining the effect of feeding troops on sugar when great exertion was required. The surgeons and generals report favourably on it; and Professor Pfuhl, formerly assistant to Professor Koch, at present head of the physiological laboratory of the army, states that it is proved that a sugar diet increases the muscular power in comparatively shorter time than white of egg; the effect of the latter is more lasting, but sugar is much cheaper. This agrees with the statement of Dr Thomas Oliver in *The Best Diet of Toil*, quoted in the article 'Strength' in this *Journal* for 1898. Sugar, it is further explained, is rapidly absorbed in the body; and Professor Pfuhl, in a series of experiments on himself, found that after long walks three or four lumps of sugar removed all feelings of lassitude, and to a certain extent restored elasticity to the muscles.

As to the medicinal qualities of pure liquorice, Dr George Keith in his *Fads of an Old Physician*

bears high testimony. He knows nothing to equal liquorice for relieving the symptoms of acrid matter in the stomach, and he has used it for this purpose for at least forty years. To eat a piece of liquorice after meals is recommended. Dr Keith explains that liquorice does not, like alkalies, convert acids into more or less inert salts, but seems to remove their irritating effects in some other way; and the result, in relieving the irritation of the nerves of the stomach, is much the same. He further relates some remarkable instances, in his own experience, of how it relieves local pains of the stomach and bowels, headache, sleeplessness caused by indigestion, and lowness of spirits. Dr Keith regards the Solazzi brand of liquorice as the best. Here the caution may be given that liquorice, though it is the basis, or supposed basis, of many sweetmeats and other commodities, is seldom put upon the market in a pure condition, as there is no demand for it. Liquorice pellets and powders as supplied by the druggist are, of course, well known; what is wanted is that the raw liquorice supplied from abroad to the confectioner, could it be made less intractable, should be made generally available.

ENGINEERING PROGRESS.

Sir Douglas Fox, the new president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, ranged over a wide field in his inaugural address to the members a week or two ago. Much had been done, he said, during the century which is now closing, in the way of engineering progress; but much remained to be done in the future. The problems now opening up to the civil engineer were of surpassing importance. Trunk railways through Russia, China, Persia, Africa; irrigation works to supply the wants of growing populations; harbours large enough to receive the vessels of the future—already eclipsing the *Great Eastern*, of which the chief shortcoming was that she was before her time; central installations to furnish lighting, power, traction, and heating to whole counties; the extension of telephonic communication, with and without wires; the abolition of the smoke and smell of cities; the replacement of horses by mechanical power in the streets; the increase of the speed of trains to a hundred miles an hour; the erection of buildings of great height where land is valuable; the utilisation of waste products, especially the refuse of cities; the improvement of the water-supply; the reclamation of land; the profitable working of deep seams of coal—these were but some of the branches in which engineering progress in the twentieth century might be expected to develop. Sir Douglas spoke emphatically upon three great questions affecting the conditions of life in the Metropolis—namely, gas, water, and street traffic. He is of opinion that if gas were used more generally for cooking and heating it would go a long way towards solving the great problem of

London fogs, which have been much in evidence recently, and mean great loss both in health and pocket to the dwellers in the Metropolis. As to water, he pointed out that London was immeasurably behind the leading provincial cities and towns in the matter of an adequate and constant supply, several of the latter having 'inaugurated vast works' for this purpose, while London was practically standing still and allowing all the available watersheds to be monopolised by others. Water, he said, was probably the only commodity for which payment could be demanded whether it were supplied or not; and he would go the length of saying that water should be placed on such a footing of constant supply that every consumer might obtain the full quantity he required *at all hours of the day and night*. With regard to the question of congestion of traffic in London, he emphasised the conclusion of Sir J. Wolfe Barry, that relief by means of new and wider thoroughfares was imperative. Most people will be agreed about this; but the great cost is the stumbling-block. Sir J. W. Barry stated at the Society of Arts the other night that the cost of his scheme would be somewhere about seven millions, and asked by way of palliation: 'What will be the traffic thrown on our streets in the next thirty years, at which time it has been estimated by competent authorities that the population may be doubled, and reach the enormous total of twelve millions?' Verily, 'The Problem of London' is not one whit less serious than was made out by a recent contributor to these pages on the subject.

A GRAY DAY.


WITHIN the woodland's sombre depth
A faint, sweet note awakes and dies;
And sadly through the swaying boughs
The west wind on its mission sighs;
While cloudy billows northward roll
Across the low, gray skies.

The sounds that made the woodland gay
Awhile—as if with grief—are mute;
The linnets have no heart to sing,
And silent is the blackbird's flute;
Nought stirs save that faint note of song,
And sad Æolian lute.

SAM WOOD.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL*.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

QUENTIN HARCOURT, Q.C.: HIS LOVE STORY.

By Mrs J. H. NEEDELL, Author of *Stephen Ellicott's Daughter*, *Passing the Love of Women*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

QUENTIN HARCOURT, Q.C., had been the darling of the Midland Circuit in the earlier period of his career before he took silk and became absorbed in the London Law Courts; and now, at the period when we make his acquaintance, his numerous friends pleased themselves—and probably pleased him—by the cheerful assertion that he was already within measurable distance of the judicial bench. Some men have the faculty of exciting this sort of confidence; and, next to believing in one's own particular star, nothing is more efficacious in bringing about the result prophesied.

There is, however, not a touch of superciliousness or self-assertion in our successful barrister as we see him, a guest at his sister's dinner-table on a certain evening in July. He is very fond of his sister, Lady Northwick, and a little proud of her social success. She manages her house in Queen's Gate well, and has the art of giving good dinners to a few carefully-chosen guests, with the latest conceits in sauces, entrées, and table decoration. It was her great good fortune to have inherited from their father a butler of almost superhuman excellence; of whom, when it was said that his character and skill were as faultless as his manners and his appearance, panegyric may be held to have exhausted itself.

On this occasion there was a cloud on Lady Northwick's brow, or rather—as such an aspect would be inadmissible in a hostess—a secret weight at her heart, inasmuch as this man was unavoidably absent on urgent private affairs, and her confidence in the first footman and the young woman whom Watson himself had recommended to his mistress as a waitress of a superior type was by no means assured. If by any chance she should offer the wrong wine or spill a drop on

the damask below, Lady Northwick would have felt herself to be socially disgraced. She therefore watched her with a covert anxiety, gradually allayed by the aptitude exhibited; and Quentin Harcourt, aware of the situation, watched her also.

It so happened that he had taken in to dinner a lady who was a considerable heiress, and a professed admirer of himself—of course under his professional aspect. Lady Northwick was always solicitous of her brother's interests; and thought it would be as desirable, as she knew it would be easy, to annex Miss Goulburn's fortune. But Quentin was not of a marrying sort; he loved his ease, and his independence still more than his ease; possibly, too, he cherished certain undisclosed ideals. At any rate, on this occasion Miss Goulburn bored him almost to extinction.

The young lady was good-looking, but in an aquiline fashion, which unfortunately was a type of beauty Quentin especially disliked; but she was not so young as she had been, and she insisted on talking 'shop.' Now, perhaps there is no man less disposed to talk 'shop' than the successful barrister; with the unsuccessful there is perhaps less reluctance.

Quentin Harcourt had just won a verdict in favour of a public company, which was held to be a great triumph, seeing it had been gained in despite of a mass of criminating evidence and the antagonistic ruling of the judge. Now this is a feather in any man's cap. When right is defended against palpable wrong it is child's play to win; but the *raison d'être* and glory of special pleading is to compel a verdict when it is the other way round.

'My uncle,' Miss Goulburn was saying, 'has shares in the company, and he declared to me privately that they had not a leg to stand upon. He said no other man but yourself could have

brought it off; that you were immensely clever. I only wish I had been in court.'

'You may thank your stars you were not. It was the dullest case on record. The jury were surreptitiously nodding on their bench, and his lordship was reported to have said—in *camera*, of course—that he could not have stood it another hour. Hence my poor success.'

'Oh! no, no! You are too modest. My uncle, as I say, was in court, and he asserts it was the most masterly exposition of a bad cause he had ever heard. No one thought it possible you could win.'

Quentin bit his lip; his private honour was unsmirched, and he still occasionally felt a little uneasy when his public duty seemed to run counter to it. Moreover, at this precise juncture his eyes had fallen upon his sister's new parlour-maid, and they were for a moment or two transfixed.

The young woman wore, of course, the conventional uniform; but what woman could desire one more becoming? Her black gown followed closely the lines of a matchless shape; her white cambric apron was hemstitched like a lady's handkerchief, but was without frill or flounce; her cap was equally simple, and sat upon the closely-coiled plaits of her hair as if it had been accurately poised by some cunning coiffeur. Of course Mr Harcourt's eyes missed these details; but they were curiously cognisant of their effect. The girl's face struck him as one of the most interesting he had ever seen. Her profile, as she handed with grave solicitude an entrée dish to a guest opposite was perfect, and the expression noble and sweet. He looked away with an effort; there was not a woman at the table her equal in dignity and charm. The well-quoted words occurred to him:

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair;

and then he pulled himself up, as it were, with a jerk, asking himself sardonically if it were becoming in a gentleman to rhapsodise over his sister's serving-maids. It struck him as curious that a gulf divided them—a gulf utterly impalpable, but presenting just as formidable a barrier as if she had been an offshoot of Royalty and he only what he was, one of Her Majesty's Counsel.

Another idea vexed him: he fancied that, at the moment he looked across the table at her, she had been looking at him, though her eyes were instantly withdrawn and bent upon her function. Could she have heard Miss Goulburn's dubious compliment and understood the situation? She looked equal to understanding anything. Well, if she had heard and understood, it was outside her sphere of influence, and only to be regarded as a signal impertinence.

So far as opportunity served, Quentin watched

her through the dinner, covertly, of course, and consistently with his duty to Miss Goulburn. He wanted—just as a matter of psychological investigation—to meet her eyes again, to see if there really were in them an intelligence so much beyond her position; but he failed to do so. The parlour-maid evidently knew her place, and seldom raised her eyes above the level of the plates and glasses. In his direction she certainly did not glance.

When the ladies left the table—preceded by the formal withdrawal of the servants, Quentin discovered to his surprise that he had never before been so conscious of the blank produced by their disappearance. However, being a thorough gentleman, and a good fellow to boot—the conjunction is not inevitable—he shook off the spell as unworthy of him, and applied himself not only to his host's excellent claret, but to confirming his own reputation as a good talker and better *raconteur*; it being generally allowed that there is a special pungency of flavour in the stories drawn from the Courts of Law.

He stayed a little behind the others to talk to his sister, as his habit was.

'By the way,' she said, 'you must try to manage to lunch with us on Saturday. It is Dolly's birthday'—Dolly was the only surviving child of the house—and I have promised that she shall order the feast. She wanted to stay up to see you to beg you to come; but of course I couldn't allow that. I was to tell you that you should have chocolate creams and pine-apple jelly. She is arranging the menu with the new parlour-maid. By the way, what did you think of her? She did not do so badly.'

'Not at all,' he returned indifferently. 'Where did you pick her up?'

'I cannot be said to have picked her up at all. Watson recommended her. He knows all about her; I don't. He said something vague about her having been brought up as a lady, and that sort of thing; but naturally it did not interest me. All I wanted was to feel sure of her respectability, and that she could wait at table. She can do that, I think?' Lady Northwick smiled with a happy sense of unimpaired social success.

He acquiesced for the second time, with an assumption of increased weariness, then, stroking the fine curves of his lips, meditatively said:

'I suppose Dolly is sure to be asleep by this time, or I would have gone upstairs and bidden her good-night?'

'I am not sure, for she has been tormented by toothache, poor dear, all day and was crying in bed when I came down to dinner. Nurse takes her to the dentist to-morrow. Really, Quentin, it seems nowadays that children's teeth, like their brains, are in advance of their age. I never had the toothache as a child any more than I read Shakespeare before I was ten.'

'Nor after,' suggested the brother, with a smile. 'Lamb's Tales, I suppose?'

'Not a bit of it; the plays themselves! But go upstairs if you like—you know the way. As for me, I must look after things in Watson's absence; there is not another soul I can trust. How I miss the man!'

Quentin went upstairs. He knew Dolly's rooms well, and had sometimes thought that some of the pleasantest hours in his crowded life had been spent in them. There was a pleasant day-nursery, full of costly childish and unchildish treasures, leading into her bedroom. As the door of this stood ajar he entered without knocking, and crossed the floor towards the inner chamber. The door of this stood open too, so that he could see into the room without being himself observed, or at least he promptly took a position to secure this result.

Dolly, flushed and wide awake, was lying high on her frilled pillows in her picturesque little bed, with her flaxen mane streaming around her in a shimmering cloud, and her eyes fixed intently on the young woman who was kneeling by her side, in absorbed attention to the words that were flowing from the story-teller's lips: she was saying:

'Then these cruel rocks, which had advanced and crashed together with a sound like thunder, slowly parted asunder, and went back again to their old position, so that one could see once more the pathway of green water between them, and the blue sky above full of sunshine. You can fancy how the voyagers strained their eyes to discover the fate of the pigeon'——

'Oh!' interrupted Dolly eagerly, 'don't say it was killed! I couldn't bear it, and my tooth-ache too.'

'No, no! It was not killed. Looking through the shining straits they caught a glimpse of it flying in the blue air outside, safe and sound. Just one white feather was floating on the sea, which'——

But at this juncture the speaker, whose quick ear had caught a sound, rose quickly. Quentin saw he was discovered and came forward.

The parlour-maid—for of course the reader knows she was the *raconteuse*—bent a flushed face over the little girl.

'Good-night,' she whispered; 'your uncle is come to see you, and I must go.'

Dolly caught at her gown.

'Wait half-a-minute! Just tell me if they got safe through—I can't sleep till I know.'

The girl stooped to kiss her, with a smile on her lips.

'Ask your uncle, dear. I dare not stay.' She then disappeared through the contiguous dressing-room where nurse slept, down the stairs leading to the servants' quarters.

Quentin went up to the bedside feeling a

little awkward. He had spoilt the situation, and feared that, perhaps, for the first time, he was unwelcome to his niece.

'What a shame, Dolly, to keep you awake at this time of night story-telling! Your eyes are a great deal too bright, child. Mother and nurse will be very angry.'

'Who with?' asked Dolly anxiously; 'not with Hester, I hope. She only tried to make me forget my horrid pain.'

She pressed a rose-tipped finger against one of her little pearly teeth and looked up into his face, sighing heavily.

Quentin leaned over her sympathetically.

'Is it the tooth, Dolly, or the fate of the Argonauts that hurts? They got through all right, and at last brought back the Golden Fleece in triumph to Athens.'

Dolly sat up.

'Are you sure,' she cried, 'or making it up to please me? But I don't like your way of telling a story at all, uncle; you are so short and quick. Hester is much nicer.'

'I am sure she is, so we will leave the details to her. She seems to know all about it. Does she often tell you stories like that? Is she a learned lady, Dolly, with a knowledge of Greek?'

Dolly looked a little puzzled.

'She is not a lady at all, you know, but our new parlour-maid; but she is very nice, and tells stories beautifully. I hope mother won't send her away when Watson comes back. Oh, dear! I wish I could get sleepy; I am so tired too!'

'Let me turn the pillow so that you can put the hot cheek in a cool place. It's a first-rate plan for toothache, Dolly.'

He saw that the child's lids were already drooping over the sweet blue eyes, and he smoothed her pillows and stroked her tiny form into a more restful state with a tender dexterity for which not one of his many friends, or even his sister, would have given him credit.

He stood over her a moment or two, hoping that she was asleep, when she opened her eyes again.

'I should so like to have seen Jason,' she said drowsily; 'Hester says he was splendid to look at—shouldn't you, Uncle Quentin?'

'Uncommonly, Dolly! You see there are so few splendid fellows left nowadays to look at.'

Humour lurked in the corners of his flexible mouth; he was speculating what Hester's ideas might be as to the constituents of masculine beauty. The idea amused him; he found the whole incident curious and stimulating.

He chose to walk back to his chambers through the starlit summer night; and as he walked he fell into a train of thought to which he was little accustomed. His way lay through the Parks, and the semi-obscurity gave dignity

to the undefined limits of the Serpentine and additional majesty to the superb clumps of elms and beeches. If any form of misery lay huddled under their shadow the possibility did not occur to him. His sensations were a curious blend of self-gratulation and discontent; the first feeling resulting from the knowledge that he was rich and independent, the second from the consciousness, suddenly brought home to him, that in spite of this he had got very little personal happiness out of life. True, he had got success, which he was the last to underrate; but what heart had beat one pulse the quicker for his triumphs? His parents had died in his infancy, and his sister, who was ten years older than himself, had married early and been engrossed by social cares.

He knew a man who was making a name for himself in parliament who had once said to him, in a moment of expansion, that he counted all laudation as less than nothing until the public verdict had been confirmed by his wife, who sat listening to his speeches within the gilded cage. 'If she passes it I know it's all right, Harcourt;' and then he had added in a sort of irrepressible burst of feeling: 'By Heavens! what a head that girl has on her shoulders, and what a heart of gold!'

Nor was this all: the mood of sentiment went deeper. As he stroked Dolly's flushed cheek and golden mane, and met the eager questioning of her alert young mind, some latent instinct, deep as the roots of being, had quickened into life. Why should not he, as well as other men, know the joys of happy wedlock and the bliss of fatherhood?

Quentin was not a man to deceive himself or to blink even unpalatable truths: preposterous as it seemed, he had for the first time seen and heard the woman he would like to make his wife in the person of Lady Northwick's parlour-maid. To minimise the folly, he felt sure she was not what she professed to be; the poise of head, the free grace of movement, the fine self-containment of expression—pardon him, dear reader, for he was in love!—could only be the outcome of birth and culture. Besides, had he not heard her telling her pretty Greek legend to his niece with a purity of accent and happy choice of words that raised suspicion to conviction, and which had captured his fancy quite as much as the beauty of her upturned face and the searching sweetness of her voice?

On one point he was resolved: he was not going to make a fool of himself; but he had made up his mind to see more of her.

MODERN CONFECTIONERY.

THE modern confectionery business is a very large one, and it is of old standing. If we wished to trace it to its origin we might have to go back not far short of five hundred years. It is about five centuries since sugar was first imported into this country, and it is probably not much less than that since 'confections' began to be concocted. They first appeared in a medical form. Apothecaries, whose potions were at one time very generally supposed to be efficacious just in proportion as they were horribly nasty, took to the newly imported sugar as a means of mitigating the nauseousness of their doses. They mixed their drugs with it and coated their boluses. That seems to have been the origin of the syrups and medicated candies, the cough drops and lozenges of one sort and another that are now so largely in demand. They were originally concocted by the doctors, and for many long years all sorts of 'lollipops' were medicinal only. Sugar was too dear and the generality of people were too poor to permit of its being eaten for its own sake alone and as a mere luxury.

Somewhere about a couple of centuries ago, however, there began to appear a new development of the apothecary's art. 'Confections' began to be made more or less apart from any medicinal

purpose, and merely because people liked them. The confectioner's business began to evolve as an offshoot from the profession of the apothecary, and eventually became altogether a separate thing; though the common origin of the two is still indicated by the syrups and pastilles and troches prescribed by the doctors, and the 'drops' and lozenges and other things sold among the sweet-stuff of the confectioner.

The trade, then, may be regarded as about two hundred years old; but up to quite a recent period it was comparatively very small. Sugar was heavily taxed, the confectioner's art was very rudimentary, and the mechanical appliances at command were slight. Well within living memory almost everything was done by hand. Implements were of the simplest—candy kettles heated on small brick furnaces, pestles and mortars, and rolling-pins and scissors, and so forth. Quantities turned out were very small, comparatively speaking, and 'sweetmeats' of all sorts were dear and often extremely nasty. Sugar is now so low in price that it is not easy to find adulterations for it that will afford much advantage. When sugar was subject to heavy import duty a small quantity of the genuine article was often eked out with anything that could be made to serve and would come cheaper; and it was no unusual thing for children to be made ill by eating, for instance,

sugared almonds, the 'sugar' of which was mainly *alba terra*, with just enough genuine saccharine matter mixed with it to sweeten it, and coloured brilliantly with some injurious mineral.

All this has been changed. Broadly speaking, it may now be said that there are no poisonous ingredients in confectionery of British manufacture; and quite recently manufacturers and wholesale dealers have been forming associations for keeping out of the market adulterated goods of foreign make. This, no doubt, will do much to finally allay what used to be a very general belief in the unwholesomeness of sweets. Of late this belief has not been nearly so prevalent as it used to be, and its dying down has greatly promoted the consumption of all forms of confectionery.

But what has helped more than anything to expand the business has been the great cheapening of sugar, partly of course by the removal of all import duty. At the same time there has been an enormous development of mechanical appliances. Muscles have been supplanted by steam-engines; and pestles and mortars, rolling-pins and scissors, and candy-pans and brick furnaces have given place to revolving pans and steam-pans, and mechanism for beating and kneading and mixing, for cutting and slicing and grinding, for rolling and grating and stamping, for crushing ice and freezing cream, and fifty other processes by which the uninitiated visitor to a modern confectionery factory finds himself stunned and bewildered. The best and most expensive kinds of confectionery are still very largely made by hand processes; but the great mass of sweet-stuff is now produced by machinery. The great factories of Glasgow and East London are amazing, not only in the extent of their premises but in the variety of their processes and the wonderful extent and complexity of their machinery.

This is a branch of industry in which nobody can touch British manufacturers. They supply the whole world, excepting America, where their goods are excluded by a high tariff. But almost every other country consumes British confectionery in large quantities. We take in sugar from various parts of the world, and every year no less than two hundred and fifty thousand tons of it is poured into these great factories of the kingdom, from which it is turned out again in such innumerable shapes and colours, such fantastic forms and subtle disguises, that it is often extremely difficult to say whether it is sugar at all. The writer was recently permitted to go over one of these great establishments, owned by a joint-stock company, Clarke, Nickolls, and Coombes, Limited, Hackney Wick. This huge concern—all devoted to the making of sweetmeats of one sort or another—covers ten acres of ground and has seven acres of floor-space, all as busy as a beehive. The establishment employs two thousand people, a large proportion of whom

are not themselves actually making confectionery, but tending and feeding and controlling all sorts of machinery. Any description of such a place would require a volume. Perhaps the most strikingly curious feature of the whole establishment is the huge copper receptacles in which 'sugar plums' of different sorts are made. These are huge pans, kept hot by steam blown in between their double skins, and revolving on a central pivot with a movement which may be illustrated by rolling one's head round upon one's shoulders. The caraway seeds, or almonds, or whatever are to be sugared, are thrown into these pans and a certain quantity of syrup—that is, liquefied sugar—poured in upon them. Then the pan is set in motion and the whole mass is kept rolling round in a perpetual cataract, the syrup of course sticking on to the almonds in an even and uniform layer, every almond getting a coating which is dried and hardened by the heat of the pan. When the whole of the syrup has thus been distributed and hardened on the kernels, more is poured in and the rolling and the drying continued until this has similarly been appropriated, and so on until the 'sugar plums' are of the required size. Then comes a coating of some colouring matter, which used to be generally magenta crystals for all shades of red, Prussian blue, and Paris green, but which Mr Clarke Saunders, the editor of the *Confectioners' Union*, affirms to be now always something perfectly harmless, such as cochineal or extract of spinach. It is curious to watch these great rolling pans and their bushels of 'comfits' ceaselessly rushing down in noisy torrents and by their friction one with the other getting the symmetrical form and the smooth, hard-polished surface of the sugared almond. It is just the process by which pebbles are made smooth and round upon the seashore, and it is very suggestive of the process by which a good many of us in the rush and friction of life get so many of our angularities and eccentricities rubbed down to something like polish and propriety.

When this sort of business was carried on by old-fashioned methods a man working hard all day could turn out fifty pounds of comfits or dragées. Nowadays a competent man can superintend a dozen of these revolving steam-pans, and they will turn out three or four tons a week.

It is very pretty, too, to see the cutting out of lozenges from what looks, as it is rolled out from the bright steel cylinders of a complicated machine, like a broad, endless band of shining white silk or satin. It moves softly along, a thin stream of refined white sugar, with such additions as may give it consistency and flavour, until it reaches a certain point, when a set of sharp dies press down upon it and the lozenges are made, and the fragments left pass on to be rolled up and spread out again. One might spend a month in one of these bewildering places

and be continually studying interesting details, and all the time getting novel experiences for the palate.

But while sugar is the predominant factor in the manufacture of sweets, the secondary commodities, such as gum, gelatine, almonds, cocoanuts, walnuts, pistachio nuts, and other articles too numerous to mention, play no mean part in their production. Gum, the product of the acacia-tree, which exudes it in tearlike drops, when melted and mixed with sugar, becomes in the hands of the confectioner jujubes and pastilles. Cocoa-nuts, the American flavouring principle, have a large, varied, and ever-increasing trade of their own. Almonds, the flavouring dear to the French, ground and mixed with sugar, form the well known marzipan. All these are used in large quantities. Thousands of tons of gum and nuts, and shiploads of cocoa-nuts, &c., pass each year through the hands of the confectioner. In fact, the ramifications of the trade are now so great that there is scarcely a country or clime but has to pay toll in one form or another. On the Balkans and in the Riviera busy hands are gathering the flowers to scent those favourite bouquet lozenges and drops. The groves of Italy and Spain ring with laughter as the harvests of lemons, oranges, almonds, and nuts are gathered, principally for the trade. Thousands of girls in France are busy manipulating walnuts into halves for our caramels. Indeed, the great army of workers in forwarding and supplying the trade can scarcely be grasped,

from the artists and chemists of highest repute down to the little girl that plucks flowers by her mother's side.

If it has taken some time to evolve all this from the pestle and mortar of the old apothecaries, there can be no doubt that of late years the process has been very rapid. Since the Great Exhibition of 1851 probably greater advances have been made than in any century previously. Manufacturers from most of the leading countries of the world had in Hyde Park an opportunity of comparing notes, and some of the continental makers are said to have discovered that they were far in arrears of the British manufacturers, and picked up so many ideas, and went home to carry them out with such energy, that it made the Britishers sit up for a time. But in the long-run we have held our own, and our trade is literally world-wide. We use, it is said, a quarter of a million tons of sugar in sweetmeats alone every year, in addition to vast quantities for candying fruits and for making jams. There are reckoned to be eighty thousand retailers of confectionery in this kingdom, and at least one hundred and twenty different trades and callings depending on this industry alone. Mr Saunders says that over one hundred thousand people are directly employed in the making of sweetmeats; but he has omitted to tell us how many little people, and big ones too, are employed more or less regularly all over the world in using up what our British factories make.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A TALE OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER X.—HER HIGHNESS'S CONFIDENCE.

IN an instant I halted, and, bowing, said, 'I trust that your Highness's hand has given you no further trouble.'

'Oh dear, no,' she answered in perfect English, smiling, at the same time drawing her rich skirts towards her to make room for me on the settee at her side; then she added, 'thanks to the professional manner in which you bandaged it. The doctor was quite interested when I showed it to him. Won't you be seated?'

I accepted her invitation, and told her of my surprise on recognising her an hour before.

'I was also surprised to meet you here. I had no idea that you were attached to the British Legation before I inquired. Therefore, please forgive me for not recognising you at first.'

'There is nothing to forgive,' I laughed.

'Sometimes one has to be wary in recognising strangers,' she said in further explanation. 'Immediately I discovered who you were I was annoyed that I had treated you so coldly.'

'A princess has many privileges not extended to others,' I remarked.

'And, alas! m'sieur, she is also under many disadvantages of which the world knows nothing,' she added, in a voice of pouting discontent, raising her fine eyes to mine. 'There is nothing I love so much as perfect freedom; yet, unfortunately, I obtain so very, very little of it, hedged in as I am by Court etiquette and a constant fear that those gossiping journalists, ever ready to exaggerate, may make a lot of tittle-tattle to fill up their personal columns.'

'You are fond of cycling?' I asked, smiling. Her confession was so perfectly frank that I at once discredited the Baroness's estimate of her.

'Yes, awfully. I love it,' she declared. 'It is because I am so fond of it that I rise every morning at five, put on my old dress, and go for a spin in the Bois. One of the keepers, who is in the secret, has charge of my cycle. Unnoticed by anybody, I take the first tram from the Place Royale at half-past five, and, with workpeople as fellow-travellers, arrive at the Bois just before six. And then—well, I am free to ride about just as I like; and I can tell you I really enjoy myself. It is such fun. Between six and eight, before the merchants and others come to take their morning ride, the sun is beautiful, and all is so quiet and fresh, with the birds singing gladly, so different from when we go driving there at four among the dust and the carriages and the gaping crowd. The drive at four is regulated by the laws of society—ugh!' and she shrugged her shoulders, causing the brilliants of the beautiful star of some imperial decoration fixed to the broad crimson ribbon across the edge of her bodice to glitter and gleam.

The splendour of those jewels bewildered me, but far more beautiful was that face which had so relaxed in its haughty expression now that we were together. She was entirely ingenuous, inexpressibly charming.

'Yes,' I said, reflectively, 'the trammels must sometimes be galling.'

'They are especially so when one's family is bent upon preserving the old rigour of past exclusiveness. Why, the heads of my family would expire with horror were they to know that I rode a cycle and went alone and unattended into a public park. It was because I did not know you, and feared that you might gossip about my accident, that I preserved my incognito, and declined to allow you to further assist me or to know where I resided.'

'Your Highness must exercise the greatest care,' I remarked warningly. 'Others may recognise you.'

'How can they?' she asked. 'Why, I've gone there every morning for the past month, and the secret has never leaked out. My mother does not even know I possess such an abomination as a cycle,' and she laughed that same merry mischievous laugh which I remembered had escaped her when, on that morning, she bade me adieu and drove away.

'But I noticed that as we were leaving the Bois together more than one man bowed to you,' I said.

'Oh yes,' she laughed. 'They are of the liver-brigade, who take horse-exercise every morning. We have met each morning, passing and repassing, and now we salute, although we have never spoken. But tell me,' she added, 'who told you my name?'

'The Baroness de Melreux,' I answered.

'Ah! yes, I know her,' she observed, after a second's reflection, and I thought her lips com-

pressed ever so little, yet quite sufficient to tell me that they were not friends. Indeed, it would have been strange to find a princess of the proud House of Hapsburg friendly with the gay, skittish little Baroness of whom all Brussels was so fond of talking.

'And has m'sieur been in Brussels long?' she asked, as if determined to ascertain something more about me.

'Only a couple of months,' I replied. 'Previously I was at Constantinople, and before that at Vienna.'

'At Vienna!' she echoed. 'Strange that we have never met there. I do not remember ever having seen you at the Palace.'

'Nor I,' I answered. 'Yet I went to many of the receptions.'

'And you like Brussels?' she asked.

'Yes,' I replied. 'I'm fond of it, because it is always so bright, gay, and careless, without any bustle and turmoil. Here one can be gay or tranquil, just as one likes. It is not so in Paris, in Berlin, or in Vienna.'

'And I, too, am extremely fond of Brussels,' she answered. 'Next to our home on the Moselle, I like Brussels best of all. Do you know the Moselle?'

'Yes, I travelled up there once. It is delightful—very.'

At that instant I recollected how at sunset one evening I had passed on the snorting little steamer close to the great frowning cliff whereon was perched the magnificent, many-turreted, time-worn old pile, the Schloss Brandenburg, the historic home of the Hapsburgs, the windows of which had flashed back the crimson rays of the sun. Of all the castles on the Rhine or Moselle none was so magnificent in its proportions, so well-preserved, or so full of romance of those bygone days when the Archbishop of Trèves and his legions terrorised the district, when castles were invested and sacked, and men and women put to the torture or exhibited in iron cages upon the now crumbling turrets.

'Yes,' she said, 'the Moselle valley, and indeed all the district surrounding it, is very charming. I love it partly because it is my home, but more because there alone can I obtain perfect freedom. I can drive about, go boating, or take rambles over the hills without meeting a soul, save perhaps a stray English tourist from Cochem or Trèves, and by them I am not recognised. Indeed, my maid always says that a serge dress and sailor hat make me look quite English. Do you think so?'

'Certainly,' I responded, laughing. 'To tell the truth I believed you were English when we first met the other day.'

'Lots of people have said so,' she answered, smiling. 'One day at Brandenburg I had been out walking alone all the morning, for I was doing some amateur photography, and became

terribly thirsty. So, on coming to a little village, I entered the inn for some milk; and there I found two young Englishmen who, speaking German rather indifferently, were endeavouring to make the good woman understand their needs. At last I was obliged to assist them; and after thanking me they went out. Then, when they got outside, I heard one say to the other, "No, I tell you she's English governess to some German family here." I was awfully amused.

I laughed, recollecting that my own opinion had also coincided with that of the unknown Englishman.

'I've heard much of the wonders of Brandenburg; its dungeons, subterranean passages, and strange galleries hewn out of the solid rock,' I said. 'It must be a marvellous old place.'

'Yes, it is beautiful. No happier life does any one wish to lead in summer than there, free from all the formalities of Court and the worries of constant dressing, receiving visitors, dining, and never having an hour to one's self. On the Moselle all is so quiet, so tranquil, so bright, and healthy, that it comes as a pleasant relaxation to us, worn out by a season in London, Berlin, or Vienna. Other people can go to the Baths or the seaside; but we can't, for freedom of life at a popular resort is impossible. Only in the quiet country can we obtain it; and then I, for one, enjoy it to its full.' And her dark, brilliant eyes, so full of enthusiasm, sparkled gleefully as she spoke.

Who, I wondered, was this mysterious lover of hers of whom the Baroness had spoken? Could it be possible that the real motive of her going each morning so early to those leafy glades was in order to meet him?

'And you don't cycle when at Brandenburg?' I asked.

'Dear me, no!' she answered holding up her hand with a look of horror. 'I dare not let anyone know that I have a cycle. On the morning of my accident I took it at once to a repairer's, and it's there now. You know my secret. I rely on you not to mention it to any one.'

'Of course not,' I replied, flattered by her Highness's confidence. 'I promise not to utter a single word.'

'Ah! I knew you would be chivalrous,' she exclaimed gaily.

'I would like very much indeed to exhibit a further chivalry, if I might?' I said, emboldened by her freedom of manner.

She glanced sharply at me with a very puzzled expression. 'I don't quite understand,' she exclaimed.

'Permission to cycle in the Bois on the next morning your Highness goes there would delight me,' I explained.

'Certainly,' she answered, slightly inclining her head with an infinite grace. 'I have no objection

whatever. Of course, if any of your friends notice you, you'll not tell them who I am.'

Her answer filled me with enthusiasm. It showed that she, a princess of the blood royal, was not averse to my companionship. Cautious lest she should commit an error of etiquette, and give offence to her proud family, she was nevertheless plain, honest, outspoken, and charming, modest, and unassuming, like any ordinary woman; and fond of throwing off the constant exclusiveness with which every member of a royal family must of necessity be enveloped. That she could be cold, haughty, and disdainful I had already witnessed; so also had I seen that she could be communicative and confidential. Yes, she was a princess, and unique.

The whirl of the dance passed before us, the perfumed skirts of the dancers whisking now and then almost in our faces, yet I heeded them not. I sat beside her, spellbound by her beauty. In that brief half-hour, while we had talked, I had cast aside my creed as a diplomatist; I had cast to the winds all my foolish vows regarding women. I loved her. Yes, I confess openly that I loved her.

Yet when I reflected, even while she chatted on unconcernedly, I saw how absurd it all was, how utterly foolish was my infatuation. Had I been a youthful sprig of the aristocracy, fresh from the Foreign Office and pitchforked into diplomacy by family influence, it might have been understood; but of me, well seasoned by ten years of Court life, and a member of the Secret Service of Her Majesty to boot, such a thing was utterly ridiculous. I told myself all this. I argued with myself that, while she was a princess of royal blood, I was merely a diplomatist, not very high up in the service, and a little matter of ten thousand pounds in my bank in London was all I possessed in the world. Nevertheless, love overrode all my misgivings. The magnetic influence of those bright dark eyes, the brilliance of which outmatched even the glittering tiara on her brow, held me to her. Yes, I was irretrievably her slave.

Again the recollection of those words of the Baroness arose within me. They implied that she had a secret lover, one who, like myself, she dare not acknowledge before the world. Was that, I wondered, the actual truth? Did this man, whoever he might be, possess her heart? One thing at least was certain, that she did not meet him in the mornings in the Bois, or she would not have so readily granted me permission to cycle with her. She might, however, meet him at night. That was, I thought, more probable. She could pass unrecognised along those dimly-lit leafy boulevards down which the electric trams flash so quickly, and where, in the centre walk—an ideal promenade for lovers—but little light penetrates after nightfall. I glanced again at her face, flawless in its beauty. It was impossible for

a woman of her loveliness to have no accepted admirer. Then a strange and half-dreamy thought crossed my mind. Could I, some day in the future, induce her to transfer her affections to me instead? That was the height of my ambition. In future I would live only for her, for I honestly and truly loved her.

Suddenly looking into my eyes with that same frank expression that was so charming, she said, with a smile:

'You have not invited me to dance, m'sieur. Why?'

'I—well, I did not think you would care to dance with me,' I stammered.

'Why,' she laughed, rising at the same moment, 'I shall be delighted. As you did not invite me, I have invited myself. Will you forgive me?'

'Certainly,' I replied, amused at her frankness of manner; and a few moments later we were gliding down the room. She was a magnificent dancer; but I fear I cut a horrible figure, for I felt that every eye of that brilliant crowd was fixed upon us, and thought I detected comments as we passed. However, I have now little remembrance of the details of that dance with the lovely woman who had entranced me; all I recollect is that after two turns around the great ballroom she declared that the heat had made her thirsty, and suggested that we should go to the supper-room.

She took my arm, and I was about to lead her to the place I had entered an hour before; but she suggested another apartment on the opposite side of the ballroom, of the existence of which I had not been aware. On our way we encountered Giffard, who stood transfixed in wonder, and staring at me, amazed no doubt at witnessing who was my companion. I knew that when we met later he would put me through a pretty stiff cross-examination regarding my acquaintance with the Princess, and wondered what I should say.

The room proved to be a kind of Moorish lounge, a great place, rather dimly-lit, with hanging-lamps of beaten brass, carpeted with thick Eastern rugs, decorated in heavy crimson and gold, and full of tiny inviting-looking alcoves. In one of these alcoves we ensconced ourselves, whereupon a liveried servant at once approached, asking:

'What may I get your Royal Highness? Champagne-cup?'

'Ah, no!' she exclaimed. 'Get me a little anisette and ice-water.'

I ordered something, I forget what, and then we resumed our pleasant chat. There were but few people in our vicinity; and, as we sat there in the dim half-light, it suddenly occurred to me that any one discovering us would at once accuse us of flirtation. In the tiny alcove she lolled lazily among the soft silken cushions, laughing low as she sipped her anisette. Her tiny

foot, with its satin shoe, was stretched forth upon the dark rug, and she had placed one white-gloved hand behind her head in an attitude of languor.

Here she seemed to throw off that stiffness and restraint which she had been forced to preserve in the ballroom, and once I thought I detected just the slightest suspicion of a sigh. Our gossip was mainly about people in Brussels whom we both knew, until of a sudden she asked:

'Have you known the Baroness de Melreux long?'

'About four years, I think.'

'Ah! before her marriage,' she said quickly. 'And you are her friend?' She uttered that query with a hardness of tone which sounded very strange. She seemed to lay undue stress upon the word 'friend.'

'Well, not exactly,' I said. 'We are not very intimate friends. I knew her in Vienna. She used very often to be there with her mother.'

'Yes, yes; I know,' she said with a note of impatience in her voice. 'I fear, however, she's not my friend.'

'Well, no one takes her seriously,' I observed. 'Her character is rather too well known.'

'But people are apt to regard idle gossip as containing some substratum of truth,' she answered; and then there flashed upon my recollection the allegation of the Baroness that she had a secret lover. Was she now trying to warn me against giving credence to any libellous utterances?

'To the chatter of such a woman no one gives heed,' I assured her.

But she only shook her head doubtfully, observing, 'There are some women whose tongues are full of venom.'

'Yet those who are invulnerable need have no fear,' I added.

She sighed, and a deep shadow of pain crossed her brow; only, however, for an instant. Then, in the dim light, I saw those brilliant dark eyes fixed upon mine with a strange earnestness that puzzled me.

'We have not yet fixed our meeting for cycling,' I said at last, for want of something else to say.

'To-morrow morning, if you will,' she answered, quickly interested. 'Shall we say at six, just at the entrance to the Bois, where the trams stop?'

'Yes,' I responded. 'I shall be extremely delighted.' At that instant, however, the tall figure of a man in plain evening dress came suddenly into view. He walked alone, slowly, with his hands behind his back and his head slightly bent as if in thought. He trod the thick rugs noiselessly; but so dim was the light that above the white of his shirt-front I could not clearly distinguish his features. That he was beyond the average height was evident, and he was

rather slim; while from the squareness of his shoulders I guessed that he had not yet attained middle age. Slowly he approached, a dark, silent figure displaying a wide expanse of shirt-front; and as he drew near to us I was suddenly amazed to notice a look of unspeakable

fear in my companion's fathomless eyes. Her white-gloved hand instinctively sought mine, and trembled as it grasped my wrist; her face was very pale; and she shrank back into the deeper shadow of the alcove, beside me, as if to hide herself, breathless, trembling, terrified.

DISTINGUISHED EDINBURGH DOGS.

By EYE BLANTYRE SIMPSON.

THERE are divers dogs of Edinburgh who, having been the adherents of eminent citizens, by reason of the good company they kept have won renown and secured mention in their patrons' biographies. But there are also a few of the Northern Capital's canine inhabitants who have had noteworthy careers of their own; and to the history of these exceptional four-footed people this paper is limited.

To begin with: there are those martial dogs who have laid their weary bones in the topmost heights of 'High Dunedin,' for the pets who die when quartered in the Castle, on the strength of the regiments, are buried on a shelf of rock just below Mons Meg's wide mouth. Their headstones record that Conas and Don of the 1st Seaforth Highlanders, Maruf of the Royal Scots, Flora the canteen pet of the same regiment, Tiney of the 78th Highlanders, Jess of the 42d, Kate belonging to the drummers of the 92d Gordon Highlanders, another Flora the band pet of the 79th, Pat of the 72d (who followed the regiment in peace and war for ten years), and many more, are laid there. 'Let Sleeping Dogs lie' is the advice engraven above the inscription 'To the Memory of York;' and certainly these dogs of war lie at ease, not forgotten, but undisturbed by guns or trumpet-call.

Pat's picture was in the Royal Scottish Academy, representing him as a smooth-coated little tyke. He was of nondescript breed, but of great intelligence and well versed in the performance of tricks. He had a travelled, eventful history. One master was killed in action; but a brother-officer adopted the quaint white mongrel as his special charge. Pat was in an Afghan campaign, which proved fatal to another regimental dog, John Harrison, a retriever. John often followed his master, the Colonel, through Edinburgh's gray streets. The heat on his last foreign service was, however, too much for him; and, on the march to Kandahar, John was shot for fear he should lag; and rests, like many another warrior, in a grave where a Briton had laid him. Pat, being small and short-haired, withstood the Indian heat. He went with his second master to Egypt; but, the glare of the sands threatening to impair his already failing sight, the four-footed veteran was sent home on sick-leave. He never rejoined

his Highlanders; but, by special desire, when he died at his Midlothian retreat, he was rolled in the coat the soldiers had made for him of their regimental tartan, and buried in the well-tended niche in the crown of the City of the Winds. The *Scotsman* had an obituary notice of another dog-soldier, a contemporary of Pat's called Dyce, who also, aged eleven, died in Edinburgh some ten or more years ago. He belonged to a non-commissioned officer of the 13th Hussars. His mother had been attached to the army, so Dyce was bound to have a military career, being born in the barracks of Lucknow. Like others of his species who were soldiers of the Queen, he did not flinch under a baptism of fire, and also, like Pat and John Harrison, saw service and bullets in the Afghan campaign. Once he fell out of a military train in India, and was given up by his comrades as lost; but he recovered his senses, followed the retreating van, and rejoined his regiment at the next station. He travelled with his master to the Antipodes; and finally, like many a war-worn soldier and satisfied globe-trotter, Dyce ended his days a peaceful citizen of Edinburgh.

There was a dog-grave right in the most trade-ful centre of our once romantic town, for a North British Railway terrier, Spot by name, was buried between the lines near the platform from which, a few years ago, the Fife trains used to leave for the North. In the regeneration of the Waverley Station, Spot's grave, with many another landmark, has been obliterated. Looking over the west side of the Waverley Bridge, passers-by once upon a time could see the mimic headstone and the trigly-kept, often flower-covered, mound which marked the fox-terrier's appropriate resting-place in the midst of the dirl and scream of engines; for Spot when in life, being of a brisk, bustling breed, enjoyed the roar of traffic. Between the guards'-room and the lamp-room fire he had a warm berth of it in that draughty hollow. He was welcome to bit and sup with his official friends, and he had the final pick of the refreshment-room bones. The railway terrier must have witnessed a deal of busy nineteenth century life. He saw soldiers, biped and quadruped, welcomed from abroad with their laurels freshly green. He saw regiments depart lament-

ing over the girls they left behind. He viewed many celebrities arrive or pass through our historic city. Even if Lord Provost and councillors greeted them in scarlet robes, or if they quietly and unostentatiously puffed off north or south, as is even the royal custom now, there was a commonplace, utilitarian air about their mode of transit far different from what the next dog on our list saw in Reformation times. It looked on sixteenth century pageants and picturesque regal processions. It heard news of battle ringing down the street. So did Spot for that matter, for he listened to scrubby boys crying '*Dispatch*—latest edition—news from the Cape—Highlanders to the front—heavy losses.' The dog that belonged to the Reformation times, however, heard his war-news from some heavily-armed soldier, who urged his weary steed up the thronged 'causey' of a ridgy-backed Auld Reekie. Our country's frontier was, in his days, the Tweed, our allies were the French, our inveterate enemies were the English.

Changeful times have come. The dogs already spoken of belong to this century. The Reformer's dog knew Edinburgh when Mary was Queen of Scots; for John Craig, its master, who became Knox's assistant in St Giles's, refused to be either bribed or threatened into marrying his Sovereign Lady to Bothwell. His dog may have 'looked kyndly' up into Mary's fair, unfortunate face, as it is reported to have done when first it met its master. Craig's father died, like ten thousand more stout Scots, grimly fighting at Flodden. His mother educated her orphaned babe for the Church, and in due time he became a Dominican friar, first at St Andrews, then at Bologna. At the latter place he read Calvin's *Institutes*, which turned his faith away from the dogmas of the Church of Rome; so, literally, to Rome he was taken, tried, and condemned to be burned for his heretical views. Opportunely for him Pope Paul IV. died the day before his sentence was to be put into execution. On the death of the Pope the populace rose in rebellion; and, among other breaches of the peace they committed while rioting, they flung open the prison doors. When order was restored, a military detachment was sent to recapture some of the prisoners who were lurking in the skirts of the Eternal City. Craig had luckily befriended a wounded soldier at Bologna, and this man was in command of the troop and recognised the Scotsman as his benefactor. He repaid his debt of gratitude by giving him money, advice which road to take, and the chance to elude his slack soldiers.

Spottiswoode, describing Craig's flight, relates 'a singular testimony of God's care of him, and this it was: When he had travelled some days, declining the highways out of fear, he came into a forest, a wild desert place; and, being forewearied, he lay down among some bushes on the side of a brook to refresh himself. Lying there, pensive and full of thoughts (for neither knew he where

he was, nor had he any means to bear him out of the way), a dog cometh fawning, with a purse in his teeth and lays it down before him. He, stricken with fear, riseth up; and, looking about if any were coming that way, when he saw none, taketh it up, and construing the same to proceed from God's favourable providence towards him, followed his way till he came to a little village, where he met with some that were travelling to Vienna in Austria; and, changing his intended course, went in their company thither.' Dr Graves Law, who edited Craig's *Catechism*, and prefaced it by a biography, adds: 'Row tells substantially the same story.' Row states the miraculous purse was 'full of gold all of one kynd; and, being then well provided, he [Craig] travels on, and after some stay abroad he comes home to Scotland, and brought with him to *Edinburgh the dog*, the purse, and some of the gold. This,' continues Row, 'though it may seem fabulous to some, I know it to be as certain as any humane thing can be; for the wife of this worthy servant of Jesus Christ, living in Edinr. (where he was one of the town ministers and verie honest, streight, and famous in his tyme), surviving her husband for many yeares, until the year of 1630, did often relate this historie with all the passages of it to me and many others. She was an honest woman, *sic digna*, well known in Edinburgh under the name of Dame Craig.' This tale of the canine pursebearer is corroborated by other contemporary historians, some, as Dr Law says, embroidered, making it 'ane blak dog,' and asseverated it was an emissary from the lower regions; but this chronicler, Dr John Hamilton, was a staunch Catholic, and loud in denunciations against the disrobed friar. But even Craig's bitterest enemies never doubted the veracity of his curious acquisition of money and follower. Dr Law adds: 'The story of the dog is quoted by George Sinclair, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Glasgow in his *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, where it certainly appears, as Mr Hill Burton remarks in his *History of Scotland*, in rather awkward company.' Craig's four-footed angel we are glad to claim as an Edinburgh inhabitant. We hear no more after the Reformer's return of his gold-bringing canine friend, who no doubt had to yield the crown of the 'causey' to the burdly northern hounds who looked askance at the southerner. We hope Dame Craig kept his bicker well filled; at any rate, if he wearied of porridge, the middens in the closes and courts of Auld Reekie would yield variety of diet to his oaten fare.

Our good city, even in these sanitary 'reld-up' days, allows hungry human beings and pariahs a chance to pick up the crumbs which fall alike from the poor and the rich man's table. Many a well-housed, pampered Edinburgh dog would forego his luxurious bed and his daintily-dished dinner for the kennelless vagrant's prerogative

to 'rake the buckets.' There was lately a black retriever which became known as the Hermit, who resided in solitary grandeur on the brow of the Castle Rock. It doubtless drowsed all day, or, if troubled with insomnia, sat watching the traffic in Princes Street; but when householders put out their refuse, whether they did so at 6 A.M. or 11 P.M., Hermit clambered from her eyry, and sallied out to pick up a varied meal from the 'buckets.' The keepers of the Princes Street Gardens saw the Hermit going or returning from these dinner-hunts, and wondered, as 'no dogs are admitted' to their precincts, how this black animal broke the bylaws. Her very gait, a slinking lope, betrayed her as a wild animal, and she was both shy and sly when she found herself watched. Hermit kept to her home on the rock, defying all attempts to capture and oust her as a trespasser till she found the inaccessible kennel she had appropriated proved an unsafe nursery for her toddling pups. In their infantile gambols they rolled over, and their plump black corpses were found below on the green turf.

Hermit, because of this disaster, and finding her cell was attracting notice, removed to level ground north of the city, where a piece of old park-land is leased for tennis courts. There she pitched her camp under a hedge behind the house in which R. L. Stevenson was born. She, the most timid of vagabonds, became amenable to human blandishments, ate of the food regularly laid down for her, and appreciated the boarding put to screen the hollow she had dug for herself from the wind. She was about to be arrested as a vagrant, but the warrant was difficult to serve because of the ominous row of teeth she showed those who accused her of having paid no tax. She consented then to allow the lady who had fed her to fasten a collar on to her neck. After the badge was on she bowed her head submissively to the yoke, and entered her patron's house, where she became thoroughly domesticated. She lost her wolfish walk. Her rusty, matted coat fell off and she turned as sleek and glossy as an astrakhan jacket, gambolled gaily, and learned to wag her tail, which in her pariah days was tucked out of sight. She finally attached herself to a lorryman; and this queer Edinburgh vagabond and scavenger, who though living in our midst would let no one touch her, and even if spoken to slunk away with suspicious glance, died not only under a roof but in a bed. A van recently ran over her in Leith Walk. Her master carried her home and laid her on his mother's bed. Hermit looked up gratefully on her friend before she breathed her last.

Another Edinburgh dog who doubtless heard his human friends speak of Hermit's unlawful squatting on the Castle Rock was Joe the police dog, a good-looking black-and-tan collie. He be-

longed to a firm in Leith; but he resolved to be a policeman. He was sent back several times to his owners, but returned so persistently to the force that finally he was allowed to join them. He had no ambition to rise in his profession. The sergeants treated him well, but he took little notice of them. He ordained to go on duty with constables only, and his particular beat was the east end of Princes Street, with an occasional inspection of Rose Street. He walked at a measured, dignified pace, or ensconced himself at the base of an island lamp-post opposite the Register House, watching and observant. Like Spot at Waverley, bustle and noise pleased him. His tail was run over by a lorry once, and when any of his blue-coated friends inquired about it he rose to show them the injured joint. People in civilian dress he did not encourage to speak to him. Tramway inspectors or postmen he permitted to commend him, but the constables alone were allowed to pat him. He never shirked his self-imposed work, for it was not only when the sun shone he acted as official watch-dog. In foul or fair weather Joe was on duty superintending the regulation of traffic or parading his beat. He fared sumptuously, for the neighbouring hotels kept their scraps for him. He was given a collar and a coat, and for six years he was in the force; but, walking along Princes Street in August 1897, he fell dead at the heels of his biped comrade-guardian of the peace. He is buried near to the scene of his constant though unpaid labour in St Andrew Square Gardens. Joe, having placed himself under the eye of the law, could afford to wink at the tax-collector.

For not paying his annual seven shillings of tribute, another Edinburgh dog first came into notoriety by appearing in court in 1867. Summoned along with him was a compassionate restaurant-keeper, who was accused of 'harbouring' the dog, for he had fed the desolate beast, who sat among the tombs which the windows of his house overlooked. The dog and his humane friend were tried before three magistrates, who seasoned the law with mercy. After hearing Bobby's story they forgave him for not paying his rates, and so saved him from drinking a Lethean draught. Bobby's master, one Gray, died in 1858, and his chief—nay, almost only—mourner was his shaggy terrier, who refused to leave his grave in Greyfriars Churchyard. In vain was he harshly driven out. Bobby stubbornly returned to the spot where he had seen his master's coffin laid. He loitered for years with ineffaceable memory round the soon effaced mound over the humble grave. Bobby's trial made him notorious. The Baroness Burdett Coutts visited Greyfriars, and saw the Highland mourner sitting patiently watching the sacred spot. Mr Gourlay Steell painted the leal little terrier. The masterless dog, fed on charity, had by an irony of fate great length of days granted

to him, and when his lease of life ended, he, like his master, was buried in Greyfriars Churchyard. At the street-corner, near by the churchyard gate, a granite fountain, with an effigy of the dog sitting on guard, bears the inscription: 'A tribute to the affectionate fidelity of Greyfriars Bobby. In 1858 this faithful dog followed the remains of his master to Greyfriars Churchyard, and lingered near the spot until his death in 1872. With permission, erected by the Baroness Burdett Coutts.'

Not so far off from the spot where bronze and granite bear witness to Bobby's fourteen years' unflinching loyalty to the memory of his master, an Edinburgh dog, a giant in size and a giant in reputation, for he is our best known Edinburgh dog, first met his biographer. This biographer was 'Maister John the young doctor, Rab's friend, ye ken,' as James, the dog's owner, explained when introducing him to his wife at the hospital door. Thirty-four years after the 'Game Chicken' was killed in the Cowgate, as R. L. Stevenson sang in lines addressed to Dr John Brown:

Ye stapped your pen into the ink,
An' there was Rab.

Through the doctor's 'wee bit clarkit screed' every one knows Rab from the day he 'sauntered down the middle of the causeway as if with his hands in his pockets' till he went the last journey with the cart bearing Ailie's body home, with her 'beautiful sealed face open to the heavens.' We owe a big debt of gratitude to the Edinburgh physician who, besides grasping the healing-rod of Esculapius could wield the pen so ably that he made the English reading world

acquainted with *Rab and his Friends*. Rab is immortal. So huge a favourite is he we are glad that two modern writers doubt not that, like the carrier and his wife, Rab enjoys a life beyond the grave. Stevenson, in the poem to Dr John Brown already quoted, pictures Rab no longer 'a ghaist o' paper,' but with

Stumpie tailie
He bristles at a new hearthstane
By James and Ailie;

and Swinburne, speaking of the precocious Pet Marjorie, whom Scott loved to kidnap and carry warm and dry in the neuk of his plaid along George Street, through an on-ding of snow to his study fire, hopes for

Some happier isle in the Elysian fields
Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie.

The peculiarly engaging Marjorie Fleming, in the very room in Castle Street where *Waverley* was written, would stroke the haughty cat Hinsel of Hindsfelt, or try and teach the great hound Maida 'Onery, twoery, tickery, seven,' which its stupid master could not repeat aright. Just a year before Pet Marjorie came to beguile Scott in that memorable house No. 39, Camp, Sir Walter's favourite dog, had, one moonlight night, been buried in the green behind the Wizard's study; and Marjorie would be shown the spot where Sir Walter, with a sadness of face so great it was engraven on his daughter's memory, had himself smoothed the turf over his 'dear old friend's grave.' But Scott's dogs, who gambolled so gaily around him, form a distinct story by themselves, or have to be classed with those of their species who were the canine companions of celebrated Edinburgh men.

A JUST SENTENCE.



THE great desolate moor stretched in all directions. On a dull autumn afternoon there is scarcely a more desolate spot to be found in all England than the moor that lies to the north of Harton Fords Prison.

Standing two miles north, the eye wanders over an apparently limitless waste of flat lands overgrown with coarse, reed-like grass and sedges. They are only relieved here and there by gray pools of water where the sedges and reeds grow higher, and many of them lie broken and bruised, trailing in darker threads over the dark, still water. There are always these broken reeds in the gloomy pools, though there seems nothing to break them. There are rough and narrow roads crossing Harton Fords in two or three directions; but few stray beyond them, for the bleak desolation of the moors is not attractive, and the vegetation is too poor and coarse to give

healthy nourishment to even the least fastidious of cattle.

At one of the farthest points from these roads stand some of those mysterious ruins which seem to have sprung up of themselves in the most barren spots, so shrouded in mystery is their origin and date. Great rocks and boulders lie scattered and tossed above and around each other, as though flung by Titan hands; some of them prostrate, some leaning against others in rough squares and circles that form rooms of a sort. These ruins, whatever they may be, stretch for some distance; only at one extremity of them is their use known, or at least the use to which men of later time have turned them. At the southern end the ground is known to be undermined by large caves communicated with through a rough trap-door in one of the crudely-formed rock-chambers. These caves in the heyday of smuggling were found very convenient storage-

places for property which had failed to pay the legal duty; but, now that smuggling is an almost extinct industry, the sandstone caves are declared unsafe, and the authorities have long ago closed the chamber that leads to them with a wooden door heavily barred with iron, so that visitors are allowed no chance of breaking their necks or limbs.

One bright day in June a man and a girl were walking across Harton Fords towards the ruins, and it was easy to see from the interest she showed in the desolate scene that the girl at least was a stranger to the neighbourhood. As they reached a turn in the winding path she paused and glanced back.

'How gloomy that place looks!' she said, with a little gesture towards the frowning pile of the great prison that loomed in the far distance. 'I don't wonder Harton Fords is so horribly dismal; nothing could be cheerful overlooked by that.'

Her companion, a man of about six-and-thirty, stared back at it thoughtfully. 'I feel pretty much the same,' he said with a short laugh; 'but with a good deal more reason. I helped some of the unlucky beggars that inhabit it to their fate, you know.'

Helen Carden put her hand inside her husband's arm and turned away with a shiver. 'Let's forget it, dear. Do you know, I'm as proud as I can be that you're one of the most skilful counsel at the Bar, and yet'— She hesitated, and Carden looked at her with a smile in his dark eyes.

'And yet'—?

'Well, since I've seen the gangs of convicts from Harton Fords, I almost wish sometimes—not quite, dear, but almost—that you were anything else. They do look so miserable.'

'Most of them deserve to be miserable,' replied Carden practically. 'They're precious scoundrels. Don't trouble your pretty head about them, Nell, and don't stop being proud of me. I'm a conceited fellow, and I like you to share in my self-conceit.'

He laughed lightly, his eyes on the girl's face. The cloud vanished, and she looked up with an answering laugh and a great deal of loving admiration very openly and innocently expressed. She was a wife of four weeks' standing, and had not yet recovered from her astonishment that the man who, at the legally infantine age of six-and-thirty, stood among the highest of his profession loved her with all his heart.

'I never shall,' she replied. 'Never. There are the ruins, Lewis. I wonder who the workmen were who first built them.'

The two stood looking at the great gray stones a minute, and then entered them and explored their fantastic groves with many speculations such as every tourist makes on visiting such a place. Helen Carden had heard of the underground caves and their closed entrance.

'I wish we could see them,' she said immediately. 'I always love caves. One can conjure up rather eerie fancies there that don't come elsewhere.'

'And you like such fancies? It's the attraction of opposites.'

Carden laughed as he spoke, and looked across at a door some little distance from them. 'That's the entrance to them; barred across—do you see?'

'Is that it? Ah, but the trap-door lies behind. I wonder'—

She went across and began to examine the fastenings with small inquisitive hands. Carden leant his back against the ruins and watched her. He was a man who, brilliantly intellectual, had in him the strain of hardness that often goes with the steel-like intellect that is keenly incisive and polished but not broad. Partly from this temperament, partly from the necessity of his profession, he had hardened his heart against that portion of the human race which is given to marked wrongdoing, and had certainly never, until his marriage, felt anything approaching pity for the men whom he pleaded for or against. With the entrance of Helen into his life had come a change; and, because his love had taught him gentleness with her, he had almost unconsciously taken a kindlier outlook on mankind in general.

After a few minutes, his wife looked back at him. 'I wish you'd try to open it,' she said eagerly. 'It gives even as I push it. These old bolts are quite worn out.'

'Are they?' Carden pulled himself up and tested the fastenings with his hand. 'I'll write to the authorities; that's dangerous. Open it for you? Certainly not. I've no wish for you to come to grief, Nell.'

'Should you care much?' She spoke laughingly, and looked back at him with dancing eyes.

Carden, with a quick contraction of the brows, caught her hand in his and kissed her. 'No one to see,' he said, with a half-shamefaced laugh. 'Don't talk of such things, Nell. I'm a fool where you are concerned, and talking seems to make them possible.'

He turned away, her hand still in his, and led her round to the other end of the ruins to the one point where a view could be obtained of something besides the bleak moor and prison. Here the silver stream of the Harton could be seen winding across distant meadows, and Carden arranged a couple of flat stones so as to form a comfortable seat for his wife, and threw himself down at her feet.

'I certainly am a fool, Nell. Till I knew you, I should have felt no particular sorrow if half my acquaintances had smashed through trap-doors, but with you'—!

'You can't even bear a hint that I might smash too, you foolish fellow.'

'No, I can't.'

He turned quickly and looked up at his wife. Words of endearment were rare with him; but Nell Carden met his look and was satisfied.

'Do you know you have dropped your stick somewhere, dear?' she asked presently. 'You brought it with you, I know.'

Carden pulled himself into a sitting posture and looked round. 'So I have. I put it down when I was trying those bolts by the underground entrance. I'll just go back; it won't take me ten minutes.'

'Well, don't try exploring on your own account, dear. You're not so careful as I could wish, Lewis, when I'm not by to look after you.'

She nodded gaily, and sat watching the tall figure as Carden went rather heavily towards the other end of the ruins. He was too large physically, and of too strong a nature, to move very lightly even when he had been a boy. He glanced back as he reached an angle which would hide his wife from his view, and gave a minute's keen scrutiny to her surroundings. He had heard a piece of news the day before, which, as it recurred to his mind, made him half sorry he had left her alone. However, he was close to the subterranean entrance now, and he need not lose sight of her for more than three minutes; it would indeed hardly take him that time to reach the barred door near which his lost property was probably lying and return to his present position.

He walked on with long, swift strides. He was not mistaken; the cane he had been carrying lay on a rough rock pedestal close to the door. He picked it up and turned to go, when his eye was caught by a bar near the top of the door. He had tested the fastenings at his wife's remark half an hour before, but he was certain they had all been in their place. He had felt them yield somewhat to his fingers, but he had not exerted sufficient strength to force them. Of that he felt absolutely sure. Yet now the two bars at the top were displaced, and only the two lower ones prevented entrance.

Carden's keen eyes examined them curiously a moment, then he laid down his stick. He was a little excited in his calm fashion. He felt certain that in the half-hour since he had left the spot no visitors could have arrived without his having seen their approach over the moor; on the other hand, bars do not quit their place without hands. He drew back a couple of paces, and then sent the full impact of his strong shoulder against the door. It shook violently, then the rusted hinges gave way, and Carden, recovering himself from the impetus of his spring, walked in. Three steps he took, then there was a rush behind him, the door was flung into its place again by strong hands, and Carden turned sharply. A man was standing in an angle of the broken masonry; a

man as tall and strong as himself, but with his great shoulders bowed as if by heavy labour, and his head stooping forward between them. He was looking at Carden with furious anger in his eyes, and his breath came in sharp pants.

'You've hunted me down again,' he cried; 'but I swear you shan't send me in a second time, Mr Carden.' He took a firmer grip of a thick club he held, his face despairing despite its fury.

The barrister put one hand into his pocket, and surveyed the man stolidly. 'I heard you had escaped,' he said coolly. 'As to hunting you down, I did not do that; but now I have come across you I shall certainly lose no time in trying to send you in a second time, as you express it. Let me pass.' The barrister made a slight, imperious gesture with his hand.

The other moved half aside as if by a blind instinct of obedience; then, recollecting himself, he sprang forward and flung himself in Carden's path, his club threateningly raised.

'I am desperate,' he cried. 'Do you think you are going to stop my way now I am free at last. It's to you I owe such years of death in life as no happiness would ever blot from my mind; and now, when they lie behind, before heaven, I'll kill you rather than re-enter them.' As he spoke it was easy to see that he was, as he said, desperate, and in the mood when men will take human life in sheer reckless despair with as little realisation of what they are doing as the vilest madman.

Carden's even tones fell like ice on fire. 'I believe you would,' he said. 'When a gentleman, such as you once were, Dr Boyd, takes to crime, he is a far greater danger to society than the ordinary criminal. However, you are talking nonsense now. Knowing you had escaped, I made preparations for a possible interview.' The barrister drew his hand quickly from his pocket; there was a flash of sunlight glinting on steel, and the muzzle of a revolver pointed straight at the escaped convict.

The man gazed at it motionless a minute; then the light died from his eyes, and he sank down into an abject heap, with an inarticulate cry. But the next minute he leapt to his feet, shaking clenched hands.

'Is there no pity in heaven or earth?' he cried. 'My God, I can't bear it again! I can't!' He turned to Carden. 'If you've any mercy, shoot me outright. I've had three years of torture--hopeless, chained torture, with every bit of trust I ever had in God or man dying out, every lingering faith in justice human or divine killed by facts. At first I used to think that the world was looked after by Somebody, but afterwards I learned how absurd such a creed is; and if the idea came back, and my escape seemed a mercy straight from heaven, I see now it's all a part of the huge joke that has

been played with me. Shoot me, Mr Carden, and put the revolver by me. They'll bring it in suicide, and you'll know that at last you showed mercy.'

The barrister listened quietly. He had heard such appeals too many times to be easily moved, and he recollected very clearly the circumstances under which he had procured this man's condemnation. 'What about the poor young fellow you murdered?' he asked sternly. 'It's a flagrant absurdity for you to talk of want of justice, when you yourself confessed your crime.'

The man hesitated. The passionate yearning for freedom was so strong in him. He looked at the stern eyes of the barrister, whose eloquence had turned a wavering jury against him, and felt himself helpless in his hands. He looked round at the wide moor and the blue sky with hopeless, hunted longing in his eyes, and back to the unyielding face opposite, and the steady hand that held the revolver.

'I saw you an hour ago, sir,' he said abruptly. 'Was that your wife with you?'

Carden took a step forward. 'Kindly refrain from mentioning her,' he said sharply. 'Now, walk out in front of me.'

'One moment.' Boyd's eyes sought his eagerly. 'Whoever she was, I saw you loved her. I know the look in a man's face—and a woman's too. It's strange—isn't it, Mr Carden?—but, murderer as I am, I've loved a woman in the days when I was a man with a man's rights.' He laughed bitterly. 'What would you do, Mr Carden, if some scoundrel were to take her from you? What would you *not* do?' He looked at Carden's impassive face, and saw it suddenly flash into fire.

The barrister answered roughly. 'Hold your tongue,' he said, 'or I shall know how to stop it.'

But Boyd had seen and had noted the involuntary clench of the broad hand. 'Just so,' he said grimly. 'Well, I loved her like that, and Lane, the man I murdered—I confess it again, you see—took her from me. I'd have forgiven him that—maybe; but he dragged her down to the mire. I needn't say more.'

The convict's gaunt frame was shaking all over as he went on. 'I thought she loved me till I found this out; and then when I taxed him, he laughed and exulted in it; and I had seen her face white with despair only an hour before—the face I loved—and I struck him, not knowing or caring what I did, so that I could kill the laugh on his lips—the laugh at her despair. I did not mean to kill him, though I'm not sorry I did. She was the sweetest and purest woman God ever made till he touched her.'

His voice broke into a sob and he brushed his arm across his eyes. He had for the moment forgotten his enemy, and started violently as a hand dropped on his shoulder.

'Why didn't you tell all this at the trial?' asked Carden huskily.

'Don't you understand, man? I loved her—and I thought when I got free, three days ago, that I could still find her—she went back to her old home—and marry her if she would, and make things better for her. I meant to. I thought, like a fool, that Whoever rules the world meant that I and she should both have another chance.'

Boyd paused, looking straight before him, his hands dropping idly at his sides, blank misery in his face. Then he turned abruptly and looked up at the other. 'Do you understand a little now?' he said roughly. 'You would not have understood once; but you love now—I saw it. Wouldn't you have done the same?'

Carden drew his hand over his eyes as if to clear their vision. 'I don't know. I might have, I believe—if Nell—I believe I should.'

Boyd nodded and sat silent.

Presently Carden touched him. 'Dr Boyd,' he said gravely, 'I am not your judge. I shall not hinder you. As far as I am concerned you are free.'

The convict stared at him a moment, then he stretched out a doubtful hand. 'Do you mean it? Do you really mean it? I thought it was all up this time.'

'I did not know. I did not understand. You did wrong; but I'll have no hand in sending you back there. I think you are to have that other chance—you and she.'

The convict and the man to whom he owed his conviction gripped hands, each of them moved out of his usual self-command. Then Carden effected a 'loan' of all the cash he had about him.

After that the famous Queen's Counsel went back to his wife. He had compounded a felony, and did not regret it. When, some time later, he received a short note which contained information of a wedding, he put it in the fire with a queer feeling of satisfaction that he had successfully aided an evasion of the law, of which he was one of the most brilliant supporters.

A TRANSFORMATION.

How did she change me: who can tell?
I met her, and a pleasing spell
Touched with a colour all its own
My lonely life's gray monotone;
Hopes that I only knew by name
Awoke expectant when she came;
Feelings, like buds 'neath sunny skies,
Warmed by the summer of her eyes,
Bloomed vividly; and I, whose heart
Had seemed a thing from life apart—
I who had lived amid the throng
In silence—heard an opening song
Shake through its prelude blithe and free
When first she smiled to welcome me.

WM. WOODWARD.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

DEAD REPUTATIONS.

IN one of his latest works, Landor consoled himself for the comparative neglect which he suffered from his contemporaries with the prediction that he should dine late, but in a room well lighted, and with guests select and few. We do not remember any instance of a popular author consoling himself, in an opposite fashion, with the assurance that, however he might fare with posterity, he had at least dined well and heartily in his own day. On the contrary, ephemeral fame is commonly regarded as a kind of reproach, like the mundane prosperity of Dives in the parable, who had his good things in his lifetime, and was afterwards tormented. The man who immediately engages the public attention is apt, unless he succeeds in permanently retaining it, to be set down as a sort of impostor, thriving at the expense of more modest men of genius who assert themselves quietly in the course of time. Yet surely this is somewhat too harsh a judgment. If to please posterity be an object of laudable and heroic ambition, it cannot be a crime simply to delight one's contemporaries. Otherwise we should be quite too much under the tyranny of our descendants, who, as some one has said not impertinently, have after all done nothing for us. At all events there would be no lack of respectable examples for any author who on his deathbed should console himself by thinking, not that his works would outlast brass and marble, but that they had already been proved worth a certain weight in honest gold. The history of literature is thick strewed with dead reputations which in their season were no sham growth, but genuine, if deciduous, foliage. In the literary shadow-land there is many a meritorious ghost, which, having feasted well of fame on earth, now sits fasting and deserted, but is not to be treated with contempt by the critical pilgrim merely because it has failed to get admission to the Elysian fields.

Pope's often-quoted question, 'Who now reads
No. 115.—VOL. III.

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Cowley?' points us to one of the most conspicuous of these ghosts. In the reign of Charles II. the author of the *Davideis* and the *Mistress* was almost universally acknowledged as the foremost genius of his time. Lord Clarendon pronounced him to have 'made a flight beyond all men' in poetry; Milton himself, according to Johnson, ranked him with Spenser and Shakespeare; and his biographer Bishop Sprat declared unhesitatingly that he ought to be classed not only with the principal English writers, but also with the best of the Greeks and Romans of antiquity. Yet no English poet who ever had anything like an equal reputation is so utterly dead as Cowley. The industrious resurrectionists who have disinterred Habington, and Crashaw, and William Browne of Tavistock, have been fain to leave him in the mould of unprinted obscurity; and what shadow of vague and nominal fame he still possesses as a poet is due mainly to the fact that his biography stands first among Johnson's *Lives* , and contains, in the remarks on the so-called Metaphysical School of Poetry, some of the most vigorous and readable criticism that ever came from the old dictator's pen.

With Cowley, but into yet deeper oblivion, has gone his contemporary, the ingenious Sir William D'Avenant—a man of mark and of many accomplishments in his day. Successor to Ben Jonson in the laureateship, and writer of plays and masques for the court of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, D'Avenant fought for his king against the Roundheads, and achieved the memorable feat of lighting up the Puritan gloom of the Commonwealth with the production of the first English opera. With Dryden he ruled the Restoration theatre, and, like Dryden, he dared to lay sacrilegious hands on Shakespeare's masterpieces—a crime for which one is glad to remember his intercession on behalf of Milton, in the hour of Royalist triumph, as an atonement.

If that expiation be thought insufficient, however, D'Avenant's offence has surely received

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punishment enough in the melancholy fate of his ponderous epic *Gondibert*, which in English literature is almost the palmary example of complete and hopeless oblivion. Deeper than ever plummet sounded in the depths of forgetfulness have sunk those two thousand monotonous quatrains, with all the names and deeds of their Lombard heroes and heroines: Hurgonil, Astolpho, Borgia, Goltia, Tibalt, Astragon, Hermogild, Ulfior, Orgo, Thula; and only a stray line or two are left floating, to be picked up as rare quotations, like that description of a library as the 'monument of vanished minds.' Isaac D'Israeli certainly contributed to the curiosities of criticism, if not of literature, when he wrote of D'Avenant, as a state prisoner in the time of the Commonwealth, 'awaiting death with his immortal poem in his hand'—a sentence which recalls that unlucky epitaph on poor Robert Pollok's tombstone at Southampton: 'His immortal poem is his monument.' Yet *Gondibert*, in itself no despicable work, had its hour of celebrity if not of popularity. Not merely did it receive the praise of Hobbes—no very good judge of poetry to be sure—but it was also admired by Cowley, who told its author that he had put Italy to shame by showing her conquerors thus

Raised by such powerful verse that ancient Rome
May blush no less to see her wit o'ercome.

No doubt the length of *Gondibert* has in great part been the death of it, for lengthiness in a poem is apt to produce brevity of life. Very hardly, indeed, shall they that write long poems enter into the kingdom of lasting literary fame. Drayton's interminable *Polyolbion* has done its author no good, and was perhaps very largely responsible for the ignorance displayed by Goldsmith's Chinaman, who, when shown the poet's monument in Westminster Abbey, answered blankly, 'Drayton! I never heard of him before.' Daniel, too, the singer of *Delia*, might have stood better with posterity if he had not burdened himself with the *Civil Wars of Lancaster and York*. *Hudibras* ranks among the most brilliant examples of immediate success in literature: 'the king quoted, the courtiers studied, and the whole party of Royalists applauded it' when it first appeared. To this day it stands as one of our English classics, yet, if the truth must be told, Samuel Butler's reputation has long been little better than a merely nominal one; and, though his name is not forgotten, his poem, very much no doubt because of the length of its nine or ten straggling cantos, is practically unread.

Of course, however, there is another and more potent reason for the decay of reputation acquired by poems like *Hudibras*. Satire, save of the most general kind, is necessarily more or less ephemeral; and, as a rule, the more popular the satirist is in his own day the more likely he is to be neglected afterwards. Charles

Churchill is a good case in point. That 'comet of a season,' as Byron called him, was perhaps the most prominent literary figure in the years between 1760 and 1764, which resounded far more loudly with the echoes of the *Rosciad* and the *Prophecy of Famine* than with the modest appeal of Goldsmith's *Traveller* and *Citizen of the World*. But while Goldsmith abides as probably the most genuinely popular poet of the eighteenth century, the volumes of Churchill are hardly opened save by students who seek in his panegyrics of Wilkes and his assaults on Bute and Johnson and Hogarth to find illustration of the political and literary history of the early years of George III. A similar motive is all that ever sends any one nowadays to Dr John Wolcot, a burlesque satirist far inferior indeed to Churchill, yet no less popular in his day with our Whiggish and Radical great-grandfathers for his unsparing and indecorous squibs on the laureates, the Court, and the ministers of 'Farmer George.'

Nor does literary satire wear any better than political. The *Pursuits of Literature*, which went through sixteen editions between 1794 and 1812, has vanished along with its author, Mathias, who in an age of duelling discreetly preferred to be known as the editor of *Gray*; while the *Bariad* and the *Meviad*, hailed on their appearance as little less than a brace of new *Dunciads*, have perished along with the Laura Marias and Anna Matildas whom they chastised. Gifford himself, the dreaded Aristarchus, or rather Zoilus, of the *Quarterly*, is almost as extinct as Rymer would now be if that elder critic had not by his *Foxdena* made himself eternally indispensable to students in a less flowery field than that of the *belles lettres*.

Nobody nowadays remembers anything of Rogers, save perhaps that blank-verse description of the 'glorious city in the sea' which has been preserved by guide-books for the benefit of the English tourist in Venice. Yet in the early decades of the century the author of *Italy* and the *Pleasures of Memory* was accounted one of the greater poets. Macaulay in 1831 was puzzled to understand how 'such men as Lord Granville, Lord Holland, Hobhouse, Lord Byron, and others of high rank in intellect' could place him 'above Southey, Moore, and even Scott himself.' Byron, to be sure, had not gone quite all that length, although in a pyramidal diagram of contemporary poetical reputations he had placed Rogers next to Scott, and far above Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. He had also shown his admiration in a more practical way by allowing his *Lara* to be published in the same volume with Rogers's *Jacqueline*—a joint venture alluded to in his own correspondence as 'Larry and Jacky,' and tentatively described at the time by an ingenious critic in a stage-coach as 'summat like Sternhold and Hopkins, mayhap.' Nay, when Wordsworth

died in 1850, Rogers was officially recognised as the chief surviving poet, for it was only after he had refused it that the laureateship was given to Tennyson. Had he accepted it, he would have added to the list of laurelled bards a name hardly more faded than that of the last but one of his predecessors. In his own lifetime Southey was universally recognised, if not as the chief poet, yet as the foremost man of letters of his day; and the tradition of his learning, versatility, and his industry and enthusiasm in authorship, still secures and will probably always secure for him an honoured place in the history of English literature. It is, however, a tradition very feebly supported by actual acquaintance with his work. *The Life of Nelson*, it is true, is one of our popular classics, and we all know Old Kaspar, Bishop Hatto, and the water that so noisily comes down at Lodore. But who now disturbs the majestic repose of *Thalaba*, or *Kehama*, or *Madoe*; who reads the *Tale of Paraguay*, or *Roderick the Last of the Goths*? The laureate odes, of course—the *Carmina Aulica*, in honour of the allied conquerors of ‘Boney,’ and the *Carmen Nuptiale* that hailed the wedding of poor Princess Charlotte—are as echoless as the Tyrtæan stanzas penned by the excellent Mr Pye a hundred years ago for recitation to the militia regiments on Barham Down. ‘Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,’ is an epitaph to the full as applicable to Southey as to Cowley.

When such is the fate of popular poets, it is no wonder that the world forgets scholars and critics like Bishop Warburton and Dr Samuel Parr. The editor of Pope and Shakespeare, the author of the *Divine Legation of Moses*, the most active and dreaded controversialist of his time, Warburton has left only a faint tradition of polemical arrogance and ferocity. Dr Parr, whose once famous preface to Bellendenus gained him the renown of first Latinist of his age, was regarded by Fox and his friends as a Whig Dr Johnson, and, to say the truth, did not rate himself any lower than their flattering estimate. ‘The age of great scholars,’ he said, ‘is past; I am the only one now remaining of that race of men who could sit down with pleasure to devour a folio.’ Alas! how many in these degenerate days have devoured even a single one of the eight ponderous octavos which contain the doctor’s own works? Perhaps a Whig Boswell might have preserved his memory by reporting his conversations in more friendly fashion than De Quincey has done; but, as it is, Dr Parr owes his posthumous fame almost entirely to Sydney Smith’s celebrated description of his wig which ‘scorned even episcopal limits behind,’ and swelled out ‘into boundless convexity of frizz, the *mega thauma* of barbers, and the terror of the literary world.’

In a letter published a few months ago in a volume of her remains, Lady Louisa Stuart, the

friend of Sir Walter Scott, has told how, after a long interval, she ventured to renew acquaintance with the novels of Henry Mackenzie. In her youthful days everybody had cried over the *Man of Feeling*; but when, thirty years later, she tried to melt her young friends with the woes of Harley, ‘Oh, they actually laughed.’ Yet little more than a hundred years ago Henry Mackenzie was the literary oracle of Edinburgh, the Scottish Addison, the Scottish Sterne. And earlier still John Home had been the Scottish Shakespeare; and Wilkie, on the strength of his awful *Epigoniad*, the Scottish Homer; while Dr Hugh Blair was a Scottish Aristotle (in criticism), and Lord Kames a kind of Scottish Bacon. Surely here is matter for great searchings of heart in the kailyard.

If we have left the novelists to the last it is certainly not because they are less liable than others to feel the decay of popularity and the mutations of literary fashion. On the contrary, inasmuch as fiction now is the most popular kind of literature, the struggle for existence in it is infinitely the hardest, and in its annals one may find perhaps the greatest number of once flourishing reputations that have hopelessly withered. Not to go farther back than a hundred years ago, there was Mrs Radcliffe, whose mysterious romances used to keep our great-grandmothers palpitating with awful curiosity and shuddering with pleasing terror. It may be questioned, indeed, whether any of the women-novelists of England has been more popular with her contemporaries than the authoress of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, or whether any heroines have ever been followed through three volumes with such trembling and breathless excitement as the Adelines and Emilys who suffer persecution from wicked monks and counts in the gloomy halls of Italian convents and castles. Yet Mrs Radcliffe, whose novels Crabb Robinson preferred to those of Scott, and whom Scott himself used to cite as a mistress in her art, has long ago gone to the limbo of literary forgetfulness to keep ghostly company with Honoré D’Urfé and Mademoiselle de Scudéry, and (if Georgian propriety forbid not) with bonnie Mrs Behn.

With her has gone the pleasant, frothy, good-natured ‘Monk’ Lewis, whose sensational and scandalous romance was among the most popular books of the eighteenth century’s last decade, and who himself was such a literary ‘swell,’ as Thackeray used to say, that an invitation to dine with him gave young Walter Scott one of the proudest moments of his life. William Godwin is another of the neglected novelists of those days; for although his *Caleb Williams* is still sometimes talked about, its title, we suspect, is much more generally familiar than its contents. That such is the case with Mrs Shelley’s novel is proved by the significant fact that the name Frankenstein is constantly misapplied in allusions

in the press. It is not, as most persons seem to imagine, the name of the monster in the story, but of the hero who made him. The great Berners Street hoax—one of the events of the year of Corunna and the O. P. Riots—is a work of Theodore Hook's far better remembered than *Jack Brag* or *Gilbert Gurney*, and it is long since the world ceased to listen for the tramp of those two romantic horsemen—the dark one and the fair—who ride through the opening pages of so many a novel by George Payne Rainsford James. Nay, there seem to be signs that a far more brilliant, more popular, and more recent novelist than any

of these is doomed to furnish an example of the transitoriness of literary fame, for already one hears ominously little of *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and *Rienzi*, and *The Caxtons*, and *My Novel*. Lord Lytton assuredly was not kept waiting for his banquet of popularity; the room was lighted betimes, the wines were bright and heady, and there was a thronging crowd of eager and flattering guests. If in the future he is numbered among the famishing and deserted ones it will be another proof that such neglect is not always to be taken for absolute or merited condemnation.

OF ROYAL BLOOD. A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER XL.—WILES AND WISDOM.



ISAT next morning on one of the chairs just inside the entrance to the Bois, awaiting the dark-eyed woman who held me beneath her invincible charm. In the bright sunshine the birds sang joyously, the air was still fresh with that sweet odour of the woods, and as yet none of the morning riders had arrived. From where I sat I could see far down the long leafy avenue leading to the city, and as yet there was no sign of the first electric tram which would bear her to me. I had ridden up on my cycle, which now stood at the roadside; and as I sat there I reflected deeply upon the strange events of the previous night. A few brief hours ago and I had been unaware of my dainty little friend's name and station, while now I was there awaiting her, having received her permission to act as her escort. I recollected how truly regal was her figure, with that magnificent tiara flashing in the light; how every woman and man in the room had looked admiringly upon her, and commented in undertones upon her great beauty as she passed; and I remembered, too, how utterly unassuming she had been towards me, treating me, a struggling diplomatist, exactly as if her equal. She had even confided in me. Indeed, was I not in possession of one of her secrets? She had allowed me to become her friend.

The one fact, however, which had puzzled me, and caused me much speculation as I lay in bed during the couple of hours or so I had spent at home, was the reason of her strange fear on the approach of that tall man who had passed us in the lounge so noiselessly. Times without number I strove to form within myself some idea of his personal appearance, yet without avail. It had been so dark in there, where only those Moorish oil-lights in their long globes illuminated the place dimly, that his face had been merely

a dark blotch in the silhouette as he went by. His white shirt-front had been conspicuous—nothing else. Again, while all were in uniform or in court-dress, this man was dressed quite plainly, with only a single decoration—a cross suspended by a ribbon beneath his cravat. It was a dark ribbon, I had noticed; but what the order was I could form no idea.

From her sudden fear it was evident that this stranger's appearance had been utterly unexpected. She had been unnerved in an instant; and, as he passed, she had sat with her hand on mine involuntarily, as though seeking my protection from some evil which she dreaded. Yet he had passed us by. Whether he had recognised her I know not. If he did, he made no sign, but passed on in the same serious, pensive attitude as one who was trying to form some plan or scheme some terrible revenge. Curious it was, too, that I had not noticed him in the ball-room, for a man attired so plainly must have been conspicuous. Nevertheless, when he had gone she seemed to breathe more freely, and we rose at her instigation and followed him to where the dance was still in progress. But he vanished instantly, as though he had become in a moment invisible; a fact which in itself seemed to increase rather than diminish her apprehensions.

I saw in the full glare of electricity how pale and agitated was her beautiful face. That look of supreme contentment had given place to a hard, haggard expression, as though she were haunted by some secret terror; and then, after one turn around the room, her eyes ever searching for this man who had appeared and disappeared so suddenly, she had bidden me farewell and left.

This ending to our pleasant hour of confidences and light gossip was indeed a curiously abrupt one. Her fear seemed to arise more from the

fact that I was with her as companion than anything else; and as I drove to my rooms in the higher part of the town I became immersed in a veritable ocean of doubts and fears.

We were but friends of an hour, therefore I had no right to question her about this man. Nevertheless, I had spontaneously loved her at first sight in the Bois with a strength of passion of which I had never believed myself capable; and now, as she was anxious and in fear, I felt it my duty to stand as her champion. At the instant when she had given me her hand and wished me 'good-night' I had asked whether our appointment for later that morning had not better be postponed till next day; but she only opened those great brilliant eyes of hers wider, and asked:

'Why?'

'Because it is already three,' I answered. 'You will get no rest.'

'I want none,' she answered with just a touch of sadness. 'I shall not sleep to-night. Good-bye till six.'

Then, smiling, and with a swish of her silken skirts, she had drawn herself up and passed on across the great hall of marble and gold, where the servants in the royal livery bowed before her.

Thus I had kept the appointment, and after waiting a quarter of an hour or so, the first tram came swiftly up the long avenue, and from it there alighted the neat figure in white cotton blouse and black skirt, with the plain straw-hat—the lithe, slim figure I knew so well.

I rose, walking quickly towards her with hand outstretched gladly. She looked so bright and fresh as she greeted me that none would believe she had been up the greater part of the night. All trace, too, of that strange, mysterious dread had disappeared. Her dark hair, dressed so elaborately on the previous night, was now coiled simply, and both skirt and boots I noticed were a trifle shabby; indeed, they were such as would have been discarded by the majority of young ladies who disport themselves awheel later in the morning because it is considered *chic* so to do. Still, even in those well-worn clothes, she possessed a charm and grace which held her exalted and distinguished above other women. In her gait alone, walking erect, upright, easy, there was a stamp of royal hauteur; while in her eyes—those soft, dark eyes which seemed to smile so bewitchingly and sweetly upon me—there was often a swift resentful glance which told me how proud and cold she could be to those who were not her intimates.

'The keeper in the lodge over there has my cycle,' she explained in breathless eagerness when she had told me how, being late, she had dressed hurriedly and left the Palace by the servants' entrance just in time to scramble into the tram. Then we went together to the old man, who,

wishing us good-morning, wheeled out her machine, which had been repaired since her accident; and, after some slight adjustment to the saddle, we both mounted and spun away along that well-kept road which all in Brussels know is a perfect paradise for the cyclist.

That she was a practised rider I at once recognised by the manner in which she mounted; and very soon, her hat becoming loose, she raised both hands to her head to readjust it, steering only by the balance of her body.

'Come! come!' I laughed. 'Don't ride recklessly again. Recollect the last time, and its result.'

'Oh, I'm going to be very careful in future, I assure you,' she answered, turning to me with a merry laugh. 'I promise you that I won't run any unnecessary risks. Besides, my hand is not altogether well yet.'

Her assertion, however, was not borne out by her riding, for she paced along at a rate extremely swift for a woman, shooting down the short inclines even quicker than I did; but there were no other cyclists or carriages there at that hour, and swift riding in the bright morning hour was very exhilarating. That she enjoyed it was shown by her face, gleeful and flushed with exertion; while the wind had slightly disarranged her hair, and a wisp of it strayed across her curved cheek, pure and rounded as a child's. Her machine was a light one of the best English make, with every improvement, carrying one of those large French horns instead of a bell, an instrument which, blown by squeezing an india-rubber ball, emitted a loud, terrible trumpeting which could be heard a mile away. The manner in which she rode was proof of the keen delight she took in cycling. Perhaps it was because she participated in the popular recreation surreptitiously that gave this increased zest to her pleasure. At any rate, our first spin was a most enjoyable one, a ride beneath those wide-spreading trees, fresh in their young green and bright in the morning sunshine, that I shall recollect for ever among my most cherished memories of days that have gone.

At length we slowed down near the picturesque lake, with its tiny island and chalet in the distance; and then, as we rode easily side by side, she commenced to chat about the people on cycles and on horseback who were now beginning to pass and repass us, for the early morning ride had already commenced. One rider who went by was a captain of cavalry, in his smart olive-green and cherry-colour uniform; and as he passed he saluted her.

'Does he recognise you?' I inquired quickly.

'Oh dear, no,' she laughed. 'He's only one of my morning friends. Perhaps he thinks I bear a striking resemblance to myself; but none would dream that I come cycling here alone at this hour. Therefore I am quite safe.'

'And your Highness has no fear of being recognised?'

'None,' she responded. 'The very people who pass me unheeding now, salute me when at four o'clock I drive here in the carriage with my mother. One's dress makes all the difference. Fine feathers make fine birds;' and she laughed merrily as she thought how ingeniously she preserved her morning incognito.

In that bright fresh air and brilliant sunshine, spinning along the wide avenues, and now and then taking narrow sideways where the trees met overhead, our ride was most delightful. Her happy laughter rang out always when I expressed fear at whatever seemed to be a reckless action. Indeed, it seemed as though she took an intense delight in causing me alarm. Yet was she not in my charge, and did I not love her with all the strength of my being? I longed to tell her so; I longed to get her to sit for a moment upon one of those inviting seats in the quiet beneath the trees, and there pour out to her the secret of my heart. But I could never do that—never. I was her friend; not her lover. She was the Princess Mélanie of Hapsburg, who some day might become a queen. And what was I? No, for the thousandth time I strove to stifle this burning affection, which, fatal to my happiness, had arisen so suddenly within me. I told myself that I had foolishly gone back upon the vow I had made years ago. I was casting to the winds all the tenets of my religion as a diplomatist; I was acting just as the fledgling attaché would act, and had fallen a victim to a woman's gaze. It was all airy, romantic, impossible. If I told her of my love she would merely laugh in my face. No; she, a princess, could never be mine—never. Yet had I not been told that she had somewhere a lover, a man unknown, unacknowledged, unpresentable, to whom she clung in secret. No doubt she met him clandestinely, and he—some cold, cunning scoundrel—perhaps profited in a pecuniary sense from their acquaintance.

In wonder I again looked at her. If such were really the case it did not seem feasible that she should ride with me. Why did he not ride at her side? Then still another thought occurred to me. Her lover might be married, and might by cycling with her compromise himself! Such suggestion seemed so like the truth that I felt inclined to believe it. Again, could that mysterious figure which had passed us by in silence and in shadow have been the man himself? Was it because he had discovered me there with her that she had betrayed the intense fear and anxiety which had so puzzled me? I strove yet again to form some theory, but all in vain. She had come into my life, and held me spellbound by her beauty and charm of manner. There was a fascination in those eyes absolutely irresistible, a frankness in her conversation which held me

to her as to an intimate friend. In brief, I had become entranced, and was hers unwittingly, body and soul.

At last, at a shady, restful point, where the foliage grew thickly and the fresh smell of the woods was refreshing, we dismounted, placed our machines against a tree-trunk, and sat down. There was a summer warmth in the air; the little forest birds hopped from bough to bough, chirping and pluming themselves, and the low rustle of the leaves was as the sighing of the sea.

I asked her whether she were not fatigued; but she answered in the negative, laughing lightly.

'But you must really be tired,' she said. 'As a rule you men don't rise so early. Was it because you wished to appear amiable towards me?'

'I—well, I like cycling,' I stammered, rather confounded by the directness of her question.

'But you haven't cycled here before—have you?' she asked. 'I remember one morning you were riding with your friend Colonel Giffard. Your mount was a dark bay.'

'Yes,' I answered, surprised that she should have noticed me. I had not seen her. 'Then you knew me by sight before your accident—eh?'

'I had noticed you once or twice,' she responded. 'I always think that you diplomatic people must have an awfully jolly time. You are entirely free; you have always a good set of friends, plenty of gaiety, and nothing to do except to deceive one another artistically.'

'Well, your description of diplomatic life is certainly flavoured with sarcasm,' I said, laughing heartily. 'You are, however, quite correct when you say that we tell untruths artistically. The more artful the deceiver the more successful the diplomatist.'

'Of course,' she agreed. 'If an ambassador told the truth he'd have to present his letters of recall within a week. From my own observation I've come to the conclusion that a diplomatist must possess absolutely no conscience, and be unscrupulous alike towards both friends and enemies.'

'No, no,' I protested, 'we are really not all like that. True, compelled as we are to protect the interests of the country we represent, we endeavour always to do so by fair means; but when we have in active opposition to us enemies who will not hesitate at the meanest action in order to attain their own ends, we are then compelled to act smartly, even if it savours of insincerity, for the purpose of outwitting them.'

'The crowd of ambassadors at the Court of Berlin always amuse me,' she said. 'Each one is trying to get the better of his friend, and the Emperor treats the whole assembly as so many toys. He once told me that his Court would be very dull if it were not for their eternal scrambling over one another.'

'He was quite right,' I laughed. 'Nevertheless,

I suppose we are among the necessary evils in the world. If there was no diplomacy we should have war to-morrow.'

'Certainly,' she answered, growing in an instant serious. 'I was, of course, only chaffing. Sometimes the bickering in diplomatic circles presents a very undignified spectacle to a monarch, although in these unsettled days, when you English have to cope with France and Russia combined, together with considerable illwill in Berlin, it behoves you to have your wits ever ready. I often think we are within measurable distance of war.'

'Why?' I inquired quickly.

She sat pensive, her tiny feet in shabby shoes stretched forth beneath the rather short skirt. She had apparently allowed the remark to slip inadvertently from her lips, and was hesitating, her face now grave, now sensitive, now touched with that mysterious exaltation that glows through the histories of the saints, that shines from dusty tapestries, that hides in the dim faces carved on shrines.

'I hear ominous predictions,' she answered in a low tone, and I thought I detected that she shuddered. 'If there is war, it will be with England. The Powers will unite to crush her.'

I turned my eyes upon hers seriously. Was it not strange that she should tell me this; that she should thus refer to the terrible dread which was at that moment consuming us at the legation; that she should utter the prophecy which I knew, alas! to be too true.

She gazed at me steadily, her dark, luminous eyes unwavering. Could it be that she knew of the inexplicable theft of the document from the despatch-box, and that she, like myself, was dreading its dire result?

The theft was, of course, known to the King; but he had vowed solemnly to Sir John Drummond to say no word of it, even to his intimates. None knew of it outside the legation; yet throughout her whole conversation there was a note of warning. Had she, a princess, received secret information that war with England was imminent, and, as my friend, found a means of warning me?

'Do you really think that England is so isolated as is generally believed?' I inquired.

'Yes,' she answered with a strange, hard look. 'All your clever diplomacy has been frustrated by the machinations of your ingenious enemies, and at this moment England is in gravest peril.'

SOME SUPERSTITIONS AND CUSTOMS OF THE MAYA INDIANS.

By DR THOMAS GANN, J.P., Author of *Mounds of Northern Honduras, Some Central American Indians, &c.*



THOUGH the Aztecs and Toltecs, at the time of the conquest of Mexico, were by far the most highly civilised aboriginal nations of the New World, it is a remarkable fact that at the present day—not quite four centuries from the landing of the first European on the American continent—they appear to be entirely without traditions of their former greatness, complicated religion, and pre-eminence over surrounding nations, both in the arts of peace and war. Many of the more barbarous tribes of North, Central, and South America have retained, without any material change, some of their religious and civil customs, together with their arms, clothing, and utensils; but the Maya Toltec and Aztec, the two great races of the New World, have almost completely lost their individuality, and become merged in the scum of the descendants of their conquerors. Here and there, however, in that little known strip of territory lying between Mexico on the north, Guatemala on the south, and Yucatan on the east, there are still to be found small Indian settlements buried in the bush, to whom rum, Spanish, and iron are unknown; and it is amongst these Indians that one can still glean

some faint idea of what life under the rule of the second Montezuma was like.

My attention was first called to the existence of these settlements during the time I was Resident Magistrate at the Cayo, the most advanced station in British Honduras, by seeing cocoa-nut husks, plantain skins, and *hicotee* shells floating down the Mopan River, indicating that the valley of the river, higher up, was inhabited, which till then it was not known to be.

These Indians have acquired extraordinary dexterity with the bow and arrow, which, with the spear, is their only weapon; though the boys, before they are strong enough to draw the bow, often use a sling made from a strip of raw hide, with which they kill squirrels and small birds. The bows are about five feet long, made of a thin, tough strip of *cuhoon*-palm, well seasoned. The arrows are of two kinds: those used for shooting fish in the water, and those for use in the bush. The former, made of a thin slip of sapodilla, is very heavy in proportion to its length, is tipped with a tiny splinter of obsidian or volcanic glass, and barbed nearly one-third up the shaft; while to the base is attached a thin cord of henequen. This arrow is a most deadly weapon for either fish or fresh-water turtle; but

is effective only to a depth of from four to six inches. The arrow for use in the bush is much longer; its shaft is very light, generally made of reed or the spike which bears the flower of the sugar-cane, to which is spliced five or six inches of sapodilla, tipped with flint. The arrows are usually carried in a tiger-skin quiver, and can be used with marvellous rapidity, as the following incident will show: A chief of the Lacondones of my acquaintance, named Canek, had been on bad terms with his father-in-law for some time. One morning, whilst hunting in the bush, he espied the old man in an *anana*-tree, gathering the apples. He at once fired an arrow at the man, striking him through the chest; and, whilst the body was falling, placed another arrow in the neck. Fortunately for himself, he managed to reach the nearest Spanish settlement before any of the murdered man's relatives could overtake him.

Before the introduction of Christianity, the god Tlaloe, the God of the Air, of Spring, and of Fertility, was one of the principal deities worshipped by the Toltecs, who in the spring, when the bush had been cut preparatory to sowing the maize crop, made offerings to him in their *milpas* (corn-patches) of cooked meat, maize, and *atole*. Amongst the remoter villages this ancient rite is still practised. The whole of the villagers meet together on an appointed night, in the month of April, when a great lump of boiled corn-pulp, coloured with yellow clay, is divided into small pieces, which are then buried all over the *milpa*, together with small *jicaras* of cooked meat; and everyone present partakes of the dainties. A tiny *jicara* of sweet, brown viscid drink, made from the bark of a tree, is also passed round; this only holds a few spoonfuls of liquor, which is so strong that any one drinking the whole would at once become intoxicated. After the feast, dancing begins, which is usually kept up all that night and until the evening of the following day.

In the more civilised villages, especially if there be a *padre* in the vicinity, the Indians can only make these offerings secretly. They leave a *jicara* of cooked pork, fowl, tortillas, and bush-meat in their *milpas* and also on the graves of their departed friends, whose spirits they believe come and feast. Now, the coolies and negroes, who are for the most part without fear of God or man, come and eat up the food, both in the *milpas* and on the graves. Then the poor Indian, coming in the morning, rejoices to think his god has accepted the offering, or the spirit of his friend or relative (as the case may be) has enjoyed a good meal.

The great bugbear of Indian children is Chilam Bälām, or the God of the Bush, supposed to be a yellow-bearded man, with blue eyes, who goes about in the bush picking up children; and the threat of sending for Chilam Bälām to take

him away is sufficient to keep the naughtiest little Maya quiet. Nor are the men altogether free from fear of this god; for when they cut down a piece of bush they always make offerings to him for interfering with his property.

The ancient Aztecs and Toltecs had well-defined orders of nobility and knighthood, together with the grades in military rank, which were marked by differences in costume and ornaments, especially in the form of the ear and nose ornaments; and the assumption by an individual of a dress betokening a rank higher than that to which he was entitled was severely punished, in some cases even with death. Traces of this custom are still to be found amongst the Santa Cruz Indians. There, a youth, when he reaches the age of fourteen, becomes a soldier, and has to serve the tribe in that capacity for two or three months every year for the rest of his life. In this tribe the common soldiers wear no earrings; and though the uniform of a home-woven cotton shirt and pants is common to all, from the commander-in-chief to the last-joined recruit, all the grades are distinguished by the form, size, and number of earrings worn, from the enormous disc of gold, in both ears, by the higher officers, which drag the lobes half-way down to the shoulders, to the tiny copper earring of the petty officer, in one ear only.

A curious custom, the origin of which I have never been able to determine, is for the midwife, usually a very old woman, to suck vigorously for several minutes at the mouth and nose of the child immediately after birth. In one case, where the child was very weak, I saw this treatment prove fatal. For nine days after childbirth the mother is rigidly confined within her hut; every crevice is carefully blocked up with mud and rags, and no male is admitted. During this period the old women of the village hold frequent solemn meetings within the hut; but what goes on I have never been able to ascertain.

All Indians are very chary of employing outside medical assistance either for themselves or for their families; and on no account will they suffer themselves to be mutilated; preferring death to the loss of any limb or organ. The reason for this is that not only is a mutilated or deformed person looked upon by the rest with dislike and contempt, but they believe that a limb or organ lost in this life will be permanently wanting in the next. Certain of the so-called bush medicines used by the Indians are really useful; especially the astringent juice of a certain creeper called the water *ti-ti*, which they use with excellent effect in the treatment of chronic sores and ulcers; also a decoction made from a grass found in the bush, which is most useful as a diaphoretic and febrifuge in malaria; and the scrapings of a small brown bean, made into a poultice and applied to the wound, is supposed to be a specific for all poisonous bites, from that of a coral snake to

that of a mosquito. I have never had an opportunity of seeing the latter remedy tried for snake bites; but it at once relieved the pain and allayed the inflammation consequent on the sting of a large scorpion, which I had received on my hand whilst sorting some papers. Most of their remedies are, however, utterly barbaric; as the following instance will show: I had been excavating in one of the burial-mounds or *cerrós* which abound all over Honduras, and had exposed a stucco-covered wall of a building on which was painted a representation of the sacrifice of two

human beings to Huitzilopochtli, the God of War. Not having any tracing-paper at hand, I erected a roof of palm-leaves over the painting, intending to come back and trace it at my leisure. What was my horror, when I returned, to find the whole of the stucco torn from the wall. I learnt afterwards that it had been carefully removed by the Indians, and drunk by them, mixed with hot water, as a remedy for all kinds of diseases. On going the round of the huts I found small pieces of the stucco carefully hidden in several of them.

QUENTIN HARCOURT, Q.C.: HIS LOVE STORY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

HE went to Dolly's birthday dinner on the following Saturday. But it had been necessary to strain a point in order to keep his promise; he had transferred to a clever junior the conduct of a somewhat important case which had been inconveniently timed to come on after luncheon on that day. He had brought with him a pair of gold bangles and as fine an edition as he could get (none fine enough has yet been issued) of Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*.

Dolly had recovered from her toothache, and was radiant. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, nestling against him, 'how nice you are, Uncle Quentin; you always give me what I want!'

She had slipped the bangles on her dimpled wrists, and then had opened the book, eager to discover what it was. The inspection was eminently satisfactory, for she clapped her hands with a little cry of delight.

'How funny!' she cried; 'how funny! It is just the one book I wanted! Did Hester tell you to get it? She said I should find it under my pillow this morning; but I didn't, and was so disappointed! But it wasn't her fault; the house-keeper would not let her go out last night—horrid, cross thing!' Then, very seriously, she added: 'But I'm very glad now, for poor Hester hasn't got to spend her money, and I know she hasn't much to spare.'

Quentin felt unreasonably annoyed; but at the moment luncheon was announced, and the talk diverted into another channel.

As he had hoped and expected, Hester was in attendance at table, though the fact of being waited upon by her gave him a certain uneasiness. She was as faultless in attire as on the previous evening, and she sustained the searching test of daylight without any disparagement of his first estimate.

Childlike, Dolly was running towards her to

exhibit her presents, until sharply checked by her mother, though Quentin perceived that Lady Northwick's reprimand would scarcely have sufficed for the spoilt darling had not a significant gesture of restraint from Hester confirmed it.

Again Quentin was aware of a movement of irritation against his sister, which he allowed to be unreasonable; and again he took himself to task for what seemed—in broad daylight and under present influences—an aberration of mind on his part, though it had worn another aspect in the starlighted shadows of Hyde Park.

He went away early, as he had important work to do; but before he had left the house an incident occurred which offered food for rumination.

Just at the moment that the servant had opened the hall door for his exit a young man ran up the steps and asked, with some hesitation, if Miss Sartoris resided there, and if he might be allowed to see her? He offered his card at the same time, on which a few words were pencilled.

The man, who recognised neither the visitor nor his name, explained that he must be under some mistake, as no lady of that name was known to him.

'But surely,' was the eager rejoinder, 'I am not wrong in supposing this to be Lady Northwick's house?'

At this point Quentin intervened; under any circumstances it behoved him to safeguard his sister's interests; and although the stranger had every appearance of being a gentleman, with the air of a soldier to boot, he still might only be a pleasing variety of the swindling brotherhood.

'I am Lady Northwick's brother,' he said pleasantly; 'can I do anything for you? No lady of the name you mention lives here.'

The young man flushed hotly.

'I fear I am making a mistake. She is probably known by some other name. I ought to have explained she is not a guest in the house, but one of the upper servants.'

The footman grinned. 'If that was the way of it,' he said, 'you have made a *de-cided* mistake. You have come to the wrong door, and asked the wrong person. The 'ousekeeper sees all visitors for the servants' 'all, and your way is round the corner to the side-entrance.' His look and manner were insolent enough; but it was an insolence held in check by Quentin's presence, not to mention by the bearing of the stranger.

'Ah,' he said, with an amused smile, 'I see that I could hardly have blundered worse! I will try the other door.' He raised his hat to Quentin and disappeared in the direction pointed out.

Quentin also pursued his way, reflecting. He thought he saw the situation at a glance: Miss Sartoris was Hester, a gentlewoman pure and simple, and masquerading as a serving-maid out of caprice or some twist of circumstance. Well, he had known she was a lady from his first glance. As for this young man, the question was a little more difficult. No doubt he was her lover—the Perseus arrived to release the Ariadne;—but whether he were a favoured lover was not so obvious. Quentin readily allowed that he had a good many points to recommend him. That he was a soldier, carriage and air announced; his voice was singularly pleasant, and he had evidently a lively sense of the humour of the situation. He had borne himself well in an awkward position, and was man enough not to look ashamed when five men out of six would probably have done so. But for all that, was there enough of him to meet the (supposed) requirements of Dolly's *raconteuse*?

Meantime, dear reader, will you come with me into the modest sanctuary of the housekeeper's parlour and solve the question for yourself?

It was contrary to the rules of the house to allow the women-servants to receive masculine friends; and that an exception was made in this case was solely due to the fact that Mrs Drummond was, at all points, in the confidence of the absent butler. The time of day, too, was propitious: luncheon was over, and some hours might elapse before Hester was wanted on duty again. She went into the room not knowing whom she was to meet, for the housekeeper had only told her that a friend had called to see her.

'I shall be busy in the store-room for half-an-hour or more, Miss Ellice,' she had said kindly; 'so that you will be able to have my room to yourself!'

Hester entered, and the next moment the two were together, the simultaneous swiftness of movement almost annihilating time and space. I do not mean 'they rushed into each other's arms,' as the dear old novelists used to say; but hand met hand in closest grasp, and eyes encountered eyes brimful of the rapture of welcome.

'You!' she cried, 'you!' But who could have told you; and when did you arrive? Oh, Jack!

her voice dropped to pathos. As for the young fellow himself, he held both her hands clasped against his breast and looked at her as if the hunger of his soul could not be satisfied by gazing.

'Oh, my dear, my dear,' he answered, 'give me a moment to taste my joy, to see you, to hear you, to know you are still mine and have suffered for me. Hester, I could drop at your feet!'

She laughed softly, and leaned towards him, suffering him to touch her lips.

'Tell me,' she asked, 'all that I want to know—about yourself.'

'Two days ago,' he said, 'we landed at Southampton after a bad voyage. The sick and wounded amongst us were worn out, and we who were well were sick with home-sickness—none worse than I. Hester, I have neither scratch nor scar. I was full of envy of the glorious wounds some of our fellows have brought home. You would have thought better of me, dear'—

'No, Jack, I could not think better of you than I do. Who knows, as I know, that you have dared and done as well as the bravest; only, you see, my prayers have been your defence day and night. To see you as you are, safe and sound, leaves me nothing to desire. I can scarcely trust the evidence of my senses.'

'Nor I!' touching her cap with the tips of his fingers and putting the hem of her apron to his lips.

He spoke lightly, to hide emotion that almost unmanned him—that is, as convention reckons manhood.

'It cuts me to the quick,' he said, 'that you should suffer for my sake; this kind of thing must hurt you. To pay you back goes beyond my poor power.'

She smiled and was silent, not being one of the women who protest and affirm; but as she met the yearning of his glance she put her head on his shoulder, and, looking with her steadfast eyes into his, asked softly:

'I wonder, Jack, if you have longed for me as I have longed for you?'

Then for answer he took her in his arms and kissed her with the passion that had grown stronger with every hour of a two years' absence, but was still held in restraint by the reverence he bore her.

'My queen! my life!' he murmured, looking at her with adoring eyes. But we will pass over those sacred moments of effusion, until we find the lovers able to ask and answer questions, and so inform themselves of the precise position of each.

'From Waterloo,' he explained, 'I took a cab and went straight to your uncle's house. I doubted if I should be admitted; but I was, and he saw me at once, for no other purpose than to madden me with the news he gave me of your dear self, and to insult me grossly. He

dared to tell me he had shut his doors against you because of your ingratitude and obstinacy—I knew because of your divine faithfulness to me. He professed at first not to know where you were gone; but under pressure—and you may guess I did not pick and choose my words, Hester—allowed that you had probably taken shelter with your old nurse. One of the servants gave me her address, and I learned from her where to find you. Dearest, was there no other alternative?’

‘Are you ashamed of me, Jack?’

‘Ten thousand times, no! Had I met you begging alms in the highway, Hester, from that moment mendicancy would have seemed honourable! Only, dear, it is the personal pain and loss you must feel, the strangeness and unnaturalness of the thing that vexes me. I am come home, thank God, to end it.’

She shook her head. ‘Not yet. We shall not be rash because the situation is unusual. I am not unhappy, and I prefer this way of earning a living to teaching little children, though I love them dearly, or to lending my voice on hire. I thank my late dear aunt heartily for bringing me up not only to know how things ought to be done, but to do them.’

‘For all that,’ he said, ‘I cannot bear it. I shall throw up my commission at once and then you will not refuse to come to me.’

‘To comfort you for the sacrifice of all you hold dearest—your career, your honour! No, Jack, I will not do that. I am yours for all time; and we can wait, because we trust each other, for another two years. Then my uncle’s authority ceases, and I am free to do as I choose. All is not well lost for love. I will not be a stumbling-stone to your advancement.’

Captain Fleming knitted his brows impatiently.

‘My advancement! It is of no account in comparison with you. I am not sure that I can wait. Some tasks are too hard for us; and then the chances, Hester! Our regiment is marked for active service again. Thank God! I would say, if it were not for you; and if I fall, the thought of all I left and lost would make death bitter. Be my wife now, and let us risk the future.’

‘My hope, my conviction, is that you will not fall; and, after all, are there no chances and risks in civil life? Be persuaded to be reasonable and worldly wise as I am. May I dare to remind you that for me to marry without my uncle’s consent within these stipulated two years is to lose my little fortune to its uttermost farthing? I love you with all my heart, Jack; but I own it would cost me a pang to come to you in beggar-maid fashion. No, we will wait while you gain fresh glory for me to share; and of this I am certain, that the love and patience that have stood the test so well won’t fail us, now that both are grown so strong.’

‘Oh, my dear,’ he cried ruefully, ‘you make things too hard for me! Love may have been strengthened; but as for patience, I am at the end of my tether. To see you, to hear you, and to leave you is more than flesh and blood can stand. Hester, you are superb! a thousand times more beautiful, sweeter, and nobler than of old’—

He approached her with kindling eyes; but she drew back smiling, with finger on her lip.

‘I hear Mrs Drummond’s footsteps, Jack—the dear woman means me to hear them! Stop, I will introduce you to her, and explain, as I will explain to Lady Northwick later. One point at least I’ll yield. Your blessed coming shall end this masquerade.’

GREEK MARBLE.



THE architectural glories of classic antiquity depended upon two special advantages that came to the aid of the artist’s genius and the skill of the constructor. These

were superior climate and super-excellent material. Were it not for the perfection of their marbles, it is questionable if even the fine climate of the Mediterranean would have stimulated the architects of Greece and Rome to create almost imperishable constructions, to be objects of admiration and attempted imitation in our own day; and it remains a curious fact that we have still to turn to the quarries of classic times for our statuary marble, while only Greece can yet supply the finest marbles for constructive purposes. These various marbles have recently taken a new lease of life as objects

of public favour; and a short notice of their character and the manner of their resuscitation may interest the general reader, seeing they are now being developed on a modern scale by an English company.

During the fifteen hundred years that followed the destruction of Greek independence art-culture virtually disappeared from the land. It requires security as well as leisure to permit the vigorous growth of any art except that of war; and strange to say, that while *Los Arabes* of Spain were patrons alike of art and learning, and saved much of the science and many of the literary masterpieces of classic times from destruction, the ‘unspeakable Turk’ seems to have had too much of the Tartar in his composition, or been too busy with the scimitar, to have encouraged any arts but those that pandered to

gradually increasing luxury and self-indulgence amongst the governing class. In any case, we have not in Turkey from ancient days such masterpieces of architectural work of its class as the Alhambra, nor can we find there the delicate marble traceries that abound amongst the Moorish houses of northern Africa.

The famous marble quarries of the Pentelikon, near Athens, remained consequently undisturbed and silent until this century, when after the crowning of the first King of Greece the erection of a royal palace again called attention to the national wealth in the finest of stone. The road to the foot of the Penteli hills was reopened, the bridges repaired, and a large quantity of the famous old marble employed in the construction of a new Athens.

It was wisely decided that the old Greek quarries should remain untouched, so that we have clear evidence of the mode of working these in classic times. According to a recent German authority: 'Although the layers are not horizontal, but are dipping inwards, the blocks have all been cut and removed by wedges horizontally to the vertical smoothly-chiselled walls. The quarries form therefore a series of gallery-like right-angle stone chambers, from which perfectly regular parallelepipedic stone blocks of every size, even to the largest, were taken, as the thickness of the layers had not to be considered in this manner of extraction.' As the modern system is, however, to prevent diagonal stratification, and also to avoid the more readily weathered seams of mica shale, the marble is preferably quarried from its natural layer. This Pentelikon marble forms a great part of the ranges, and, fortunately, the upper portion. The lower part up to five hundred and fifty feet is limestone in transition; but thence up to eleven hundred feet it is pure marble; the estimate being that there still remain two thousand million tons of pure white marble and six hundred million tons of white marble with blue veins. A railway has now been constructed to the foot of the range, to meet the inclined plane that carries the blocks down from the quarries, so this fine stone, from which the Parthenon at Athens was built two thousand four hundred years ago, can be delivered at a cheap rate throughout Europe. Seeing that the so-called Elgin Marbles, obtained by Lord Elgin from the Parthenon, were made from this marble, it may readily be credited when asserted by an authority that the Pantelikon marble is harder, has a finer grain, and is in every respect superior to the Carrara marble. Its purity and beauty must be seen to be appreciated.

But whilst this pure-white marble may be accepted as the king of building stones, as well as the most perfect for statuary, there are many other marbles much better suited for use in this country, where the main employment must continue to be in ornamental work inside. There

alone such a valuable and beautiful stone can be usefully employed in our treacherous climate, and within range of our reckless consumption of coal. The more or less characterless marbles that have been introduced from the Peninsula and elsewhere have not proved generally attractive, and for black marble only a limited outlet can be found. Even that has become still more limited under the recent wise impetus for brighter and gayer interiors in our sufficiently dull land. So that although Greece also supplies a fine black stone, she is more likely to be noted amongst us for the richer-toned stones that were also famous of old. The Peloponnesus not only supplies white, black, and yellow marbles, but the beautiful *Rosso-Antico*, as if streaked with blood and fire in a broad belt; the *Verdi-Antico* comes from one of the islands, with other beautiful mottled varieties, each with its own admirers and its own special suitability.

By-and-by our architects will no doubt acquire more skill in the handling of these fine stones, and learn to design our public halls where it will be unnecessary to have the electric light at midday in order to see the costly decorations! The 'dim religious light' on the marble floors of the East is only suitable for the land of the sun, not for the kaleidoscopic cloud-land under which we dwell, and where every ray of natural light should usually be encouraged to the utmost. Now that marble can be, and is, cut into veneers with almost the ease of hardwood, we should see this most perfect of stones in fine sheets taking the place of tile-work, and reflecting the light from many a now dingy lobby or more pretentious entrance-way. In place of carrying off the treasures of classic Greece in marble, let us carry off the crude material, and learn to handle it artistically to suit our own special northern and modern conditions. We see it mainly now where it is wholly out of place, reflecting the heat and light amongst evil-smelling fish, where a slate slab is every way superior.

Perfect architecture requires perfect materials, and these are both found in Greece. The importation of the materials, and a more scientific study of their application, will do much to raise the style of our own mongrel productions. Replicas of the Parthenon, simple as it seems, have been a failure owing to ignorance of the graduation of the pillars to meet the distance from the eye and the point of sight of the ordinary onlooker. The Greeks neither drew a lofty frieze on the flat, nor placed choice stones in a dimly lighted cellar. They have taught us how to use materials appropriately if we will only take the plain lessons of the classic times; and now that an English company has undertaken the exploitation of this famous classic industry, new materials will be in the hands of our architects for intelligent application.

A SOP FOR A SAURIAN.

By Captain F. R. H. CHAPMAN.

THAT cigar-case,' said Colonel Plugger, addressing the company in the smoking-room of the Rovers' Club, and handing round for inspection the receptacle from which he had just extracted an enormous Trichinopoly cheroot, 'commonplace as it looks, has a curious history. Perhaps you would like to hear it?'

The colonel's cigar-case was of crocodile skin, edged with silver; and its flaps were decorated each with a small circular silver plate, one engraved with the owner's crest, the other bearing the inscription 'Kaimanpore, 18—'

The spokesman, confident in his popularity as a raconteur, settled himself comfortably in his arm-chair, emitted from his lips a cloud of pungent smoke, and, without awaiting an invitation to commence, plunged forthwith into the following recital:

'Some five-and-twenty years ago, I, a young subaltern, was serving on detachment at Kerani, a lonely frontier post on the edge of the Shorwar desert. Detachment-duty on the frontier, involving as it did banishment for a year from the pleasures of society, was not popular with our fellows; and before I left headquarters many of my brother-officers commiserated me on the hardship of my fate in being sent into exile. Nevertheless, I spent at Kerani some of the happiest days of my life. The place was a sportsman's paradise.

'In the cold-weather season the surrounding country teemed with small game. The *jheels* (tanks) abounded with duck, teal, and snipe, and in the fields of young crops were swarms of quail. Flocks of geese, uttering their discordant cries, would pass high overhead in kite-shaped procession, though they seldom ventured within shot. Armies of *coolen* (demoiselle crane), their serried phalanxes glinting and flashing in the sunlight, could frequently be seen wheeling and soaring in the air, performing with military precision a series of graceful manoeuvres. Farther afield were to be found bustard, *oobara*, black partridge, and the beautiful imperial grouse. Were I to tell you of some of the splendid bags we made, your mouths would water with envy, and you would hardly believe me. But I am wandering from my subject. You must pardon an old sportsman, carried away by recollections of days and scenes never, alas! to return.

'Forty miles from Kerani was a large village named Kaimanpore, regarding which the following story was related to me by my *shikari*, Lall Mohammed, a native of those parts.

'In 1857, a Mohammedan saint, famed for his

piety and for his hatred of the infidels, visited Kaimanpore with the object of inciting his co-religionists to join in the great rebellion; but the villagers, in order to gain favour with the English, slew the emissary of sedition, and cast his body into a tank. No sooner had the body of the murdered man sunk below the surface than the waters of the tank miraculously dried up, leaving no vestige of the corpse. From that day the curse of Allah had been upon Kaimanpore. From the failure of the water-supply resulted a famine, in the course of which many families perished of hunger or thirst, and the survivors fled to another district. In the following monsoon—rainy season—the exiled villagers, hearing that the tank at Kaimanpore was once more filled with water, returned to their homes, and were surprised to find, under a *peepul*-tree, near the margin of the tank, a newly-built Mohammedan tomb. An aged *peer* (holy man) introduced himself to them as the guardian of the shrine, averring that he had been deputed by the Prophet to keep watch and ward over the remains of the blessed martyr, Moulah Bux, who had fallen a victim to their treachery. The *peer* informed them further that Allah, though graciously permitting them to reside in their former habitations, had decreed that they and their descendants should cherish and foster a crocodile indued with immortality, and destined to abide in the tank as an eternal memento of the sacrilegious crime committed by the inhabitants of Kaimanpore.

"Behold!" continued the *peer*, blowing a shrill blast on a horn, "the Lord of the Lagoon reveals himself."

'Ere the sound of the note had died away there was a violent undulation in the water, a dark, ponderous body churned its way heavily through the weeds, and the long head of an enormous saurian, with small vicious eyes and mighty jaws furnished with rows of serrated teeth, was protruded above the surface. The conscience-stricken villagers, appalled by the sight of this terrible apparition, fell flat on their faces on the ground, where they lay trembling with apprehension lest some of them should be sacrificed then and there to appease the wrath of the offended deity. They were reassured by the *peer's* informing them that the Lord of the Lagoon preferred the flesh of goats to that of human beings, and that, so long as they should keep him well supplied with his favourite food he would exact no further tribute.

'As there was excellent shooting to be had in the country about Kaimanpore, I resolved to spend my Christmas leave there, and my friend Spencer of the Sappers promised to accompany

me on the expedition. On Christmas Eve we rode out to Kaimanpore, and found our tents pitched in a delightful situation, under an old spreading mango-tree near the bank of the famous tank. After dinner we sat before a roaring log-fire, enjoying our cheroots and listening contentedly to the hum of insects in the air and the subdued quacking of the waterfowl from the neighbouring pool. Rising at dawn next morning, we had several hours' capital sport with the duck and teal, and returned to our encampment about midday.

'While seated at breakfast we received a visit from the *peer*, who, after the customary salutations had been exchanged, asked us when we intended to make our propitiatory offering to the Lord of the Lagoon, adding insinuatingly that he had a flock of goats, all of which were for sale at moderate prices, and any one of which would serve admirably for the purpose. "Confound the fellow's impudence," said Spencer; "he's trying to blackmail us. What the dickens does he mean by it?"

"His lordship is very hungry this morning," continued the *peer*, gravely ignoring the interruption. "Twere better not to disappoint him. He is ready to anger, and likes not to be thwarted. Lo! he awaits his meal."

'Looking in the direction indicated by our visitor, we saw yawning up from the water a pair of huge jaws, opened wide in ravenous expectancy of the matutinal dole.

"Reminds one for all the world of our boyhood's friend, the hippopotamus at the Zoo—doesn't he?" said I. "Let's give him something in memory of old times."

"What a repulsive-looking brute!" returned Spencer with a shudder. "Fancy those teeth meeting in the calf of one's leg. If he'd spotted us while we were wading through the reeds this morning we shouldn't now be where we are."

"Here, your lordship," said I, picking up a large duck, and heaving it into the gaping cavern of a mouth, "is a trifle wherewith to stay your angust appetite."

'As the duck disappeared into the monster's maw the mighty jaws clashed together with a metallic click and sprang open again immediately. I repeated the duck-heaving process several times, with the same result, till at last Spencer stopped me, exclaiming:

"Hold, enough! old chap. You'll soon come to the end of our bag at that rate. You might as well feed an elephant with bluebottles as try to stay a crocodile's appetite with ducks. In the case of his lordship it is quite evident that *l'appétit vient en mangeant*; he'd go on eating for ever."

'The *peer* then mildly observed that we had been playing practical jokes with the Lord of the Lagoon quite long enough, and suggested the advisability of our providing him immediately with a substantial meal.

"Practical jokes! You old blackguard!" retorted Spencer angrily. "Do you call feeding that ugly beast with ducks a practical joke? The pleasantry, if such it is intended to be, is very ill-timed, and I advise you not to repeat it. Be off out of this!" he continued, as the *peer* made no response, "or I'll hasten your movements. If the Lord of the Lagoon doesn't make himself scarce too I'll give him a dose that'll spoil his digestion for a month of Sundays;" saying which he reached for his gun.

'The *peer*, by a rapid signal with his arm, caused the crocodile to sink out of sight, and then strode away muttering curses on the impious *feringhi* who had dared to insult one of the faithful.

'Lall Mohammed, who had witnessed this scene, now came forward, with a terrified expression on his face, and earnestly begged us to apologise to the *peer*, and to make the customary offering to the Lord of the Lagoon, lest some calamity should befall us. The *shikari*, like all his fellow-countrymen, stood in abject dread of the *peer*, and believed the crocodile was an evil spirit sent by God to avenge the death of the martyred Moulah Bux. The poor fellow, with tears in his eyes, implored us to conciliate the *peer* by buying a goat from him, adding naively that the Lord of the Lagoon preferred animals selected from the flock of the holy man.

'Here then was the key to the mystery! That unconscionable scoundrel the *peer* was enriching himself by playing on the credulity and ignorance of the villagers. He was an impostor of the deepest dye, who, in the furtherance of his own sordid schemes, was blasphemously pretending to be an instrument of the Almighty.

'In the midst of our conversation with the *shikari* we were suddenly startled by hearing the loud piercing scream of a woman in mortal agony. Seizing our guns and running in the direction of the sound, we saw a crowd of bathers scrambling hurriedly up the steps of the bathing *ghât*, tumbling over one another in their fright. Half in, half out of the water, clutching desperately at the slippery steps, was a young woman with the blood streaming from her leg, which had been snapped off just above the knee by the crocodile. How we wished then that we had acceded to the *peer's* request! Little had we suspected that the price of our refusal would be a human life!

'A crimson, rippling circle on the surface of the water showed where the monster had disappeared. Having carried the unconscious victim to her home, and assisted in binding up the injured limb, we sallied forth to wreak revenge on the Lord of the Lagoon. Loading our guns with ball, we paraded the banks of the tank the whole afternoon, in vain hopes of getting a shot at his lordship. When at last, tired and dispirited, we returned to our encampment we were met by the

peer, who asked, with a covert sneer, whether we had had a successful afternoon's sport. I was about to retort angrily when Spencer, seized with a sudden inspiration, restrained me, saying: "Don't let him see that you are annoyed. I've just thought of a plan by which I think I shall be able to turn the tables on him in an eminently practical and satisfactory manner. Remember that I belong to the scientific corps, a part of whose business it is to destroy obstacles. The particular obstacle now in my mind's eye is the Lord of the Lagoon."

'Addressing the holy man, he said in dulcet tones: "I desire, O peer! to apologise humbly for my rudeness to you this morning; and I trust that you may find it in your heart to pardon me for forgetting the respect due to age and piety. Verily, I have sinned; but, believe me, I am repentant. Fain would I, too, make amends for having spoken disparagingly of your sacred charge, the Lord of the Lagoon, for having doubted his immortality, for having sought after his destruction. Now know I that he is indeed immortal; and have not I had convincing proof of the truth of your words that he is ready to anger? I am anxious to appease his lordship's displeasure, and to avert, if possible, the calamity that may befall me in consequence of my imprudent speech and action. Tell me, I beseech you, O peer! if it be not too late, whether there are any means by which I may atone for the sacrilege of which, alas! I have been guilty."

"You have spoken well, young man!" answered the peer in tones of grave approval. "Repentance comes never too late. The Lord of the Lagoon is hungry still. Feed him, and your sins shall be forgiven. In my fold is a goat, plump and tender, the chosen one of the flock, whose price is only twenty rupees. Buy him, and offer him as a sacrifice to the Lord of the Lagoon. Thus, O youth! can you make fitting atonement for your indiscretion. I have spoken."

"Right you are, old cock! It's a deal," said Spencer, delighted at finding the bait so easily swallowed; and, lapsing irreverently into his ordinary commonplace style of conversation, "here are the dubs. Hand over the *bakri* (goat) to Lall Mohammed, and I'll let you know when the feast is ready."

'Accompanied by the *shikari*, the peer, pouching the coins with business-like promptitude, departed, chuckling at the success of his negotiations with the infidels.

'Meanwhile Spencer filled a soda-water bottle with gunpowder, and inserted therein a slow fuse attached to the cork. After the goat had been slain and cut up, and Lall Mohammed had been despatched to summon the peer, the soda-water bottle was wrapped round with layers of flesh, the whole being secured by string, and a small aperture left through which to light the fuse.

"Isn't that a dainty dish to set before a

king?" sang Spencer blithely while putting the finishing-touches to his infernal machine. "I'm sorry I haven't a turkey and a plum-pudding to offer to his lordship for his Christmas dinner," he continued; "but as those commodities are not to be had at Kaimanpore I have devised a substitute wherewith to tickle his noble palate. If the scaly varmint is suffering from depression of spirits I guess this morsel will rouse him up, elevate him, make him feel rather above himself. What do you think, Plugger?"

"I think," replied I, "that his lordship stands an excellent chance of being transported skywards, and I wish him joy of his aerial voyage. If your scientific operations be attended with the success they deserve, you ought to be rewarded with a V.C. at least."

"Virtue will be its own reward," returned my friend sententiously. "Meanwhile, tell the peer to summon the guest of the evening!"

"*Khāna taiyār hai*" (dinner is ready), shouted I to the holy man, who, surrounded by a crowd of villagers, was standing at a little distance from our encampment, awaiting the signal to approach. At the first blast of the horn the Lord of the Lagoon appeared close to the bank, and thrust his hideous snout out of the water. Then the fun commenced.

'The meal was served in courses. First the head of the slaughtered goat, and then, in quick succession, the shoulders, quarters, and legs disappeared like magic down the capacious maw of the hungry saurian. Still the Lord of the Lagoon, like Oliver Twist, asked for more.

"His lordship has a fine healthy appetite," remarked Spencer affably to the peer. "It rejoices my heart to see him enjoy his meal with such evident relish. I have reserved for his dessert a special delicacy, prepared by my own hands, which, if I mistake not, will fill him to bursting."

"Your generosity, young man," said the peer courteously, "exceeds that of Hatim Tai. May your shadow never grow less!"

'Spencer, returning into his tent, and applying a match to the fuse in the soda-water bottle, ran to the edge of the tank and threw the innocent-looking junk of meat fair and square into the jaws of the crocodile.

"Run for your lives! Run for your lives! The devil is coming out of the water!" I shouted to the assembled villagers, who tarried not to verify the accuracy of my statement, but fled panic-stricken in every direction.

'Spencer and I had just gained the shelter of a small knoll when there was a tremendous explosion, a yawning rift was opened in the bosom of the water, and the air was filled with fragments of crocodile.

'The spell was broken; the reign of the peer was at an end. After the tragic death of his protégé the holy man left Kaimanpore, never to return. Whither he went and what became of

him no one knows. Brown babies now gambol fearlessly among the shallows of the tank, where formerly to venture was certain death. To this day the villagers speak with reverential awe of the miracle worked by the *janeer* (Royal Engineer) *sahib*, who slew the Lord of the Lagoon and thus

caused the curse of Allah to be removed from Kaimanpore.

'From a piece of his lordship's hide were made two cigar cases, one you see before you, the other is in the possession of General Sir Jabez Spencer, K.C.B., R.E.'

ELECTRICITY FOR TOWING-WORK.

By J. E. WHITBY.



THE revolution which electricity has brought about follows its course, and there is no doubt will end by transforming all means of transport. The horse has almost entirely disappeared from our tramway service, is threatened with banishment from our streets, and is now to be superseded on our towing-paths. While there are many who will regret the doom falling on 'the friend of man,' and who may sigh over the probable loss of picturesqueness, there are few who do not recognise the enormous advantages gained by the use of the new motive-power; and it is this universal recognition of its enormous utility that will make its general adoption only a question of time.

The electric traction-engine for canal-work has been for some little time attracting the attention not only of specialists, but indeed of the ordinary public. Since 1893 many experiments have been made with such machines for towing purposes, and with so great a success that in France, where the system of M. Denêfle, of Paris, has been in use for more than a year, towing by this means is to be extended for yet another fifty miles. Germany has been carefully studying the question of electric-traction on canals by means of a rack-railway running along the banks; and Belgium is about to inaugurate the system on the Canal du Charleroi, in the neighbourhood of Brussels, which will, it is hoped, be in working order during the summer of the present year. The system proposed, however, has not the simplicity of that in use in the Department du Nord, France, where rails are dispensed with (a small dynamo being placed in the body of the tractor), and the pathway left free, consequently, for the use of pedestrians and vehicles. This method, which allows the machine the greatest liberty of movement, instead of destroying the surface of the road—as the feet of horses are bound to do, especially in bad weather—actually benefits it; as the wheels act as rollers, transforming the way into a cycling-path fit for the most fastidious of riders; while its picturesque aspect is in no way changed. The machines work with the greatest possible ease along the banks, and are manœuvred with facility; they easily avoid obstacles, increase or retard their speed at

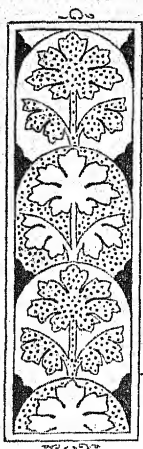
a touch, and do their work with twice the speed of a horse. They, moreover, move silently.

The Belgian plan exhibits one marked characteristic—it will have only one generating electric station, which will serve not only to supply the necessary motive-power to the traction-engine, but will enable electric-light to be supplied to any neighbouring village or even hamlet, at as moderate a price as that enjoyed by large towns. The installation of the Charleroi Canal electric-traction is directed by M. Léon Gerard, late of the Brussels University, whose studies have been principally directed to the transmission of this force at long distances. The route taken by the engine is to be about thirty miles, though we may confidently expect that in time the entire service of canal haulage will be worked by this particular motive-power. The engine has three wheels, the two back ones being the motive wheels. The front one of this tricycle is the guiding wheel, which is manœuvred from behind by a driver ensconced in a covered shelter, which contains the starting and directing apparatus, the break, and the drag. The traction-cable is attached to the framework of the carriage, and draws by means of two trolleys running on wire the electric force from the aerial line which, supported on wooden posts, is placed along the canal banks. It is, in fact, practically the same as the overhead system in use for tramways in many large towns. The tow-line is fixed laterally to the framework of the engine.

TO ME YOUR HEART IS MUTE.

To me your heart is mute; all pleading words,
All passionate prayers of mine are breathed in vain;
I have no power to make its silent chords
Tremble with exquisite joy or tender pain.
Yet, soon or late, Life's paths for you will change,
As if by witchery, to enchanted ways;
A wondrous radiance, new and sweet and strange,
Will cast its subtle glamour o'er the days.
It may be when the year is growing old,
Or at the time that purple violets blow;
It may be 'mid the summer's green and gold,
Or when the blossoms sleep beneath the snow—
The Prince will come, and with his magic key
Unlock your heart and set its music free.

E. MATHESON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE SPIRIT OF OUR SOLDIERS UNDER FIRE.

By WALTER J. MATHAMS, F.R.G.S., Author of *Comrades All* and *Jack Ahoy*.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

SO runs the ballad of 'Chevy Chase'; and the old fighting ardour, the stubborn stand against tremendous odds, and the grim determination to get what they go for characterise our British soldiers in the battles of to-day. Writers in the *Spectator* and other papers may argue with all their literary logic on the diminished risks in modern warfare through the introduction of gunpowder, and tell us that it takes a ton of lead to kill a man; yet, when facing facts in a stiff fight with a determined enemy armed with Mauser rifles, and battered with Creusot guns, every man will have a haunting feeling that one little rounded bit of the ton of lead or a ragged shred of shell has a remarkably good chance of coming his way and finding a billet somewhere inside his tunic. He knows his danger and can calculate his risks—not at the distance of six thousand miles, but at the close range of five hundred or a thousand yards, less or more.

How does he behave then? What is the spirit of the man when he takes his life in his hand, and springs forward into a storm of shot and shell which at any moment may help him to find his fate? What is his mettle when he is cooped up in a beleaguered camp or town, with the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry sounding around him night and day? The present war answers these questions to the satisfaction of our national expectations and to the honour of our soldiers engaged. Officers and men are acting with the grit and go and sturdiness of our island breed. Every time we turn to a telegram from Mafeking we expect to read something like this from Colonel Baden-Powell: 'All well here. Everything going merrily. Tremendous cannonade from the other side yesterday. One mule killed, several

people wounded. Made a sortie this morning; drove the enemy back. Can hold our own, and mean to, till the last.' Remember, too, that this kind of message comes from men who are under the double danger of fever and fire. The spirit of it is all that we could wish; and we see that the courage of the British soldier is of the same stuff as in the olden time, whatever we may think of his cunning in comparison with his present foe. It needs the highest qualities of pluck and endurance to stand the raking fire of a siege-gun and a battery of seven field-guns continually pounding an invested town like Mafeking; and these qualities are there, from the commanding officer to the drummer-boy.

All along the line of this strenuous campaign the story is the same. Cases of cowardice are unheard of, except from the reports of the enemy; and these may be taken for what they are worth. Doubtless, with so many fresh and untried men in our ranks, the first rush of bullets through the air may send a shiver of fear through them—for, after all, Tommy is a man of like feelings with the rest of us; but they still go on, and put the business of the hour through with all the weight and dash of their manhood. Even where the first fright is for a moment overmastering, they still manage to pull themselves together, and work to the front, as in the case of a trooper who was halting in a spasm of dread, and said, in answer to the major's question, 'Why don't you go on?' 'Can't, sir; my feelings won't let me. I would if I could; but that's just it.' Almost immediately after that speech a Mauser bullet came by, taking away a part of his lip and moustache; and a few minutes later the major saw him forging to the front, crying, 'Where are the beggars? Let me get at them;' and in the front he kept till the fight was done.

At Modder River seven thousand of our men advanced against eleven thousand of the enemy across a wide level plain, without cover, and destitute of food and water, and fought from sun-

rise to sunset under the fierce rays of an African sun. There is no record of cowardice, but a continuous tale of marching and fighting with the steadiness of men on parade. The firing from the opposite side is represented as making one tremendous roar like the explosion of a countless number of crackers. The plain was swept throughout its whole extent by a steady stream of the enemy's bullets. Not a man who set foot on it was at any moment out of range. Every man and horse became an immediate mark for the enemy. Here and there our men found shelter behind some rising ground; but in the main they stood absolutely exposed to the firing of a foe sheltered by trenches. The fire was terrific throughout the day. In the face of it two dozen men, headed by Colonel Codrington and Captain Fielding of the 1st Coldstreams, with Captain Selheim of the Queensland Permanent Force, forded the river on the right without flinching, whilst a Hotchkiss was belching out its rain of death. The Argyll and Sutherlandshire Highlanders, with the Northumberland Fusiliers, crossed the river under similar conditions, and with the same resolute will, to dislodge the enemy. Keep in mind that most of these men marched with legs blistered through lying in the sun; that they had started without breakfast, and were without a drop of water to quench the intolerable thirst which must have been upon them, and you will be compelled to admit that they behaved, as Lord Methuen suggests, in a manner worthy of the best traditions of our British army and our British race. The spirit of the past is our power to-day, and the enervating influence of a long peace and the absence of deadly struggle on the battlefield with an equal foe has not degenerated our islanders. From whatever part of the Empire they may come, they will fight for the flag which has brought them their freedom, and which, as long as it floats, is the pledge of its advance and endurance.

From letters received from both privates and officers we shall always get a better view of the actualities of battle and the behaviour of our men than from despatches or newspaper telegrams. The writers pen their words from their own experiences, and tell a practically unvarnished tale to their friends at home. Such letters, often pathetic with their story of pain, telling of sufferings of marching, hunger, sleeplessness, are also alive with the alert spirit of men who, whilst they are conscious of their danger, are nevertheless ready to make merry over the difficulties and privations of the situation. You hear of football and cricket matches carried on in such a place as Ladysmith, with shells and bullets flying overhead. Probably they are not in absolute danger when they do this; but that they enter into these games at such times shows the spirit of our men, and that they are not depressed by their situation nor afraid of

the ring of fire which gathers closer and closer about them. As far as we have seen, these letters make the best of things under the hardest conditions, and evince a determination to go straight on till the thing which has to be done is done, and done well.

Among the personal narratives which came home after the battle of Elands-laagte was that of a private soldier in the Gordon Highlanders. This soldier, who is quite a young fellow, described in a letter to his widowed mother how, with the rest of his regiment, he came within the fire-zone, and how at a distance of eleven hundred yards he was hit in the leg. As he was not knocked out, he struggled on; but he soon came into a perfect hurricane of bullets. In his own words, they fell 'like hailstones.' Struck not by one but by three other bullets, he collapsed; and, taking out his pipe, consoled himself with a smoke pending the arrival of the ambulance. When he was taken to the hospital it was found that he had four bullets in his left leg and two in the right. Another bullet had pierced his helmet, and another cut off a piece of skin; while no fewer than ten had passed through the folds of his kilt. Only two of the bullets were extracted; but, despite this, the young hopeful wrote to his mother in the best of spirits, expressing his confident expectation that he would soon be well and at the front again. Another soldier was shot in the right thumb, left little finger, on the tip of his ear, and under the chin. A sergeant of the Royal Marines, during the battle of Gras Pan, under a terrific hail of bullets, says it was grand to see our men so cool and calm. *'There was not a waver in the line.'*

Bennet Burleigh of the *Daily Telegraph* has the same to say of the behaviour of the men on the Tugela. Not Rome in her palmyest days, he declares, possessed more devoted sons, as they stepped, proud to do their duty, in the face of a hurricane of leaden hail. Even a French newspaper, the *Temps*, paid a high tribute to the gallantry of the British infantry. It said that the magnificent manner in which the troops behaved when they were suddenly exposed to a galling fire ought to be a lesson to those who speak disdainfully of the English 'mercenaries;' and that there are not, perhaps, in the whole of Europe troops who are as good as they. Never, indeed, in the opinion of competent experts, have the valour, the endurance, and the discipline of the British soldier been more grandly illustrated than in this campaign.

Another old-fashioned feature in the present war is the splendid spirit of self-sacrifice and comradeship which is shown by our men on the field. It has always been the boast of our people that we stand by one another to the last, and many of our best poems and paintings depict scenes and deeds of common brotherhood in the hour of danger, loss, and death; and to-day our men are making living pictures of the same kind for the

comfort and inspiration of the whole nation. Whatever goes down in the fight, comradeship keeps its place. At Elandslaagte, Colonel Scott Chisholm, who had been fearlessly directing his troops through a pelting fire, was suddenly struck down with a bullet in his leg. The colonel sprang to his feet and went on; but down he went the second time with a wound in the groin. The fire about him at the time is described as fearful in its intensity; but nevertheless a trooper named Benson rushed forward, and, after some difficulty, managed to lift the colonel across his shoulders. The trooper then made for the nearest covering he could see; but on the way another shot, passing through the colonel's brain, killed him instantly. Benson went on, wounded himself, and was at once welcomed with the cheers of his comrades who had seen his glorious act of devotion. Another case of admirable comradeship is seen in the action of a private soldier who stayed with his wounded officer (Captain Donald Paton) on the veldt all through the night, and lay down by his side, too, covering him and giving him what warmth he could from his own body. But such instances, in infinitely varied forms, could be given without number. It is enough to know that still our men under fire will do the best for their country, and will stand by a comrade to the last.

So the succession of the British spirit goes on with the succeeding generations of our British soldiers. On a smaller scale—but to them as large and vital—our soldiers behave as they did at Albuera, where the 'Thin Red Line,' exceedingly thin on that day of days, went into a four hours' fight, and was raked with musketry so near that the men were almost scorched with the blast of the firing, and with artillery ploughing the ranks at fifty yards' range, and came out again victorious but more than decimated. The 3rd Buffs, who entered the fight with twenty-four officers and seven hundred and fifty men, had only five officers and thirty-five of the rank and file to answer the roll-call after the battle was over. It is well to remember in this hour of our stress and strain what Soult said of the British soldier then: 'There is no beating these troops, in spite of their generals. I always thought them bad soldiers (?); now I am sure of it. For I turned their right, pierced their centre—they were everywhere broken; the day was mine, and yet they did not know it, and would not run.' If good soldiership in his estimation consisted in the ability to retire 'in admirable order,' then give us still the men of the stamp and stuff of the 3rd Buffs; and somehow from recent history we cheer ourselves with the belief that we have such men both in reserve and at the front.

At St Pierre, said to be the most crimson field of the Peninsular War, fourteen thousand of our men stood at bay with thirty-five thousand men and twenty-two guns against them. The 92nd Highlanders were to the fore. Their commanding

officer, Colonel Cameron, had ordered his men to dress in all their military style; and, with their tartans and kilts and plumes, and their pipers playing the Highland pibrochs, they marched on up the hill with such force and fury that the French general waved his sword, and his men turned to the right-about and retreated to their original position; but on the field within one square mile lay five thousand men killed or wounded in the short space of three hours. The pluck, the dash, and the endurance of the 92nd had saved the situation. The spirit of the 92nd is still with us, as witness what we read the other day in the red despatch from Magersfontein, where the Highlanders charged the enemy (alas! in vain), and leaving the great heart of General Wauchope still for ever on the African veldt.

At Inkermann our troops, numbering less than five thousand, received and repulsed the attacks of forty thousand Russians with one hundred guns. The men had been on duty for twenty-four hours. Exhausted, hungry, and plunging through rain and fog, they faced the Russian guns with incredible courage. Once only in that long 'private soldiers' fight,' as it has been called, was there a sign of lack of hope. Lieutenant Acton was ordered to attack the western Russian batteries on Shell Hill. The other officers, in the face of such a forlorn hope, declined to follow. 'Then,' said he, 'if you won't come I will attack with my own men. Forward, lads!' But even the men shrank from the gigantic task. Seeing this, he said, 'Then I'll go by myself.' That was enough. First one man sprang to his side, and said, 'Sir, I'll stand by you;' then two more followed; and then he, with sixty men behind him, charged the Russian guns and drove the gunners back. Such was the style of the men all along our lines on that memorable day. There were times when the fury and bitterness of the fight was so great that there was a momentary halt and pause in the onward movement; but they tightened their belts and went on, until Inkermann was ours, and the immense host of the Russian army was driven back. Since Kinglake gives one entire book to this battle, it is easy to see that within the space of a brief magazine article it is impossible to give a full or even adequate idea of the behaviour of our men in their separate troops on that day; but, comparing the numbers engaged, the great results to us, and the fearful consequences to the enemy, Britain had reason to be proud then and for ever of the men who, in the shrouding mist of a winter fog, fought and won the battle of Inkermann.

Of Balaklava, and the behaviour of our men there, little need be said, since the facts of that day stand in the memory of the nation with immortal freshness. Let it be remembered that Sir Colin Campbell rode down the lines of the Highlanders, and said, 'Remember, there is no retreat from here, men. You must die where you stand;' and that their one-voiced shout in reply was, 'Ay, ay, Sir Colin; we'll do that!' We remember, too, that in

the mad rush of the Light Brigade the camp-servers left their work and rushed to their horses, while a private under arrest broke loose, picked up a sword, caught a horse, and went swinging into that fateful gallop for the guns which has left the crash and thud of the ringing hoofs in the heart of the Empire to the present day.

How our men behaved at Dargai, Atbara, and Omdurman all men know; and it is the basis of our confidence in the crisis of the hour that our soldiers in the Transvaal have given manifold proofs by their behaviour under fire, and in conflict with a brave and clever foe, that they are worthy of the name they bear, of the blood which leaps in their veins, of the gallant souls who went before them, and of the nation which has called them to the honour of fighting in her defence.

'That man lies,' said the Duke of Wellington, 'who says he never feared to die.' The Iron Duke, when reminded of the many sons of the nobility in his regiments, with fine fingers and delicate faces, remarked, 'Yes; but the puppies fight well.' This agrees with what was remarked of the graduates and undergraduates of Yale University in the American Civil War. Men of gentle birth and delicate build, though never under fire before, would stand a hotter fire without flinching than


robuster men of heavier weight and tougher fibre. Marshal Montluc, of the French army, acknowledged that he had been often overcome with fear in battle, but recovered his self-possession after prayer. A man in the army of the Potomac was asked if he had ever prayed. He replied that he believed 'that every man of us did when we went into action.'

What the ultimate lessons of this war may be remain to be seen; but already the higher virtues of self-sacrifice, consideration for others, and regard for the common welfare have awakened into desirable activity; and our soldiers, by their behaviour on the field as combatants and comrades, have shown themselves deserving of all the honour and the justice which the nation can give them. If the present conflict leads to a deeper consideration of the character and conditions of the private soldier, with a desire to uplift and improve him, it will not have been in vain. Knowing, as I did, many of the men who lie at Elandslaagte, Modder River, and Magersfontein, I am constrained to repeat what Field-Marshal Lord Roberts said to me before sailing for South Africa: 'If our people knew our soldier as he really is, and would not judge the army by a few bad specimens which here and there may be seen in it, they would do more to help us in trying to keep him sober, steady, and manly.'

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER XII.—A DESPATCH FROM DOWNING STREET.

T noon that same day I was standing at the window of Sir John's private room at the Legation, looking moodily out upon the wide, handsome Rue de la Loi, that long, straight thoroughfare which runs up to the Park, wherein the recent International Exhibition was held, and where its imposing buildings still stand. It was a big brown room, well carpeted, and lined with books—a room wherein many a consultation had taken place regarding England's policy towards the Powers. The Legation is a corner building, its front facing upon a courtyard in the Rue de Spa, and its rear overlooking the main thoroughfare, up which the electric trams continually pass.

Graves, the foreign-service messenger, had arrived from London, and the despatch-box he had brought stood unopened upon Sir John's table. I had given the formal receipt for it, and Graves was lurching after his journey. The ambassador alone held the key, and he was down at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The messenger had announced that the despatches were of importance; therefore I had sent word to the chief by telephone of their arrival.

As I stood at the window reflecting upon the

pleasant morning I had spent in the Bois, Sir John suddenly entered in hot haste, and, wishing me good-morning, at once broke the seals and unlocked the box. Inside were two envelopes. One was a plain blue one, rather bulky; the other was white, with a conspicuous blue cross upon it. Sir John tore the latter open and eagerly read its contents. I knew by its appearance that it was one of those private notes, written by the hand of the Marquess of Macclesfield himself, which direct the policy of the greatest Empire in the world. The ambassador read it through, and as he did so sank heavily into his chair, his face set, his gray brows knit, his hand clenched.

'Nothing serious, I hope?' I ventured to remark.

'Serious!' he echoed. 'The outlook grows blacker every moment. Yesterday intelligence was received through our secret service in Paris that a great sensation has been caused in the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs by some discovery, of what nature it could not be accurately ascertained.' Then, after a pause, the ambassador added, 'We, however, know too well, Crawford. The stolen correspondence has, as I feared, reached Paris. If so, we are powerless. War must ensue.'

'Accursed thieves!' I ejaculated, recollecting how ingeniously the file of papers had been extracted from the locked box. 'The mystery is utterly without solution. I've tried to form some theory day by day, but have failed. In all quarters where I have made secret inquiries my efforts have been entirely futile. We have absolutely no clue on which to base a suspicion.'

'But at either the French or Russian Embassies they know something of it,' the ambassador said, resting his troubled brow upon his hand in thought. 'If the correspondence has reached Paris, then it passed through the French Embassy. Have you kept your ears open in that quarter?'

'I have done all that can be done,' I answered. 'My work, however, is not yet finished.'

'Strive on,' he urged impatiently. 'Strive on, night and day. Remember in this affair not only is my personal honour at stake, but the honour of Belgium, and—what is greater to all of us—the honour of the Queen's Empire. The mystery must be solved.'

I nodded, without replying.

'When you were in London the other day, in consultation with the chief, did he make any further explanation of the reason which first prompted him to send me here?' I asked after a long pause.

'No. Why?'

'Because,' I said, 'he alone knows more than we are aware. There is some reason why he preserves silence upon a fact which is of greatest importance to us. Indeed, it is more than likely that were he to relate all he knows we might conclude this inquiry in a few hours.'

'What do you mean?' cried Sir John quickly, in a resentful tone. 'You surely do not charge the Marquess of Macclesfield with concealing some fact to the detriment of his country? This is not like you, Crawford.'

I remembered that the mysterious death of poor Gordon was a secret between the Marquess and myself, and saw that if I pursued the topic further I should be obliged to make some explanation. Therefore I remained silent.

'I can't understand your reason for speaking in this manner,' continued the ambassador, puzzled. 'All that is known at the Foreign Office is known to us. Are we not in hourly communication with Downing Street?'

I admitted that we were, but pointed out that no assistance had been given us in the prosecution of the inquiry. The despatch-box from which the file of papers had been stolen had been returned, and was in a cupboard opposite where I stood.

'They rely entirely upon us, Crawford,' the Minister replied. 'I am not satisfied. We are not sufficiently active in the matter.'

This observation angered me. Since the theft had become known I had left no stone unturned

to fathom the mystery. I had, by constantly seeking the society of the French and Russian attachés, personal friends of mine and rather good fellows, learned a good deal of the undercurrents in progress, yet no word had been dropped to cause me to suspect that they were in the secret of the theft.

In a Continental capital there are many mysterious ways by which the shrewd diplomatist can ascertain what is in the wind; and as that had been part of my duty for the past five years, I was pretty well versed in the art of learning our opponents' business.

'I own myself baffled in this matter,' I answered quietly. 'Nevertheless, the course of my inquiries must be patient and diligent. I shall not fail through inactivity, I can assure you.'

'Ah, no, Crawford!' he exclaimed quickly. 'Do not misunderstand me. I am, perhaps, too impatient. Work on, and remember that you are working to clear your country's honour.'

Glancing at the other bulky packet, he tossed it into a drawer. Its envelope showed that the papers were unimportant ones, and the second secretary of legation would deal later with them. Again he re-read those uneven lines of writing, scribbled by the hand that controlled England's destiny; then, striking a vesta, he lit the despatch at the corner and held it until it was consumed. The secret correspondence from the Marquess to the various ambassadors of the Queen is always destroyed immediately, as some of it might prove extremely compromising.

I lunched at home at my rooms, and at four that afternoon strolled down to the Café Métropole, the fine, handsomely decorated place on the Boulevard Anspach, for there I was almost certain to meet somebody or other I knew. A good many of the diplomatic circle lounge there in the afternoon, for of late it has become the cosmopolitan rendezvous of Brussels, even more so than the café of the Grand Hotel opposite. I was not disappointed, for as I entered I was hailed by Paul Yermoloff, the second secretary of the Russian Legation, a dark-moustached, good-looking man of forty, who was sitting at one of the little tables smoking with his colleague Gregorovitch, the honorary attaché.

'Ah, my dear Crawford!' the first-named cried, extending his hand. 'Late to-day. Do the difficulties of England require so much adjustment that you cannot get down to the Boulevards at the usual hour?'

'No,' I laughed, seating myself in the third chair, and taking the cigarette he offered. 'Truth to tell, I've had a siesta.'

'The British lion has been napping,' laughed Gregorovitch.

'It isn't often he has a nap,' I said; 'but to-day, with this overcast weather—phew!'

'And after late hours last night, and the pretty Princess Mélanie,' Yermoloff added.

At mention of her name I felt my face suffusing. Then their lynx eyes had not failed to notice me with her. I had no wish to be chaffed about her; but to resent it would be, I knew, to show my hand.

'Why, what about the Princess?' I asked, with affected innocence.

'Nothing. Only she's very beautiful,' responded Yermoloff. 'We've just been speaking of her, and congratulating you upon your taste.'

'Yes,' I said. 'There can be no two opinions regarding her beauty. Does she often come to Brussels?'

'Twice a year,' he answered. 'But take my advice, my dear fellow, and don't have very much to do with her.'

'Why?'

'Serge will tell you; he knows her best,' answered the Russian, who was at one and the same time my personal friend and my diplomatic enemy.

'Well,' exclaimed Gregorovitch, stroking his blonde moustache with a rather foppish air, 'I do happen to know something of Her Highness, and what I know of her isn't very creditable.'

'Tell me,' I exclaimed, intensely interested.

The two men exchanged glances, the meaning of which remained to me a mystery, although I did not fail to notice it.

'Well,' the other answered, 'she's rather fond of taking up a man for a week or so, and then giving him the cut direct, or else bringing him into public derision. She is lovely; but, a royalty as she is, she is aware of the exact estimate of her beauty. By the Virgin! Why, there isn't a prouder woman in the whole of the Courts of Europe than Mélanie of Hapsburg.'

What he alleged might be true, but I certainly had found her the very reverse of proud.

'I don't think there's much fear that she'll take me up,' I laughed lightly. 'Men in the diplomatic circle are too small a fry.'

'Ah, no; you're mistaken,' Gregorovitch said. 'There was an incident in Berlin when I was there which didn't altogether enhance her worth in the eyes of those who knew the truth. She flirted outrageously with young Prince Ostrovsky, one of the honorary attachés of our Embassy; and when one day, at a garden-party given by the Empress, he grew affectionate and spoke to her of love, she flew into a sudden passion, and denounced poor Ostrovsky before about a dozen people, including the Empress herself. So overwhelmed with shame and chagrin was the unfortunate attaché that he resigned at once, and went back to St Petersburg.'

'I have heard,' I said, 'that she has a secret lover somewhere.'

'Of course,' answered Yermoloff. 'That's well known. According to common gossip, she meets him at night somewhere along the Boulevard Waterloo. It is said that she's been seen with

him lately, and that he's a shabby-genteel, hulking, ruffianly-looking fellow.'

'Quite romantic,' I laughed.

'Romantic!' ejaculated Gregorovitch, who seemed somehow to hold her in abhorrence. 'Two or three men I know are laying their heads together to watch for the mysterious lover and find out who he really is. It would be interesting to know.'

I pricked my ears at this statement. If this were so, then I must warn her.

'Rather good fun,' I said, smiling. 'Is he supposed to be a German or Belgian?'

'Nobody knows,' replied my companion. 'That's just what we want to find out.'

'But has she actually been seen with him?' I inquired.

'Most certainly. When she was here six months ago the same story was about. The Baroness de Melreux has actually seen them together.'

'And you believe her?' I asked, deprecatingly. I remembered the Princess's words regarding that irresponsible butterfly of fashion.

'My dear fellow,' said Gregorovitch, raising his shoulders slightly, 'the Baroness is always good fun, even if she's given to slight exaggerations of the truth.'

'You put it politely,' I laughed. 'No, my dear Gregorovitch, one should always take the statements of the merry little Baroness in homœopathic doses and with the proverbial grain of salt. She's always full of some scandal or other.'

'Scandal which generally turns out to have some foundation in fact,' Yermoloff remarked.

'Then you really believe in this story of a secret lover?' I observed.

'There seems little doubt about it,' my friend replied. 'But why are you so anxious, my dear Crawford? Surely you haven't fallen a victim to her charms? She looked lovely last night in blue; dazzling enough to bewitch any man.'

'No fear. I'm too old a diplomat,' I assured him. I saw that in order to disarm the suspicion of these men I must act with extreme caution and finesse. It was to my interest to retain their friendship, for from them I often gathered very valuable facts. They were a pair of self-conceited, foppish gallants who, in their boastful moments, frequently told me things which were of greatest use to us at our Legation. Times without number had I carefully led the conversation up to the political crisis, but had at each time become convinced that they knew nothing of the theft of that file of correspondence, otherwise they must have uttered some boast or other, and thus betrayed their knowledge. Their belief in the supremacy of Russia was sublime. But why, I wondered, did they both speak of the Princess with such ill-will?

I smoked on, chatting still upon the same subject. They took a keen delight in chaffing me about my long talk with her and our dance together, declaring that I, like all the rest, had

fallen deeply in love with her. Against this allegation, of course, I protested strongly. She had treated me with common courtesy, I said, and I had merely returned it. I laughed heartily at their suggestion that I was in love with her, and in return declared that they were both jealous that she should have singled me out for notice.

'No, don't think that, my dear Crawford,' Yermoloff answered in his soft, easy way, smiling through the cigarette-smoke. 'On the contrary, I should regret very much if she were to endeavour to patronise me, for I really fear I should be rude to her.'

'Why?'

But he shrugged his shoulders with that expressive air of mystery which a Russian can assume at will, and his mouth remained closed. Neither would explain the cause of their extreme antagonism. But the fact was plain. For some inexplicable reason they hated her.

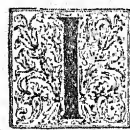
At six o'clock we rose and went forth on to the Boulevard again. It was pleasant there in the sunset hour. Men were crying the *Soir* and the *Indépendance*, and the hand-barrows advertising the café concerts were being trundled slowly by. My companions hailed a cab, and were driven away to the Gare du Nord, where

they were to meet a friend; while I strolled along to the Bourse, where I could obtain a tram that would set me down outside my own rooms in the Place Louise, for the open trams in Brussels are in summer even more pleasant than the *fiacres*.

Outside the Bourse, at the street corner, I halted to buy a paper at the kiosk, when a man passed me whose figure in an instant struck me as familiar. I looked after him. He was well dressed, above the average height, and wore a silk hat and frock-coat, which gave him the stamp of a business man. The face was rather a full one, with a fair, pointed beard, ruddy cheeks, and eyes a trifle strange in their expression. He wore, I thought, a curious, inquisitive look as he passed me. Then suddenly I recollected. That man had been sitting alone near us in the café, and possibly, if he understood English, had overheard some part of our conversation. But at the same moment that this fact became impressed upon me, another, still stranger, caused me to hold my breath in wonder. The silhouette was identical. He was the man who, so silent and plainly clad, had passed through the Moorish lounge at the Palace on the previous night. He was the unexpected stranger whom the Princess Mélanie held in such mortal dread.

OUTDOOR CURE OF CONSUMPTION AT FALKENSTEIN.

[AN article upon 'The Open-air Treatment of Consumption,' by a medical man, appeared in this *Journal* last year, in which the method of treatment at Nordach Sanatorium, in the Black Forest, is described in detail. The following brief narrative, by a gentleman who accompanied a patient to Falkenstein, supplies further information on the subject from the point of view of a lay observer.]



WAS offered the opportunity of accompanying a friend to an institution in the Taunus Mountains for the alleviation or cure of consumption by what is popularly known as the outdoor treatment.

It may be interesting to many to learn the views and impressions of one—not a patient—who has been there.

Falkenstein, where the institution or sanatorium is, stands high in the mountains, about seven miles north of Frankfort, and two miles from the nearest railway station, Cronsberg.

The institution stands on the side of a hill, well sheltered from all rough winds; indeed, quite an extraordinary and outstanding feature of the neighbourhood is the almost entire absence of wind. Like almost all the little towns of Germany, Falkenstein boasts its castle set up on

the nearest hill; and many a time, when the flag thereon was blowing out full, the one attached to the institution was hanging quite limp.

During the four days I was there, in the end of October, the weather was remarkably fine, and all the Sunday one could lie on the benches outside, basking in the sun, and apparently quite safely, even without an overcoat. The whole expanse of sky was one huge dome of blue; but immediately the sun got behind the hill we had to shift under cover quickly, as the air soon became quite chilly.

We arrived on a Thursday evening, and had capital rooms allotted to us; next we saw the business manager, who arranged when the doctors' examination could take place—a good deal depending on that; and, after a good wash up after our journey, we joined the other patients and visitors in what youngsters would call 'a jolly good dinner.'

The medical examination next morning was a trial to my friend, as none of the four doctors present were proficient in English, and we knew no German. So we had sometimes a difficulty in arriving at a mutual understanding.

The treatment or cure is extremely simple, and I believe, if taken in time, will be quite effectual. The patients must, however, give careful attention

and obedience to all instructions, or leave the institution.

The routine is as follows: First, soon after 7 A.M. the patient gets a thorough dry rubbing—slight massage; and, after a rest, all are expected to be down in the dining-hall for breakfast between a quarter to eight and a quarter past eight. This meal is the only simple one of the day—a true breakfast: coffee, tea, and hot-milk, with rolls and butter.

Then, according to the length of residence and strength, comes gentle exercise. The first week you are expected to walk for about fifteen minutes once a day. But if there is some improvement during that time you may have to walk fifteen minutes twice a day, gradually increasing until you can walk some hours without serious fatigue.

After your walk or exercise you go to a kiosk, stretch out on a couch, get comfortably and warmly wrapped up, and rest until time for the next meal, which is at ten o'clock. This is a real solid meal, in which you get various kinds of fish and butcher-meat; and at all meals you are expected to drink at least two large tumblers of milk.

You then return to your couch, and spend the forenoon as best you may, conversation about cases being debarred. A good deal of letter-writing is done; and as there is a splendid library, you need never be without a book to interest you. English patients are encouraged to spend some time in learning German, which makes matters easier for them and their attendants.

I should like to state here that at no institution I have visited have I ever found more careful attention, better-cooked food, or a greater variety.

Lunch comes at one o'clock; and along with your food you are encouraged—or at any rate not discouraged—to drink a good deal of light wine, both white and red.

A long afternoon has to be passed; so those who are moderately well have the best of it, as they can go rambling about the beautiful grounds, between thirty and forty acres in extent, the walks, laid with sharp gravel, being thoroughly dry.

Then, about four o'clock, the patient can get a cup of tea or milk.

Dinner—just an elaboration of lunch—at half-past seven, is generally the most social meal of the day. They have a practice of putting on the table at lunch and dinner a large variety of stewed fruits, not as dessert but as an appetiser; and those dishes are usually the first cleared. Our part of the table was set aside for the English contingent, and served by an attendant who had spent some time in London, so we got along very comfortably.

Shortly before dinner the mail comes in, and provides the one mild excitement of the day, or,

as a friend described it—he had hardly got acclimatised—'an oasis in the desert.' What is attempted is to feed you well and rest you well; and I know of no better arrangements for arriving at such a result.

The veranda in front of the house stretches out to about a hundred and fifty feet, and the couches are so numerous that only space is left between each for a person to move. When at first the visitor goes about among the patients he wonders if he has wandered into a smoking-saloon, where both ladies and gentlemen indulge in fragrant cigarettes. However, as no smoke is apparent, he must find some other explanation—namely, that each has a natty little glass thermometer in the mouth; and whatever the temperature—favourable or otherwise—it has to be carefully marked on the chart three or four times daily. There are also quite a number of separate kiosks of various sizes, to hold from two up to twenty-five persons; and you are given your place when you arrive, and keep it until you leave.

Every one is expected to retire early, and the place is usually as quiet as a church by ten o'clock.

I have the prospectus of the institution lying before me, the first paragraph of which runs:

'The Sanatorium of Falkenstein was founded in 1874 through the efforts of some Frankfort physicians, with a view of creating in Western Germany, in a healthy mountainous region, easy of access, an establishment for the treatment of patients suffering from diseases of the lungs, to be kept open during the entire year. The inauguration took place in the spring of 1876. The capital necessary for the enterprise had been subscribed principally by wealthy citizens of Frankfort under the condition that the yearly dividend should not exceed five per cent., and that any surplus beyond this rate should be used in the first place for desirable improvements, and then, as soon as the surplus means would permit, for the founding and maintaining a sanatorium for poor consumptives.'

Another is: 'The climate is essentially that of all central Germany. Its main advantage is its pure mountain air, free from dust; all the drives leading to the establishment describing a wide circle. The atmosphere is rather dry, though rain is not wanting. The variations of temperature are rarely very considerable or sudden at Falkenstein, and there is no perceptible fall of temperature at sunset.

'The prices of the establishment for patients, and persons accompanying them, are as follows: (1) Rooms, including heating and electric-light (portable lamps excepted), according to size and location, from one shilling to seven shillings and sixpence per day; (2) charges for board, attendance, and medical care, and general lighting of the localities in common use (without extra charge

for heating or disinfection), eight shillings and sixpence per day.'

After spending four delightful days, I left on Monday morning at ten o'clock, and had a very curious impression of the atmosphere. I felt as if, instead of rising, the thermometer was falling some degrees for each hundred feet we descended. At the institution, which is thirteen hundred feet above the sea, I was quite warm, and started without an overcoat; but by the time we arrived at the railway station, probably five hundred or six hundred feet down, one was very glad to put on extra clothing. I suspect the impression was wrong; but certainly we felt out of the reach of the hoar-frost when high up.

There are a variety of ways of reaching Frankfort, and any one going there would be quite safe to leave himself in Cook's hands. We left London by the half-past eight train for Harwich, for the Hook of Holland, and thence *vid* Rotterdam, Venlo, Cologne, Bingen, Mainz, &c., and got to Frankfort at half-past four next day. One advantage of this route is that you are on the sea during the night.

Both going and coming we were very much charmed by the magnificent Rhine scenery. After leaving flat and watery Holland one could easily fancy one's self in Forfarshire, with these differences, that the cultivation was not so far advanced

and the fields were not fenced. A good deal of ground must be wasted through its being broken up into such small patches; and such a thing as a stackyard was not to be seen. If the back-ground of the hills was removed while you were walking between Falkenstein and Königstein, fancy would almost make you imagine you were in Warwickshire. A practice obtains on most of the country roads which our county councillors in Scotland might adopt with great advantage. Where roads diverge you find a small board stuck up, or, failing that, the telegraph-poles are used, to give travellers directions in the following way: A dab of paint about the size of the thumb is placed opposite a name—as, *green*, Cronsberg; *blue*, Falkenstein; *red*, Heilanstalt; *yellow*, Königstein. So, when you again come to a split in the road, the colour gives you the clue. This must be much the most economical finger-post.

Altogether our visit to Falkenstein is a most pleasurable memory.

Since writing the above I have received a letter from my friend, dated 13th December, in which he says: 'In fact, I think I have improved more this last week than all the time I have been here; and I have actually gained two and a half pounds in a week. I am not now such a weak, wheezy old wreck as when you saw me last. Decidedly better.'

QUENTIN HARCOURT, Q.C.: HIS LOVE STORY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.



FEW days later Quentin Harcourt received a visit from his sister in his chambers. The event was so unusual that for the moment he felt alarmed, and asked anxiously if she had any bad news.

'None; but I am bursting with what I have to tell. No, thanks, dear; don't trouble yourself to send out your clerk for tea. I have accepted your hospitality before, and know he brings it from the A.B.C. shop round the corner. You ought to marry, Quentin.'

'But if I did, my wife would not live here and educate us above our opportunities,' he answered, withdrawing his hand from a curious antique bell which stood amongst his papers. 'You have not come here, Dolly, to tell me that; let me hear your news. I am on tenter-hooks.'

'Watson has come back,' she announced solemnly.

'I am delighted; then Richard's himself again. I conclude your clever parlour-maid is leaving you?'

'It is simply about her I have come to talk to you. Who do you think she turns out to be? You will remember I always told you she was a lady in disguise.'

Her brother smiled, but offered no protest, while she continued with great animation:

'You must understand that she is not going to leave me after all. Dolly was heart-broken at the prospect, and so Hester asked if I should be willing for her to stay as her companion-governess, and to help me as a daughter. I don't mean she put it quite in that way; I suggested the relationship.'

'Ah!' said Quentin patiently; 'but you have not yet told me who Hester is.'

'She is Miss Sartoris, daughter of that Colonel Sartoris who was killed at Cabul with poor Louis Cavnagari—you remember?—and niece of Sir Robert Shaw. It seems that she and her uncle had a desperate quarrel, to the extent of his positively turning her out of doors, and in her distress she went to her old nurse, who is Watson's eldest sister; and between them they hatched this extraordinary scheme. Hester says she could be very happy as a parlour-maid. Strange—isn't it?'

'I presume it depends upon whose parlour she serves. You are always good to your servants, Dolly. But has she told you what she and her uncle quarrelled about?'

'My dear Quentin, when young people quarrel

with their natural guardians it is invariably about their lovers. Hester is a soldier's daughter, and only a soldier can please her. She is in love with that young Fleming who won his captaincy the other day at Chitral; the papers were full of it. They became secretly engaged before he went to India; but she kept her own counsel until Sir Robert was bent on her marrying some one else. When he found she was obstinate he took this extraordinary course of action, and shut his doors against her. To refuse Lord Molineux on behalf of a beggarly lieutenant deserved nothing less.'

'Lord Molineux! I know him; a very nice fellow and most unexceptionable *parti*. Why, he is neither old nor ugly nor depraved, which I always understood were the traditional characteristics of husbands selected by hard-hearted guardians to supersede love's young dream; Miss Sartoris must be hard to please. I almost think she deserved her fate.'

'Ah, you are a crabbed old lawyer, and have no sympathy with the tender passion! The girl was engaged already, and was very much in love; besides, at twenty-four she is independent, and can marry whom she pleases.'

Quentin stroked his chin meditatively.

'I have often wondered,' he said, 'what curious instinct it is which determines these nice points of choice and preference. To my mind, Molineux is worth a dozen Flemings.'

'Do you know Captain Fleming too?' asked Lady Northwick, surprised. 'I saw him the other day. He came at my invitation to see Hester, and I thought him charming.'

Quentin shrugged his shoulders.

'I allow he has superficial advantages; he is well set up, as soldiers are apt to be, and rejoices in blue eyes and a flaxen moustache on a face tanned to the colour of umber. I have learned from one of the most popular of your lady novelists that these are points of physical perfection.'

Lady Northwick laughed.

'I fancy you are a little out of train to-day,' she said, preparing for departure; 'but at all events come and see Miss Sartoris in her new character. You will please quite understand that, as the advertisements say, she is treated now in all respects as one of the family. It is a treat to see how happy she makes Dolly.'

She kissed the tips of her fingers to him in playful salute, and departed.

It will not surprise any student of average human nature that the strong fancy conceived by Quentin Harcourt for his sister's parlour-maid was powerfully strengthened, not only by the knowledge that no social barrier subsisted between them, but also by the fact that she was not free to be wooed and won. It is only a fox that pronounces the grapes out of reach to be sour.

He did go and see her, as his sister suggested,

and they fell into discourse about Dolly, and the best modes of education for a child so precocious and excitable. The discussion sent him away wondering at the insight and wisdom of a girl who at twenty-two seemed to have reflected profoundly upon one of the deepest problems of all time—the right and healthy development of a human soul. He found too, as he had suspected, that she was no mean scholar, but had succeeded in already imbuing her pupil with an enthusiasm for the Eton Grammar as a stepping-stone to the *Odyssey*; also that she had drawn her tale of the Argonauts from the fountain-head of the Greek poets.

His deep interest in the welfare of his charming little niece caused these visits to become frequent, so that he had the opportunity of seeing Hester under different aspects. Lady Northwick, to use her own phrase, had fallen over head and ears in love with her; and, as her romantic story became known, society was anxious to make a pet and a lion of a girl so attractive. But Hester graciously but firmly declined all invitations, and expected it to be understood that she preferred to as quies her rôle of governess, and to fulfil the she had accepted, without excitement or dissipation.

Quentin, as he watched and waited, felt increasingly that he would never find another woman so qualified to meet his exigence and stir his heart as this *fiancée* of young Jack Fleming.

Here lay the crux. He was too honourable to wish to oust his rival; but he was free to deplore that he should have a rival, and one so inadequate!

Fleming was an honest, gallant young fellow, as was any one of his brother-officers scattered over the face of the habitable globe, capable of walking up to an open battery at command or of leading a forlorn-hope without flinching. But these soldierly qualities do not come into play in the prose of everyday life, or prove sufficient for intellectual companionship with a woman who was head and shoulders his superior. She would find this out in the long-run, and then it would become a point of duty with her to deny and starve the higher faculties of her mind in the loyal attempt to preserve the marital equilibrium. Can a harder fate befall any woman?

Quentin's previsions were so acute and vivid as seriously to interfere with his peace of mind. He resolved not to see her so often, the more especially as when he dropped in at the house unexpectedly he often found the ground already occupied by Captain Fleming, leaving him without a chance of discourse or discussion.

It was now August, and the Long Vacation was close at hand. He would betake himself to distant travel, and cool his passion, say, in Canada or Iceland; but before his departure he must bid his sister and Dolly good-bye.

On the afternoon of his call for this purpose

he found a rather unusual condition of things—Lady Northwick was out, and had taken Dolly with her. Quentin hesitated, then asked, 'Was Miss Sartoris at home? If so he would leave a message with her;' and in a few moments he was in her presence, and alone with her for the first time.

She was knitting a Lilliputian jersey for a handsome sailor-doll already otherwise clad by her needlework; and, somehow, the thing pleased Quentin. He knew all her gifts and accomplishments; and her evident interest in her pretty occupation, with a view to Dolly's delight, seemed to suggest those homely and womanly qualities without which he would have held either Sappho or Corinna incomplete representations of their sex. It had also the undesirable effect of softening the rigour of his purpose of self-repression; but then it must be conceded that Hester was looking bewilderingly charming in her cool white gown.

'Fresh as Aphrodite!' he said to himself; and to her he began immediately to explain the motive of his visit.

'How they will miss you!' she said; 'but of course after a term's hard work you must stand in need of a holiday.'

'They?' he repeated a little fatuously. 'Not we?'

She looked a little surprised.

'I might most sincerely have said *we*,' was her answer, 'if I had not feared to be thought presumptuous. How could it be otherwise when you have been so kind to me, Mr Harcourt?'

'Kind! That word, Miss Sartoris, implies favours bestowed *de haut en bas*, and can't, therefore, fit our relations; but, granting that I have been kind, you have unwittingly made me a bad return for my kindness.'

'How?' she asked quietly.

'I don't overlook the wise and tender care you have taken of the child we all love so dearly, nor your affectionate attentions to my sister, which have made life so pleasant to her of late; but I complain that you have done me a mischief. You have shown me what I thought I should never see—a woman nobly endowed in body and mind, and yet simple and sincere. I was fool enough to love you before I knew you; and, knowing you, my folly justified itself a thousandfold. The desire of my heart is to have been able to win you for my wife.'

She had put down her work and risen; her

cheeks, which had grown pale, heightening the kindled animation of her eyes.

'You say this to me,' she asked, 'when you know that I am pledged, both by love and duty, to Captain Fleming! It is not what I should have expected of you, Mr Harcourt.'

The note of indignation softened with the last words. She saw how very much in earnest he was, and she was not so unnatural a woman as to find it hard to forgive a man for the crime of loving her.

'It is not what I expected of myself,' was his answer. 'My intention was to go away and try to pull up this—this madness by its roots. But then I did not know that I should find you alone, or the feebleness of my good resolutions. Forgive me—Hester!'

He stopped, and the girl sat down again with head averted, and a flush on the beautiful face that had been pale before. She had made a little gesture of restraint when he called her by her name; but Quentin was not readily silenced. He took up his parable again, speaking with perfect self-command but under strong feeling.

'I claim to be forgiven, Miss Sartoris, for I am going away all the same holding fast to my purpose. But, just for a few moments—Captain Fleming can well afford me so much grace—I ask you to try and conceive what our lives might have been if neither love nor honour had stood between us and I could have found my way to your heart. Dear,' he added, with an inflection hard to resist, 'I believe I could have made you very happy.'

Under the strong compulsion of his influence she did try to conceive it, and, for a moment, the shadow of a misgiving crossed her mind, to be dispersed the next by the return tide of her loyalty and love.

'I am very sorry that you feel like this,' she said softly. 'You have not known me long. I pray God you may forget me soon.'

He got up to go, for there was nothing more to be said; and he was afraid of Lady Northwick and Dolly breaking in upon the pain and awkwardness of the scene.

He took her hand and put it to his lips with his grave, half-humorous smile.

'Such privileges are granted to those who part to meet, perhaps, no more. God bless you, Hester, in the way that you have chosen; but I shall go to my grave regretting that He did not put your blessedness into my hands to fulfil.'



PRACTICAL HINTS IN HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

By the Author of *Matthew Dale, Farmer*.



It may be premised that household management is not an art that can be taken up at a moment's notice. It comes by dearly-bought experience, either of our own or of others. It is, therefore, hoped the following remarks may afford some useful hints to young beginners, and indicate, rather than specify, some of the causes that go to make of their best attempts a miserable failure.

In the good old days of our grandmothers notable housewives were the rule, as they are now the exception. Every detail of home-life was carried on within the house—brewing, baking, pickling, preserving, curing, clothing, &c. 'We live beside ourselves' was how they expressed it, as they pointed with pardonable pride to the sides of bacon, the goodly hams, the strings of onions, and the hanks of homespun yarn that adorned their rafters.

How few of us 'live beside ourselves' now! Every commodity of household use must be bought and paid for, and thrift of the good old-fashioned kind is at a discount. Fifty years ago the buxom maidens of the farms supplied themselves with 'lily-white sand' chopped by their own strong arms, and with that and a wisp of straw they made their boards, from the kitchen-table downwards, as white as the caps they did not wear, but only put on for special work. Nowadays the victimised mistress has to supply Monkey Brand soap, and cocoa-fibre brushes, and so on all along the line. Thrift of time, thrift of material, thrift of mind, and thrift of body do not enter into modern calculation; and therein lies the crux of the situation. No longer do we find gentlewomen seated among their young dependants, busy with the distaff and the needle, or, like Nausicaa (a king's daughter), superintending the laving and bleaching of the household linen. Now the mistress is on the golf-course or the tennis-lawn; the daughters are playing hockey or cricket; the servants are either making holiday, according to their light, or counting the hours till the weekly 'night out' comes round; and the house is left to housekeep itself!

What can be expected of young people brought up in such homes but that their own houses, when they attain to the dignity of housewives, will be conducted in like fashion? What can they know of the rules of hygiene or dietetics or sanitation? And yet how important is it, for the well-being of the household, that she who is at the head should have some knowledge of these particulars! Strictly speaking, a girl has no

right to assume the cares of a house till she has graduated in housekeeping and taken honours! If not, she is a fraud to begin with; and a parent or guardian who puts an untrained girl into a man's hands as a helpmeet is, to say the least of it, an aider and abettor. Ignorance of this kind is particularly disastrous in a working-man's house, for there the wife is both mistress and servant; but even in middle-class households no woman is fit to be a mistress till she has seen service—that is, till she knows the why and the wherefore of all domestic economy, and can give a reason for the faith that is in her. She will then be able to instruct any younger person with whom she may come in contact, and show her how work should be done, or do it herself as occasion arises. Then will the young mistress be independent of the vagaries of her maids, and be able to grant them the oft-recurring holiday without materially interfering with the comfort of her family.

There is no department of household management that tries the care and skill of the anxious housewife more thoroughly than dietetics. It may truly be called a science, and should be cultivated for higher ends than the mere satisfying of appetite. It embraces the supply of the elements necessary for the growth and development of the human frame, as well as the reparation of the waste continually going on in the system. Therefore, how to best build up a strong and healthy body should be the end and aim of all gastronomic effort; for we eat to live—only the glutton and the gourmand live to eat!

Food either predisposes to disease, or helps to ward it off (firstly) by its direct influence on the system, and (secondly) by enabling it to repel the attacks of those deadly germs that, under the name of bacteria, bacilli, &c., are ever seeking for a nest or nidus in which to lay their life-destroying progeny. In slight ailments doctors' bills might often be saved by a due attention to diet. For example, fine bread, eggs, pastry, and all highly concentrated food produce constipation; while unbolted meal, oatmeal porridge, ripe fruit, stewed fruits and vegetables remove it. Rich, greasy food gives rise to bilious attacks; a plain, simple diet will hold them in check. Pulmonary complaints, in which there is a wasting of the tissues, should be met by an extra supply of heat-producing and fat-forming food; it would, therefore, appear advisable, in cases where a tendency to that complaint, either inherited or induced, is to be suspected, to meet the evil at once by a diet of such carbonaceous substances as

the system will assimilate—among which may be mentioned various preparations of suet (which is both light and nourishing), and milk which has not been deprived of its fat-globules, commonly called cream.

It is now pretty well understood that bad feeding and consequent poverty of blood creates a craving for ardent spirits in those to whom the necessities of life come only in inadequate supply. When the working-man's wife has learned the value of a good hot meal for a tired, hungry man, and knows how to prepare it, there may be less need of temperance associations and liquor licensing laws. There is reason to hope that the cooking lessons now included in the School Board curriculum may effect an improvement in the dietary of the working-classes; for there is little doubt that in many such homes it has not been so much the want of material as the want of skill to turn what was at hand to good account. In the course of time, too, the instructions the young scholars are receiving in the industrial departments ought to make them more efficient servants as well as housewives, a consummation devoutly to be desired by employers, as hitherto there has been no branch of culture, excepting domestic service, where some kind of apprenticeship has not been required, and where the doubtful pleasure of teaching has been conjoined with the penalty of paying for incapacity and sometimes hopeless stupidity!

Every article of diet has relatively a higher or lower value as nutriment, and a knowledge of such qualities should be helpful to the housekeeper who aims at providing the best forms of sustenance. In many households there is often a waste of animal food under the mistaken idea that it yields the most nutriment. A soup made of a mixture of meat and vegetables is richer in flesh-forming and heat-producing qualities than when made of equal weight of meat alone; and some of the seeds of the leguminous plants, such as lentils, form the basis of a most nourishing soup well adapted for children and old people, neither of whom should indulge in a diet in which animal food preponderates. Where economy requires to be studied this fact should prove of great value; but even in the houses of the wealthy vegetable stock is taking the place of the old-fashioned stock-pot, and is much used in the preparation of the delicate vegetable soups and entremets which are gradually coming into favour at well-appointed dinner-tables, bidding fair to become as popular here as they have long been in France.

Many vegetables are highly medicinal, being both antiscorbutic and aperient. Potatoes are an invaluable article of diet, but, from their starchy character, require to be combined with other food. Turnips contain a high percentage of water, and are probably the least concentrated of all the vegetable class; while cabbage, onion, and cauli-

flower yield a high proportion of gluten, and are consequently rich in flesh-forming material.

Beef is more nourishing than mutton, but the latter is easier of digestion, and also less irritating to the intestines. Lamb and veal, and indeed all immature meats, are indigestible, though that may be overcome in measure by thorough cooking; they are also deficient in osmazome, which is the flavour and perfume that we find in good soup and roasted meat. Pork, either fresh or cured, has not much to recommend it excepting the fact that it is liked by many people, and any viand that goes with the taste and so promotes the flow of the gastric juices—in common parlance 'making the mouth water'—will be most likely to agree well with the stomach.

Game, more particularly feathered game, is both digestible and nutritious; French doctors order it for invalids in preference to chicken, though chicken-soup will always be, as it has been in the past, a standard sick-room dish.

The different kinds of fish show a wide diversity in their musciline and fatty properties; but most of them afford a fair amount of nutritive food. Salmon is difficult of digestion; but white fish is light and nourishing, and well suited to those who cannot assimilate animal food. It has been remarked that people who subsist chiefly on fish are pale-complexioned, as the elements of which it consists are not calculated to enrich the blood.

Wheat, when properly treated, yields a large percentage of nourishment; but English housekeepers, by insisting on fine white bread, deprive the wheat-flour of some of its most valuable properties; while, if they would use, or encourage the bakers to use, unbolted meal, they might, with greater certainty, feel they were subsisting on 'the staff of life.' The bran of wheat contains 18 per cent. of gluten, and fine flour contains only 10 per cent. It thus appears that its nourishing qualities are reduced about one-third; and, besides, the bone-forming material is almost entirely thrown away, which, in the case of growing children, is a serious consideration. But for the young there is no safer diet than oatmeal made into porridge; beyond all question it is the best of food. It is so rich in gluten and other nutritious substances as to form a substitute for flesh-meat, and so strong in phosphates or bone-forming material as to leave nothing to be desired. A child brought up on porridge and milk (other things being equal) will be healthier and stronger than one fed on the most carefully arranged diet; for oatmeal in itself embraces all the constituents for building up a strong and healthy frame, and children fed on it should be rich-blooded, strong-boned, full-fleshed, and of great stamina.

Of milk by itself, as an article of diet, it is hardly possible to speak too highly. Well will it be for our country should it become a 'land flowing with milk' at a price that will bring it

within the reach of all; for there is no requisite so well calculated to nourish the young frame. According to statistics gathered in Lancashire, children fed on milk have, about the age of thirteen, been known to grow fifteen pounds in the year, while at the same age those fed on tea and coffee have not made more than four pounds in the same time. Milk has two disadvantages: firstly, there is no food, either liquid or solid, so easily contaminated by noxious germs; and, secondly, whole milk, to pay the dairyman, must be sold at a price all but prohibitive among the poorer classes. An attempt is made to meet the first disadvantage by pasteurising or sterilising; and in competent hands the process may be said to be successful, as it is now found to be effectual under the boiling-point; but when the process is carried on at home, and the liquid is permitted to reach that point, its delicate flavour is very much lost, and even its nourishing properties are said to go too. With regard to the second disadvantage, thanks to the separator, milk merely deprived of its fat-globules can now be distributed at a moderate price; and being perfectly sweet, and free from either lactic acid or fermentation, is still a valuable article of diet, though its fatty matter has been extracted.

Cookery and civilisation go hand in hand. As the one progresses so does the other. In the primitive ages our forefathers ate their flesh-meat raw. *Hudibras* speaks of a man as needlessly choicé about his dinner who made a saddle of his saddle of mutton, and after riding on it for a few hours, till thoroughly warmed, sat down to the luxury of a dish cooked to a turn. We find also in the *Essays of Elia* a grotesque account of the first discovery of such dainties as roast-pig and crackling, which *may*, perhaps, be founded on fact. A French writer on cookery, speaking of raw meat, naïvely remarks: 'Raw meat has one inconvenience—it sticks in the teeth; but with this exception, seasoned with a little salt, it is not disagreeable to taste, it digests easily, and must be more nourishing than cooked food.'

But as there are two ways of doing everything, so also there is cooking and cooking. There is the overdoing and the underdoing, and there is also the happy mean—the doing to a turn. To overdo animal food is simply to waste it—to extract the juices and leave only tasteless fibre; while, on the other hand, to undercook vegetable matter is not only to make it indigestible but unpalatable.

The frequent failures in stewing and boiling generally arise from the processes being carried on too quickly. 'Boiled to rags' is the miserable but graphic description of a piece of meat that, instead of simmering gently over a slow fire, is kept bobbing furiously up and down in the pot, the savoury steam driven up the chimney, carry-

ing with it the nourishing and relishing properties that, under better management, would have been retained in the meat. All boiled meat should be put on in hot water, to set the albumen and retain the juices. Meat boiled to make soup, or stock, on the contrary, should be put on in cold water to dissolve the osmazome and extract the juices. This rule should be taken notice of and attended to. Not one woman in ten knows how to put meat on to boil—far less the why and the wherefore!

The great art in cooking animal food is to apply the heat, whether wet or dry, so as to fix the albumen, and so coat over the meat at the first. This it is that makes broiling so favourite a method of cooking, for the surface of the meat becoming quickly charred, the evaporation of the juices is retarded and a higher flavour generated. The loss both by boiling and roasting varies so much under different circumstances that there is little satisfaction in recording experience or quoting from tables. About 25 per cent. or one in four is a fair average of loss in roasting under ordinary conditions; while in boiling the loss varies from 6 to 16 per cent.; the lowest percentage being in bacon, and the highest in salt beef; in domestic poultry it averages 15. It thus appears that the loss in roasting far exceeds that by boiling; and when we take into account that the loss by the latter is not actual loss, but that what goes out of the solid is found in the fluid—that is, in the soup—it may be asserted that of the two processes boiling makes the least alteration in value. But for a family of limited means, where the butcher's bill is a serious item, and where the greatest amount of nourishment has to be got out of the smallest modicum of material, stewing is by far the most economical mode of dressing meat. An Irish stew of potato, onion, and neck of mutton, nicely cooked and seasoned, is a capital winter dish for a family dinner. Haricot mutton also, in which carrot, turnip, and parsnip is substituted for potato, is another wholesome and toothsome stew. In fact, stews may be varied indefinitely; and in variety and balance lie the secret of successful catering.

In the scope of a magazine article it is impossible to enter into fuller detail; but it is hoped that these remarks, though they do little more than touch the fringe of the subject, may afford some useful hints to those who can read between the lines. It may probably be considered that recreation has been held too cheap, or even condemned; that is far from being the case. Relaxation of both mind and body is not only commendable but absolutely necessary; and athletic exercises and outdoor amusements, when taken in moderation, safeguard the mental and physical vigour, which is the life of a nation, and which, amid the luxuries of the age, might otherwise be enfeebled. It is the abuse, and not the use, of our recreative amusements that we deprecate. If

we would follow in the steps of worthy Mrs Gilpin, of immortal memory—of whom it is said,

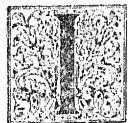
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind—

we would sweeten our pleasures and resume our

home-duties better fitted for their discharge instead of returning to the domestic hearth too much worn-out for anything harder than the softest of easy-chairs and the lightest of light literature. Thrift should enter into the care of our persons as well as of our purses!

L O N D O N S P A R R O W S.

By the Author of *Parrots I have Known*.



MAY as well admit at once that I am extremely ignorant of ornithology. Most of my existence has been passed in London, and it is only from a Cockney point of view that I can venture to record my observations. Of course, like a great many others of my acquaintance, I may say that I have occasionally visited the Natural History Museum, and there enlarged to a small degree my ideas; but it is not of aristocratic birds that I write; no London sparrow is there represented, and he is not in the running at all in those beautiful galleries. From time to time I have added slightly to my knowledge, and can now say with pride that I can distinguish a blackbird from a starling with the utmost precision. No matter how besooted the starling may become by his London residence, I know him; he runs across the grass, and the blackbird hops. I can also recognise the thrush, with his fine figure and speckled shirt, and otherwise important appearance; but all these are, of course, only occasional visitors to our suburban gardens, and not really inhabitants of residential London.

What first drew my attention to the London sparrow was an exceedingly dull time that occurred in our family. Illness was in the house, and necessitated detention in an upper room, with no view beyond a hideous blank brick wall, unrelieved by so much as a single window. The brickwork, like much of the kind in the neighbourhood north of Westbourne Grove, was detestable; but here it was that the advantage came in. The holes which had held the scaffolding-poles in the brickwork had never been filled up, and the sparrows had seen and seized their opportunity, and had taken up their dwellings in the vacant caverns. Then a very interesting drama in sparrow life occurred. We noticed that a large, portly sparrow, of rather extra importance, continually put in an appearance. His occupation in life evidently was to pop in and out of the nests of his brother and sister birds. In and out, in and out, he went, until at last light dawned upon us, and we recognised his mission in life: he was a 'district visitor.' From that time we observed him with profound interest, and I can only hope that the recipients of his

visits did not look upon him in the same ungrateful light as that in which a lady district visitor of our acquaintance was regarded by one who resented her visitations, and designate him, as she was designated, 'a prying cat.'

It is principally in the neighbourhood of Westminster that I have especially noticed the London sparrows. Here they live side by side with the pigeons in Palace Yard, often relieving the weary watch of the policemen on stationary duty, who observe them with keen interest.

I must not forget to mention that there is a marked peculiarity of these birds in this locality: their plumage in many cases is interspersed with white, sometimes a light gray-blue feather appears, and various other shades of colour can distinctly be seen on their coats; but white is the predominant characteristic. Some time ago the *Pall Mall Gazette* drew attention to the white feathers in several of the sparrows frequenting the neighbourhood of Whitehall; one bird almost entirely white I especially noted amusing himself in the gutter outside St Margaret's Church.

In Parliament Square many of the sparrows are marked with white, and here they enjoy themselves in various ways: feeding on biscuits and bread, in the spring picking to pieces the lovely crocuses so charmingly planted in the flower-beds, and flying and perching on the heads and shoulders of the various distinguished statesmen that adorn that classic ground. Most Londoners will remember the great frost in February and March of 1895, that continued for at least six weeks, and also the prolonged and extremely interesting visit the sea-gulls paid to the Metropolis, arriving in a most miserably starved and exhausted condition. Numbers of these birds frequented the Thames all along the Embankment, feeding off the shore at low tide and below the gardens of the House of Lords. Being much interested, I fed them several times with bread, which they often caught before it fell into the water, or picked off the floes of ice which floated up and down the river. Here too, before long, I noticed the omnipresent sparrow, as usual ready to make the most of the opportunity. He invariably managed to get the bread first; and, what was perhaps the most amusing

thing of all, he took pattern from his Arctic friends, and as the gulls stood upon the floes of ice that floated up and down, he cleverly followed their example, and was also wafted on his island of ice up and down old Father Thames, monarch of all he surveyed.

St James's Park is a very happy hunting-ground for sparrows; so much food is given to the beautiful birds in the gardens there, and also thrown into the ornamental water to the various coloured ducks, that they have a plentiful supply of crumbs. I once was a spectator of an amusing scene off the bridge leading to St James's Palace. It was winter, and a sharp frost, the ice having just formed a clear sheet on the water. The ducks, poor things, were out of their element; but of course the good-natured Londoners were, as usual, giving them food. An eager duck, seeing a tempting morsel some yards away, made for it; he slipped, sprawled, and fell, and the ringing peals of laughter from a young boy who was looking on were most infectious. So comical was the sight that after two days I went again; but by this time the birds had improved in their powers of skating. Nevertheless I was rewarded for my second visit by witnessing a sparrow nip in, just as a duck was going for a tempting morsel, and carry it off in triumph in the most aggravating way.

Some years ago a relative of mine resided in a house the back of which overlooked Savile Row; and, being fond of plants, she cultivated a Virginia creeper in a pot. It was always, I thought, rather a poor thing in the horticultural line, and appeared to have rather a hard struggle for existence; but it managed to develop several leaves. Then, alas! the next-door neighbour commenced to keep pigeons, and these had a decided penchant for green meat, and began to devour the poor creeper. Here was an opportunity for the vulgar little London bird. The pigeon came after its salad; and the sparrow—this being the height of his building season—requiring feathers for the nest, watched his opportunity, and, with consummate and unsurpassable impudence, picked a feather out of the back of the pigeon.

Deep and bitter would be my regrets if this most intellectual of birds was to become scarce, and to vanish from our great city. I cannot agree with a learned Oxford Don of my acquaintance who, with bitter sarcasm at the various letters to the daily papers on the advent and habits of the birds of passage that frequent our shores, announces that he shall address a Letter to the Editor of the *Times*, to be inserted in that august paper on the first day of January, informing him that at five that morning he had seen a sparrow, and believed that it was the first instance recorded of a visit from that bird so early in the year. Such bitterness at the sparrow's expense is out of place.

My great consolation is that, when unfeeling fruit-growers and selfish, one-sided, ignorant farmers drive these far-seeing, intelligent birds away from their gardens and agricultural surroundings, they fly up to the town for a more permanent abode, and rejoice in their lofty habitations amongst the varied and unspeakably ugly chimney-pots; and then descend in the daytime from their celestial abodes to the roads, parks, alleys, and gutters, to amuse and cheer us with their unsurpassed impudence. Thus these most British of birds also teach us a lesson of indomitable pluck, the powers of surmounting difficulties, and fearless, dauntless courage.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

THERE is a time of morning

When the jubilant, new-born day
And the opal tints of approaching dawn
As yet seem far away.

In the eastern sky is movement,
No glow, but impending change.
The house is filled with echoes,
Familiar rooms look strange.

Slip back the bolts and leave them,
Steal out beneath the sky,
Stand alone in an unknown world
Of awful purity.

Stand alone with folded hands,
Wait for the gift of wings;
Wait to be lifted higher,
Nearer the heart of things!

The heavens are clear and moonlit,
Though the moon is on the wane;
The wind, that wailed throughout the night,
Drops with a sigh of pain.

A vague alarm is creeping
Over the fields and lawn;
Time pauses—night is over,
And yet it is not dawn:

Away down in the pastures
The cattle turn and moan;
All living things are troubled
With a sense of the unknown:

For they with eyes may see now,
And they who question know.
Make the most of the magic hour:
The east begins to glow!

The east is all in tumult,
The charmed hour is past;
For, breaking up the quiet skies,
The day appears at last.

OLIVE MOLESWORTH.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A STABLE RUPEE.

THE long-continued campaign on behalf of silver waged with varying fortune in Europe and America during the last twenty-five years, issuing in Royal Commissions and International Conferences without end, has had only an academic interest for our own country. In the United States a Presidential election has turned upon the question, and in many Continental countries it has been treated as a matter of vital moment. Great Britain has remained indifferent; but her abstention from active participation in the struggle has, all the same, had a determining influence adverse to silver. It was plainly impossible to carry the matter to what many considered the right conclusion so long as the chief financial centre of the world held aloof. That was perceived very clearly by those interested, and many a fierce denunciation have we earned for the supposed selfishness of our attitude. Nor have these reproaches come only from foreign sources: a strong silver party, 'numbering good intellects' in the City and in Parliament, has fought hard to prove that the rehabilitation of the white metal, the restoration of its damaged prestige in the currencies of the world, is both just and practicable. For a long time the British public have been bombarded with speeches, books, and pamphlets on its behalf, though the artillery now shows signs of slackening. Cabinet Ministers have traced commercial troubles and the misery of the poor to the gold standard. Merchants and students, bankers and editors, professors and politicians, have stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks of the bimetallist army. Excitement has been considerable, all the hotter because confined to a few, for upon the whole the effect on the great body of opinion in the country has been imperceptible. This has not been due to any careful and thorough refutation of the pro-silver arguments, but, first of all, to a strong feeling that in the question of the standard of value it may be best to leave well alone; and,

secondly, to a clear view of some important advantages Great Britain reaps as a creditor country to which interest on debts incurred in gold must be paid annually to an enormous amount. If any other consideration has weighed heavily in the matter, it has been the fact that countries which have upheld silver as long as they could, have not found it a paying policy.

Only in one direction has the silver question touched us closely enough to be troublesome. Our greatest dependency, India, has had for long a currency of silver monometallism, and many interests, private, commercial, and national, have been severely affected by the steady decline in the exchange value of the rupee. To mention one point only, perhaps the smallest and most remediable of all, every one has heard the bitter complaints of those employed in India, either in commerce or in the public service, whose salaries stated in rupees have shown a lamentable shrinking when translated into British money. The same drawback applies, of course, to investments bearing a fixed interest in rupees. While in one way, it may be admitted, trade does not suffer after an exactly similar fashion, seeing it can safeguard itself against a possible fall, the uncertainty of exchange destroys the confidence which is the life of commercial enterprise. A consideration of at least equal importance is, that the Indian Government, which has vast obligations to meet in London, and must raise its taxation in rupees, suffers enormous losses by their decline in value; and, to make these good, the people of India are called upon to bear a heavier load—heavier nominally, and, until a long process of adjustment has been accomplished, heavier in reality.

That there are difficulties of a serious kind arising out of this condition of things every one admits; but controversy has long raged round the questions whether there are not great compensations, and whether any adequate remedy can be found in legislation. It has been argued that the problem should be left to settle itself by the gradual adjustment of prices which must

sooner or later arrive, and that the export trade of India is not only not injured but actually advantaged by a falling rupee. There has been, moreover, this undoubted anomaly in the case, that, while the gold value of the rupee declined so fast, there was either no fall in its purchasing power in India or one so gradual as to be hardly perceptible. On these grounds a stout opposition was offered on the part of many to proposals designed to restore its former relative value to the silver coin. Wages in India, the main element of cost in manufacture, being reckoned in rupees, production was constantly being cheapened, and under this encouragement the exports of India were rapidly growing. It is not unnatural, therefore, that any interference with the process met with resistance. A point was reached, however, in the decline of silver when it seemed necessary to the bimetallist countries of Europe to cease the free coinage of it; and when this occurred India was left in a dangerous situation that urgently called for action. How great has been the change in the gold value of the rupee is manifest from the following table, which exhibits the unchecked fall till 1897 in the average rate per rupee paid in London for the India Council's bills on India :

1872-73.....	22'75d.	1894-95.....	13'101d.
1877-78.....	20'791d.	1895-96.....	13'638d.
1882-83.....	19'525d.	1896-97.....	14'451d.
1887-88.....	16'898d.	1897-98.....	15'354d.
1892-93.....	14'985d.	1898-99.....	15'978d.
1893-94.....	14'547d.		

These figures prove how far within one generation we have travelled from the old accepted par of 2s. for the rupee, when we observe the same coin that was valued in exchange in 1872-73 at 1s. 10½d. fallen to 1s. 1½d. in 1894-95. A civil servant who might in 1872 estimate his salary of Rs.20,000 as nearly equal to £2000 would find in 1894-95 that he must reckon it at somewhat under £1200; such, at least, was the change as affecting every portion of it remitted to England. The greatest remitter of all, and consequently the chief sufferer, was the Government of India; the result in the end being that the loss fell not only on the agents or servants of the Government, civil and military, nor only on merchant and trader, but on India as a whole. The serious consequences to the Indian finances were too obvious to be ignored, and the repeated attempts which were made to remedy the evil culminated in the resolution to close the Indian mints to the free coinage of silver—a policy which found expression in an Act passed on 26th June 1893.

We shall understand better how the problem arose, and how it now stands, if we touch very briefly on the salient points of Indian currency history during the present century. It is an instructive record, and is most lucidly set forth in the Report which the Indian Currency Committee issued a few months ago. In the early

years of the century gold and silver coins of different denominations and differing in intrinsic value were in circulation concurrently throughout British India. There was a gold currency in Madras, the gold pagoda being the standard coin; in Bengal, with a silver standard, there was a currency partly of silver coins and partly of gold. In 1806 the directors of the East India Company directed to the Governments of Bengal and Madras a despatch which showed they were fully alive to the inconveniences of such a state of confusion, and in which they expressed themselves as fully satisfied of the propriety of making the silver rupee the principal measure of value and the money of account. In 1818 the silver rupee supplanted the gold pagoda in Madras, and was in 1835 established formally as the standard coin of the whole of British India, while gold coin was declared no longer a legal tender of payment in any of the territories of the East India Company. Gold, however, although no longer legal tender, did not quite lose its place in the currency, for gold mohurs were issued from the mints and received in payment at the public treasuries. These gold coins were of identical weight and fineness with the rupee, and as they were styled and accepted as '15-rupee pieces,' a ratio of 15 to 1 was established between the two metals. Like other ratios, this one led to embarrassment, though by a process exactly the reverse of that with which experience has made us familiar. The exchange value of gold declined owing to the great discoveries in Australia in the early fifties—an era when serious apprehensions were entertained that gold was destined to fall heavily and perhaps permanently. These fears were speedily seen to be groundless; and a few years later, in 1864, the Indian Chambers of Commerce were agitating for a gold currency, and succeeded in inducing the Government to permit sovereigns and half-sovereigns to be received into the public treasuries at the rate of ten rupees per sovereign. In 1876 the exchange value of the rupee fell to 18½d., when the idea of suspending the coinage of silver was unofficially suggested. Two years later the Indian Government proposed to the home authorities that a gold standard should be introduced, while retaining the silver currency, and expressed a hope that they might soon be able to 'fix the rupee value in relation to the pound sterling permanently at 2s.' Their plan for effecting this was by a charge for seigniorage equal to the difference between the bullion value and that at which it was rated. The scheme was disapproved by a departmental committee, and was left untried. From 1878 there set in what may be called the bimetallist period, when relief was looked for in the direction of an international agreement. It was confidently expected in America, and in many Continental states, that silver could be rehabilitated in this way if only

a sufficient number of the greater commercial countries would lend their aid—an expectation in which the Government of India shared, but which the failure of the International Conference at Brussels in 1892 finally dissipated.

In fear of what might happen if the United States ceased to purchase and coin silver, the Government of India appealed to the Imperial Government for permission to close the mints, and to make English gold coins legal tender at 13½ rupees for one sovereign—valuing the rupee, therefore, at 18d. The very able committee to which these proposals were referred were unwilling to overrule them, but suggested the following important modification of them: 'We consider that the closing of the mints against the free coinage of silver should be accompanied by an announcement that, though closed to the public, they will be used by Government for the coinage of rupees in exchange for gold at a ratio to be then fixed—say 1s. 4d. per rupee; and that at the Government treasuries gold will be received in satisfaction of public dues at the same ratio.'

The Act passed on 26th June 1893 embodied these recommendations, and first set up what has at present some look of permanence—a 1s. 4d. rupee. The comparative steadiness of exchange since that time has quite indisposed the Government of India for any bimetallist solution of their currency problem. Here, then, is the situation as it stood when the Indian Currency Committee began their labours: 'Gold is not a legal tender in India, though the Government will receive it in the payment of public dues; the rupee remains by law the only coin in which other than small payments can be made; there is no legal relation between rupees and gold, but the Indian Government has declared (until further notice) a rate at which rupees can be purchased for gold coin or bullion—such rate serving to determine the maximum limit to which the sterling exchange can rise under present arrangements' (*I.C.C. Report*, p. 5).

This position forms the starting-point for the inquiries of the Committee appointed last year, whose report has just been issued—a report which is in substance a recommendation that the necessary steps should be taken to render permanent the existing conditions, so far as the gold standard and the rate of the rupee are concerned, and at the same time to introduce a gold currency, by making the British sovereign a legal tender, while coining without restriction gold brought to the Indian mints for the purpose. The report in question is a State paper of the first importance, dealing in a masterly manner with a question that bristles with difficulties. The first question to which the Committee address themselves is the crucial one, whether it is desirable to reopen the mints to the unrestricted coinage of silver. Such a change of

policy is not without its advocates, chiefly on the grounds (1) that it would encourage the export trade of India, and (2) that it would prevent undue stringency in the Indian money-market. But there is a want of agreement on important points among the advocates of the free coinage of silver. The most logical and thorough-going section would return to open mints at once. The majority hesitate, perceiving that the fall of the rupee would in all probability soon reach its present bullion value of about 10½d., and would involve serious results in driving capital from India and laying new burdens upon the Indian Government. They recommend, therefore, the adoption of some more cautious and gradual method of attaining their object. The Committee reject the proposal for a return to free coinage of silver, whether immediate or gradual, on grounds which they state in the following terms, quoted from a letter addressed by the Indian Government, on 12th October 1892, to the Darjiling Planters' Association: '(1) That a country, as a whole, makes no gain in its international trade by a depreciation of its standard, since the extra price received for its exports is balanced by the extra price paid for its imports; (2) that the producer of an article of export may make a temporary and unfair gain from depreciation of the standard, at the expense of his employes and of other persons to whom he makes fixed payments; (3) but that this gain, while not permanent, is counterbalanced by a tendency to overproduction and consequent reaction and depression, by a liability to sudden falls in price as well as to rises, and by the check to the general increase of international trade, which necessarily results from the want of a common standard of value between countries which have intimate commercial and financial relations.'

Two further points require to be considered in this connection: first, whether, if a falling exchange is regarded as advantageous, there is any point at which the advantage of a fall in the exchange value of the rupee will cease; and, secondly, what is likely to be the financial position of the Indian Government should the rupee fall much below its present rate. It is calculated that a drop to 1s.—and an even deeper drop is conceivable with open mints—would increase the amount which the Government must raise in taxation by at least Rs. 7,000,000, while all authorities agree that already taxation has touched its utmost limit of safety.

There is no hesitation in the replies which the report gives on the essential points. It pronounces strongly in favour of a gold standard, *with a gold currency*. Highly ingenious schemes for dispensing with the latter have been proposed by some financial authorities, who for the most part rely on a twofold argument: first, that India is too poor to afford a gold currency; and, secondly, that to introduce gold

where the practice of hoarding is so inveterate would be like pouring water into a sieve. That there is some weight in these contentions no one will deny; but it is easy to attach too much importance to them. We have to bear in mind that to introduce a gold currency will not mean the supersession of the immense stock of rupees in circulation—these will still be available for everyday business; and that for a long time gold can come but very gradually into general use, and therefore is unlikely to be subject to hoarding to any inconvenient extent. Even if we admit dangers of the kind, they are not worthy of mention in comparison with the benefits to India of a stable exchange. To adopt a gold basis would be, says Professor Marshall, 'like bringing the railway gauge on the side branches of the world's railways into unison with the main lines.' India, too, needs for the due development of its natural resources the importation of foreign capital, and this will only be attracted by the stability of a gold standard. If those who think of Indian securities or enterprises as channels for their spare capital have reason to fear yet further falls in exchange, the natural consequence will be that they will abstain from any such investment.

The policy which the Indian Currency Committee thus recommend finds a great encouragement in the results of the experiment embodied in the Act of 1893. Within the last two years there has been a steadiness in the rupee exchange which might almost be termed immobility when compared with the experience of the last quarter of a century. There has been a close approach to the rate of 1s. 4d. named in the Act. Naturally the Indian Government have felt inclined to ask whether arrangements are not possible to make this stability permanent; and accordingly, in March 1898, they put forward some proposals towards that end. At that time, perhaps, the experiment had hardly been continued long enough to give them confidence, for they made it a part of their plan to raise a large sterling loan (of £20,000,000 if

need be) in order to enable them to withdraw whatever amount might appear necessary of the silver in circulation. The Committee do not favour this portion of the scheme, seeing no need for it. If, as the course of exchange since 1897 seems to prove, the rupee currency is not redundant, then the rupee will maintain its value for internal purposes as the five-franc piece does in France. The withdrawals at such an enormous expense to India may thus be spared.

Briefly, then, the course which the Committee favour is the adoption of a gold standard, with the British sovereign as a legal tender and current coin in India; the free coinage of gold in the Indian mints, under regulations like those which govern the branches of the Royal Mint in the Australian colonies; the maintenance of the present rate of 1s. 4d. for the rupee, safeguarding it by limiting the issue. The question of any addition to the rupee circulation is to be in the hands of the Indian Government, who will only add to it when the gold currency seems to be in excess, and the silver to fall short, of public requirements. At the same time, as a protection to the gold reserve, the Government are not to be bound to give gold for rupees or for internal purposes.

With equal brevity, we may remark on the policy so proposed, that it appears to be based on a due recognition of the facts of the case, as well as of the interests alike of the trade, the Government, and the people of India; and that it is likely to further the welfare and progress of our great dependency. How strongly the same conviction was held by the Indian Government is shown by the promptitude with which they carried out the proposals of the Committee. They at once introduced a Currency Bill in the Legislative Council, making gold a legal tender and fixing the rupee at sixteenpence, in the full belief, as the financial member, Mr Clinton Dawkins, declared, that no other measure would save India from disastrous embarrassment and fresh taxation, and that the time had arrived for terminating the unrest which had been hanging over India for a quarter of a century.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE ROSE OF LOVE.



As usual, I cycled next morning to our appointed rendezvous, seated myself, and patiently smoked. My eyes were eager for the approach of the first tram-car. At last it came, its alarm-bell ringing violently; the passengers alighted, and one by one dispersed. To my disappointment, my divinity was not among them. Perhaps she had risen

late, and would come by the next car; therefore I returned to my seat and possessed myself in patience, full of reflections upon the events of the past few days. That man who had sat in the Métropole on the previous afternoon was most probably her mysterious lover, about whom gossip talked; and it seemed very possible that, having detected me with her on the night of the State ball, he was now keeping a strict observation

upon me, in order to ascertain whether we met. I held this man in instinctive dislike; why, I could not tell. There was nothing really evil about the expression of his face. He was a rubicund, rather merry-looking man of perhaps forty, whose appearance gave me the impression that his sleekness was due to a fondness of good living. So far from being a hulking, low-born hanger-on, as I had pictured him, he seemed a rather gentlemanly fellow of the superior commercial class.

I sat endeavouring to analyse my feelings towards him, and at length came to the conclusion that my antagonism was due solely and entirely to jealousy. Had I met that man in the ordinary way I should have undoubtedly become friendly with him. There are men one meets who instantly become one's friends. He was one of those.

Presently the second tram drew up at the entrance to the Bois, but she came not; and although I waited fully an hour, until the liver-brigade began to assemble—Belgians in riding-breeches cut in imitation of the English and with hats of antiquated type, a few of the gayer youth of the city, and a sprinkling of stolid Flemish merchants—I waited in vain. The morning was, as is usual in June, bright and beautiful; therefore, feeling reassured that she had been prevented from keeping her appointment by unforeseen circumstances, I mounted my machine and rode the whole circuit of the Bois, my eyes ever on the alert for her.

That she would not willingly disappoint me I felt certain; therefore her absence puzzled me, and caused me to wonder whether, instead of keeping her appointment, she had met that man who was her lover. Twice I made a complete tour of the pretty wood, but saw nothing of her; and at last, in deep disappointment, I turned, and was on my way out, when I suddenly discerned a man mounted on a fine bay trotting along the leafy ride parallel with the road, and half-hidden from it by the bushes and trees. He wore a straw hat and black coat, and rode in military style exceedingly well. His height attracted me, and I noticed that he had a light pointed beard. Our eyes met, and then I recognised him as the man the Princess held in such mortal dread. He looked fixedly at me for a few seconds, and I thought I detected a smile of triumph on his lips; but in a moment he had trotted past. Without turning, I rode forward down the avenue towards my own rooms. The thought struck me that he had come there to watch my movements and to ascertain whether I met the Princess.

I spent the morning at the Legation attending to some correspondence; and, not having finished it, returned there after luncheon.

About four, having completed the work I had in hand, I descended the stairs to go, when standing in the courtyard outside was one of the royal carriages, the footman waiting motionless

and statuesque upon the steps. On passing the door of the drawing-room female voices and light laughter sounded; and, peering within, I saw that Lady Drummond had a caller. The latter, sitting near the window, wore a smart costume of prune, with a large black hat; and as I looked in her gaze suddenly met mine. It was the Princess Mélanie.

'Ah!' she cried, raising her hand to me gladly. 'There is M'sieur Crawford! Good-afternoon.'

'Good-afternoon, Princess!' I exclaimed, advancing towards her and taking her proffered hand with a feigned formality. She was purely formal towards me; therefore I saw that she had some motive. As far as I was aware this was her first call upon Lady Drummond; and the latter, honoured by the attention, seemed greatly surprised that we should be acquainted.

'Oh yes,' the Princess said in response to an observation by her ladyship, 'M'sieur Crawford is my very good friend.' Then, glancing at me with a meaning look, she added, 'He was in Vienna, you know.'

'Ah! of course,' answered Lady Drummond, who, truth to tell, had been extremely kind to me. She was an ideal wife of an ambassador, and was held in highest esteem by all the staff. More than once, at the various capitals where her husband had been *Chargé d'Affaires*, or Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, she had been confidante and adviser of an *attaché* or a secretary who had got into feminine entanglement. As we chatted she glanced from her visitor to myself; and, knowing her shrewdness, I feared that she guessed the truth. Our gossip was, however, on trivialities. Mélanie, it appeared, had called on her mother's behalf to invite the ambassador and his wife to dine with them at the Palace on the following Sunday; and in the invitation Giffard and myself were included.

I thanked her in terms of distant formality, addressing her as 'your Highness,' which is usual according to German etiquette. Tea was brought, and as I handed her the cup she raised her eyes to mine with an amused expression. I longed to ask her why she had not met me that morning; but to speak familiarly was, in these circumstances, impossible. The Hapsburgs were the proudest family in Europe; and Lady Drummond, a polished diplomatist herself, treated her with the same etiquette as she would the Queen of the Belgians.

After quite a long gossip, during which we had been joined by Sir John, who was, however, called away to keep an appointment, she rose to go. When she did so I saw how beautiful was her costume. It was of dark prune cloth braided with black upon a groundwork of cream satin—a strikingly handsome dress, which only a princess could wear; it fitted without a wrinkle, and was the latest triumph of one or other of the mendressmakers in the Rue de la Paix.

'If you will remain one moment I will obtain for your Highness the address of that shop in Bond Street,' Lady Drummond said, as she passed out hastily into the adjoining room.

The instant she had gone my companion turned to me quickly and whispered, 'Forgive me. I could not come to the Bois this morning. To-morrow, too, I am prevented. You'll excuse me—will you not?'

'But I must see you,' I said earnestly. 'I have something of importance to say.'

She glanced at me in quick surprise.

'Cannot you tell me now?' she asked.

'No. I must meet you. Whatever appointment you can make, I am at your disposal.'

She reflected for an instant.

'Then to-night,' she answered. 'Meet me in the Wauxhall Gardens, close to the bandstand, at nine. I shall wear a white blouse, and you will discover me by that. Till then, good-bye.'

At that instant her ladyship returned with a card, and a few moments later I took formal leave of the woman I loved, standing on the steps with the wife of my chief and bowing to her as her fine equipage swept out of the gate.

Yes, the more I reflected the plainer it became that she was not averse to this mild flirtation going on between us. That she did flirt with me was without doubt; and of course, with that quick instinct possessed by every woman from peasant to princess, she was fully aware of my overwhelming passion for her.

'I had no idea you were so friendly with the Princess Mélanie,' her ladyship remarked as we went inside together. 'She is most beautiful. But, of course, the House of Hapsburg has always been famous for its lovely women.'

'Yes,' I said, recollecting the well-known legend of the Castle of Brandenburg: how, when the great old fortress-home of the Hapsburgs was besieged by the bloody Duc de Nevers in 1554, Anna, Princess of Hapsburg, is said to have entered with her husband the high round-tower that watches over the Moselle, resolved to participate in its defence, and to animate the defenders by her presence. Her beauty was renowned throughout Europe, and for months the castle withstood the siege. At last, however, outnumbered by the Franks, the garrison, including the Prince, after a most heroic and desperate resistance, perished to a man, the unhappy widowed Princess being left as sole survivor. Determined not to fall into the hands of the enraged and brutal soldiery, she threw herself from the summit of the tower in full sight of the besiegers, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

'She has a charming manner,' went on her ladyship—'so ingenuous and unassuming. I'm perfectly delighted with her.'

'This is her first call—is it not?' I inquired.

'Yes. She has been in Brussels with her

mother many times; but they are very exclusive, and scarcely call on any one except, of course, at the German Embassy. She's a most sociable girl, and I'm charmed to know her.'

I smiled within myself. What would her ladyship have thought had she known that we were in the habit of cycling together at an hour when the majority of people were not yet awake? What would she have thought if she had known of the appointment we had made in that instant when she was in the adjoining room, or of the fact that the Princess was to wear a white blouse that evening in order that I might the more readily recognise her in the shadow of the trees? I was compelled to remain silent in order to avoid compromising her, for she was princess of an imperial house, while I was a humble member of Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service. I had promised to remain loyal to her.

The night was brilliant and starlit when I entered that enclosed part of the Royal Park known as Wauxhall, where, on summer evenings, the orchestra of the Opera plays on the *al fresco* stage, and the *haut monde* of Brussels sit beneath the trees at the hundreds of little tables, taking their after-dinner coffee and liqueurs. Of all the many diversions in the Belgian capital it is perhaps the most *chic* and the most enjoyable, for the music is invariably excellent, and the crowd always a well-dressed one. The tourist who spends his week in Brussels does not patronise a mere orchestral concert; he prefers the cafés where variety entertainments are provided, and where 'entrance free' is written up in bold capitals. Hence Wauxhall is purely Belgian.

I found a table unoccupied at the farther end, beyond the stage and somewhat in the shadow; therefore I took it and ordered some coffee, hoping that I should meet no friends and be compelled to join them. It was delightfully cool and fresh there after the heat and burden of the day, and I sat drinking in the air, enjoying my cigar to the full. I had had a heavy day, and that relaxation was doubly gratifying. The whole of the white façade of the Theatre du Parc opposite was outlined by lights in white globes, and everywhere in the vicinity of the orchestra was brilliant illumination; but where I sat was beyond the zone of light, for I had chosen that spot in order that none should observe me. Among that after-dinner crowd of women in evening toilets and well-dressed men there were many with whom I was acquainted; and if, for example, one man fastened himself upon me, I might lose my opportunity of speaking with the Princess.

At length, after straining my eyes long and vainly into the stream of constant arrivals, I saw a female figure, in black hat, wearing a dead-white blouse of soft silk, and at once rose to meet her. She wore a thick veil, and at first I hesitated to speak, not being quite certain as to her identity. She noticed this, and, laughing at

the completeness of her disguise, greeted me and seated herself at my table.

'That veil is excellent,' I said, joining in her laughter; 'I should never have recognised you.'

'I borrowed one of my maid's blouses,' she explained. 'There are many women here I know; and some are very sharp to detect any bodice they have seen before.'

'Will any one be likely to recognise you here?' I asked.

'Ah! Perhaps they might,' she said, glancing round in apprehension. 'There's the Countess Lunssens over there,' she added, indicating an old lady in a gay bonnet of steel spangles and roses, chatting to an officer. 'Yes, it will be better to get away from here.'

Therefore we rose again and strolled away into the dark shadows beneath the trees. It was strange and exciting this clandestine meeting; but she was veiled, and we both congratulated ourselves that she was beyond recognition. Into that dark avenue only one or two couples had strayed, and we were practically alone. The band was playing Saint-Saëns' 'Danse Macabre;' and through the trees, where the lights twinkled, came the distant roar of the city and the rattle of cabs in the Rue Royale.

The Palace was close by. Indeed, the Princess had only to cross the road and traverse the Park to meet me. She had, she explained, escaped immediately after dinner, her maid alone being in the secret of her absence; and then she chatted to me with that light vivacity which was in itself plain proof of how delighted she was to walk there. I had been egotistical enough to flatter myself that she was not averse to my company, and now it seemed as though she remained in rapturous contentment.

In the gloom we found a seat and sat down.

She was discussing her visit to Lady Drummond, and expressing herself surprised to find her so pleasant.

'I had been told,' she said, 'that your ambassador's wife was rather masculine, and I abominate masculine women; but I found her the exact opposite. She was extremely agreeable.'

'It was your first call?' I suggested.

'Yes,' she answered. Then after a pause she faltered, 'I did not go exactly to visit her, you know. I thought perhaps I might possibly meet you, and I wanted to see you.'

'Why?' I inquired, rather abruptly I am afraid.

'Well,' she responded in a voice of hesitation, 'first, I feel convinced that we are friends—is that not so?'

'If I may be your true friend, Princess,' I said, 'I shall esteem your trust the greatest honour you can bestow upon me.'

'Thank you,' she said quietly. 'I believe entirely that you are a man of honour. Do not think I speak to you thus without having made inquiries. Your past has shown that I, a woman who is in a dire dilemma, may trust you.'

'You can implicitly,' I answered fervently; 'I assure you of that. You say you are in a dilemma,' I went on. 'How can I assist you?'

'Ah! no. Not now,' she replied in a rather strained voice. 'No; not yet. What I wanted to ask you was whether, if I desired your help, you would give it to me; whether you would act in blind obedience to my wishes.'

'Princess,' I said in deep earnestness, 'I am a diplomatist, one who to your eyes must be but a spy and a liar by profession. Well, my oath to my Queen entails the combating of the machinations of unscrupulous enemies; and when fair means fail we are compelled to resort to those unfair. Towards you, however, I assure you that if ever I can render you a service you have only to command me.'

'If that service were a difficult one—a very difficult one,' she asked, almost in a whisper, as she bent towards me, peering eagerly into my face—'what then?'

'That makes no difference,' I answered firmly. 'To serve you is the greatest desire of my life.'

She sighed heavily, and seemed strangely uneasy.

'In what dilemma do you find yourself?' I went on. 'Tell me. Perhaps I can assist you now.'

'Impossible,' she responded. 'Some day, however, I shall call upon you to redeem your promise.'

'Put me to the test,' I cried passionately. 'You will not find me fail.'

'Ah!' she said, again sighing, 'it is strange that we should meet like this, you and I; strange that, having only known you for so short a time, I should speak thus to you. I fear you must think me very capricious.'

'Our talks are most delightful to me,' I declared. 'I only fear that my companionship may bore you.'

She laughed a light musical laugh.

'If so, then why did you ask me to see you to-night?' she inquired.

'Because I have something to say to you,' I replied, in a moment serious. 'Do not think me inquisitive, for I admit that I have no right whatever to obtrude in your private affairs.'

'Are we not friends?' she interrupted quickly.

'Certainly,' I said; 'but this matter is of so delicate a nature that, were it not imperative, I should hesitate to speak of it.'

'No?' she said, interested. 'Tell me. What is it?'

'You will remember the night of the ball. Before we parted we encountered a tall, fair-bearded man who looked at you with a curious glance and passed on.'

She started perceptibly.

'Yes, yes. And what of him?' she gasped.

'That man, whoever he is, has been following me of late,' I said simply.

'Following you!' she cried. 'Has he, then, dared to'—

But she stopped short without finishing her sentence. In her anger she had almost given me an explanation, and only drew herself up just in time.

'I thought it wise to tell you of this, and to ask your advice,' I went on as calmly as I could; adding, 'And again, there is one other matter, for mentioning which I hope you will forgive me.'

'There is nothing to forgive between friends,' she responded.

'Well, briefly, it is this,' I said. 'In certain circles where gossip circulates and names are bandied about freely there is a report current that you meet clandestinely some male acquaintance on certain nights in the Boulevard Waterloo, and elsewhere. I do not demand to know whether this is truth or not,' I added hoarsely; 'I have no right to make such inquiry.'

'Supposing it to be actually the truth?' she asked quickly, in a rather resentful tone. 'What then?'

'There is a secret conspiracy on foot against you,' I said in a very quiet tone. 'It is intended one night to follow you to the place of assignation and there discover you with your'—

'With my lover,' she said, finishing my sentence. 'Yes, I know full well your thoughts, m'sieur.'

'It is suggested that you love this man,' I declared quite plainly.

'So my enemies are plotting to create a scandal about me!' she exclaimed, with quick warmth. 'There is, I suppose, not sufficient scandal in Brussels; therefore they must needs invent more. They would blast the reputation of every honest woman. When did you learn this?'

'Only yesterday,' I answered. 'It was the duty of a friend to warn you, even though it be a painful task.'

She was pensive for a long time. There was an interval in the music, and all was calm and peaceful in the half-darkness where we sat.

Then, turning to me, she suddenly grasped my hand warmly in hers, saying, 'In giving me this warning you have rendered me a great service; how great you cannot dream. Believe me, I shall never forget it—never.' There was a strange catch in her voice which I knew to be due to emotion that she had striven in vain to repress.

(To be continued.)

ANAGRAMS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By the Rev. A. CYRIL PEARSON, M.A., Author of *One Hundred Chess Problems, Curiosities of Chess, &c.*

Torture one poor word ten thousand ways.—DRYDEN.



It would perhaps be out of place in these pages to trace the use of anagrams to the word-juggling of mystic Cabbalists, or to consider whether such trifles really date back to the days of Moses, as Camden, the great antiquary, affirmed. Certainly from very early times this form of mental gymnastics has had a notable place among the many 'quips and cranks' which fringe the lighter side of literature; so that what was quite a craze in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as a method of illustrating and divining personal character and destiny, still crops up from time to time as an amusement akin to conundrums, palindromes, and other verbal puzzles.

Even if we have no particular bent in that direction, we can but admire the aptness or oddity of some striking or ingenious anagram which we chance to meet with; but those to whom such tricks and twists appeal most strongly may soon forget them. As no complete collection has hitherto been published, the following specimens, ancient and modern, gathered from several sources, will interest many readers and form a handy record, from which they can at any time refresh their memories.

It may be well to note at starting that in olden days *j* and *i*, or *u*, *v*, and *w*, were used interchangeably for these purposes, and that a true anagram is

produced by the use of every letter of the original word or sentence, with no other letter added.

Anagrams that transmute the names of well-known men and women are often startlingly appropriate. What could be better in this way than these announcements, evolved from two great statesmen's names when the reins of power changed hands: Gladstone, 'G. leads not;'; Disraeli, 'I lead, sir!'. Quite as happy is the comment on the devoted nursing of Florence Nightingale, whose name yields 'Flit on, cheering angel.' Among those that are most often quoted we may mention Horatio Nelson, '*Honor est a Nilo*'; Charles James Stuart, 'Claims Arthur's Seat'; Pilate's question, '*Quid est veritas?*' ('What is truth?'), answered by '*Est Vir qui adest*' ('It is the Man here present'); Swedish Nightingale, 'Sing high, sweet Linda;'; David Livingstone, '*D.V.*, go and visit Nile;'; the Marquess of Ripon (who resigned the Grand-Mastership of Freemasons when he became a Romanist), '*R.I.P.*, quoth Freemasons;'; Charles Prince of Wales, 'All France calls: O, help!'; Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, Baronet, 'Yon horrid butcher Orton, biggest rascal here;'; and many shorter specimens, such as telegraph, 'great help;'; astronomers, 'no more stars' and 'moon starers;'; one hug, 'enough;'; editors, 'so tired;'; tournament, 'to run at men;'; penitentiary, 'nay, I repent;'; Old England, 'golden land;'; revolution, 'to love ruin;'; fashionable, 'one-half bias;'; lawyers, 'sly ware;'; midshipman, 'mind

his map; 'poorhouse, 'O, sour hope!' Presbyterian, 'best in prayer; 'sweetheart, 'there we sat; 'matrimony, 'into my arm.'

Not so well known, perhaps, are the following excellent examples: Arthur Wellesley, 'truly he'll see war; 'Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, 'let well-foiled Gaul secure thy renown; 'Martin Luther, '*lehrt in Armuth*' ('he teaches in poverty'); William Ewart Gladstone, 'wild agitator: means well; 'Charles Dickens, 'cheer sick lands; 'John Abernethy, the brusque surgeon, 'Johnny the bear; 'Cleopatra's Needle, London, 'an old lone stone replaced—surely a splendid instance of accurate description; *Paradise Lost*, 'reap sad toils; 'Paradise Regained, 'dead respire again; 'Fawcett, Postmaster-General, 'we can get a stamp for letters; 'Randal Holmes, a writer on heraldry, 'Lo! men's herald; 'Voltaire, 'O, *alte vir!*' ('O, great man!'); Marie Touchet, a famous French beauty, '*je charme tout*; 'Sandcroft, Lloyd, Ken, Turner, Lake, White, Trelawney, the seven bishops sent to the Tower for libel in 1688, 'O, let the well-known rank defy a cruel tyrant's ire, and also, 'keenly ye work and wrestle all for ancient truth.' Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone has been twisted, with more ingenuity than kindness, into 'I'm a Whig who'll be a traitor to England's rule.'

There are many Latin anagrams of unusual merit and interest. With wonderful skill and patience, and almost incredible success, the long sentence, *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum* ('Hail, Mary! full of grace; the Lord is with thee'); has been transformed into '*Virgo serena, pia, munda, et immaculata*' ('Virgin serene, pious, pure, and spotless'), and also into '*Regia nata, evadens luctum amari pomi*' ('Royal offspring, escaping the sorrow of the bitter apple'); *D. Martinus Lutherus*, thus dealt with, becomes '*ut turris das lumen*' ('as a tower thou givest light'); *Elisabetha Regina Angliæ* becomes '*Anglis agna, Hiberiæ lea*' ('to the English a lamb, to Spain a lioness'); while *Carolus Rex* shines out as '*cras ero lux*' ('to-morrow I shall be a light'), and is said to have been written by King Charles II., on the eve of his restoration, upon a window at King's Newton Hall, Derbyshire. A sad presage of her fate was found in the sentence *Maria Stewarda Scotorum Regina*, which forms the anagram '*Trusa vi regnis, morte amara cado*' ('Thrust by violence from my realm, I fall by bitter death'). The curious juggle with letters which allies the title *Supremus Pontifex Romanus* with the phrase '*O, non sum super petram fixus*' ('O, I am not founded on a rock'), a sentiment quite out of harmony with the claims of its exalted subject, can by a slight interchange of letters be altered into the very motto which would have been appropriate and acceptable to Pope Pío Nono, '*Sum Nono super petram fixus*' ('I am Nono, founded on a rock').

It is worthy of notice that Mary, the sweetest and most simple of Scripture names, has as its

anagram 'army.' The conflicting thoughts suggested by these two words are thus happily adjusted by George Herbert in his quaint style:

How well her name an army doth present,
In whom the Lord of Hosts doth pitch His tent!

Let us pass now to some few instances of what may be called manifold anagrams, wherein words or short sentences can be multiplied in fresh forms, as varied as the shifting patterns in a kaleidoscope. Of this sort is monastery, which changes into 'my one star,' 'no mastery,' 'stone Mary,' 'stone army,' and into such less pleasant variations as 'mean story,' 'my treason.' Very curious, too, are the many mottoes formed from the words *Domus Lescinia*, and displayed on shields carried by students of the College of Lissa as they went out to welcome young Stanislaus, afterwards king of Poland. Of a dozen or more the best anagrams were: '*ades incolumis*' ('in safety thou comest hither'); '*mane, sidus loci*' ('stay, star of this place'); '*sis columna Dei*' ('be as God's column'); *I, scande solium*' ('go, ascend the throne').

Sometimes we find a touch of humour turned to good account. Thus, the story goes that in bygone days, when the craze for anagrams ran strong, Lady Eleanor Davies found in her name the imperfect one, 'reveal, O Daniel,' and upon this claimed to be an inspired propheticness; nor would she let the land have peace until the Dean of Arches met her with her own weapon, and knocked Dame Eleanor Davies into 'never so mad a ladie,' upon which she for the time hid her diminished head. There must have been a queer twist in the mind of one Car, friend and biographer of the poet Crashawe, when, to his great joy, he found that Crashawe could be resolved into 'he was Car; ' and finding himself thus incorporated with his best beloved, broke out with the inquiry, 'Was Car then Crashawe, or was Crashawe Car?' In similar mood William Oldys produced these lines, suitable for a Christmas card or valentine, in which, without altering the order of the letters, he turns his name into an anagram:

In word and will I am a friend to you,
And one friend old is worth a hundred new.

Hoping that all this word-twisting will not have so serious an effect upon my readers as an anagram upon his name had some two hundred years ago upon the hapless André Pujom, who discovered that it could be rendered '*pendu à Riom*,' and who thereupon committed murder that he might be hanged at Riom, the seat of criminal justice in Auvergne, let me close this article, which will have its value as a collective record of many scattered curiosities, with a few recent anagrams for which I am personally responsible: Abdul Hamid Khan, Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, comes out correctly as 'inhuman despot, that maketh Armenia bloodful; ' the Dreyfus court-martial at Rennes,

'France on her trial must reseal duty;' Beecham's Pills are worth a guinea, 'I cure, am a blessing, a health-power;' Use only Erasmic Herb Soap Tablets, 'best, O, so pure! A balmy cleanser this.' The names of the twelve months give exactly these lines, that scan and rhyme:

'Merry, durable, just grace
My every future month embrace;
No jars remain, joy bubble up apace.'

Charles H. Spurgeon yields 'Oh, preacher's lungs!' and, as an up-to-date specimen, the Right Honourable William Vernon Harcourt is, 'come on, truth; high ritual error and bane will vanish.' The following appropriate sentences, recently formed from the full names of persons known to me, are good instances of an amusement open to all,

which can be called onomancy, or divination by name. I have not permission to give the names, but each onoman is a perfect anagram. A lady who has one baby boy 'has one little son.' The little son, 'heir, eat and grow handsome.' A deaf and dumb man who is married happily, 'love is lord and danger done.' A doctor, 'I mend all under a week.' Another medical man, 'we skin charlatans.' A clergyman, 'I will sing emblems, altar, font.' One whose life has been turbulent, 'a rough road, sir; old age can be sweeter.' A barrister's wife, 'likely to enter a court.' My latest attempt in this direction should be of good omen at the present time: The Right Honourable Sir Redvers H. Buller, V.C., 'Brave British hero! he'll govern Dutch rulers.'

QUENTIN HARCOURT, Q.C.: HIS LOVE STORY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.



QUENTIN HARCOURT took his whole length of furlough in his first instalment of his Canadian travels, which he renewed again and again as opportunity served, the scenery and the people of that great Dominion exercising a strong fascination over him. He fought with his passion as a brave and honest man should, and reduced it to subservience to work and duty; but its vitality vindicated itself in many a silent hour, and often stirred and quickened in the heat and hurry of professional achievement.

When he came home after his first absence he found that Dolly had lost her governess, for Sir Robert had held out the olive-branch to his niece, and she did not feel justified in refusing it. He was glad of this for Hester's sake, and for his own he was glad that he could still comfort himself with Dolly's affectionateness and tender recollections of Hester Sartoris. He knew that Captain Fleming's regiment had been ordered to Egypt for service in the Soudan, and he followed all notices of its career with an unflagging, complex interest. Twelve months had passed since his interview with Hester; and, partly from avoidance and partly from chance, they had never crossed each other's path.

But it so happened that at the precise crisis when all the newspapers were chanting the praises of the gallant corps to which her lover belonged—'What splendid opportunities,' thought Quentin, 'fell to the lad's share!'—and more especially of some signal act of gallantry on his own part, Quentin met Hester at a public reception. When he looked at her his feeling was that he had never loved her so much as at that moment, also that his memory had made a poor transcription of the loveliness of her expressive face and the engaging charm of her

manner. But he was enough master of himself to hide any disturbance under a fair show of friendliness, and to offer her his congratulations on her lover's distinction.

'But he is wounded!' was her answer; and he saw the anguish in her face and heard it in the vibration of her voice.

'I observed that he was reported as "slightly wounded,"' he said; 'but that is nothing. It only makes his triumph more complete and his promotion more certain. He will be invalided home, Miss Sartoris, and you will nurse your hero.'

She sighed and shook her head.

'You are very good, as always,' she returned; and there was a certain fervour in her manner that brought the colour to his face. 'I pray God you may be a true prophet.'

Two days after there appeared a despatch from the general commanding at headquarters, that made the heart of every Englishman and Englishwoman beat with gratitude and pride, for it contained the record of consummate skill and forethought on one side and superb valour on the other. But amongst other details the death of Captain Fleming was announced 'with deep regret.' His wound was healing favourably when enteric fever supervened, and he had died after thirty-six hours' illness. When Quentin read this he was aware of a sharp pang of feeling. He suffered because he knew that she would suffer so keenly, and, besides, he was sincerely grieved that so brave a man had fallen so prematurely; but the sharpest sting of all lay in the fear lest he should be base enough to rejoice in the possibilities which the future might enclose. He dared not go to see her; but he wrote her a manly letter, which had the ring of sincerity in every word; and then he had the courage and patience to let a year expire before he went

to see her and to gather from her his own chances of happiness.

Hester was very kind and sweet; but he felt at once that in her virgin widowhood and sustained sorrow she was farther removed from him than when her dead lover was alive.

'I do not pretend to misunderstand you,' she said; 'and I am grateful, as indeed I was grateful before. But I do not think I shall ever marry.'

Quentin did not urge her further, but he smiled to himself with a sort of tender cynicism. He knew that human sorrow—like all things human—was finite, and that the temper of his own mind was persistent.

He suggested to his sister that she should invite Hester Sartoris to join her and Dolly in a visit she was contemplating to Dinard for the benefit of the child's health.

'It will do good all round,' he said. 'Dolly will draw out the old interest again and help her to cease brooding over poor Jack Fleming.'

'And you will run across and help her to forget?'

He nodded. 'Give me a leg up, Dolly, as occasion serves,' he said, smiling; 'but with discretion, dear—with discretion!'

The plan was carried out, and the Whitsuntide holidays found him free to make good his purpose under the most favourable conditions. The exquisite June weather bound sea and land under permanent enchantment. He was the constant companion of Dolly and her friend in a series of sight-seeing days around a locality rich in beauty and historical association, and made doubly interesting by his versatility and erudition. Then there were hours spent in charmed idleness, watching the ebb and flow of the glittering tide as the sun set at the close of these busy days, when books and writers were discussed and quoted, and each found something akin in the mind of the other, or—what was equally welcome—some stimulating difference of opinion.

Quentin did not speak a word of love or show

the least desire to be alone with her; but he succeeded in showing her the resources of his intellect and the under-gentleness and goodness of his nature; and then he went away without speaking one word of the past or the future.

His intention was to let a longer interval elapse before again putting his hopes to the test; but he heard from his sister that Lord Molineux was renewing his suit, backed as before by Sir Robert's influence, and he decided that delay might be dangerous. A morning or two after he dressed himself with scrupulous care, and went to see her at her uncle's house in Hans Place.

'You know why I am come,' he said after the first greetings were over, during which he saw with a pang that she was looking pale and harassed. 'It is to tell you the old story in the old way. I want you sorely, Hester. I have a friend who is so happy in his marriage that I have left off visiting him because I could not bear the sharpness of my own desire. Dear, come to me and make my life rounded and complete like his! Has not the time past sufficed to sacrifice the living to the dead? Once before I said I believed I could make you happy; to-day I am sure of it.'

For a moment silence, her eyes on the ground deliberating. Then she looked up flushed and radiant.

'I thank God,' she said, 'you have spoken to-day. I was afraid you had left off caring for me. I have long found out that I loved you, but'—She hesitated. 'I have been sorely tried of late. Lord Molineux has been so faithful and so kind'—

He felt a keen apprehension.

'You have not pledged yourself to him?' he asked sharply. 'If so, we will break the bond.'

She held out both her hands to him with a charming gesture.

'No,' she said; 'I have escaped a grievous pitfall, and—you have saved me.'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SMOKE ABATEMENT.



THE dark days have once more brought the subject of smoke abatement to the fore, and the owners of factories who neglect to consume their own smoke are very rigidly dealt with; but we all know that the domestic fireplace is the chief offender, a fact which is made evident by the circumstance that the smoke-evil is chiefly apparent in the cold weather, when domestic fires are at their maximum. The difficulty has been partly met by the wide adoption of gas stoves

and gas cookers, which are so prevalent in some neighbourhoods that the chimney-sweepers find their occupation gone. A correspondent of the *Times* shows how householders could do still more in the destruction of the fog-demon by using coke instead of coal. The difficulty of lighting coke can be obviated by using for each grate a perforated pipe connected with the gas service of the house; the cost of gas per week being so much less than the cost of kindling wood, the expense of the pipe and connections, to say nothing of the lower price of coke as compared with coal, is covered in six months.

SALMON-FISHING IN 1899.

It seems a remarkable thing, at a time when so much scientific attention is given to pisciculture, that one of our greatest authorities, Mr Henry Ffennell, should give such a melancholy account of salmon-fishing during the past year. 'I am sorry to say,' he writes, 'the year 1899 must unquestionably take a foremost position among the seasons which are more or less accurately described as the "worst," or nearly the "worst on record."' There have been, it is true, a few exceptions in England and Wales; but, generally speaking, the whole of the fisheries of the United Kingdom show an alarming falling off, and in some places the industry was 'worked at a dead loss.' In some years as many salmon have been taken in a month in the Tweed, for example, as were taken the whole of the past season. Fishing on the Spey was still worse, and in this instance the evil is traced to the pollution of the river by the distilleries; but there is evidently some undiscovered cause for the serious diminution in the number of salmon taken; and the matter is so important that a thorough investigation should at once be made. Mr Augustus Grumble, in his article 'Salmon for Food and Salmon for Sport' in this *Journal* for 1899, suggests almost the only practicable remedy.

LETTING BY 'TIME-CANDLE.'

There is something very pleasant in the retention of quaint old customs in an age which is remarkable for its scientific advances; and now and then we find the old and the new in strange juxtaposition. For example, we recently found in one newspaper an account of the letting of a piece of land at the village of Aldermaston, in Berkshire, when the ancient custom of letting by 'time-candle' was observed—that is to say, a short length of candle was lighted when the bidding commenced, and the last bidder before the candlelight died out was declared the tenant.

A RESEARCH GRANT.

In the same journal we find a notification to the effect that the Goldsmiths' Company have voted one thousand pounds to the Royal Institution of Great Britain 'for the continuation and development of original research, and especially for the prosecution of further investigations of the properties of matter at temperatures approaching that of the absolute zero of temperature.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC TIME-RECORDER.

Withan's patent time-recorder is an instrument which, by photographic agency, is designed to record in an indisputable manner the attendances of clerks and workmen at large places of business. It is in reality a form of camera combined with a clock, with a button in front to be pressed for a moment by each workman as he

enters or leaves his employer's premises. The result is impressed upon a sensitised ribbon of celluloid in the form of a portrait of the individual, and an image of the clock-face showing the exact time at which the record is made. The idea is ingenious; but we do not see how such records could be made effectually except in very good light. In the winter-time, for example, men go to and from their work in the dark hours when photography is impossible. Particulars of the machine can be obtained at 161 Cannon Street, London, E.C.

SERUM.

We seem fast approaching a period when all the ills to which human flesh is heir will each find its cure in the shape of a serum. With this serum the *corpus vile* will be inoculated, and the particular disease at which the treatment aims will utterly disappear. It is reported that Professor Mechnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, has made certain investigations which lead him to hope that human life may be prolonged to an extent never before anticipated except by Methuselah. The investigation is not yet beyond the theoretical stage; and we know that a wide gulf often separates theory from practice, so that we cannot look upon this somewhat doubtful boon of prolonged life as a thing accomplished. A more hopeful discovery is that attributed to Dr Sappelier and Dr Thebault, who have found a prophylactic against that craving for alcoholic stimulants which is such a curse of our civilisation. Here again a magical serum comes into prominence. A horse is first of all alcoholised—which, we presume, is a polite term for being made very drunk—and the serum extracted from the creature's blood and injected into the human body promotes an aversion to alcohol which will regenerate thousands of erring mortals.

ELECTRIC LEAKAGE.

Some years ago one of the large dynamos at the Deptford electrical station, near London, had its current accidentally diverted to earth, and the effect of the leakage was noted as far north as Leicester and as far south as Paris. It has also long been known that by the action of the current used in working the South London Electrical Railway, the magnetic instruments at Greenwich Observatory, several miles away, are detrimentally affected. As electrical railways are now on the increase, their behaviour in this respect becomes a matter of some moment; and, as a result, there has been a conference of representatives of such railways and tramways on the one hand, and representatives of the Greenwich and Kew Observatories on the other. The object of the conference is to ascertain the best means of dealing with the difficulty, and a committee of experts has been appointed to investigate the amount of magnetic disturbance produced, and to report as early as

possible. Apart from the natural objections of the Observatory authorities, these conduction currents making themselves evident over such large areas open up the possibility of a system of wireless telegraphy which may prove useful some day.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The cheapness and general excellence of photographic methods has worked quite a revolution in the matter of illustration of books and periodicals; and picture exhibitions, even of an ephemeral character, have now most lavishly illustrated catalogues. Nearly all the great Continental galleries have similar catalogues, which are issued at a price which brings them within reach of the poorest student. We have hitherto in this country stood aloof from the issue of illustrated catalogues so far as our national pictures are concerned; and it seems strange that at last it has been left to private enterprise to fill so important a gap. Under the auspices of Sir Edward Poynter, Messrs Cassell & Co. are now issuing an illustrated catalogue of the National Gallery pictures, including those hung at the Tate Gallery. That the work is well done goes without saying; but the price—seven guineas—will be prohibitive to many would-be buyers—a difficulty which is evidently anticipated by the publishers, who are limiting the number of copies to one thousand. What is wanted is a popular illustrated catalogue of the chief pictures, which, like that of the Louvre and of the Munich Gallery, can be purchased for about as many shillings as the new British one costs guineas.

X-RAY ADVANCES.

Röntgen's so-called 'X-rays' have now taken a permanent position in the equipment of the surgeon as a most valuable means of diagnosis in the case of fractured bones, and as a detector of the presence of foreign bodies in the flesh. These same beneficial rays promise to help the medical profession in quite a different direction—that is, as a curative agent. It was discovered, soon after their detection by Röntgen, that the rays had an effect like sunburn on the skin, and it was anticipated that this scorching effect might prove of service in the treatment of certain diseases of the skin. It now seems certain that cases of lupus are much benefited, if not cured, by being treated to periodic applications of the X-rays, and the hope is also held out that obstinate cases of eczema, ringworm, &c. will succumb to the same agency. It may be mentioned here that at Copenhagen a number of cases of lupus have been successfully treated by exposure to sunshine, the alleged cures being about thirty per cent. Time is required to show whether the relief obtained is temporary or permanent.

BLACK RAIN.

To the January number of *Knowledge* Major L. A. Eddie contributes an interesting article on

various falls of inky rain. The first case of the kind which comes under review occurred at Grahamstown and the surrounding district in August 1888, and it extended over an area of no less than three hundred and sixty square miles. Since then there have happened several showers of a similar character, but less pronounced in their sable character. Other showers of black rain have been recorded in Ireland, one of which was felt over an area of four hundred square miles. No one seems to have microscopically examined the water which fell at Grahamstown; but it was noted that the liquid gradually cleared when placed in a suitable vessel, and a black precipitate fell from it. In the later cases referred to the deposit has been carefully examined, and was found to consist of microscopic organisms which averaged about the twelve-thousand-five-hundredth part of an inch in length, and which were identified with the same fungoid organisms that are responsible for blight in the plants which they infest, and subsequently for smut, mildew, and rust in wheat and barley. The writer sums up his remarks thus: 'Humidity is known to contribute largely to the copious production of fungi, and during protracted drought the regions affected thereby will remain comparatively bare of fungi; but during the seasons of frequent rainfalls the production of a fungoid vegetation is largely increased.'

SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO WARFARE.

Reports of the war in South Africa constantly refer to the many aids which science affords to troops in the field. We can hardly regard the use of the balloon as being novel, seeing that soon after the pioneer experiments of the brothers Montgolfier a hot-air balloon was introduced on at least one battlefield. Lyddite, wireless telegraphy, and speech by searchlight are, however, comparatively modern ideas. Photography does not seem to have commended itself to our War Office as a necessary aid to scouting. It has been pointed out by more than one authority that by employing a telephoto lens attached to a camera in the car of a balloon enlarged views showing all the details of the Boer defence could have been obtained, which would have given information previous to the repulses at Magersfontein and at the Tugela and Modder Rivers, of which our generals were evidently much in need. A book on telephotography—which does for the camera what the telescope does for the eye—by T. R. Dallmeyer, has recently been issued, and the illustrations in it abundantly show of what great service the system might prove in military and naval operations.

SHIELDS FOR INFANTRY.

What at first seems a retrograde step is the suggestion that the shield should once again form part of the foot soldier's equipment. Recent

events have shown that, against modern quick-firing rifles in the hands of determined men who have had time to entrench themselves, the finest soldiers in the world are all but powerless. It is the recognition of this stupendous fact that has led to the introduction of Boynton's bullet-proof shield. The shield is made of a special form of steel-plate manufactured by Messrs Cammell & Co., of Sheffield; and, although its thickness is only about one-twelfth of an inch, it will stop a rifle bullet up to quite near range. The shield, which is the outcome of practical experiments, weighs only seven pounds, and has a loophole through which a rifle can be fired. If necessary a company of riflemen can join their shields together so as to form a defensive wall, behind which they are as safe as if entrenched. The shield is designed to be carried on the rifle; but it is so made that it can be detached from the barrel as quickly as can a bayonet.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

For many years our country has cried aloud for a more technical system of education, which would enable British workmen to compete on more equal terms with their Continental brethren. The reproach that our schools are defective in this respect can no longer be maintained. At the Educational Exhibition recently opened at the Imperial Institute, London, from which will be selected a number of objects for exhibition at Paris, this is amply proved; for we find schools from all parts of the kingdom sending works in wood, metal, and other materials which have been beautifully wrought by the hands of children of all ages. The Board school and the college seem to vie in this endeavour to make the rising generation possess an education of the fingers and the eye as well as that of the brain, and we are glad to know that the foolish old notion that manual labour of any kind is derogatory has altogether ceased to have any meaning for a sensible man.

A NEW METAL.

Since the wholesale production and consequent cheapening of aluminium, which within living memory was worth more than its weight in gold, many useful alloys have been made. Among these one of the most recent is albradium, a perfectly white metal of attractive appearance, which can be made into plates, tubes, rods, or ornamental castings. It is supplied in ingots of three different brands: No. 1 being adapted for rolling and drawing, No. 2 for fine art castings, and No. 3 for similar work of increased strength. The new metal is said to be free from corrosion, and to be extremely durable; while its price compares favourably with brass, German silver, bronze, &c. As a set-off against these obvious advantages it may be noted that in most aluminium compounds a great difficulty is found in the matter of soldering and in obtaining perfect screw threads.

We are unable to say whether, in the alloy under consideration, these obstacles have been overcome.

OZOTYPE.

Ozotype is the name of a new photographic printing process which is due to the researches of Mr J. Manly, of London. Although it has not yet reached the commercial form, there is little doubt that when placed upon the market it will meet with many supporters. Mr Manly lately gave a private demonstration of his process, which, we may mention, is of a permanent character, for the image is produced in any coloured pigment or in carbon. It may be briefly stated as follows: A sheet of good paper is brushed over with a certain solution, and hung up to dry in a dark room. When dry it is exposed to light under a negative in the usual way, until a faint image is seen. The paper when removed from the printing frame is squeegeed wet against a piece of carbon tissue, which may be of any colour, and the print is finally developed, like a carbon picture, in warm water. It will then be found that the carbon from the tissue has transferred itself to the print with very fine effect.

AUTOMATIC DIE-SINKING AND CARVING MACHINES.

A wonderful invention, an automatic die-sinking and carving machine, is now established in London. From a sufficiently hard model a reproduction can be made, slightly reduced in size, but otherwise exact in the most minute particulars. The number of substances that can be carved by the steel cutter attached to the machine appears to be inexhaustible, excellent results having been obtained in steel, wood, ivory, marble, glass, and many other materials. The process is as follows: A pointer travels over the model, the mechanism being such as to ensure that every detail of the design is traversed. The motion of the pointer is communicated to a bar, on which is fixed the steel cutter, which revolves rapidly, corresponding with the pointer, and completes the work in a few hours, according to size. Generally speaking, a hard model is desirable; but ivory has been carved from a design in papier-mâché.

The machine will undoubtedly revolutionise several trades, especially die-sinking, and carving in metal, ivory, and wood. An entirely new departure is also instituted by this machine in carving glass, it having hitherto been held impossible to do so with a steel tool; while in the work of the lapidary and the gold and silver-smith its capabilities are unique.

It is not less wonderful that this invention will simultaneously cut from the same model several articles of different sizes, and, if desired, in different materials. Thus, from a model 6 inches in diameter, the machine will produce in a few hours the same design in three pieces respectively 5 inches, 4 inches, and 3½ inches in diameter; in fact, any size down to that of a threepenny-piece.

As it is automatic, no attention is given to the machine once the process is started. Indeed, when a very large model is used, which would occupy several hours, the machine is frequently set to work overnight, power being, of course, continuous; and on the workshop being opened in the morning the work is found completed. One machinist supervises all the machines, his work consisting of fixing the model and the objects to be cut in their right positions; after this an occasional visit with an oil-can is all that is needed for the production of the finest examples of carving

that can be desired. These machines will shortly be exhibited in the West End of London.

A CORRECTION.

In our December issue, in a paragraph headed 'Coast-line Defence,' we gave a summary of a paper brought before the last meeting of the British Association. By an inadvertence, the authorship of this paper was assigned to the reader of it, instead of to the late Mr Edward Case, of Victoria Street, Westminster, to whom its conception was wholly due.

MANXLAND IN WINTER.

IT was my good fortune, several years ago, to spend a month in Manxland; and that not a summer month, but the dull and dreary November, when so many of us seek the south of France in the hope of escaping the fogs and frosts, wind and rain, of early winter.

Previous to that visit I knew nothing of the island except on the map of England. I remember that, in the far-back days of childhood and geography lessons, its name and its place were impressed on my mind by being told that the cats of Manxland never possessed any tail.

With this very scanty information still retained during the flight of years, I packed my trunk in readiness to accompany a friend who was annually advised to try a mild and equable winter climate. She was weary of the favourite resorts on the coasts of the Mediterranean, and had resolved so firmly upon a stay in the Isle of Man that no contrary advice could turn her from her purpose.

The weather favoured our journey; the little sea-voyage from Liverpool was quite a pleasure; and as we neared Douglas we began to understand how the Manxman grows enthusiastic in praise of that town. Like a picture was the view of the busy port, the rugged coast-line, and the long chain of mountains filling up the background. A good boarding-house had been already recommended to us, where, for the modest charge of five shillings and sixpence per day we should be well fed and cared for. It is a pleasure to be able to say that we received even more attention and enjoyed more quiet comfort than we had hoped for; and, so far as I could see or hear, the accommodation in Douglas—and also in other of the island towns—is super-excellent. In some English pleasure and health resorts the motto of the landlady seems to be: 'If you don't like it, you may leave it.' In Manxland there is an evident wish to please and satisfy, which ought to win the heart of all visitors.

We heard a great deal concerning the varied amusements of the bright, brief Douglas 'season,'

which we had missed. Always something going on—so ran the narrative—concerts, excursions, balls, variety entertainments; and after church-time on Sunday evenings a performance of sacred music in one or other of the large pavilions built expressly for such gatherings. We agreed that it might be well to visit Douglas some year during its gay time; but we were quite satisfied with it as it was upon that 1st November when we arrived in the island.

I do not think it was an exceptionally mild year. I remember distinctly the letters that came to us from friends here and there complaining of the 'wretched weather we are having.' But I know we could enjoy the walks round about Douglas, the trips into the interior of the island, and the clear view on many a day from Douglas Head of the mountains of Cumberland or those of North Wales. I hope that I may be believed, too, when I say that, at any rate in the first weeks of the November of which I am telling, we were eating strawberries, green peas, and beans as though the month were June. As a matter of fact the mean annual temperature is returned as—spring, 40·1; summer, 57·1; autumn, 51·2; winter, 42·6—an annual mean of 49·2.

We went off for three days to Ramsey, the principal town of the northern district, with sheltering mountains rising behind it like a wall. The old town is in the neighbourhood of the harbour; the modern part has sprung into being in recent years. Ramsey has a name for sea-bathing, boating, and fishing in its holiday season. The shore is of fine sand and small gravel, which, combined with the shallowness of the water, makes bathing as safe as it can be. Sailing-boats are always ready at moderate charges for excursions, and small rowing-boats abound for inshore amusement. The rambles round and about Ramsey are charming; when we visited Elfin Glen, Glen Mona, and other of these Manx valleys we began to talk of a summer visit with a party of friends, and such a perfect picnic that it should never be forgotten!

For another three days' visit we went to Peel—the railway making such outings so easy and so inexpensive from our headquarters at Douglas. Greeba Castle, the residence of Hall Caine, is in the neighbourhood of Peel.

In olden times Peel was a place of much more importance than it is now. Lying just opposite to the Irish coast, it was carefully fortified as far back as the ninth century, and such fortifications survive in the venerable ruins of to-day. Peel Castle is a rocky islet of about five acres, separated by the sea from the mainland, yet now connected with it by the south quay of Peel Harbour, and surrounded by an embattled wall flanked at intervals by towers. Within this enclosed islet there was enough accommodation for a strong garrison and a suitable residence for the king or his representative. These buildings have disappeared, except a small part assigned to the soldiers on duty. Upon the eastern side of this islet is the ruined cathedral of St Germain. It has greatly suffered by the lapse of centuries, but has been preserved from falling into absolute ruin. The crypt was used as a prison for State offenders; Thomas, Earl of Warwick, was confined there in 1397, and Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, in 1446.

The narrow winding streets of the town of Peel and its ancient buildings will interest all lovers of the past; those who prefer modern places will appreciate the promenade, the golf-links, and the suitability of the country roads for cycling.

Castletown, in the south of the island, is a very pretty little place, with narrow, old streets and irregularly built houses; but its suburbs are more modern, and are beginning to attract the better and quieter class of visitors. Castle Rushen is the chief attraction; the exact date of its erection is unknown, but it apparently belongs to the thirteenth century. The main body of the castle is a square keep, with towers upon its four sides. Here was the residence of the kings of Man, and afterwards of the Governors; and parliamentary assemblies used to be held in the castle.

About a mile from Castletown stands King William's College, the opening of which in 1833 carried out a proposal of the great Earl of Derby, made in 1643, for a 'university without much charge, which may much oblige the nations round about us. It may get friends into the country, and enrich this land. This would certainly please God and man.' The confusion of Manx affairs at the time, and the Earl's death, prevented this being carried out until our own times. The College can accommodate a hundred boarders, and the Principal is assisted by fourteen resident masters. The fees are much more moderate than those of any educational establishment of similar standing in England. It may be mentioned that the eminent Churchman and author, Dean Farrar, was partly educated at King William's College, Isle of Man.

The village of Port St Mary is the centre of

the Manx fishing industry; it is within easy distance of the Sugar-Loaf Rock, the Sound and Calf of Man, Bradda Head, and other places which ought to be visited by all who want to know the island thoroughly.

Port Erin is a fast-growing watering-place, with pleasant inland walks on the mountains; its charms during the summer season we had, of course—like those of other places—to learn by hearsay; but even in November we thoroughly enjoyed our brief stay.

More than one hundred and twenty thousand visitors come to the Isle of Man in an average season, a Bank-holiday alone sometimes adding twelve thousand to the population. An important step in popularising this holiday resort was taken when an electric tramway company completed the line along the cliffs, now giving the quickest connection between Douglas and Ramsey. This is a much nearer and more direct route than either by sea or by rail, the eighteen miles being covered on the opening day in little over an hour. The route commands an exquisite sea-view, at one part rising six hundred feet above sea-level, and also affording glimpses of the valleys as these are crossed. There are three power-generating stations, one at Douglas, another at Laxey, a third half-way between that place and Ramsey. From Laxey, Snafell (the highest hill in the island) may be ascended by means of the electric tramway. Thus Manxland boasts of what is probably the longest electric tramway in the United Kingdom.

THE CHANGING SKIES.

A SONNET.

Form follows cloudy form across the sky:

In crystal seas float islands of delight;
Grand turrets seem to guard yon mountain's height;
Lo! there the folded flocks of evening lie;
Here rosy billows heave, and, breaking, sigh;
Archangels meet, and clash their sabres bright;
See! scarlet squadrons marshal in the night;
Pale wanderers' lamps the midnight glorify.

In my life's sky dream follows dream of thee:

The wild majestic pageant passes on—
Abodes, defences, warriors, herds, fair seas.
Moods come and go: shape thou my destiny,
Thou who remain'st when all the dreams are gone—
My home, my strength, my glory, and my peace!

ELIZABETH GIBSON.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
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Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE FORTUNES OF HARALD'S CROSS.

By A. H. NORWAY, Author of *Dr Martin's Furlough*, &c.

CHAPTER I.



ROUGH winter wind was blowing round The Priory at Harald's Cross, and the old elm-trees on the drive creaked and groaned beneath the pressure of the gusts.

Within the house all was warm and snug; and Colonel Haraldsen stretched his legs in comfort before the ample fire, on the other side of which sat his son—a tall stripling, for the first time home on furlough.

'Take another cigar, Frank,' said the Colonel. 'They won't hurt you, boy; they are very sound tobacco.'

Frank needed no second invitation. 'I think,' said he pensively, 'I can smoke most things. A man who for six weeks together could get nothing but canteen plug may very fairly bid my Lady Nicotine do her worst. But why, dad, do you set down all your juniors as milksops?'

'Listen to that wind!' said the Colonel absently. 'How the storm howls up the valley! Has your mother gone to bed?'

'An hour ago,' Frank answered; 'and Johnson is yawning about the hall, wondering when you and I mean to let him put the lights out.'

'Johnson is a lazy fellow,' said the Colonel, with a grim smile, as he cut the end off a new cigar. 'Don't go to bed yet, Frank. I've been thinking that next time you come home you may very well be master here.'

'I hope not,' said Frank impulsively, 'for then I shouldn't care to come home at all.'

'Tut! tut! You mustn't get into that way of thinking. One comes and another goes; but there must always be a Haraldsen at The Priory. Still, it was nothing more than a fancy with me; and I may be quite wrong. Listen to that wind! He broke off and turned half-round in his chair as a gust more fierce than any before shook the windows of the room where they were sitting with such force as threatened to break them in.'

'It's from the south-west,' said Frank coolly. 'When it blows that way there's no shelter. In fact, it gathers violence coming up the river's bed.'

'I know,' the Colonel answered; and for a few minutes the two men sat and smoked in silence, till at last the Colonel roused himself, and, getting on to his feet, stood with his back to the fire—a tall, heavy, iron-gray man, looking down with an odd smile at his son, who was still stretched in the deepest chair he could find.

'Frank,' he began, 'I've got a yarn to tell you which it is right that you should hear—partly because it's a family matter, and will interest you, and partly because it may show you that I'm not exactly— Well, never mind that. The long and the short of the matter is, that my mind has gone back to old times, and I'd like to tell you something.'

'Out with it, dad,' his dutiful son replied. 'You'll feel better when you have freed your mind. I know that mood myself.'

His father stood irresolute for a minute or two, and then, sitting down again, drew his chair towards the fire and stirred it to a brighter blaze. Frank watched him curiously.

'Have you ever heard,' the Colonel asked, turning round with the poker in his hand, 'that when I was about your age this estate was on the point of being sold?'

Frank nodded. 'I knew there had been difficulties,' he said. 'Minerals were worth nothing in those days, I understand.'

'True; but that's not the story at all. Mines did not save the estate. All that development came afterwards. What saved the property was a little scrap of parchment out of that great chest.' The Colonel pointed to a huge chest of blackened oak, clamped with heavy iron framework, and bearing on its face the imperial eagle wrought in ironwork.

'The Armada Chest! It was a deed, then,' said Frank, growing interested. 'How was that, father? Was there some dispute about the title?'

The Colonel looked at his son with the ghost of a smile. 'Confidence, mind,' he said. 'There are just three people alive who know the story, and they've all kept the secret like trumps. Don't you be the one to spread it about.'

Frank broke in with loud assurances of habitual discretion; and the Colonel, shaking his head a little doubtfully, settled down to his story.

'I knew nothing about business when I was your age,' he said, 'being just as careless concerning all such matters as you are yourself. There, don't interrupt me. It's a young man's fault; and we all go through the same phases. My father gave me very few opportunities, too, for he never liked consulting with me; and thus it was an absolute surprise to me, on coming home for a little shooting, to find the dear old man closeted half the day with Turton—who had the agency then—and having a face as long as a fiddle. I did what I could. I got my father out as much as possible; and one day, when he had missed three birds in succession, and Old Tom the keeper—you must remember him—was getting impatient, I took the matter into my own hands, and asked him what was on his mind. He answered me in one word—"Ruin." So I thought we had had enough shooting for that day; and, sending Tom about his business, I took the old man to the shooting-box on the top of the hill, and got him to tell me all about it.

'It was a common enough story, and the details wouldn't interest you, even if I could remember them. The substance of the matter was, that speculation and what he termed some extravagance in living had brought the dear, imprudent old man so low that several of the best farms had been sold already, and another sale was impending which would have left about as much of the estate as you could walk round in twenty minutes. My dear father was full of self-reproach. I believe he felt for me much more than for himself; and, indeed, it was confoundedly unfortunate for both of us, seeing that your mother was coming that day to pay us her first visit and get acquainted with her new home; while Sir Charles was to follow her up two or three days later to discuss those settlements which it was now clearly impossible to make.'

'Judging from my own recollections of my maternal grandfather,' said Frank slowly, 'I don't think I could have told him that story without a qualm. But perhaps he was more—what shall I say?—more sympathetic, more receptive, in his younger days.'

'Not a bit—not a bit,' the Colonel answered hastily. 'He was exactly what you remember him, and we all quailed before him. Yes, of course it would have been an awkward story to

present even to the kindest of prospective fathers-in-law; and though I didn't trouble my head much about that whilst I was making matters easy for my father, yet I must admit when I was alone again I felt most uncomfortable. I couldn't make up my mind what to say to your mother, or whether to say anything at all to her; and in the middle of my perplexity she arrived, saw that something was the matter, and got it all out of me.'

The Colonel stopped and pulled heavily at his cigar in silence for a full minute, and then went on in a low voice, much as if he were thinking to himself:

'It was down in the little path by the old tower at the end of the archery-ground. The place is just the same now as when I told her—God bless her! Frank, my boy, if you find a woman like that to put her hand in yours when you're in trouble, you'll be a lucky man, and a happy man—ay, and a better man ten thousand times than you were before.'

'The first time I find a woman like my mother, sir, I shall marry her without waiting to ask your consent,' Frank interposed, brushing the ash off his cigar. 'But we have not got to the box yet.'

'I know—I know,' his father said. 'But you must let me tell my story my own way. Well, we had a long conversation; but after talking it over and over we could only come back to the one point, which was that I should go into all the items of the affair myself, using common-sense to supply the place of business knowledge; and your mother would hear of no delay, but packed me off at once to my father's room—this very room in which we are sitting—bidding me keep my heart up and my wits awake, and do the best I could for her as well as for myself.

'I can see them at this minute,' the Colonel went on, leaning back in his chair and half-closing his eyes. 'My father was sitting over there in the window, clutching his gray hair irritably, and holding up a paper so as to catch the fading light. Turton sat beside him; and as I came in they both looked up with some annoyance. Turton muttered something which I could not catch; and my father said in a high, fretful voice, "Could you come again in half-an-hour, John? I'm very closely occupied now." At one time I should have gone away; but this time there was too much at stake. So I sat down and said coolly, "That's exactly why I've come, sir. I feel that I've shirked my share in all these troubles far too long; and it's high time that I should take some part of them off your shoulders." I thought the old man did not seem displeased, though he made an impatient gesture; but Turton broke in rather angrily. "Unfortunately it is scarcely possible," he said, "for inexperienced hands to take up complicated matters in the middle." I always hated that man, and his tone annoyed me. "Inexperienced I may be, Mr Turton," I replied, "but I am not

a fool; and what I lack in adroitness I must make up by honesty." Turton glowered at me, and was beginning some furious reply; but my father waved him aside. "Tut! tut!" he said; "this is no time for brawling. Show him the papers."

"Without another word Turton thrust over to me a couple of sheets of blue foolscap covered with statements of account. "That will show Mr John the whole position," he said; and I read it through, while Turton groped among a pile of yellow deeds in that great chest, and my father leaned back wearily in his chair, looking very frail and aged.

"This is so clear that any one could understand it," I said as calmly as I could, for ruin was staring out of every line of the account; "but it only shows conclusions." "That's the advantage of an agent, John," said my father in his tired voice; "his trained faculty helps you to see what the position is." "So it does," I said; "and knowing Mr Turton's great ability, I should be quite content to take from him any statement of accounts which was not so disastrous as this. But when I am presented with what is practically a notice to quit this property, I feel that I am entitled to an amount of detail that I should not wish for in fair weather; and therefore, if you will allow me, sir, I propose to go into these accounts right down to the bottom." "Do as you please, John; you have a perfect right to any information," said my father, and then his lip quivered, and he laid his face down on the desk between his hands, and his shoulders shook. It was very terrible to see him lose his self-command, and all the time Turton went on burrowing in the deed-chest as if he noticed nothing.

"Let me beg you to leave us, Mr Turton," I said at length. "My father is quite unfit for further business to-day." "I'm sure I beg your pardon," the fellow said clumsily; "I'll go now, and just take this paper with me for the time." But my father sprang up instantly. "Put it down," he cried passionately; "put it down, Turton. You know my rule is that no papers from that chest ever leave this room." The agent laid the papers down unwillingly, and muttering something to the effect that he wished only to save trouble to those who had so much just now, took himself off.

"Well, I needn't tell you how I managed to soothe my father when we were alone. Your mother came in at last; and I think the old man was relieved to have no secrets from us any longer, for he cheered up, and we had a quiet evening not unhappily together. I got him off to bed early, and coming back here, I thought the whole matter over, becoming more and more persuaded that there was no remedy, and that for the future the regiment would be the only home I could hope to know. I got tired at last

of moping, and was getting up to go to bed, when, just as I had turned out the lamp, I heard a footstep coming up from the kitchen.

"At any other time I should have thought one of the servants was moving about, but my nerves were a bit excited, my mind was full of suspicions, and I drew back in the shadow of a big bookcase which used to stand just there by the window, and waited to see who would pass beneath the lamp in the passage outside. The room was quite dark, except near the door, where the lamp-light shone in; and I noticed then what somehow had not struck me when the whole room was light—that the old chest was still standing open. "Pest!" I said to myself. "We have forgotten to lock it, and now I suppose the governor has taken the keys to his room;" and I was asking myself what I should do, when I looked up and saw Turton standing in the doorway, looking round him in the darkened room.

"My heart gave a great bound—not, of course, that I was afraid of the rascal, though it was a bit uncanny to meet his eyes searching the very spot where I stood, and yet know that he saw nothing but shadow, while I could see him perfectly. He stood irresolute for a moment on the mat, listening intently, while I held my breath and watched him. Then very cautiously he stepped inside, still listening acutely, stooped over the old chest, took up a small package which lay near the top, and was gone again like a passing shadow before I could make up my mind whether I should stop him or let him go."

"Really," Frank observed, sitting suddenly upright, "if I may venture on a criticism, I think you showed some want of resolution at that stage. I should have taken the fellow by the neck and shaken the life out of him."

"You think so? Well, but you must remember we all had great confidence in Turton. However, let me get on. I went out into the hall, but the scoundrel had disappeared. I rang the bell, and the old butler came up hastily, rubbing his eyes. "Is Mr Turton in the house?" I asked. "Just gone home, sir," the old man answered, still not half-awake. "He came back for some papers he had forgotten." The rascal was too clever, you see, Frank, not to tell a story which was partly true. There was no use giving chase, even if I had known what the papers were, or why he wanted them, and I went upstairs, more than half-inclined to knock your mother up and tell her all about it.

"However, I went to bed at last, and was up early, for I slept but little, and, moreover, I had an idea that I might find your mother out early too. It was a splendid sunny morning, and sure enough there she was, pacing up and down the long walk in front of the house. I lost no time in joining her, and told her all my story. She heard me very gravely. "Have you told your father this?" she asked. "No. I have not

seen him yet, and I am not sure whether I shall tell him just at present." She nodded approval. "Above all things," she said, "we must be deliberate in what we do. And now let us think what this paper could be." She walked on a little way in silence. "It was no part of the existing accounts," I said at last, "for it was a mere scrap of old parchment, brown and crumpled, with a few lines of writing upon it in some tall spidery hand." She stopped short in her walk, and looked at me. "Then you have seen it and would recognise it?" "I think I should; but, after all, one scrap of parchment is very like another." "Oh, John, John, you stupid John," she cried, half-laughing, "why were your eyes not keener? But he has it now, whatever it was. And now tell me, who was moving about the ruins with a light last night towards one o'clock?" "Nobody, I should think," I answered rather sulkily, for I was not pleased at being called stupid. "Yes, there was somebody," she persisted. "A man came with a lantern, and was moving about the south tower for a long time." "I suppose it must have been Turton," I said carelessly. "You know he has a room in that tower, where he does his business—a damp, cheerless place. I can't think why he prefers it to the house." But your mother was not satisfied. "If it was Mr Turton, what did he want moving about the tower and the bushes with a lantern at one o'clock in the morning?" she

demanded. "My dear child, there are odd tales about that tower," I said rather impatiently. "Do let me beg you not to set the servants talking about it." She looked at me reproachfully. "You think this is idle talk!" she said. "Well, you may be right. And now, tell me what you mean to do about the accounts." "I mean to sift them all," I said. "I will take ruin on no man's word." "Right," she said; "and take this with you as a woman's judgment, which may be right though proof is wanting—that man Turton is a knave." And so we laughed, and went in to breakfast.

'My father was not down, and on going up to his room I found him feverish and ill. "I have had a miserable night, John," he said, lying back feebly on his pillows. "I am ten years older than when this came on me three weeks ago. Oh, my boy! I have squandered your inheritance, which I held in trust for you!" It was exceedingly pitiful to see him lying there, with his thin white hair straggling over his pillow, and a tortured accent in his voice. He was in no condition to hear anything disturbing. I sat down and talked soothingly to him, and he gave me all his keys—a thing which he had never done before. "Take them—take them," he said. "There's but a short time in which either of us can have charge here; and, as I live, you shall have your turn, if it be no more than a day. And now leave me, lad, and I will try to sleep."

(To be continued.)

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

IT is related that sunrise once found Mr Pitt still addressing the House of Commons on the greatness of the British Empire, and that as the first rays of dawn smote through the windows of the House he thrilled his auditors by one of those extraordinarily apt quotations, which were commoner in the days when every educated man had his *Vergil* and his *Horace* by heart:

Nos ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

Since Mr Pitt's time the saying that the sun never sets upon our Empire has become somewhat trite, and it is one the truth of which now forces itself upon the intelligent foreigner rather than upon the Englishman himself. We are used to it; but now that other nations have begun to form 'world policies,' it is with a certain perplexity that wherever they go they find British interests which, if not always thwarting to their own, have at all events to be reckoned with. Sometimes these interests have come to us against our will and in defiance of our avowed policy; sometimes they have been won by our commercial

instincts and insatiable enterprise. But always, wherever he goes, the wary foreigner finds himself stumbling over some outlying flange of Great Britain's body. Or, to put it from another point of view, whether he goes to a swamp on the Nile or a wilderness in Asia, there is always some part of Great Britain to which he can administer pin-pricks to his heart's content. It is with a region of this kind that the present article deals.

The 'Roof of the World' is the picturesque name which has been given to the Pamirs, the watershed between eastern and western Asia. There are several of them—the Great Pamir, Little Pamir, Taghdumbash Pamir, &c.; but we are at present concerned with one only, the Little Pamir. If you look in the 'Times' Atlas map of Central Asia, just above the topmost corner of Kashmir, you will see a tiny lake called Zorkul. Draw a line from it about due east to the Chinese frontier, and another about due south from it to what is wrongly represented as the frontier of Chitral, and you get enclosed a plot about the size of a little-finger-nail, full of those caterpillar-like mountains with which cartographers love to disfigure and obscure their maps, and with only one place (Bozai Gombaz) marked in it. That is the

Little Pamir; and when a line was drawn across it in 1895, it was announced with a great flourish of diplomatic trumpets that the Millennium had arrived for Russia and England in Central Asia. Why the Millennium should have chosen that somewhat inaccessible district for its first appearance was not plain to the man in the street. And it may naturally cause some surprise that a region which is all mountains and no places should be of such deep interest to the two greatest territorial Empires of the world, especially as we find the president of the Pamir Boundary Commission declaring (in a report from which we make quotations in this article) that it is 'a matter of comparative indifference to all concerned exactly where this line is drawn.' A further consideration of the nature of the country will only increase this surprise.

To be more precise, then, the Little Pamir is a strip of land some fifty miles long by five wide, running north-east and south-west, in just the corner where Russia, China, and India meet. The Russo-Chinese frontier is here formed by the mountains of Sarikol, which, at their southern extremity sweeping to the south-east, join the Hindu-Kush and the Mustagh. The northern boundary of the Little Pamir is the Nicholas Range, which is a tributary of the Sarikol Mountains, and runs westward parallel with the Mustagh. In it rises the river Aksu, which, running in a northerly direction through the Great Pamir, turns to the west at the Russian post, and eventually falls into the Oxus at Kila-i-wamar; while the Oxus itself rises here only a few miles from its tributary, and, flowing in an opposite direction, encloses with it before their junction a space of country nearly as large as Holland and Belgium combined. The Little Pamir is, in fact, the valleys of these two rivers—broad, alluvial valleys, thirteen thousand feet above the sea-level, running on their north and south sides up into grassy downs some five hundred feet higher, which on their northern faces are covered with perpetual snow, and are broken at every moment by broad *nullahs* headed by small snow-fields and glaciers.

Marco Polo, who was there in the thirteenth century, thus describes the country: 'You get to such a height that it is said to be the highest place in the world; and when you get to this height you find a great lake [Zorkul] between two mountains, and out of it a fine river [the Pamir, a tributary of the Oxus] running through a plain clothed with the finest pasture in the world; the plain is called Pamir, and you ride across it for twelve days together, finding nothing but a desert without habitations or any green thing'—by which he, presumably, means without trees, for there is no shrub more than eighteen inches high in all these regions. Desert as Marco Polo found them, desert they remain. Even the fauna and flora are scarce, and the scientists with the

Boundary Commission could collect no more than sixty-six species of the former (the most noticeable being the *ovis poli* or Great Pamir sheep, golden marmot, Tibetan hare, horned lark, and *lammergeyer*) and one hundred and fifteen of the latter. Nor is there any resident population. The Kirghiz come, in not very large numbers, to hunt the *ovis poli* and pasture their ponies, of which there are said to be two hundred thousand in the Alai Valley. It is a curious fact that these people, who are now Mohammedans, are the descendants of Christians, the Nestorian heresy having found its way into Central Asia in the fifth century, when bishoprics were established at Herat, Merv, Samarkand, and, later, Yarkand. None of them lasted beyond the fourteenth century; but Forsyth, who visited Yarkand in 1873, found in the wedding rites of the Sarikol Kirghiz undoubted Christian survivals. Thus, the priest—after asking each party, 'Dost thou accept this man [woman] to be thy husband [wife]?'—says, 'These two are man and wife. Whom God has joined let no man separate.' It is also significant that divorce is unknown among them. Of these bygone Christian days no material traces remain; the population has always been nomadic, and passes on, leaving only graves behind it. 'So far as permanent settlements are concerned,' writes one of the Commissioners, 'the Little Pamir is but a valley of the shadow of death.'

Now, it may with some reason be asked, what possible interest can this tract of land, which is good for neither man nor beast, have for us? The common-sense Englishman—and a Frenchman has told us that we are a people *lourdement raisonnable*—as a rule cares very little about lands in which he sees no trade and of which the strategic importance is not clear to him; and it should be added that there is no accessible approach to India for troops from the Little Pamir. We remember Lord Salisbury's 'swamp' in Siam; and yet we notice that on the north-western and northern frontiers of India another rule of policy seems to prevail, and a number of apparently bad bargains are made.

To explain this phenomenon we must first say a few words about frontiers in general. They may be divided into two classes—geographical or natural frontiers, and scientific frontiers. A geographical frontier is usually some natural obstacle—a mountain range, or a sea—which sets a natural limit to a country in any given direction. Less often it is a river, for the obvious reason that a river is more easily crossed, and is therefore less likely to prevent the inhabitants of either bank from overflowing into each other's territory. This is the kind of frontier to which we are most accustomed in Europe: thus our own geographical frontier is the sea; that of Italy the mountains and the sea; while between Germany and France the Rhine has been found an inadequate barrier.

Now, it is a universal law that sooner or later a people must expand up to its geographical frontier. For a time it may be satisfied with artificial restrictions; but eventually it must grow until Nature herself permits it to grow no farther. The history of the Roman Empire in Italy and of our own Empire in India illustrates this. For a long time after the East India Company became a territorial power in that country there was no thought of such an expansion; indeed, at the beginning of this century further annexations were peremptorily forbidden by the Board of Directors. Yet province has been added to province until the whole country, up to the inaccessible fastnesses of the Hindu-Kush, the Mustagh, and the Himalayas, has been brought under British control. We have reached our geographical limits: why should we go beyond? To answer that question we must consider the second kind of frontier, and the conditions which bring it into existence. In the west we have grown accustomed to civilised neighbours, to hard-and-fast divisions of territory—subject, no doubt, to occasional, but rare, readjustment—to stereotyped national distinctions, and to permanent forms of society and government. Thus, though there is no difference of race, language, or religion between the inhabitants of Bavaria and those of the northern parts of the Austrian Tyrol, the line of cleavage is fixed, and no one would think of questioning it, unless in such altogether exceptional circumstances as the winding-up of the German or Austrian Empires. But this was not always so, nor is it so in the East to-day. On the north-western frontier of India, for example, we have a powerful but barbarous neighbour, whose administration and society are liable to all the vicissitudes which befall uncivilised nations, and with whom a disregard of *meum* and *tuum* is a regular habit of everyday life. Further, the hold which the ruler has upon his subjects is fluctuating. These subjects consist of a number of kindred tribes, ready to fight against one another or against the Amir on the slightest occasion, and equally ready, should opportunity offer, to gratify both the Amir and themselves by fighting against us. Moreover, within our own borders are similar tribes, related often by ties of blood and religion to their neighbours across the mountains. They are born fighters; and as we cannot expect them to sit still and be raided by the subjects of the Amir, so it would be intolerable that we should allow them to listen to the offers of British plunder which an unscrupulous and aggressive neighbour is only too anxious to dangle before their eyes. Either state of affairs would mean a condition of perpetual unrest, which would seriously jeopardise the stability of our rule in India. So, beyond our geographical frontier we have, in concert with the Amir, drawn a more or less

arbitrary line, and have agreed that on the British side of that line, though the tribes shall retain their independence except so far as we may find it necessary to put a stop to their intertribal feuds, the Amir shall not attempt to extend his influence, while we ourselves will not concern ourselves with what happens on the Afghan side. That line constitutes our outer frontier, and what lies between it and the geographical frontier is our sphere of influence.

The arrangement is, perhaps, not a very satisfactory one, but it suits our purpose. For the position of Afghanistan in relation to us is, it must be remembered, a peculiar one: it forms the 'buffer state' between ourselves and Russia. When the inevitability of the Russian advance across Asia towards India and the Persian Gulf became patent, three policies suggested themselves. One was to occupy Afghanistan and meet Russia at Herat, the Gate of India. The second was to entrench ourselves behind the mountain ranges of the north-west, and allow Russia to occupy Afghanistan if she chose. The third was to subsidise the Amir, and support him as an independent sovereign between Russia and ourselves, guaranteeing the integrity of his dominions. The first policy was too expensive; the second seemed dangerous, for the presence on our immediate borders of a neighbour like Russia was likely to be a source of far greater unrest than the Amir himself; and so we selected the third.

For a time, while the Russian line of advance was still distant, all went well. But eventually, in her steady onward march, she came into actual contact with Afghanistan. Now, if you look at an old map of Asia you will see Afghanistan represented as an oblong patch of country, with clearly-marked borders, tacked on to the side of India, its northern frontier running in a pretty straight line from, say, Penjdeh to the Dora Pass. These clearly-marked borders, however, existed only in the cartographer's imagination. If you had asked the Amir he would have told you that his territory extended up to and even beyond the Oxus until it ended in the Pamirs. The Amir of Bokhara, on the other hand, would have given a very different version of the facts; and when the Russians set up a protectorate over his khanate they were naturally prepared to lay hands on any lands to which he had the remotest claim. Claims, it will readily be understood, are difficult to substantiate in those parts of the world, where people are always fighting and the bulk of the population is nomad. In 1872, however, the Afghan-Bokharan frontier along the Oxus was demarcated, and no excuse for a farther Russian advance along that line was left. The attention of the Czar's frontier officers was, therefore, drawn farther westward, and a long series of aggressions took place, culminating in the Penjdeh incident in 1885, which brought the two countries to

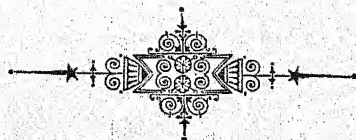
the verge of war. The worst was, however, evaded, and a commission marked out the Russo-Afghan frontier from the Persian borders to the point where the Bokharan frontier touched the Oxus.

It might have been thought that at last Britain and Russia would live in peace in Central Asia, now that a line had been drawn as far as the Pamirs, which the latter could not cross without violating her treaty obligations. But not so. Farther to the east, in the Little Pamir, there still remained a vulnerable spot, against which the extension of the Central Asian Railway to Margilan and Andijan, and the linking up of these two places with Tashkent, would give Russia a *point d'appui*; and Russian 'scientific expeditions' soon began to make an appearance in those desolate regions which we have just described. It became abundantly plain that not even on paper would there be any security until the Afghan—that is to say, British—frontier was defined right up to the Chinese province of Kashgar; and accordingly a convention was agreed to in 1895, in pursuance of which British, Russian, and Afghan Commissioners met in the summer of that year for the delimitation of the boundary between the Zorkul Lake and China.

The British party, consisting of the staff of five officers, a fighting force of nineteen men, and provisions for three months carried by eight hundred Kashmir ponies, met on 20th June in the north of Kashmir, and made their way, *via* Gilgit, Yasin, and the Darkot and Baroghil (thirteen thousand five hundred feet) Passes into the Little Pamir. The march was not a very pleasant one, for, though the weather was not on the whole unfavourable, the glare of the sun on the perpetual snow was trying; the British members lost all their skin, and there were over one hundred cases of snow blindness among the followers. On 22nd July the Russian Commission (presided over by the Governor of Ferghana himself) was met, as arranged, at the Zorkul Lake. The Russians, as is well known, like to make some display of magnificence in Asia, and their party (consisting of eleven officers, thirty-three men, and a band) was of more imposing dimensions than our own. General Poval-Shveikovski's tent was adorned with Kirghiz embroidery without, and hung with Bokhara silks within; and the *cuisine* was rather what would be expected at 'a civic banquet than a rough-and-ready luncheon-party in a remote camp in the Pamir wilderness.' The

British officers were received with the greatest cordiality, 'and the foundation was then and there laid of a feeling of good-fellowship between the two camps which was never afterwards broken,' even when difficulties in demarcation arose which called for diplomatic settlement. As a preliminary to work, which was commenced without delay, it was agreed to christen the range which separates the Little from the Great Pamir the 'Nicholas Mountains,' to keep the name 'Victoria' for Lake Zorkul, which has borne it for upwards of half a century, and to name the mountain which lies between the range and the lake 'La Concorde.' On the 10th of September the demarcation was completed, and the line terminated at Peak Poval-Shveikovski. 'Here, amidst a solitary wilderness, twenty thousand feet above sea-level, absolutely inaccessible to man, and within ken of no living thing except the Pamir eagles, the three great Empires actually met. No more fitting trijunction could possibly be found.'

The advantage resulting from this fixing of the frontier is perhaps negative rather than positive. We have, it will be seen, adopted in the case of Afghanistan and Russia the same policy that we had adopted between ourselves and Afghanistan. Beyond our geographical frontier and our sphere of effective occupation we have drawn a line, to the north of which Afghan—that is, British—influence shall not extend; while Russia undertakes not to interfere to the south. Previously, because of the floating nature of the population and the fact that many of the tribes were divided between territories claimed by both parties, excuse was constantly given for a farther southward move by Russia. At no point along our whole border, from China to Persia, can such a move now be made without violation of our treaty rights; and though this is, perhaps, a doubtful safeguard in the case of a power like Russia, it puts our own statesmen in a stronger position for resisting further encroachments. But when one excuse for aggression fails our great Asiatic neighbour another is not wanting. The extent of the Chinese Empire where Russian territory now meets it is uncertain, and its claims doubtful; and the Taghdumbash Pamir, which lies south and east of the Sarikol, affords another approach to India. Already there has appeared on the political horizon, which the Pamir Commission had cleared, a cloud no larger than a man's hand, which may yet—who can tell?—overshadow the whole heaven.



OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A TALE OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE EVIL OF THE HAPSBURGS.



Both remained silent, too full of thought for utterance. Now the orchestra was playing a bright air from the *Coupe du Roi de Thulé* of Diaz, and the shadowy figures that had wandered past us during the interval were returning to that gay circle of light where the fashionable chatters were sitting lazily beneath the trees.

'I am glad I have been able to render you my first service, Princess,' I exclaimed at length, in a low voice.

She was sitting beside me, immovable and silent, gazing straight before her, as if trying to devise some plan of action. She was greatly agitated at the discovery of this conspiracy to unmask her. Once I thought she had involuntarily murmured some incoherent words, but next instant doubted whether it had not been the rustling of the tree-tops.

'I can only thank you, m'sieur,' she answered at last, in a voice which sounded sweet and musical. 'The world is very ungenerous towards a woman, be she a workgirl or a princess. I have often thought that the women of the people have a far happier time than we who are ever in the lurid glare of publicity. Indeed—but perhaps you would not believe it—when driving out on Sundays I have often envied the young shop-girl contentedly walking with hand on her lover's arm; for she is free to love or to hate, and can enjoy the pleasures of life untrammelled, with no fear of scandal or of the idle, envenomed gossip of jealous women; the world is hers, and she enjoys it to the full, though she works for her bread and her happiness may not be unmingled with tears.'

I expressed myself fully in accord with her views. Never had the rigidity of life in the royal circle been so vividly brought before me as at that moment, for were not her words in themselves an admission that this man she met clandestinely was actually her lover? Her voice, too, was the voice of a woman overwhelmed by grief, distressed, rendered desperate.

'You are upset to-night,' I said, bending to her in a half-whisper. 'Will you not allow me to assist you?'

'No,' she answered despairingly; 'I fear you cannot at present. In you I have, I know, a friend; one in whom I can trust, and with whom my secret is safe.'

'The secret of your love?' I suggested.

'My love!' she echoed. 'No, no; not my love—my hatred!'

'Your hatred!' I exclaimed. 'I do not understand.'

'Of course not. How should you, when you are still in ignorance?'

'But every woman must love once in her life,' I said.

'And love very frequently brings to her unhappiness,' she observed philosophically.

'I trust that is not your experience?' I responded.

Her breast rose and fell slowly. I could not distinguish her face behind the thick veil in that deep shadow of the trees; but I had an instinctive feeling that tears were in her eyes.

'I sometimes think,' she said in a strained, tremulous voice, 'that every woman has a birth-right of woe.'

'You speak as though you were oppressed by some burden of unhappiness,' I said softly. 'May I not know the truth, now that I am your friend? May I not help you?'

'No,' she answered firmly, sighing as she shook her head. 'It is utterly impossible—utterly. The complications are so bewildering, and the circumstances so strange, that you could never believe the truth. It would appear to you far too romantic—too unreal.'

'But tell me one thing,' I urged. 'That man who was present at the ball: who was he?'

'That man!' she gasped, trembling. 'That man is my'— But she stopped short, and held her breath. 'No! no!' she cried a moment later. 'You promised blind obedience to my wish; therefore, remain patient at present. Ask me no questions.'

I saw how agitated she was, how strangely despairing, how utterly desperate. She was just as an ordinary woman haunted by some terrible ever-present dread, fearing every moment that some long-expected blow would fall and crush her. Loving her so fondly as I did, my heart went forth to her. I could not bear to see her thus anxious and consumed by fear, and longed to be able to pour forth my declaration of devotion. Yet I hesitated. The difference in our stations formed a gulf which could never be bridged. Even if I were a millionaire I could never aspire to the hand of a princess of the House of Hapsburg.

'I ask the question,' I said, 'because I, humble man that I am, have your welfare at heart.'

'Ah! I am confident that you have,' she answered, with an air of gracious acknowledgment of my tribute. 'Our acquaintanceship has not been of long duration; but I know you

sufficiently well to be aware that we are, and shall be, the firmest of friends. At present my future is but a black outlook. Some day I trust its aspect will change.'

'A black outlook! What do you mean?' I asked quickly, much puzzled. The idea of the future of the smart and beautiful Princess Mélanie being other than happy seemed impossible. Throughout Europe she was noted for the smartness of her toilets and the sweetness of her face. At Court every one believed her to be merry, irresponsible, and utterly heartless where man's affections were concerned. People had talked and the papers had gossiped about a projected alliance between the Hapsburgs and the royal family of Italy; but those who knew said that Mélanie had treated the young Prince—who was a prig at best—with scant favour; and that after a month at Brandenburg he had gone back to Rome very much disconcerted, while she had openly declared herself glad to get rid of him.

'It is impossible for you to understand my position,' she declared. 'That it is a grave one—a very grave one—is all that I dare tell you. Some day you may perhaps know the truth. Then you will recognise what I feel to-night in thus gaining your friendship.'

'If it is gratifying to you, it is the more gratifying to me,' I blurted forth. 'All that I fear is that I am unworthy to be your Highness's friend and confidant.'

'Ah, no!' she protested. 'I do not extend friendship to all and sundry. People say, I think, that I am proud and exclusive, and that I retain the ancient hauteur of my House. That is what I have been always taught to do. I have been told from my earliest girlhood that, as a royal princess, I am of different blood from the people, and that the latter are of no account in our world. In my girlish ignorance I thought so until about two years ago.'

'You have now formed a different opinion?' I observed.

'Certainly.'

I was puzzled to know whether this tall, fair-bearded man who had crossed the Moorish room in the Palace, noiseless as a shadow, and who had taken such intense interest in my movements, was actually the man she met so often at night. Surely it could not be, for she had declared that she hated him. Why? I wondered.

'The man whose presence at the ball caused you so much anxiety was in the Bois this morning,' I said. 'Perhaps it was as well that you did not cycle with me there.'

'It was for that very reason I did not come,' she answered. 'I had obtained previous knowledge of his intention.'

'I cannot stifle a suspicion that he has some sinister design upon me,' I said.

'Sinister design? What do you expect?'

'That he might be consumed by jealousy if, for example, he saw us as we are now sitting here,' I answered abruptly.

'But you surely do not think that he is my lover—do you?' she cried, dismayed.

I admitted that I had believed him to be.

'No,' she assured me, with a harsh laugh. 'There has never been love between us—only hatred; a bitter, deadly hatred which was once near culminating in a tragedy.'

Her words increased my curiosity. There was here some remarkable mystery in one of the highest circles of society in Europe. Who, I wondered, could this man be?

'From your words, Princess, one would almost imagine that love had never entered your heart,' I said.

'It is legendary that the love of the Hapsburgs is always ill-fated. In the annals of our House are many love-romances—some with very sad dénouements. It is a saying, too, that a dark Hapsburg brings ill-fortune.'

'And you are a dark Hapsburg?' I said gravely.

'Unfortunately, yes,' she answered, in a rather strained, unnatural tone.

'"Those who have beauty never bring ill-luck" is an old saying of the peasantry down in Tuscany,' I said cheerfully. 'It, nevertheless, pains me to know that you are troubled by this mysterious dilemma in which you find yourself to-night. I only wish you would allow me to render you some help. Do,' I urged.

'Why?' she inquired, after a moment's pause, as she turned towards me.

'Because—because'—I hesitated in confusion. I feared to speak those words which rose so readily to my lips although I had striven so hard to repress them.

She was sitting erect, motionless; and, in an attitude of surprise, was looking at me with those soft dark eyes, so brilliant and beautiful. She had raised her veil because, she said, it stifled her. There was an element of romance in that meeting, and I had scented danger in the secret of our friendship being known to that silent stranger who had sat unnoticed in the Café Métropole, and who had followed me as far as the Bourse. I felt assured that he harboured some evil intention.

'Why are you so anxious to take upon yourself a burden that you might find insupportable?' she asked in a sweet, half-reproachful tone.

'Because, Princess,' I stammered, unable longer to suppress the burning passion within me—'forgive me for uttering the truth; but I cannot longer conceal it—it is because I love you.'

In an instant she drew away with a little frightened cry, as though in fear of me.

'Love!' she gasped in a tone of blank surprise. 'Ah! I have been foolish—very foolish!'

Why have I allowed you to mistake a purely platonic friendship for flirtation? It is all my fault.'

'It is not flirtation,' I assured her passionately, taking her soft white hand, and holding it tenderly within mine. 'I know that I am foolish, that these words of mine are sheer madness, and that you, in your position, can never marry a humble man like myself. Still, since the first moment that we met, I have been drawn towards you irresistibly; and, sleeping or waking, one face has been ever in my dreams, one name ever ringing in my ears: Mélanie! Mélanie!—always Mélanie.'

'No, no,' she faltered in a broken voice. 'You must not speak like that. We may be friends—firm, true friends; but love is utterly impossible.'

'But hear me!' I implored in a low, earnest voice. 'I cannot be ceremonious with you now that you know the secret which, through so many days, has been wearing out my heart. Do not say that love is impossible. Only give me leave to love you; to think of you as one who in some slight degree reciprocates my passion; give me leave to drop formalities and call you by your Christian name when we are alone, and I will be satisfied. I will ask no more.'

The tiny hand I held trembled. She sighed, and a shudder ran through her slight frame.

'Such permission, were I to give it, could only result disastrously,' she answered sadly, with a calm philosophy.

'But do not withhold it,' I cried in an outburst of desperate recklessness. 'I love you,

Mélanie, with all my soul. I swear I do. I am yours irrevocably.'

She drew away her hand firmly, and seemed to hold herself up with that proud hauteur which she assumed towards all except me.

'No,' she answered in a tone of soft tenderness; 'it is impossible. I regret this very, very deeply,' she added after a moment's reflection. 'The more so because I have looked upon you as my friend—one in whom I had every confidence.'

'I trust I have given you no offence,' I said apologetically. 'My words were spontaneous. I tried to suppress them; but the truth of my affection rose involuntarily to my lips.'

'It is no offence to love,' she answered in a low voice, full of emotion. 'But if you would be my friend, and if you would assist me, do not speak again of affection. Such discussions as this can only be painful to both of us.'

'Then you do love me a little,' I cried joyously. 'If you did not it could not pain you. Come, Mélanie,' I added, again taking her hand, 'give me permission to love you.'

'No! no!' she cried hoarsely, suddenly rising to her feet and again snatching away the hand I had taken. 'Your love for me can only bring disaster to both of us. God knows! my life is dark enough, one long interminable tragedy, and I will never sacrifice you as victim. You ask me to encompass you with fatality and evil; but I refuse. We must part. You shall not—you must not—think of me. I am a dark Hapsburg, and my love is fatal—fatal!'

TRANSCAAL REMINISCENCES.

By W. S. FLETCHER, Durban.



MOST readers are apt to regard somewhat disparagingly any newspaper literature that is not as fresh and new as the matutinal roll and coffee; indeed, there is a gradual waning of interest proportionate to the length of time that has elapsed since the broadsheet parted company with the printing-press. Old journals, however, are not without their charm; for in perusing them one seems to live again in the buried past, old and forgotten acquaintances are renewed, and chords of pleasant association are struck in many a sympathetic heart.

There lies before me a bound file of newspapers of no small historic import, and which possess, just at the present juncture of events, a unique and singular interest, as I venture to think there are now but few volumes in existence. *The News of the Camp*, of which there are about forty numbers, contains sufficient details of the last war

in the Transvaal, as well as the incidents occurring within beleaguered Pretoria, to render it both instructive and amusing as a memento of the siege of a hundred days, from the 18th of December 1880 to the 28th of March 1881. It was edited by Charles Du Val, a public entertainer of versatile talent, full of mirth and mimicry, who happened to be in Pretoria at the time, and who subsequently came to a tragic end during a voyage from South Africa to India.

When martial law and a state of siege were proclaimed in Pretoria, it was necessary, according to the plans of the military authorities, that what is known as the Convent, situated on high ground adjacent to the city, should form a part of the defensive works. Trees were cut down, hedges and fences destroyed, houses razed to the ground, and walls loopholed; the whole establishment being invaded, and even the cells of the nuns occupied at night by fighting-men. The nuns were compelled to seek nocturnal shelter in

the little choir attached to their church, and a laager was formed in the vicinity, whither the greater part of the inhabitants repaired. It was no ordinary task to remove a population of some thousands from the town to the camp; and many circumstances, such as frequent heavy storms of hail and rain, with want of sufficient shelter, and the urgent military necessity for all available labour to be employed in strengthening the defences, contributed to the difficulty and hardship. Indeed, the removal could not have been so easily and quickly accomplished but for the calmness, acquiescence, and readiness shown by the townspeople themselves.

Rarely, perhaps, has a newspaper been produced under such singular auspices—a bungalow for a printing-office, with canvas thrown over its unfinished roof, through which the rain freely penetrated, a gentle waterspout running down the compositor's back as he stood with a bandolier of Martini-Henry cartridges over his shoulder, his white apron for a uniform, composing-stick in hand, and his rifle lying suggestively near his frame. The editor's quarters were an army bell-tent and a transport wagon, the space between ingeniously roofed in with a tattered sail stretched on telegraph poles; his work was editing the paper by day, and on guard up to the knees in mud at night, or sleeping in a pair of leather breeches, long boots, and jack-spurs, a bandolier as a necklace, and a bag of cartridges for a bolster, with a carbine at his side: 'peculiarities,' says Mr Du Val, 'scarcely conducive to the satisfactory wording of editorials or the manufacture of news.'

The publishers' notice in connection with this novel literary venture gives intimation of the intention to publish *The News of the Camp* at noon every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, the paper containing all the official news and orders, and as much interesting information of camp-life and doings outside as it is possible to obtain. They also add: 'Advertisements will be inserted at two shillings a line, and the paper delivered in every fort at sixpence a copy; the journal possessing the largest circulation of any periodical published in the district of Pretoria, having readers and subscribers extending within a radius of fully one mile and a half from the office of publication.'

The initial number made its appearance on Christmas Day 1880, the leading article, headed 'Peace on Earth and Goodwill towards Men,' conveying the conventional festive greetings, and at the same time commenting on the disaster to British arms at Bronkhorst Spruit, where Colonel Anstruther was killed and nearly three hundred men of the 94th Regiment surrendered to a large number of Boers who lay in ambush. Nothing whatever had occurred to warrant the faintest suspicion on the part of this relief column, which was marching to Pretoria, of being attacked; the band was

playing the highly pathetic air, 'Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling,' when suddenly the alarm was raised, and the little force was quickly surrounded by some two thousand horsemen. It appears that after the surrender the Boers asked for the regimental colours, which were immediately brought out and handed over; but the enemy went away rejoicing, not with the colours of the regiment, but some of those fancy ones kept for theatrical purposes. A member of the Army Service Corps subsequently brought in the real colours to the camp, wound round his waist, after having had a weary tramp of forty miles. Colonel Gildea had the flags folded within those of the 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers, thus paying the graceful compliment to their brothers-in-arms that their colours were safe until those of the guardians were lost.

There is a stirring bit of poetry by the editor, headed 'Christmas in Laager,' the last verse of which graphically describes the situation:

Christmas! our women all anxiously dreading;
Christmas! our men with arms in their hands;
Christmas! our children now curiously treading
The laager constructed by soldierly bands.
Christmas! awaiting the call to the battle;
Christmas! bedraggled and dabbled in mud;
Christmas! enlivened by musketry's rattle;
Christmas! all stained by our countrymen's blood.

Notwithstanding the declaration of martial law and the crowding together of about five thousand people anxious for safe-keeping beneath the folds of the British flag, the amenities of everyday life seem to have gone on in the camp with wonderful smoothness; and men, women, and children are reported to have been much more happy and contented than they might have been expected to be under the trying circumstances. 'Men,' says the editor, 'take well to soldiering, the ladies do their afternoon calls as naturally as if they were in town, and the children find the mud of the camp quite as conducive to health and a clear complexion as any dust-heap they ever played on in their lives. Sickness is happily a rare occurrence, and the rate of mortality is as low, if not lower, than it has ever been known to be in the city from which we have recently fled.' Martial law appears to have been proclaimed on New Year's Day, for it was then publicly notified by Colonel Bellairs, the commandant of the garrison, that the action taken by the rebels in cutting off communication around and preventing supplies reaching Pretoria, and in purloining Government and private horses, cattle, and supplies on their way to the town, had necessitated the commandeering or seizing of horses, cattle, and supplies in the interest of the public service and to meet the requirements of the inhabitants and troops of Pretoria; but in all cases where this was done compensation would be made in due course. It was further notified that no one would be allowed to visit the town or return to the camp without a pass. During the siege the dwellers in the camp were accustomed

to visit their residences in the town from time to time, presumably at their own risk, and they frequently discovered that gardens in which there were fruit or vegetables had been pillaged, certain men attached to some of the corps in camp being suspected. With his customary dry humour, Mr Du Val writes the following, under the heading, 'How to get a Pass': 'Go down with an apparently swollen and bandaged foot peeping in a gouty manner from out a broken boot; and with tears in your eyes and distraction in your aspect, throw yourself on the too susceptible feelings of the adjutant, and it is done. But don't be seen doing a Piccadilly crawl, with a handsome new pair of boots on your pedals and Mary Ann on your arm, through the "deserted village," for adjutants have eyes for other matters than those of military duties, much as you may be disinclined to think it.'

On one occasion, during a heavy gale which passed over the camp, the marquee in which a local pedagogue ministered to the minds of the rising generation was rudely attacked, and became a complete wreck, tent-poles, pegs, and ropes getting mixed up with school desks, slates, pens, pencils, and ink-pots in a confused mass. The master himself was quite enveloped in the fallen canvas, and—states the reporter—would probably have been suffocated had not three of his fond pupils of the fair sex ventured boldly forth, despite of wet ankles and petticoats, and cut a hole in the tent large enough for the unfortunate gentleman to crawl through and save himself from an ignominious and inglorious fate. On another occasion a hospital marquee was set on fire, probably through the carelessness of some passer-by throwing down a lighted match, the outcome of the casualty being the formation of a fire-brigade and the promulgation of stringent regulations anent lights and matches.

Judging from the numerous official announcements in the newspaper under notice, good order and discipline were well maintained. 'All persons living in huts must be out of them by half-past six daily, and remain out till nine. The huts must be swept out and everything left neat and tidy, and, weather permitting, the bedding placed outside to air. Those living in tents must also remain out of them during the same hours, the curtains rolled up, and everything placed outside. All fires in camp must be out by eight o'clock every night, and lights out at nine. Then, again, in every instance of a birth or death taking place in the camp, notification in writing must be immediately made to the garrison adjutant.'

The besieged residents do not appear to have suffered much from *ennui*, judging from the frequent paragraphs with reference to concerts, cricket, polo matches, tennis, and so on; while the band of the Royal Scots Fusiliers discoursed sweet music at six o'clock in the evening. Banking facilities were not altogether discarded, for both the Stan-

dard Bank and Cape Commercial Bank advertise, for the benefit of customers, that they will be open for one hour daily. There seems to have been a fair amount of food available, judging from the published list of rations allowed. The following was the daily supply: bread one and a quarter pound, or biscuits one pound, or flour one pound, or meal one pound; coffee two-thirds of an ounce; sugar two and a-half ounces; fresh potatoes half-a-pound, or compressed vegetables one ounce; fresh or salt meat one and a quarter pound; preserved meat one pound, or biltong half-a-pound; tea one-sixth ounce; salt half-an-ounce. Women were entitled to half the above rations, and children to one-fourth. The principal substitute for wood and coal appears to have been desiccated animal manure, which is prepared in the following way: Having separated all unnecessary extraneous substances, an ordinary brick-making mould is filled with the mixture, and, after being whisked into a tub of water, the contents are thrown out on the ground, where the cakes or bricks are left to dry in the sun. It takes some days to bake the fuel thoroughly, and great care has to be taken to keep the cakes well covered in case of rain. As soon as they are hard enough they are collected and stored in a building erected for the purpose. It may not be generally known that in many parts of South Africa this is the only description of fuel available.

In course of time, as the camp settled down to the routine of daily life, a market was opened, much to the rejoicing of housewives—or rather tentwives—as also of those having gardens in the town, their produce thus finding an outlet at a remunerative rate. Here are some of the current prices: potatoes six shillings a bucket; onions seven shillings and sixpence a bucket; milk sixpence a bottle; apples and apricots five shillings a hundred.

Most of the advertisements in the *News* are of a more or less official character; but occasionally we come across one of a lighter vein, as witness the following: 'Found, a lady's veil: evidently dropped near the officers' mess. Veil contains a note—contents unread. Owner can have the articles on correctly describing same. Editors expect suitable reward: if lady is young and good-looking, osculatory impressions; if ancient and plain, she can send a Kafir, who will be handed the articles.'

The following District Order by Colonel Bellairs, C.B., commanding Transvaal District, was issued on 9th January: 'During the action on the 6th inst. a white flag of truce was hoisted from the position occupied by the rebels. The officer commanding the troops consequently ordered the "Cease firing," and sent forward two white flags from different points in response. The rebels then deliberately reopened fire on the officers carrying the flags and on our men who had risen from cover and exposed themselves.

The casualties which occurred to the Second 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers that day arose solely from this treacherous conduct. In order to protect the troops against the recurrence of loss of life from such savage proceedings, it becomes necessary to direct that, whenever a flag of truce is displayed from a rebel position, no one from our side should advance to meet it until it has come, unaccompanied by any armed body, close to our line. The troops will be careful to keep under cover on such occasions, although the "Cease firing" may have sounded, until the officer commanding them directs them to rise.

As time went on everybody seems to have adapted themselves to the exigencies of the situation; and when one thinks that women and children, respectfully brought up, had to huddle into and under tent-wagons, scramble through unwholesome meals, stand the chance of being washed out of their tents by floods of rain, and endure all sorts of privation, it is surprising that there was not more murmuring. In the issue of 22nd January appears a conspicuously headed article, entitled 'Good News from Home,' bearing upon the fact that intelligence had been received of the arrival of reinforcements in Natal, and that His Excellency Major-General Sir G. Colley was on the way to Pretoria with a strong column. The editor does his best to inspire hope and patience in the breasts of the beleaguered inhabitants, and urges them to wait a little longer for the promised relief; whereupon one and all settled down with a determination to make the best of circumstances. A few days after, news of the relief of Potchefstroom by British troops from Kimberley somehow or other trickled into the camp, and naturally induced a flush of excitement,

causing every one to be on the tiptoe of expectation for further intelligence from the outside world, and to ruminate on coming possibilities. The issue of 26th March chronicles the fact that one hundred days had elapsed since the flag of the Boer Republic was hoisted in Heidelberg and the communications of Pretoria cut off, and it also gives a reprint of the *Gazette Extraordinary* containing the agreement drawn up by the British and Boer authorities, bearing the signature of Mr George Hudson, Colonial Secretary. The concluding number of the journal contains an interesting account of the battle of Amajuba, a copy of the Boer Petition of Rights, and a general chronicle of events since the proclamation of martial law, in which a very high tribute is paid to the exemplary conduct of both soldiers and civilians, who were for so long a time placed in the closest quarters, and had to share each other's trials and difficulties.

The closing paragraph is thoroughly characteristic of the editor: 'In less than two days, as if by magic, the heterogeneous combination of bullock-wagons, sheds, tents, and so on, wherein the civil population of Pretoria sought shelter during the past three months, has disappeared. The camp has now quite an empty appearance, and the words of Moore can well be applied by the few left, when they recall the generally stirring scene it presented from early morning till the sun went down:

I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.'

A RAMBLE ROUND A LONDON DOCK.

By E. R. SUFFLING, Author of *The Land of the Broads*.



Of the relatively large number of persons who annually visit the Docks with which the London river is completely fringed on either side for several miles but few bring away with them any lasting impression of what they see. They retain a remembrance of large pools of deep, glittering water, long dark sheds like Titanic bowling-alleys, and big and little ships mostly moored nose on to the long quays—and that is all.

Those visiting the Docks must, to use a nautical phrase, 'keep their eyes lifting,' and they will then be able to individualise the various objects and sights. It will not do to lounge along the miles of quays, and look at a vessel simply as a ship; for in that case the ramble would be tame, monotonous, and uninteresting. Every ship has its individuality, its history, its specific utility, and

its peculiar points of variation from other vessels; and these are the things which give a visit to the Docks such variety and sustained interest.

Let us take a walk together round one or two of the basins of the South-west India Dock. Entering the huge gateway, we nod to the two burly policemen on duty, one on either side, like a modern Gog and Magog, and pass at once to what is vulgarly known as Rotten Row, or, more correctly, the Yacht Basin. Here we have a heterogeneous collection of small craft, which are mostly for sale. We notice small steam-launches, larger cruising steamers, whale-boats, and a great many ships' galleys, gigs, and cutters, all discarded from active service on the sea, but still capable of being used for many years on fresh water. Some of the larger boats, from seven to eight feet wide, would be admirably adapted for fitting with cabins as cruising house-boats, and for the various

purposes of pleasure. Here, also, we see many old river steamers, disused ferry-boats, pontoons, and so many other curious craft that the spot might appropriately be termed The Old Curiosity Pool. Some of the unsound craft are lavishly painted to hide the decayed timber beneath, reminding one forcibly of the old adage, 'Beauty is but skin-deep.' There appears, therefore, but little difference between a decayed yacht and a beauty getting into years: they both paint to hide their defects.

Turning to another basin, we are brought face to face with a long line of noble sailing-vessels, not one of which is less than 1000 tons register. The tonnage of a vessel is to most people a non-understandable quantity; and as so many different measurements are given for one vessel, a few words of explanation may not be amiss.

Vessels are described as of such-and-such registered tonnage, gross tonnage, tons burden, tons displacement, &c. Briefly, these may be summed up as follows:

Tons register is the recognised form of denoting the size of a vessel, and is obtained by measuring its capacity for carrying cargo in cubic feet, eighty of which cubic feet go to one ton. Thus, with certain deductions and minutiae of measurements, the length, breadth, and depth of a ship being brought into cubic feet, and divided by eighty, gives her registered tonnage. In steamships the registered tonnage is always given exclusive of space taken up by engines and boilers, coal-bunkers, &c.

Gross tonnage is reckoned when a vessel's full capacity in every way is taken into consideration, including boiler-space, cabins, &c. This is the form usually adopted for purposes of advertising.

Tons displacement, to the initiated, gives a very good idea of a vessel's size, as it shows the number of tons of water displaced by the hull of a vessel when fully laden, or, as in the case of Government ships, when they have all their guns, ammunition, stores, and men aboard.

Tons burden gives the actual carrying power of a vessel—in other words, the number of tons of cargo she will be able to carry on a voyage. This number of tons frequently means double the registered tonnage of a ship. Harbour and port dues of all kinds are paid on the registered tonnage of a vessel, and by this measurement we obtain the clearest idea of a vessel's true size.

Here is a splendid four-masted ship, *Falls of Clyde*, whose registered tonnage is 1741 tons; but she will really carry over 3000 tons! She is a magnificent vessel, and a walk along her clean oak deck is like strolling along a solidly paved street. She is so clear of obstruction that a one hundred yards sprint race might easily take place along her well-holystoned deck. She is full-rigged—that is, she carries square sails on all four masts—and when under all sail must be a sight to make a sailor's eyes sparkle with delight. At such a time she must be a veritable flying cloud. Yes,

she carries 3000 odd tons. Put a ton of cargo into each of three thousand carts, give each horse and cart a space of six yards, then form them into a procession, and you will have a queue ten miles long! Then, as they drive alongside, the three great holds of the *Falls of Clyde* will swallow up the contents of each vehicle, and still have space for a little more.

It is a splendid sight to look along the quay and see a fleet of barques and ships which sail with a cargo of not less than 2000 tons each. By looking at such a fleet of sailing-ships we get just a glimpse of Britain's commerce; but only a glimpse, for we must remember that for every ship lying in the various docks of the United Kingdom there are ten either on the seas or in foreign ports.

Before we proceed farther let us peep into one of the long, dark, cavernous sheds which line the quays on every side. Coming from the bright sunshine, the interior is so dark that for a short time we cannot distinguish anything, except where bars of light stream in at the open doors placed at regular intervals along the wall next the quay. We can see at these bright spots heterogeneous piles of merchandise of all kinds; and, right at the far end, seemingly half a mile away, we can see a child standing in the doorway.

We will walk through, and notice what is piled up for safe keeping from the weather, which troubles our British isles with its perversity. Here is part of the cargo of the leviathan ship *Massachusetts*—hides, machinery, turnery, maize-meal, leather, broomsticks and hatchet-hafts, boats fitting one inside the other to economise space, and a thousand and one notions which we are pleased to receive from Uncle Sam in exchange for British goods. 'What is that huge pile of casks and wooden pails?' you ask. Well, the casks contain glucose, which is a sticky, sweet, viscid substance from which many of our British luxuries are made. You eat or drink it daily without knowing it. Jellies, soups, jams, confectionery, sweets, and a legion of edibles have a foundation of glucose. Truly, we eat and drink many things that we never meet in their raw state. Does the delicate lady who cools her brow with perfume ever reflect that that sweet-smelling evanescent compound is frequently made from the most revolting and putrid substances? Probably not, or she would turn hot rather than cold. 'And what is in those thousands of wooden pails?' Simply lard—pork lard, from the great pig-sticking establishments of Chicago. It is excellent lard, and what could be a more economical way of packing than placing it in new wooden pails? Package and contents are both extremely useful, and the man who thought of such a simple mode of packing is to be congratulated. We continue our walk through the shed, and notice the supposed child we saw at the farther end grow and grow, till on reaching him he has become a burly

eighteen-stone policeman. The effect of looking down a long shed is the same as peering through the wrong end of a telescope.

Speaking of grease of one kind leads us to grease of another and more valuable sort—whale-oil. Right in front of us lie moored at the diagonal stages several fine whaling-vessels, among them being the *Lady Head* and the *Eric*, both dandies in their sphere of Arctic navigation. A cursory glance shows but little difference between them and ordinary trading vessels; but look closer, and notice the thick fir-planking which protects bows, water-line, and stern from the crushing and bruising knocks of the whirling ice.

Step aboard, and, by the courtesy of the officer in charge, take a look round a Greenland whaler. Everything is as neat and clean as a new pin. You are surprised at the number of berths provided for her crew. Many would suppose her to be a passenger vessel; but it must be remembered that her crew is about six times as numerous as that of an ordinary merchant vessel.

Those tubs lashed to the bulwarks are the crows'-nests from which the ocean is scanned by eye and glass ever looking for signs of blubber. When the fishing-grounds are reached these tubs will be hoisted to the mast-heads, forming look-outs for the men, who, on sight of a whale, will excitedly hail those on deck with the cry, 'A fall! a fall! There she blows!' Then the men will scramble down and take their appointed places in the boats.

On whaling voyages the crew sleep in flannel pyjamas, with their ordinary clothes rolled and strapped up to form a pillow, so that when 'A fall!' is called they may lose no time in dressing. Men and bundles tumble into the boats together, and away they go in the keen air, the exertion of racing to the whale keeping them warm. The first boat to the fish means half-a-sovereign to the crew; and, knowing this, they pull with might and main, frequently only donning their clothes after the whale has been struck and sounded.

Below are tiers of barrels for the oil; and by a special favour we are shown the guns for firing the harpoons into the poor leviathan, the long saws for severing the whalebone from the skull, the lances for inflicting deep wounds to hasten the death of the animal after the harpoon has done its work, and the dreadful-looking flenching-knives, with blades a yard long, for cutting off huge rashers of blubber from the sides till nothing remains but the 'crang' or carcass, which, on being released from the tackle by which the whale is turned over and over to enable the men to get the blubber, quickly sinks from view in the black, deep waters of the Arctic Ocean. There, carefully stored, are the huge boots, with steel spikes, used for getting a footing while cutting up; and there are the great coppers in which the blubber is 'tryed' or boiled before being stowed away in the casks.

'Did you ever try the flavour of a whale-steak?' we ask.

'Oh yes,' is the reply; 'once.'

'And was it nice?'

A raising of the shoulders and a slow shake of the head is the very significant reply.

Quite a long article might be written upon a visit to a whaling-ship; but we must not linger, for there are many other sights to see.

Over in another corner of the basin, with its peculiar sheave and wheel armed bow, in close proximity to a public-house window, is the *Chiltern*, a telegraph-ship, fitted with every appliance for laying, repairing, and picking up cables. At her stern are large steel wheels, over which the cable glides on its passage from the great central tank of the vessel to the gloomy depths of the ocean; while similar appliances are fixed at the bows for under-running and picking up a cable for purposes of repair or renewal. To a visitor she appears more like a floating engineers' shop than a ship; and so she really is, for every available nook is filled with forges and machinery of all kinds. There are machines for paying-out cable from the cable tanks; others for taking off the strain of the cable as it goes over the stern and plunges many thousands of feet to the bed of the ocean; machines for cutting and splicing; for pumping, sounding, dragging, and a dozen other operations. Special permission has to be obtained to view one of these wonderful vessels; but leave is readily granted by the company to those who are interested in such an art as cable-laying.

From cables we go once more to cargoes, and visit one or two very large steamships. Here is the *Warrical*, a veritable monster, four hundred feet long and of 4750 tons register. She is like a floating mountain of iron. Her bulwarks, twenty-five feet above the water-line, look as if no seas, even in their wildest mood, could sweep up to them; yet we learn that during a recent voyage, while near the Cape of Good Hope, a sea struck her which laid her iron bulwarks flat upon her deck for nearly a hundred feet on the port side. 'No,' said our informant, a garrulous old 'ship's father' or caretaker, 'there ain't no ways of gettin' away from the sea, however 'igh you build, if it means to get yer. W'y, lor' bless you! I've aknowed seas w'at was mountains 'igh—'igh as a church steeple: 'ow cud yer build a ship w'at would keep yer dry from the likes o' them there—eh?' We allowed we could not answer the problem, and, to turn the conversation, admired the ship's cat and her pretty little kittens, which were tumbling about the idle deck. 'Seven times to Australia that cat ha' bin, sir; and next month she starts her eighth round voy'ge.' Then we look at the berths for the crew, and the cosy little cabins or state-rooms for the officers, and see the two huge galleys in which the food is cooked for the crew and also for passengers, when there are any.

What an improvement is the galley of a modern ship compared to one of the old clippers of thirty years ago! At the grills, grids, ovens, and open fires any kind of dish can now be cooked, be it roast, boiled, or fried; and things gastronomic are in daily vogue which thirty years since would not have been thought of. Hard tack—biscuits as hard as Portland stone and alive with weevils and cockroaches—is no more, even for the crew; for a baker is carried, who every day makes about a hundred loaves of good bread, much to the saving of teeth and time of the ship's company, from captain to lamp-trimmer.

On the other side of the basin lies a still larger ship, the *Devon*, a vessel well over 5000 tons register, and able to carry nearly 12,000 tons of dead weight. Just imagine what Columbus would have thought of such a vessel! I believe his largest ship among the little fleet with which he discovered America did not exceed 120 tons, and could not have been above a sixth part of the length of the *Devon*. And yet Columbus's ship probably carried a crew of double the number of hands which are able to efficiently work this modern leviathan: probably sixty hands would be the *Devon's* complement. Strangely enough, this huge ship has but one funnel and only two masts; but they are at least eighty yards apart!

In a quoin of the quay we notice two remarkable vessels, so jammed in among a fleet of barges and steam-hoisters that it is difficult to obtain a clear view of them. One is a huge flat-bottomed vessel of massive build, designed for raising wrecks, and constructed on the most modern principles for weight-lifting. She is made so that she may be filled with water so as to sink her nearly to her gunwales; then she is bound to the sunken vessel with cable undergirders, and pumped dry. Her lifting power is so great that the sunken vessel is raised from the bed of the sea, and both ship and salvor are then towed into harbour by a powerful little tug.

By her side lies a very curious-looking vessel. She is an Egyptian stern-wheeler, built to float over the shoals and rapids of the Nile, to which she is shortly to be sent. There is no going down long slippery iron ladders to her engine-room, for she has no hold, everything being carried above water-line—cabins, stores, and engines; indeed, the steam cylinders lie exposed one on either side, and a little forward of the very primitive-looking stern paddle-wheel, which looks more as if it belonged to some agricultural implement than a steamship. The reason for this is, that although nearly a hundred feet long, she only draws about one foot nine inches of water; consequently she has no down-stairs. Probably those engaged in the engine-rooms of some of the great liners which ply to the Far East would be only too glad if, when going through the Red Sea, they could bring their engine-room on deck too, instead of seething below in a temperature which sometimes exceeds one hundred

and thirty degrees! What wonder they at such times faint away, and are brought up and laid on deck, where they are brought round roughly but effectively by the free application of pails of water drawn from the tepid sea!

Now, as we walk towards the exit, we notice right ahead of us a venerable old hulk, a relic of the days of Nelson. It is the hull of the *President*, painted white in keeping with its hoary old age. She was once a proud frigate in the French navy, but the early years of this century witnessed her capture, after a stubborn resistance. She was towed into Portsmouth as a prize, and did service in the English navy; then for many years she was moored off Greenwich as a training-ship; and from thence she was towed to her present moorings, where she forms a school of gunnery and drill-ship for the gallant men of the Royal Naval Reserve. Thus we see that, like man, 'a ship in its time plays many parts.'

But the age of oak for shipbuilding is now over; and so rapidly does the modern inventor bring about changes in his material for shipbuilding that the very songs of the nation have become obsolete. 'Hearts of Oak,' which our fathers sang, has now to give way to 'Britannia's Iron Bulwarks;' and the immense Forest of Dean, in Gloucestershire, which was planted with tens of thousands of oak-trees by Government for shipbuilding, now lies almost neglected, the home of the squirrel and the owl.

THE MOOR LOCH.

Among the lonely hills it lies,
Deep, dark, and still;
And mirrors back the changeful skies,
The sun, moon, stars, the bird that flies,
The broad, brown-shouldered hill.


The world's wide voice is silent here:
The cries of men,
The sob, the laugh, the hope, the fear,
The things which make earth sad and dear,
Lie all beneath its ken.

And only he who comes from far,
Seeking the deep
Communion sweet with sun and star,
Knows of the calm and joy that are
In its vast stirless sleep.

For here the eternal soul holds speech,
Yet makes no sound;
With naught but clouds which one might reach,
The black flood, the untrodden beach,
And hearkening space, around.

Time and the things of Time are not;
The path we trod
Ends with the world's end here, and thought
Can neither see nor dream of aught
Save man's own heart and God.

ROBERT BAIN.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

CANADIAN LOYALTY TO THE CROWN.

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY, B.A., LL.B., Montreal.

And that true North whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us: 'Keep you to yourselves;
So loyal is too costly! Friends, your love
Is but a burden; loose the bond and go.'
Is this the tone of empire? Here the faith
That made us rulers?



ALTHOUGH many years have intervened, the recollection is still keen of the thrill of gratitude which vibrated through the Canadian people when the great-hearted Laureate uttered these noble words in indignant protest against the Little England policy then coming into prominence: 'So loyal is too costly!' One cannot help regretting that his beautiful, brilliant life was not spared until he could see how splendidly his faith in that true North came to be fulfilled.

Costly in blood and treasure, and widespread in its tragical effects beyond all expectation, as this Boer revolt has proven, the dark cloud arising from it has shown at least this silver lining: that it has broadened and strengthened the bonds of union between Great Britain and her colonies as nothing ever did before, and has presented to an astonished and admiring world the reality of a Greater Britain unparalleled in preceding history.

The part played by the Dominion of Canada at this crisis in the experience of the mother country in promptly supplying a first and then a second contingent of soldiers burning with eagerness to battle for their Queen is not the outcome of any mere spasm of sudden sympathy, but the fruit of deeply-cherished loyalty to the Crown. Indeed, it is not too much to claim that within the limits of her vast empire Her Majesty has no more loving and dutiful subjects than throughout the provinces of Canada. Hardly any public gathering is ever held that does not conclude with the National Anthem, the first bar of which is the signal for the whole audience to rise, and to remain standing until the end. 'God Save the Queen'

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is the last item on the programme of every concert, and 'The Queen, God bless her!' is the first toast at every dinner where speeches are in order. At so early an age are the children taught 'God Save the Queen' that there is an authentic story of a mother complaining that her little boy had got the Lord's Prayer and the National Anthem so confused that he could not separate them in his mind, and was prone to vary the former with irrelevant phrases from the latter at his evening devotions. Wherever the National Anthem is played in the open air the men at once doff their hats, even though the thermometer be in the neighbourhood of zero; and there is no holiday more heartily observed than the Queen's Birthday.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the way in which English-speaking Canadians at least regard the mother land is the constant use of that wonderful word 'home' in referring to it. When Canadians speak of taking a trip 'home,' or of having been 'home,' or of obtaining his coats or her gowns from 'home,' they are never misunderstood. It is no mere affectation of speech, but the expression of a genuine emotion. Bearing in mind the composite character of the Canadian people—embracing, as it does,

The English honour, nerve, and pluck; the Scotsman's love of right;

The grace and courtesy of France; the Irish fancy bright—

it is certainly remarkable that there should be practically such unanimity as regards loyalty to the Empire. From time to time, when there happens to be a dearth of more exciting topics, the talk of annexation to the United States is revived; but there is absolutely no basis for any serious contention on the subject. Cordial as are our relations with our American cousins, and intimately as we are associated with them in matters commercial, financial, literary, and social, there

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exists no general desire for any closer connection. Our future is inextricably bound up with the future of the Empire, and we harbour no wish to have it otherwise. Not even the conception of an independent Canada, untrammelled mistress of her own destinies, has ever aroused any great measure of enthusiasm, and the vast majority of us are entirely content to consider it an iridescent dream.

Lest in thus writing I might seem to be voicing only the sentiments of the English-speaking portion of the Canadian people, I would hasten to show that the French Canadian is no less loyal than his British brother. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, our eloquent and accomplished Premier, although a direct descendant from the *ancien régime*, has not hesitated to declare himself to be an Englishman speaking French; and there is nothing his compatriots would more hotly resent than the imputation that they were not loyal subjects of the Queen.

It is certainly true that when the sending out of a Canadian contingent was first proposed there appeared a certain amount of opposition from some of the Quebec members of the Cabinet; but this was not due to any lack of sympathy for Great Britain, or of unwillingness to co-operate with the other colonies in rendering assistance. Their objection was based upon their conviction that so important a step should not be taken without first obtaining the sanction of the people, and that therefore Parliament should be summoned to authorise the action. So soon, however, as they realised that the people, irrespective of party, were practically unanimous in their desire to help, they promptly withdrew their opposition, and thenceforward joined heartily in the work of preparing and forwarding the troops.

The French newspaper which enjoys by far the largest circulation in Canada is *La Presse* of Montreal; and the following quotation from an editorial in a recent issue will suffice to show the stand it takes:

'To-day a sense of imperative duty magnifies in our minds the importance of what we are about to accomplish, because it awakens all that is most precious, most sacred, and encouraging in our national pride. It is no longer a question of offering arms to our Sovereign in the midst of danger; we offer her a rampart of our bodies. Our rôle—we understand it well—is to save the situation. This is not the time for theories or political discussions. The single watchword is: "It must be done." French Canadians, like other nationalities, can appreciate the full value of British prestige. The war is now our war, which we are to carry on in Africa. On no point of the globe must the success of our arms be allowed to weaken.'

Not less emphatic is *Le Courrier du Canada* of Quebec, whose editor, the Hon. Mr Chapais, thus forcefully speaks for his fellow-countrymen:

'For our part we would have been most happy

if this Transvaal war had been averted; but is that the reason to say that we rejoice in the cruel reverses that the English arms in South Africa have received? Those who say so, and write in that wise, show their ignorance and enmity. No; these defeats are not for us the subject of rejoicing. As England's prestige and power are ours, anything which may threaten her prestige and her power must be a cause of alarm for us. Canada is an English colony. The flag which floats above us, and the glory of that flag, is one of the elements of our strength and our security.'

The article from which the foregoing is quoted concludes with a peroration so eloquently voicing the precise sentiments of the highest and best elements of French Canada that I cannot forbear from giving it in full:

'We have had throughout the centuries two mother countries—France and England. France has remained the country of our cradle as a people, of our traditions, and of our dear memories. England has become the country of our vigorous manhood, of our progressive destiny, and of our national loyalty. Whatever our sympathies for France—sympathies too natural for any one to wonder at them, since they voice the tie of blood—they can never exceed the limits of a sentiment, and can never become an obstacle to the accomplishment of our new duties. The ties which bind us to England, though of a different kind, are none the less strong, nor the less tenacious. Our loyalty is not a vain word; not the mere oratorical vapourings of an exhausted speaker; not a trick of rhetoric. It depends on protection received, franchises granted, interests protected, peace guaranteed, expansion favoured on a union of powerful, high, and patriotic motives. Ah! we can proclaim, with deepest sincerity from the bottom of our hearts, we wish that England may be ever just, ever wise, ever strong and glorious; that her faults—from which no nation is free—may never be irreparable; that her trials may never become disasters, but, on the contrary, may serve to light her future, direct her paths; in a word, that she may deserve to remain in the illustrious position in which fourteen centuries of conflict and struggles have placed her among the great nations of the earth. Such are our sentiments; and we believe it should be those of all Canadians who reflect, remember, and look forward.'

It would be easy, but it is not necessary, to multiply these proofs of the loyalty of the French Canadians. Those given are surely sufficient to make clear with what feelings they regard the British throne—feelings which have been shown in a no less unmistakable way by the colonies of Australia and New Zealand.

Such, then, is a faithful, yet all too imperfect, presentation of the state of feeling existing in Canada to-day towards the British Empire and its revered and beloved Queen. In our minds the first stands for the best the world has ever

beheld in the way of highly constituted rule; in our hearts Her Majesty reigns pre-eminent as the noblest type of womanhood; and our highest hope for our country is—to conclude with Miss Machar's inspiring words—that

In the long hereafter this Canada shall be
The worthy heir of British power and British liberty:
Spreading the blessings of her sway to her remotest
bounds,
Till with the fame of her fair name the continent re-
sounds.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER XV.—AN AFFINITY OF SOULS.



H, no, Princess!' I said in deepest anxiety and earnestness. 'Surely your goodwill cannot bring evil upon me? Rather would it render me a better and happier man.'

'You already have my goodwill,' she answered, scarcely above her breath, in a voice which showed how moved she was.

I could not disguise from myself that she, although a princess, was a woman who yearned for love and tenderness, although oppressed by some mysterious secret of which I was in ignorance. Even in that gloom of night, her wondrous beauty, a beauty renowned throughout Europe, shone upon me. Her face was inexpressibly sweet in its sadness. Was there, notwithstanding her refusal, a love-look in those dark, luminous eyes? It was too dark for me to see plainly; but I vaguely believed there was. Her voice, low and tender, gave proof of it, and I was thereby encouraged.

'But it is more than goodwill that I desire,' I continued, in quick, passionate earnestness, utterly reckless of what I said. Indeed, I held both her hands at that moment, and her head was bowed in silence. 'I love you, Mélanie! I love you with all my heart, with all my soul, with all the strength of my being. I'—

'No!' she cried protestingly. 'Do not make my burden harder by such words. You do not know; you will never know, I hope,' she added sadly. 'Mine is a cruel story, and I am glad there is no necessity to speak of it. I only ask your charity, your sympathy. Love between us is impossible.'

'Yes,' I said in a hoarse voice of disappointment; 'I know that now. I ought to have been more self-possessed, and not have pained you thus. I see the immeasurable inferiority of my position and my nature to your own. But, Mélanie, I only wanted one hope, one legitimate ambition.'

'Ah! do not utter such words of reproach,' she said in an intense whisper. 'This is as painful to me as to you. If you knew all the truth you would not speak like that. A woman of my birth may love with equal affection to any other.'

She lifted her head. Her eyes, dry and calm,

rested upon my face; her countenance was pale, her mouth set with a grave, steady sweetness.

Light rushed in upon my mind in a radiant flood—light and knowledge. I knew she was right. I had looked deep into her sad eyes, read her innermost soul, and found it pure.

'In the sphere apart from mine you will meet one more fitting for you,' I said in a voice of grief and blank despair. 'You tell me that love is impossible. If so, then it will be best—best for both of us—if we do not meet again. I must part from you because I love you, and my life might result disastrously for you. Yes, I see it all. If the world knew that I, Philip Crawford, were your lover, there would be scandal in the papers, and in your circle you would be laughed to scorn. No, I cannot bear to see you day by day and know that you are not for me. If I were your equal, perhaps I might rejoice in your beauty and your grace without any selfish wish; but I cannot. If you are not to be mine I cannot enjoy your presence. Every charm you have is an added injury, if I am to be indifferent to you.'

She covered her eyes with her hands, and her frame was shaken by a sob.

'Ah!' I went on regretfully, 'I have made you angry, or wounded you again. It would be so continually were I to stay. I should be giving you offence every hour in the day. Yet I can no more help loving you than I can help breathing. This, of course, can be nothing to you, a princess; but it is all my life to me. You have filled every thought of my mind, every vein of my body. How can I separate myself from you?'

As I poured out these mad words, and much more—a flood of hot and passionate sentences—she slowly recovered her composure, allowed her hands to remain inertly in mine, and sat listening to me with half-shut eyes.

'Mélanie,' I said, 'cannot you give me one word of hope to carry with me? I cannot forget you. Surely you have seen my devotion? My mind cannot change. Perhaps I have spoken too soon and too rashly; if so, forgive me.'

'There is nothing to forgive,' she answered once again in a voice blank and melancholy. Slowly she lifted her eyes to mine. I knew that her eyes were dimmed by tears.

'Give me one single word of hope, Mélanie,' I implored in earnestness. 'My love for you is no light fancy of sentimental youth captivated by every fresh face it sees, putting upon each one the colouring of its own imagination, and adoring not what is but what itself creates; no sudden selfish, sensuous passion, caring only to attain its object, irrespective of reason, right, or conscience; but the strong, deep affection of one who has tried to live honourably, and to carry down the traditions of his race.'

'Yes, yes; I know,' she cried quickly. 'I am convinced that you are brave, plain-spoken, single-hearted. Would that there were more such men and more such love in the world! You ask for permission to love me; but it is not just to you that I should give it, knowing full well that marriage is not possible, that happiness is barred from us by the difference of our stations.'

'Then you do not look upon me with disfavour, Mélanie!' I cried quickly, overjoyed. 'Your words betray that your heart is really softened towards me, and that my appeal is not in vain. Tell me that you give me permission to think of you as one who is more than friend—as one dear to me.'

She looked again into my face with her honest eyes. Smiling as they were, there was pathos in them—the sadness left by that secret which ever oppressed her.

'I know that you are noble, faithful, and generous,' she answered, speaking solemnly, slowly; 'therefore, if you really desire it, I give you that permission.'

'Ah!' I cried in joyous rapture, raising her hand to my lips and kissing it reverently. 'You have brought a great gladness to me to-night. I will battle for your sake with all hard fortune, and the world shall know nothing of this secret alliance between us. I love you, Mélanie, and I will be ever loyal, ever faithful, ever true.'

Her breast slowly rose and fell, and her tiny hand gripped mine tightly in a manner more expressive than words. That pressure upon my fingers was her pledge of faith.

She was perfectly still and silent, looking into my eyes, and I thought that, though it was the same sweet face, it was different from what it had ever been before; no longer the face of my patrician friend, but the face of one who held me in tender affection—a picture of a woman's perfect love.

Again I bent and touched her soft hand with my lips.

'To kiss your hand as I do is unbounded joy to me, Mélanie,' I said, intensely in earnest; 'for now I feel that you are mine—mine!'

'Rather regard me as a dear and affectionate friend,' she murmured. 'Do not let us speak of love, but of friendship.'

'No,' I protested; 'when we are alone together let us speak of our affection under its proper

name, real and perfect love. When others are present, however, you may trust me not to betray our secret.'

'I do trust you,' she answered. 'I trust you implicitly as one whose prudence and good sense will not allow him to step outside the path of perfectly conventional social intercourse. This secret of our—our'—

'Our love,' I said.

'This secret of our love,' she faltered in a voice so low as to be almost incoherent, 'must be ours alone.'

'I swear to you that none shall know, not even my own relatives,' I assured her.

'I rely upon your secrecy—Philip,' she said.

It was the first time she had uttered my name, and it sounded so sweet and soft from her lips.

An instant later, however, she added in a tone calm and serious: 'There is one other condition that I am forced to impose upon you, and that is that although I give you this permission, which you have sought, I give you no right to question my actions.'

'I have no right to interfere with your liberty of action,' I stammered humbly. 'Our lives lie apart in entirely different spheres. When, however, you desire my help in any matter you have only to command me, and I will redeem my promise of obedience.'

'And so in future,' she murmured, as if speaking to herself, 'you are to be my champion—my friend.'

'More than friend,' I said earnestly—'lover. God manifests His will in the flowers, in the light of dawn, in the spring; and love is of His ordaining. There is a holy affinity between our souls, Mélanie. In future we cannot be placed apart.'

There was a pause. No leaf among the trees stirred. In the midst of that retirement, like a harmony making the silence more complete, rose the low strains of distant music.

She remained with her handsome head bowed, as if, by shading her face, she hoped to conceal her thoughts.

Again I spoke:

'You are silent?'

'What would you have me say?'

'I wait for your response.'

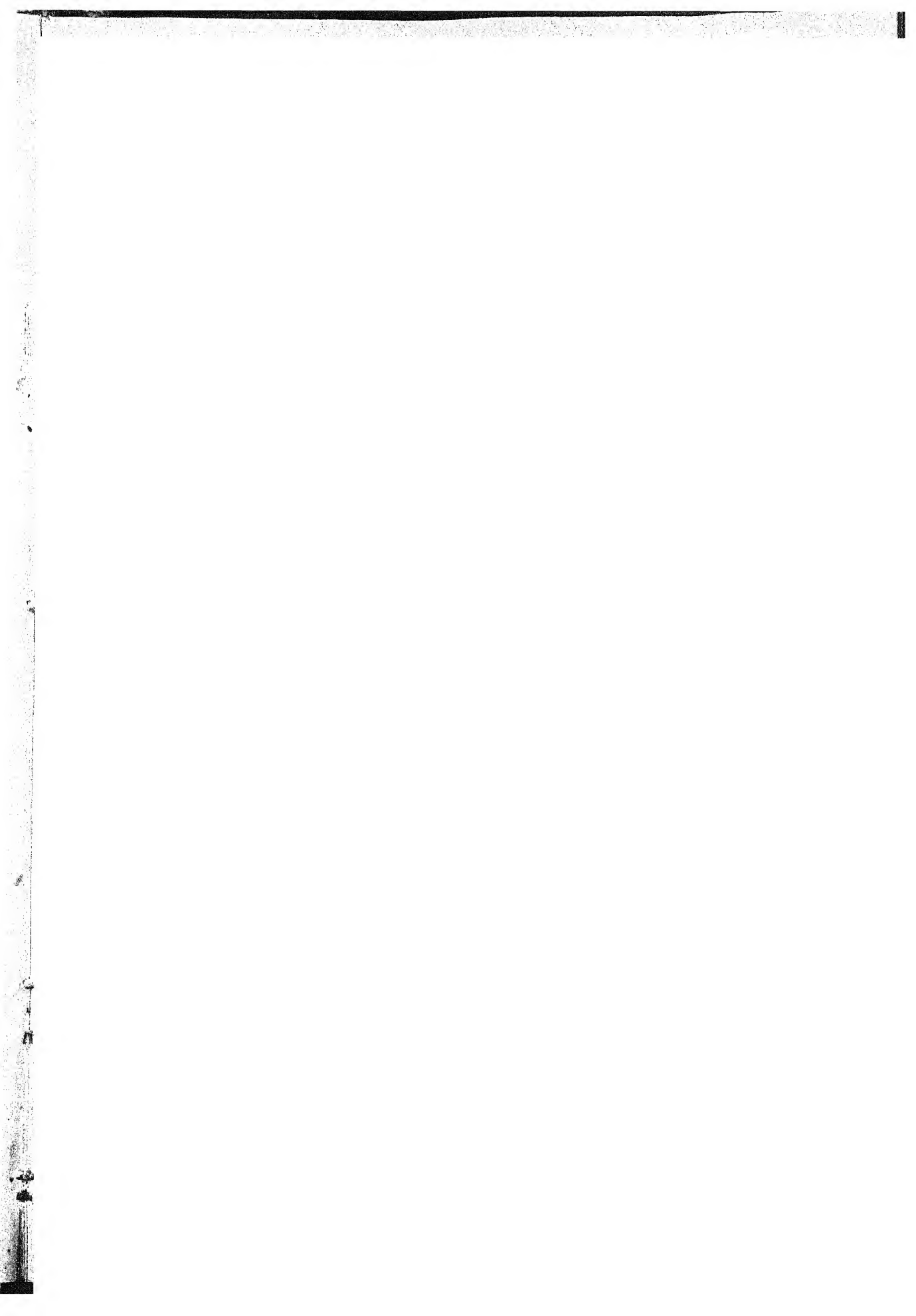
She hesitated, a deep sigh escaping her.

'You have spoken the truth,' she answered in a low, broken voice, full of emotion. 'Would that I could also tell you the truth regarding myself. Then happiness would be mine.'

'Cannot you tell me?' I urged.

'Alas! no,' she answered in the same low voice, shaking her head sadly. 'It is a secret which even you may not know. Because of it, sorrow and joy mingle within my heart.'

'You are unhappy,' I said seriously. 'I know you are terribly unhappy. How can I help you? Surely I may render some assistance? I cannot



A WOMAN'S HOME.

By Mrs TALBOT COKE.

PERHAPS no word in our language is more justly entwined with the flowers of sentiment and fancy than that of Home—a word, by the way, for which no other nation appears to possess a real equivalent.

Certainly no song will ever raise more emotion and enthusiasm in British hearts than will the simple strains of 'Home, sweet Home,' whether heard in our own land or in one of its most distant colonies. The source of satisfaction to the sex feminine should therefore be extreme in viewing the fact that, though 'men build houses,' women can, and *do*, 'make homes'—an inherited prerogative, sweeter far than some so clamoured for nowadays.

It would, however, be beyond the scope and purposes of this article to attempt to define the womanly attributes which tend to 'make a home' even of the most unpromising material. We will, therefore, keep mainly to things outward and visible, and begin by considering what a home is *not*.

Plenty of people imagine that when they have built a large house, with all modern improvements, and have bid one firm decorate and another furnish it, regardless of expense, there will be 'a home ready to walk into.' This is a mistake. One cannot walk into a ready-made home any more than into a ready-made friendship; both must be built up bit by bit until the result is felt to be almost part of one's self, and therefore not lightly to be parted with.

Now, I feel I am running counter to popular sentiment, and am perhaps paradoxical, when I say the 'home' atmosphere comes quite as much from the furniture and arrangement thereof as from the house itself—in other words, that the woman gifted with the home-making power, and able to take her furniture about with her, will shed her own personality over every house she inhabits; whereas a woman without this lovable power will have a handsome house which yet falls short of a home.

But let us first consider a settled—that is, an inherited—home, which is no doubt somewhat hampered with traditions of the past, and is therefore an occasion for the exercise of what may be called decorative tact. For the wise woman must verily be 'all things to all houses.' Suppose she marries from the flippant prettiness of a large villa into the dignified austerity of an old priory, how easily without decorative tact may disaster result! Suppose, for instance, our bride has ideas of her own, without the precious sense of eternal fitness of things, which alone makes such ideas useful, she will dress up the low priory drawing-room, with its quaint, prim Gothic

windows, in bright pink wall-paper with rose garlanded frieze; gaily arrange French furniture on a flowery Aubusson carpet; and, after arranging equally appropriate schemes all through the house, will complacently say to friends, 'You really must come and see The Priory! I'm sure you won't know it.' An old monastic house thus treated is almost as terrible as a woman of seventy in a white frock and a picture hat. More ludicrous results have, however, been made by the woman who climbs down (matrimonially) and not up; and who—because they looked so well in the lovely old hall at home—may insist on buying suits of armour for the hall of a frankly modern villa! In short, one wants, in settling into a fresh home, old or modern, plenty of that somewhat uncommon article misnamed 'common-sense.'

Now, having been consulted by (literally) many thousands of women about their homes during the past twelve years—homes which ranged from the castle to the cottage—I may reasonably be supposed to know something not only about houses, but about the pitfalls into which my own sex is most prone—decoratively—to fall. Unhesitatingly, then, I dub these weakness of judgment, absence of the power to forecast effect, and, above all, a tendency to follow the mode of the moment.

This love—vulgarising and extravagant—of the 'latest novelty' is, alas! no new failing of the sex feminine. Did not our grandmothers, under its fell sway, banish to the attics or (irrevocably) to the nearest salerooms the now priceless furniture made by Chippendale, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite; replacing it, too, with the clumsy atrocity of the somewhat disloyally-named 'Early Victorian' period? Incredible how any one could welcome the hideous 'balloon-back' dining-room chair—with its seat buttoned down into tiny dust-traps, too!—after, perchance, owning a set of shield-back Chippendales, carved with dainty wheatears, and standing on graceful 'wedge' legs. But Fashion makes more fools than does Folly herself!

One would fain hope that the advance of public taste during the past twenty or thirty years—an advance we decorative scribblers have of late years sought to keep going—will avert the repetition of such short-sighted folly. The danger, if any, will lie in the trade craze for novelty, and of a section of the public being swept off its mental balance by what may be termed 'fad' furniture.

Fad furniture, properly speaking, must have been designed by one celebrity, carried out by another, and sold—ever at a prodigious price, for its very plain appearance—by a third. One may see a weirdly, uncomfortable chair, a mere glance at which banishes the thought of rest; indeed, the

only part of it which is not green-stained oak is an austere little cushion covered with blue velvet. This chair, with designer and maker's name attached, may be priced at twelve pounds twelve shillings; and one marvels who will buy it. Then, above all, unless the rest of the furniture were equally freakish and uncanny, how would it look in a room? One thing is certain: fad furniture can only be placed in a house built and decorated on purpose for it—a house in which, to be *really* in keeping, the owner should even have a tendency to the so-called 'aesthetic' style of dress.

Fad furniture will therefore, I fancy, never make much headway with the average man and woman not willing to live in bondage to the 'Early' style of their goods and chattels. And, lest I put the cart before the horse, here must come in a few words anent decoration. In the want of decorative tact lies the sole difficulty in choosing the wall-papers for a special house; and here again comes in the pitfall of imitateness. Let us suppose that Mrs. A. owns beautiful old china, also coloured prints after Morland and Wheatley's pictures, old fans, black silhouette portraits, old samplers, and other treasures in the shape of genuine Chippendale cabinets, tables, &c. In an evil hour she visits a friend clever in the 'tricky' way of disguising an *omnium gatherum* of valueless furniture by enamelling it ivory. Setting this furniture, with praiseworthy tact, against the indefiniteness of a flowery wall-paper, and striking a good note of colour by a shaded blue pile carpet and blue curtains, the room—all honour to its owner!—looks fresh and individual. Yet, alas that, returning to her own county, Mrs. A. seeks to repeat the decoration, only to find, with a sense of injured surprise, that her old china is unnoticed, while the dark furniture shows up hard and heavy, instead of, as heretofore, waiting coyly to be admired!

Now, the tact which alone makes a born decorator would have told her that the setting her special possessions cried aloud for was a softly-shaded, red-striped wall-paper and deep frieze of a chintz-like paper with gay old-world flowers and peacocks. A soft willow-green and cream ceiling-paper and ivory paint would complete the scheme. How bravely would the old china and pictures show up! How cosily gleam the dark furniture! Shimmery-green velvet curtains and a green pile carpet would complete the picture. It would, of course, be arbitrary to say that Chippendale furniture (old or reproduced) must necessarily be set against red walls. The 'lighting,' size, and, above all, the aspect of the room must always govern the colour. For a south or south-west room, for instance, dark furniture looks exceptionally well against a vivid green wall. This—with ivory paint, and old-world chintz curtains and furniture-covers, showing peonies, birds of paradise, &c., in gay colours—forms another charming scheme of

decoration. The carpet should be green, or a red-centre Aubusson. A cold, sour, yellow wall-paper is too often the suggestion of an 'upholsterer decorator' for Chippendale furniture; he usually combines it with a frieze of gaudy chrysanthemums or nodding poppies, whence the eye vainly seeks relief; and he is apt to suggest 'pale ivory paint, just picked out with shades of pink.' The fact is, a little yellow is a dangerous thing; and a yellow paper, unless bolder than the average woman dare choose, is apt to go white by lamp-light, making curtains and carpet seem oppressively dark patches. Blue walls will be found quite the most becoming background to Sheraton furniture (old or reproduced); it shows up the rich yellowy tone of the satinwood bands and the dainty 'stringing.' Nor, by the way, can one possibly choose a better setting than turquoise-blue for Dutch marqueterie. Those attempting to put the latter furniture against a flowery wall are indeed foredoomed to decorative despair; and these words open the door to a few remarks about the balance of design.

A too common mistake made both by upholsterers and owners of rooms is that of trying to match everything. Monotony is not harmony. Say you choose a flowery wall-paper, and proceed to find a brocade 'as near as possible' for the curtains, and a carpet 'which really might have been made for the brocade,' and then light on a furniture-covering which 'might almost be a bit of the wall-paper;' and, lo! when all is done, you will vaguely wonder why the room disappoints you, and why no one ever admires it.

The remedy may be alternative, but must be drastic. Let us suppose the dominating shades in the wall-paper are pink and green. We can either leave the flowery curtains and carpet, and repaper all but two feet at the top of the room (which then, with the addition of a wooden frieze-rail, becomes a floral frieze) with a softly-striped, self-coloured green paper; or we can—leaving the flowery walls as they are—have the garish carpet dyed moss-green, and substitute plain green curtains for those of flowered brocade, which will, by the way, suit a self-coloured paper in another room admirably. So shall the balance of design—that is, plain *versus* flowered—be once again held level. Alas that the balance of colour is too big a subject to enter into here! Real colourists are, however, born, not made; and the God-sent gift of an eye for colour gives its owner endless joys.

A broad and undeniable decorative fact is, that on the style and colour of the background—that is, on the paper or other material chosen for the wall—depends the success of a room. A magnificent and (being at a show-place) very well-known room here comes to mind. It is a huge state drawing-room, and used to be decorated in large panels framed in *carton-pierre*, painted ivory, and filled in with rose-red Genoese brocade—a shabby but stately

background to the various old *pietra-dura* cabinets and pedestals, the old ebony coffers inlaid with ivory, the Broddingnagian gold couches, and other delights. Standing in that room of late, I noted with horror that the wall had been stripped of all the raised scrolls and garlands, and papered with a chilly gray paper of the Morris school, and therefore excellent in *design* but fatally inappropriate—an absolute anachronism.

Had it not been wished to renew the costly silk (at possibly the cost of a guinea the yard), there are nowadays splendid quality 'silk effect' rose-red papers at eight shillings and sixpence or so the dozen yards; and as to the *carton-pierre*, it should be made penal to remove such lovely decoration!

We do not, however, all possess state drawing-rooms, so let us again turn to rooms of more moderate pretensions. The age of the house and style of architecture must, of course, be one's guide. For instance, I can imagine no more absurd contrast than one of my own 'soldiering homes'—a hut at Aldershot—and the actual family home I now inhabit. In one case the window-curtains measured fifty inches in length; in the other, four and a half yards. How different must be the treatment of such rooms! If, then, your house is of the Georgian period—long, straight rooms, and high, somewhat narrow windows—it is no case for frivolous decoration, still less for the ultra-aesthetic. A wall-paper about which one may rave at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition would be fatally out of place in a Georgian country-house.

If your house is an essentially modern one, with queer-shaped rooms and surprise windows peeping here and there, or is even an old Henry VII. priory, there is scope for the cautious use of the aesthetic school of wall-papers. But they are essentially fettering, once hung; and nothing which has not emanated from the same school of thought will look well in the room. Even the loveliest rose-strewn brocade cushion will upset the harmony of a room papered with an ultra Morris or Voysey paper. In fact, I was once shown over a beautiful house, decorated by the former, some years ago, when the owner, on my asking for her daughter's new photograph, said woe-fully, 'Oh, I am not supposed ever to have photographs in the drawing-room. They don't suit the wall-paper or something!' which seemed to me to savour more of the house that *bullies* you than of the 'home,' friendly, lovable, and welcoming. The wall-paper, therefore, should always serve the room rather than govern it; and it is an undoubted fact that one's furniture and one's friends look best against a wall of rich colour and paper of 'flat' design, say in two shades of that colour, with perhaps a deft touch of a third. Unless in a yellow room, when green-stained doors and skirting gives the chance for a deliciously quaint room, it may be laid down that ivory wood-work everywhere shows a house at its best.

Were I building, however, all doors should

be of dark, polished mahogany, as in olden days. The exception to this would be doors of bedrooms, which (inside the room) should be ivory. An excellent result (in houses of the date where all passage skirtings and doors were grained brown) can be obtained by having grained doors treated with coat after coat of dark varnish stain until the graining scarcely shows, and then having the door frames and skirting ivory.

An effective yet very inexpensive way of producing an ivory dado in long passages is to have a wooden dado rail (twopence or threepence the foot) fixed on the wall say three feet six inches above the skirting, and the space thus enclosed treated with two or three coats of 'wapieti.' This is applied like distemper, but does not rub off, and can be cleaned with a damp flannel. Having lately treated some two hundred and eighty feet of hitherto gloomy passages thus, with the addition of an effective blue-and-white wall-paper above the dado, I can gratefully record the result.

As regards the very large subject of furnishing, it is hard here to be very helpful. So much depends on the house to be furnished, the money which is available, and the tastes and avocations of the inmates. But the policy should always be the same—that is, 'What will suit me and suit my style of rooms?' not 'What do other people buy?'

The very strong wave of feeling in favour of faithful reproductions of the best period of English furniture—a wave, I am proud to feel, women-writers have now for some years urged forward—has done much to swamp the trivial attempts of the maker of latest novelties. At their best these generally consist, as to ingredients, of ebonised wood, printed velveteen, and brass nails; at their worst, of bamboo and lacquer flap-tables, or—sorrow's crown of sorrows!—of plaited rush and wicker plant-stands and other rubbish. Better the barest room than one crowded with things which must deteriorate, not improve, with age; whereas, with a really well-made and faithful reproduction of a carved oak chair or side-board, every year of elbow-grease tones down and softens edges, mellows colour, and makes one's possession more and more desirable.

The same may be said of modern Chippendale and Sheraton—when well made, and not 'blown together' for effect and rapid sale. It is now possible to buy a well-made little Chippendale or Sheraton bureau for four pounds fifteen shillings; while the rickety little screen desks, with their misapplied autotype and lack of room to write, or the bamboo and leather-paper horrors, cost almost as much, yet would inevitably be thrown away long before the bureau had even reached its prime.

Alas that the inexorable law of space leaves me scant room for views on bedroom furniture, surely never so pretty or so convenient as to-day! One has but to look back thirty years or so and

recall the ugly, clumsy, and costly ash and birch suites of one's early married days, or back farther still to home-days, and spare bedrooms all furnished alike with the ponderously-plain red mahogany suites, costing seventy and eighty pounds, yet unlovable and ugly, to realise the difference betwixt then and now. Let us, therefore, rejoice that we can nowadays get most elaborate and beautiful suites, of varied style, and at less than half the afore-named cost; while for plainer styles, good roomy suites can be bought for from nineteen pounds to twenty-eight pounds. Had I to fulfil the enviable task of furnishing, say, twelve nice spare bedrooms in the same house, I would vary them as follows: Two Chippendale rooms, primly austere; three Sheraton rooms, rich and cosy in colouring; three, again, with ivory furniture and 'Frenchy' decorations (delicious for the summer guest); one room with a quaintly-carved Queen Bess dark oak suite, yellow wall, chintz hangings, and bright-yellow self-coloured ware; one peacock room, with a most uncommon little suite I have seen, with peacocks inlaid on the wardrobe doors, &c.; and two with green-stained furniture, having leaded-glass panels and copper handles—one to be a green-and-blue room, and one a green-and-yellow one. Such rooms, daintily carried out in little accessories, blotting-

books, paper-cases, &c., would be a constant source of innocent pride to their owner.


But the liberty of choice falls seldom to the lot of those who live in an inherited home, and are therefore compelled to make the best of such bedroom furniture as the house contains. Giving each suite its most flattering setting of wall-paper and paint will, however, often work wonders, and there is, after all, a sense of triumph in overcoming difficulties. Even a sickly buff ash suite, which against a timid little drab-and-white paper looks hopelessly insipid, will against a brilliant turquoise wall, with yellow rose garland frieze on an ivory ground, seem almost covetable.

In fact, so beautiful in design and colour are even the cheap wall-papers and fabrics of to-day that—short of actual trash—no furniture need dismay a woman with a knowledge of decoration and an eye for colour. It is, therefore, difficult to look round an 'ill-treated' room without marveling at the perverted ingenuity which conceived and carried out so much ugliness nowadays!

Would that space and opportunity were mine to descant on curtains, coverings, and carpets in their varied relations to the 'house beautiful'; but the subject of the home is a vast one, and the more one writes the more remains unwritten.

THE FORTUNES OF HARALD'S CROSS.

CHAPTER II.

 S I went downstairs my heart was hot against Turton. I found old Mrs Harcourt, who was acting hostess, smiling behind the tea-urn; and your mother passed me over a letter. "It is from my father," she said. "He will be here to-morrow." "Perdition!" I said. I really couldn't help it, though I was thoroughly ashamed; and old Mrs Harcourt broke into senile chuckling. "Oh, dear me!" she gasped out. "Are you so much afraid of him as that? What a happy party we shall be! It's just as if he was the headsmen coming to make an end of you." There was a ghastly truth in this way of putting it; but I took no notice, and made my apologies as well as I could. "Oh don't think I mind," she said, still laughing; "it came out so very pat. It was so nice to know exactly how you feel about it." But your mother got up in obvious vexation. "I am sure you have quite misunderstood what John meant," she said; "and, in any case, don't you think it's time to stop that tap?" The old lady gave a loud scream, for she had left the urn running when she began to laugh. The whole table was aswim; and in the confusion I got away, and desired the butler to ask Turton to bring all his papers and accounts to me.

'He came so quickly that he must have been waiting for me. His manner was admirable—quiet, courteous, and full of sympathy for my father's illness. I had not given the man credit for ability to cut so good a figure; he was a passable imitation of a gentleman that day, and showed none of that mental discomfort which one associates with the idea of a thief. I had meant to tax him with his theft; but seeing him in this humour, I resolved first to get out of him all the knowledge I could of the accounts. He was patient with me to a degree, and offered explanations neither too full nor too meagre. "I want you to understand everything, Mr John," he said, with a pleasant smile; and at the end of a long morning's work I had found no flaw; I had seen nothing which was not plausibly correct, however disastrous in itself. Yet I was not satisfied. There was an excess at every point of which I did not think my father capable; there was too much that needed explanation. I said a dozen such things to myself throughout the morning; yet Turton was ready for me everywhere. I went in to lunch feeling very low, and could only shake my head mournfully when your mother looked up and caught my eye.

"I declare," said old Mrs Harcourt as we sat at lunch, "the world has grown very sensible.

I was half-afraid, when I was asked to come and chaperon a young engaged lady, that I might have to toil after her and her hot-blooded swain into all kinds of troublesome places. But I find I can enjoy my book by the fireside in comfort while Edwin is safely closeted with his man of business, and Angelina paddles about the wet shrubbery catching cold all by herself. That seems to me so very sensible and nice." "Don't be so foolish, Aunt Maria!" said your mother, showing a little annoyance. "I suppose I may wander about by myself sometimes without having John tied to my skirts." "If I were you, however," I said, trying to turn the conversation, "I wouldn't do it this afternoon; for I watched a great bank of black clouds creeping up from the sea, and I think we are going to have a dirty night." Even as I spoke a splash of rain wetted all the window-panes, and a sudden gust sent the last leaves on the elm-trees scudding round the lawn. "I see," said your mother; "I shall spend the afternoon comfortably beside the fire with Aunt Maria, and you may come in when you feel inclined."

"I went back to the accounts, and worked with Turton till the light began to fade, when I gave it up for the day and joined the others in the library, where a noble fire made the whole aspect cheerful, in spite of the rising storm without. My father had come down, and lay in a great chair before the fire, not caring to talk much, and dropping off occasionally to sleep. Mrs Harcourt was nodding over her book; and in a little while your mother said to me, "Come over here, John; I have something to say to you."

"She was sitting at the farther end of the room, and I went over and sat beside her. "You have said nothing to Mr Turton about the paper which he stole?" she asked. "Nothing," I replied. "Do you think I was wrong?" "No; I am glad you did not. I have a fancy—a mere wild notion, you will say." She stopped a moment, and looked at me appealingly. "Tell me what it is first," I said, pretending to be severe. "How can I give you absolution until I know?" But she was very grave and very much in earnest, and would not take a jesting tone. "I think," she said, "that Mr Turton has a clue to something valuable which is buried in or near the south tower."

"Now, there was something in the way your mother said this that struck me very much. Perhaps it may have been partly the impression of the darkened room, the two old people slumbering in their chairs, the storm raging outside. I know not how it was; but in that moment a suggestion which I would have scouted ordinarily sank in without resistance from my common-sense. Your mother's eyes were glittering on mine. "I'm glad you don't begin by telling me how foolish I am," she said. "Now, listen. The shrubbery around the south tower is full of deep holes, only partly filled in. Your gardeners don't go there, I

observe; perhaps the nonsensical story about the ghost of a monk may keep them away. Somebody has been trenching that ground systematically; and if any one says it was to benefit the roots of the trees, I say it was not. Now, while you were shut up with Mr Turton this morning, I went over the ground carefully for want of something better to do. The trenches outside the tower are not very recent, but"—and here she stopped and looked round to make sure she was not overheard, then went on in a whisper—"but he has begun to dig in the tower itself." "How did you discover that?" I asked, more and more impressed by her manner. "The ground-floor of the tower is nothing more than a basement vault, and has an earthen floor. It is entered by an open archway, and all manner of garden rubbish seems to lie there. One piece of the floor has been cleared; it caught my eye at once. There are chalk-marks on the walls, and a peg is driven into the ground at the intersection of the lines." "I will go and see at once," I said, getting up in some excitement; but your mother pulled me back. "You will do nothing half so foolish," she said; "this is my adventure, and you are in it under my orders." Then, seeing my face clouded, she went on, "Don't you see that you can't go there now without alarming him? Do you suppose he would not be upon the watch? The clue is his, not ours, and we must let him go farther before we stop him."

"There was a curious exhilaration about your mother that night. Her eyes sparkled, and her colour was as high as if she had come in that moment out of a stinging wind. She got up, and walking across the room, sat down on the hearth-rug at Mrs Harcourt's feet, saying in her wilful way, "I am tired of John, Aunt Maria. Tell me a story." The old lady woke up with a little cry. "I was dreaming of a griffin," she said plaintively, looking round as if uncertain whether it were not that woeful animal which had attacked her. "Then you ought to be very much obliged to me for waking you," retorted Alice positively. "I don't know, I'm sure," the old lady went on feebly. "I used to go and look for that griffin when I was a little girl; but I never found it until now." "And now I have come between you and him, and you may never find him again," said your mother, mocking her. "What was he like, Aunt Maria? Had he claws?" "I won't tell you another word about him," said Mrs Harcourt peevishly. "You're a tiresome child, and I hope you'll have a niece just like yourself to plague you when you're old."

"There was a griffin at Hardraw Castle," observed my father, whom we had thought to be asleep. "That's the very one!" cried Mrs Harcourt; "and he had his tail wrapped round a great treasure in some vault." "I know," my father nodded. "This country-side is full of fables

such as that." I saw your mother's eyes burning in the twilight. She left her aunt and fastened on my father. "What makes them so plentiful here, Colonel Haraldsen?" she asked. "Why, this was a very disturbed country," my father answered, "and a solitary, out-of-the-way country, too, where the power of law was weak, and people in old days did much as they liked. You'll notice if you look about that the creek through which our river runs to the sea must have been a good landing-place for pirates; and we know they swarmed all along this coast, and must have stored their plunder somewhere." At that Mrs Harcourt, who had taken up her knitting, laid it down in horror. "My dear Colonel Haraldsen, I feel sure you must be mistaken," she exclaimed. "You forget that the place was full of monks, whose influence must have been enough to put an end to such wickedness." But my father only laughed. "If all tales are true the monks of this Priory were very friendly with the pirates," he said, "and used to store their goods in return for certain small considerations." "I don't believe it; I don't believe it! Nothing will make me believe it," cried Mrs Harcourt obstinately. "It's a gross slander; they were all good men." "I could prove it out of my muniment-chest if you gave me a little time," my father retorted. But Mrs Harcourt shook her head. "Nothing fibs like a parchment deed," she said triumphantly; and my father laughed again.

"But your mother would not let the subject drop. "I suppose there is no doubt that the monks did hide their valuables in times of danger," she said half-aloud, as if thinking to herself. "Why, yes," my father answered, "I think that is tolerably certain; and small blame to them, if they were always as well stocked with plate and jewels as they were in this Priory. I have a list somewhere of all the wonderful things—jewelled pyxes, crosses studded with emeralds, and the like—which were not forthcoming when the inventory of goods was made at the dissolution. There was a row about it; but I think the matter was never cleared up. Of course there is a story that the treasures are still buried here. There always are such tales about these old buildings." "And has no one ever searched?" asked your mother in amazement. "My dear child, they have been searching these last three centuries on and off. But people are too wise now to spend their lives in chasing phantoms. My grandfather must have been rather keen about it; for I have a bundle of notes and plans in his writing, drawn out evidently with the object of narrowing the area of search." My father stopped and took up the *Times*. A moment afterwards he lowered the paper and said to me, "Those were the papers which Turton wanted to look at—you remember, John? It was no affair of his."

"I think I never felt my heart beat as wildly

as it did at these words of my father's. Your mother looked at me with a curious tightening of her features, but spoke no word. Mrs Harcourt had dropped asleep again, dreaming perhaps of her griffin. My father read his paper; Alice sat at his feet in silence, and I strove to reduce to order the thoughts which were surging through my head as wildly as the storm that beat outside upon the window-panes. At last the dressing-bell rang; and as the others passed out of the room your mother held me back and closed the door again. "You heard?" she asked; and I nodded. "I mean to see what he is doing in that tower," she said. "Not you—not you," I objected a little wildly; "this is not woman's work." At that she laughed. "I did not mean to go alone," she said, "but I mean to go with you. Is there any servant in the house whom you can trust?" "There is Hughes, the butler; he is perfectly discreet, and went through the Peninsular campaign with my father. But let me beg you"—She cut me short. "Tell him nothing till the other servants are in bed," she said. "Then he cannot repeat what he does not know."

"Further words were useless; she had made up her mind. I hardly know how the rest of the evening passed. I have no more clear recollections till I was standing by the window at the end of the corridor upstairs waiting for your mother. She did not come till the whole house had been quiet for some time. "I have been watching for his light," she said, "but I have not seen it yet. You go and waken Hughes." I went softly downstairs to the little room where the butler lay. He heard my footstep, and struck a light as I pushed the door open. "Sleeping like an old soldier, Hughes?" I said. "Don't give an alarm, but get up quietly and come with me." He was out of bed in a moment, alert and active. "Is anything wrong, sir?" he asked, throwing on his clothes. "Better ask no questions, Hughes," I answered; and though he looked astonished, as well he might, he said nothing more.

"In another moment we were at the garden door, where your mother was awaiting us. For the moment the storm had lulled; but as we turned the corner of the house there swept through the darkness a blast so tremendous that no one of us could stand against it. The very sky seemed to rock. There was a terrible rending sound in the air as if great trees were being split and torn, as was indeed the fact; and the wind carried with it a whirl of broken twigs and branches that cut our faces like whips and nearly blinded us. I grasped your mother by the arm; but we were both driven back into the shelter of the house; and when the squall passed Hughes found us there. He had hidden his lantern under the ample skirts of his military cloak, so that it was burning still, and holding

it high in one hand, he surveyed us reproachfully. "I wouldn't take a lady out on such a night," he said, "no, not for"—"There, never mind telling us what inducement you would have refused," said your mother a little haughtily; "you have not taken a lady out. It is she who has taken you." Hughes shook his head sagaciously, but dropped behind; and I, seeing that protestation was useless, took the lantern in one hand, and holding your mother by the other, we moved out from the shelter of the house.

"There are no tall trees along this drive," I said, "so we have nothing to fear from them." Your mother nodded; and we went on in silence, if such there could be in so infernal a turmoil of the air. I tell you, Frank, I have been out in many storms, but never in one so wild as that; nor have I ever since that night mocked at those half-insane fancies that creatures which are neither dead nor living—spectral hounds, wailing infants—are abroad in the air when the wind blows fiercely. I am not an imaginative man, but I could hear screams and howlings in the dark sky which I never want to hear again. Your mother clutched my arm tightly; and when I turned to see if Hughes was following, I could see his lips moving fast as if he were repeating prayers. Upon my life, I would have done the same if my head had not been in such a whirl of excitement that I could not remember one. So we went on blindly, or at least I did, and had almost stumbled on the tower in the darkness, when your mother with one hand pulled me back suddenly into the shadow of the trees, and with the other detained Hughes also. It was time; for we had almost stepped into a little streak of light which lay across the pathway, streaming out of the old archway of the tower, while inside, under the vaulted roof, we could see the head and shoulders of a man working busily with pick and shovel.

'As we stood watching him I held my breath, though I might have spoken freely without being heard during the squalls, which were almost intermittent. He worked feverishly, stopping now and then for breath; and when he turned, half-crouching in the pit which he had dug, and wiped away the beads of sweat that stood upon his forehead, I could see that he was trembling with some emotion stronger than fatigue. From time to time he looked up apprehensively as some roar more violent than the last tore through the sky; and once, when an eddy swept right through the vault, blowing his lantern almost out and scattering the piled branches which had concealed his work in every direction, he leapt out with a cry, and had almost cannoned into us, but returned to his work with a set face and more energy than before.

'He was working so far in one corner of the vault that it was impossible to see accurately what he had effected without stepping into the streak of light from his lantern; and I therefore led

your mother and Hughes round to a broken window at his back, through which we could see that he had disclosed the arch of a sunken doorway. I touched your mother and pointed to it, and she nodded in reply; and then we stood for a long time watching, while Turton unearthed the ancient doorway foot by foot, till he was standing shoulder-deep in the pit which he had dug, and we could only see his head bowed to his task, except when he straightened his weary limbs and stood up for a moment's rest. It was after one of these reliefs that I heard a different sound from that produced by the labour of his pick and spade. It was the rending of woodwork; and stealing round cautiously into the vault itself, I saw that the doorway had been blocked by balks of timber, which, having rotted in the damp of three centuries and more, were now easily torn away by hand. He pulled the first down without trouble, disclosing a wide opening behind. The next was stouter, and pausing a moment to take breath, he looked up and saw me.

'In an instant he had whipped out of the pit, and stood before me, a strange, wild creature, hardly recognisable as the trim solicitor who had spent the day in giving me patient explanations of intricate accounts. His dress was torn and muddy, and there flamed in his face something which made me recoil as he thrust it towards mine closer and closer. We did not speak. I suppose there was not really time; for in a moment, as it seemed, he had launched his whole body at me, and was jabbing at my neck and face with a knife. The suddenness of the thing was more than I was prepared for, and he bore me down in a corner of the vault, where he might have finished me, so impetuous was his attack, had not Hughes and your mother rushed in at that moment and torn him off.

'I scrambled to my feet. Turton was struggling like a maniac with Hughes, but the toughened muscles of the old soldier were still good for holding an attorney; and at last he realised this and was still. My wound was a mere scratch. I put aside your mother, who was imploring me to bind it up, and went up to my assailant. "What am I to do with you, Mr Turton?" I asked him as coolly as I could. "You receive my father's confidence, and you lead him into ruin. You steal his papers at night from his study, after he had distinctly refused to let you have them, and you cap all by making secret excavations on his property, and then try to murder me when I come to see what is going on." I waited for an answer, but none came. "These are matters which must be answered in a court of law," I said; "you cannot suppose that I shall pass over an attempt upon my life." Still there was no answer; and I was about to direct Hughes to take him to the house and call up some of the servants to secure him, when the fellow turned in Hughes's clutches like an eel, and whipped away through

the doorway. "After him, Hughes," I cried; but it was no use, and in five minutes he came back panting, with the report that he had missed the fellow in the darkness. "It is of no matter," I said. "Let us see what he was about."

'Hughes climbed down into the pit. The last balk of timber gave way quickly under his strong hands, and the opening lay free for entrance. I thrust a candle in as far as I could reach. It burned freely, and indeed a draught of air poured outwards, which showed that the passage must have some ventilation. I crept in. The footing was very broken, and the roof so low that I had to crouch; a little farther on it widened out, and I found myself in a small crypt. My lantern was quite powerless to dispel the darkness; it burned only like a star amid the gloom of centuries. "It is all right," I shouted back; "come through and bring all the light you can find." They were with me in another moment, and we could then see that the crypt was a tiny chapel, used perhaps by the soldiers in the guard-room above at times when they could not reach the church. There was a small altar at the eastern end, with a step leading up to it. "There is something crouching on the step," your mother whispered, and caught my arm to drag me back. I went up and turned it over. It had been something once, but was nothing then, only a mouldering robe which ill concealed a few dry bones, still resting where some poor brother of the Priory, forgotten perhaps by those who should have brought him sustenance, had laid himself before the altar and died in the sight of the trust committed to him.

'In presence of this strange spectacle we stood awed and silent. There was something unutterably solemn in the dim light, the half-heard roaring of the storm overhead, the dry bones crouched in supplication at the altar, and the knowledge that since those bones wore flesh and rendered up their spirit where they lay no living presence had stood in the lost chapel till we entered it. I think we were all touched by some strange feeling that old times had suddenly become real; that at any moment lights might gleam upon the rude small altar, and chants resound among the dark arches of the vault. Your mother gave one or two short sobs, as women will at times of mental tension; and, for my part, I had a strong inclination to turn and leave the ancient chapel as it stood, and let it slumber through the centuries again with all its mystery still untouched.

But those imaginative feelings which oppressed your mother and me so strongly weighed very lightly on old Hughes. We heard him moving about and muttering to himself at the back of the chapel, and presently he came forward and began to inspect the little apse in which the altar stood. "I wish he wouldn't," said your mother pettishly; "it seems like profanation;" and even as she spoke Hughes's voice cut across the stillness of

the vault. "I think, Mr John, we had better see what may be inside this chest," he said, his usually decorous speech permeated by a thrill of excitement. In the thick gloom we could just see that he was standing before a great case bound with iron. In an instant our scruples had vanished. The lid of the chest stuck heavily, and at first our united efforts could not stir it. At last it gave way; and there, among folds of very ancient linen, lay what no eye had looked on since the monks hid it and the king's commissioners searched for it in vain. We stood and gazed in wonder, while as the light from the lanterns fell inside the chest green and crimson flashes sparkled upwards, as if the gems which for three centuries had lain in darkness caught eagerly towards the returning light.'

The Colonel stopped and looked curiously at his son. 'I don't know that there is much more to tell,' he said. 'In two journeys we carried the contents of the chest to the house, and stored them safely, covering up the opening sufficiently well to give it a good chance of escaping observation from any chance visitor. I sent your mother to bed, and kept ward myself over the treasure, being unable to sleep. It was hardly light when Hughes came to me with a scared face. "They've found yon man, Mr John," he said in an agitated whisper. "He was lying in the buck-court with a great elm-tree athwart his body, and as dead as the weight of the tree could make him."'

'So that was the end of Turton,' observed Frank coolly. 'Well, he deserved his fate. And may I ask if you recollected that treasure-trove is the right of the Crown?'

'We did,' the Colonel answered.

'And did you then notify the discovery to the Treasury?'

'We did not,' the Colonel replied, looking his son straight in the eyes; 'but I may tell you that, so far from there being any curse necessarily attending the use of monkish treasure, everything has prospered with this estate from the hour when the old pyxes and chalices fell into our hands and went piecemeal to Hatton Garden; and the church has been the better for it too, as you may see if you compare the old prints with its condition now.'

Frank laughed. 'So that is the way you save your conscience for plundering the Crown,' he said. 'Well, it's lucky for me that you did not stick within the four corners of legality. But you have not told me what was in the box exactly.'

'I have told you quite enough,' his father answered grimly; 'and I am not sure that you might not have me prosecuted if you choose. I shall not say another word about the matter; and now I mean to go to bed.'

Frank still protested. 'I say, you know, you've roused my curiosity, and it's hardly fair to refuse to satisfy it.'

'Oh, well, if you really want to know,' the

Colonel answered, with his hand on the extinguisher of the lamp—'if you must know, Yew Tree Farm was in it, and all the slice of land beyond the river, which had been sold to Hardraw; and the side of Simon's Heath, where the best coal has since been found; and—and—why, hang

it all, Frank! you were in that chest yourself. That ought to satisfy you.'

And without more ado the Colonel's hand fell on the extinguisher, and the room was left in darkness.

THE END.

CONCERNING HER MAJESTY'S COASTGUARD.

TO every seaside visitor the coast-guardman is a familiar figure. There he stands, telescope under arm, near the flagstaff on the parade, now chatting about weather and tides to a benevolent old gentleman, now bewildering a Cockney tripper with his curious nautical jargon; while presently the glass is raised to his eye, and he scans the horizon with apparent earnestness. He is looking for non-existent smugglers, we suppose; and, from the premise that smuggling is a thing of the past, we draw the conclusion that our friend of the telescope is the representative of an obsolete institution—a survival which, however interesting and picturesque, is certainly not useful, except perhaps on rare occasions. We have, indeed, heard of great bravery being displayed, in cases of shipwreck, by members of the Coastguard force. But shipwrecks do not happen every day; and, besides, what is the function of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, if not the providing of succour when wrecks *do* occur on our coasts? So, altogether, we fail to see any adequate *raison d'être* for the blue figure on the parade, or for the spick-and-span new group of red-brick houses where he and his mates reside, unless the permanent object-lesson in neatness and cleanliness afforded by both could be considered such.

If these be our notions, it will be surprising to find that guarding the coast is by no means the primary duty of the men of Her Majesty's Coastguard. Not that this—their secondary duty—is by any means so insignificant as would at first sight appear. But, first and foremost, a coast-guardman is a man-of-war's-man. He belongs to a particular ship-of-war, on board which he is liable at any moment to be called upon to report himself. He knows his place and his duties on board that vessel; and he and his personal belongings are in a perpetual state of readiness for active service on her decks, in her stokehold, or elsewhere, as the case may be. We learn that he must have served for at least ten years in the Royal Navy, afloat, before joining the Coastguard; and that he is kept in touch with the latest nautical practice by yearly periods of training on board an ironclad.

On reflection, we see how unnecessary it would be to keep all our enormous war-vessels fully

manned during time of peace; yet how entirely useless they would be found, when required, if a proper complement of fully-trained men could not be speedily placed on board them. In former days, when more primitive methods were in use, it might have been sufficient, upon necessity, to entice or impress sailors all and sundry to help to man a ship-of-war. But now, when our wooden walls have given place to iron ones, and our simple mechanical appliances to the most complicated machinery; when one of our big war-vessels is a perfect mass of engines of various kinds, it is a different matter. A mariner whose only qualification is seamanship would probably tell us that he would be 'all at sea' on board an ironclad; in fact, be absolutely useless until he had undergone a somewhat lengthy training. Then again, in these days of rapid communication and sudden political developments, the manning of war-ships need not be a long business. In the leisurely old times there was opportunity to watch from afar the gathering storm, and to prepare for it ere it broke; even as, conversely, by the way, many a skirmish formerly took place in distant waters long after peace had been proclaimed between the belligerent powers, the combatants being ignorant of the fact that they now were friends! Now, when it is essential that our vessels should be in readiness for active service on the shortest notice, fully equipped and manned with a skilled and disciplined crew, each man knowing his work, and ready to take his place without confusion or delay, it is clear that a trained reserve force is an absolute necessity.

Such a force is the Coastguard, which is properly called the First Naval Reserve; and so complete and well understood are the arrangements for making use of it that, on the magic word being flashed by telegraph or telephone, the complete manning of those war-ships would be a matter of hours only.

We regard our Coastguard friend with more respect now. He is fast becoming in our eyes an embodiment of strength in reserve, as we measure his value, not so much by what we see him perform as by what we find him to be capable of at the right moment.

But what about his duties of coastguarding? How comes a man-of-war's-man into this sphere? The old-time preventive men had no connection

with the Royal Navy, we think? Quite so; formerly the guardians of our shores were civil servants, charged only with the duty of protecting the revenue. But it was surely a brilliant idea that of utilising our First Naval Reserve for this function, during such time as its members are not required on board ship. Thus the men are kept always at hand, always under discipline, and in a state of efficiency, while at the same time they are usefully employed in the office delegated to them by the Commissioners of Customs—the prevention of smuggling. Smuggling has doubtless decreased enormously within recent years. But why? Not merely because Customs-duties have been reduced or abolished on many articles of import. With a tax of from ten to seventeen shillings per gallon on spirits, and of from three-and-sixpence to five shillings per pound on tobacco, it is evident that the running of contraband goods would still be a most lucrative business, if it were now possible to carry it on successfully. The fact that it is not so carried on to any great extent is the highest possible testimony to the effectiveness of the preventive force. How much of the national revenue from Customs-duties, amounting to more than twenty-one million pounds per annum, would find its way into the Exchequer were the coast left unguarded? The answer is obvious. Hence the collection of those millions of pounds is only rendered possible by the services of the Coast-guard as a preventive force.

Nor is this the total of the usefulness of this little-thought-of branch of the naval service. Not merely is the coast guarded with the somewhat artificial object of enforcing certain forms of taxation, but also with the humane object of affording succour to such as may be in danger near our shores. This work is not rendered superfluous, as some might suppose, by the operations of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. For, important and useful as these operations are, they cannot universally be brought to bear. One has only to consult a map of the United Kingdom, with lifeboat stations marked upon it, as published by the Lifeboat Institution, to see how far distant is one lifeboat from the next; and when we inspect the elaborately constructed vessel, with all that appertains to keeping her in proper order, we are constrained to admit that it would be entirely Utopian to expect such expensive life-savers to be dotted very thickly around our islands. Then, besides the question of expense, there arises that of the lifeboat's crew. Suitable volunteers are easily found—all honour to them—near seaboard towns and villages; but what of the solitary tracts of seaboard, where no village exists within miles? As a matter of fact, lifeboats are placed in many such spots, their crews being formed, either par-

tially or entirely, by volunteers from the Coast-guard.

Happily for many a shipwrecked mariner, Coastguard stations are numerous; and the men, who watch in turns by day (not always on sunlit parades), and patrol the coast also by night, thus encircle the sleeping country with a ring of watchers who are ready for any emergency likely to arise. Does our patrol discern, on some dark and stormy night, an unfortunate vessel driving on shore? Her signals of distress find speedy response on land. One stroke of the coastguardman's 'portfire' on a stone, and a brilliant light appears, unquenchable by rain or wind. Its warning signal is seen by his mates to right and left, and all at the stations are quickly aroused. See! the vessel has actually struck the sands; in such a sea she must shortly go to pieces! They are bringing along the station boat. Can she possibly plough through the surf? She is a small craft compared with a lifeboat; and no public honour, such as always falls to the lot of a lifeboat's crew, is to be expected if lives are saved by her means, even though the risk is twice as great. It is only part of a coastguardman's ordinary duty, and no society is interested in making his deeds known. Nevertheless the launch is tried. Afloat at last, after exhausting attempts. Alas! the storm increases; in spite of all efforts the boat is driven back; the brave attempt has failed. Landing is as perilous as launching; and some poor fellows are washed overboard, battered and beaten by the waves. But at length, this time, thank God! all are on shore again. And now the vessel is being driven closer in, wind and water bumping her over the sands. Then the rocket apparatus can be used. Hurrah! they will save those on board yet. The men hurry to the rocket-house hard by the station, drag out the cart containing the complete apparatus, and bring it quickly to the scene of the wreck. A large light is set burning, and, with the greatest haste, preparations are set forward. It is not a case of 'more haste, less speed,' though; for each man knows his own special task, down to the minutest particular. Communication with the stranded vessel is effected; the first man is brought on shore in an incredibly short time, followed, one by one, by the rest. Before long the rescued are housed in safety and comparative comfort; while the rescuers, or such of them as can be spared from duty, as day breaks proceed prosaically to 'turn in' for a snatch of needed sleep.

After all, then, we reflect, the old saw about appearances being deceptive has proved itself true again. Our apparently easy-going coastguardman may be an actual hero as well as a potential one. But he does not know it; and no one is likely to enlighten him!

SOME CENTRAL QUEENSLAND NOTES.



HE article in *Chambers's Journal* for September last on 'The Wild Swan of Australia' has brought to my remembrance certain curiosities of animal and vegetable life in Central Queensland.

Up to the year 1878 kangaroos were plentiful. In 1874 we were surrounded by a great flood, seven and a half inches of rain having fallen in one night. There was not the slightest chance of getting a beast to kill for many days, owing to the soft state of the ground. The blacks supplied us with kangaroo-meat. Kangaroos could nearly always be seen from the station, camped on a stony rise under some *mulga* trees.

In 1878, in the month of January, there occurred a heavy thunderstorm, four and a half inches of rain falling in two and a half hours. This extraordinary fall in so short a time caused another heavy flood. When it subsided there was the worst plague of sandflies I ever saw. They drove the unfortunate cattle and horses distracted. The latter came up every morning to stand in the smoke of the cow-dung fires which we lit for them. For three years from that time I did not see a kangaroo, and until 1881 I only saw two. I may state that I was nearly every day on horseback, looking after the cattle and horses, so that I had every chance of seeing the animals if they had been there.

To the eastward, on the Darling downs, the kangaroos became a perfect plague, second only to rabbits. It was said the kangaroos had travelled against the wind, which was from the east, to escape the sandflies. That the kangaroos from our district should have contributed to the plague at the Darling downs is absurd; being very poor swimmers, they could not have crossed the flooded creeks and rivers, nor could they travel far or fast in the boggy ground. Another statement was that, tormented by the sandflies, the animals travelled until they dropped from sheer exhaustion. But, as we never found any remains, this opinion was not accepted.

I doubt if kangaroos are likely soon to become extinct. In 1891 they and their cousins, the wallabies, were a curse to settlers so near Melbourne as the Mount Dandenong.

Emus are very prolific, laying often thirteen eggs. Their nests are usually made in the scrub in stony places, and are exceedingly hard to find. The birds are comparatively scarce; a disease to which they are subject will possibly cause their extinction. Strange to say, black women will not even touch an emu egg or eat the flesh. This is probably due to some ruse of the men, anxious to get the good things for themselves. The eggs taste a little strong, but are good for puddings and omelets.

Before rain, and only then, countless numbers

of a species of swift appear, flying high; I have never seen one at close quarters. Where these large swallows come from, where they go to, and where they nest is not known even to the blacks. I have often ridden the whole day and not lost sight of them.

In 1867 we were visited by a swarm of rats. They were in such countless numbers that the cats, and even the wild dingoes, got disgusted, and would not eat them. We used to amuse ourselves by shooting them on the rafters of the house as we lay in bed. One fine day they vanished—into thin air perhaps; at all events no one has ever seen them again.

During the flood of 1874 we were visited by a flock of seven grebes, the golden-crested variety, of whose skin muffs are made. These were quite unknown in the district. Being divers rather than fliers, we were at a loss to understand how they arrived in a single night. We managed to secure three specimens. They had never been seen by the blacks.

Ducks in that part of the world nest high up in hollow trees, probably because of the floods. I have known two pairs to share the same nest. I have also found parrots' eggs mixed with those of the duck. How did the parents agree?

After suitable rains mushrooms abound, also a kind of truffle which is delicious. It is white, about the size of the fist, and looks very much like the brains of a sheep. It is eaten cut in slices and fried, or simply baked. Either way it would make a gourmand's mouth water. There is also a climbing orchid, which appears to me almost identical with the vanilla plant. I have eaten the pods green. Since I have seen the vanilla growing in the Seychelles I should like to know what these pods would taste like if properly prepared. I have written to see if I can have some of the ripe seed, which I shall try to cultivate in a hothouse.

HORRIDA BELLA.

WRAPPED in War's lurid guise, avenging forms
Stalk through the land with ruthless, blood-stained feet,
That leave crushed flowers and trampled unripe wheat,
Mute witnesses to devastating storms.
Stern reapers, heedless of man's piteous tears
And blinded eyes that cannot pierce the gloom,
They come untimely harbingers of doom,
And in their track a waste of barren years.

Faith sees, and tears aside the horrid mask
That hides the angels, on a glorious task
Obedient, watching, whilst a hero falls,
To gather each ripe soul, its work fulfilled,
Its perfume perfect, as the Father willed:
A fragrant blossom for the heavenly halls.

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE WATERWAYS OF VENEZUELA.

By Major STANLEY PATERSON, F.R.G.S.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

TALKING the other day to some of the Powers of Finance regarding the exploitation of certain territories in Venezuela, I was met by the objection that it was impossible on account of the terrible expense of making and upkeeping roads; and I said, 'My good sirs, what *are* you talking about? Do you not know that in that country there are seven thousand miles of roads keeping themselves clean, traffickable, and in good order all the year round, without the expenditure of a single penny?' Whereupon the Powers looked envious. There is a stupendous height of mendacity unattainable even by a City financier, and this they judged I had reached at one bound. Therefore must I attempt to justify myself. In so talking of roads I spoke metaphorically, rivers being the natural traffic-ways of Venezuela.

First and foremost is the Orinoco, the mother to whose brown bosom the turbulent little streams from the far-away hill-country hurry to hide themselves—one of the mighty rivers of the earth, which, along with her mightier sister, the Amazon, irrigates a continent with the snowflakes of the Andes.

The voyager who, leaving Port of Spain in our British colony of Trinidad, steams away south-east through the Boca del Serpo, when the incoming tide runs fast, will soon have his eye caught by a curiously-defined line of ridged water across the ocean; one side calm, clear, and blue; the other thick, tawny, and turbid. This is the scene of Mother Orinoco's first fight for freedom, her protest against absorption in the Atlantic. And it does not last long, for here she fights but feebly, fending the foe, as it were, from her flanks; while a hundred miles farther south, strong with the accumulated energy of her thousand children, she rushes boldly at him, oftentimes beating him back well-nigh a hundred

miles, and leaving a ruck of branches, nuts, and all the outdrift of a tropic stream to mark the place of her final vanquishment.

While steaming down to watch this outburst, the traveller will coast along a low, flat land, fringed with small sand-dunes, covered by the densest forest vegetation, and intersected by a network of innumerable creeks and inlets. This is the delta of the Orinoco—a delta whose apex at Barrancas is one hundred and twenty miles from the coast, while its base is fully one hundred and eighty miles in width. Canoes can freely paddle through the majority of these creeks; but only two of the main branches are navigable by steamers, and a wise republican government has decreed that the right to navigate these branches shall be sold as a monopoly to him who is best able to pay for it. Now, the only other entrance is by the Boca Grande, or 'Great Mouth,' which opens straight in the face of the Atlantic; and when the east wind sweeps free across the ocean, driving great hills and valleys of water before it, Mother Orinoco gets the worst of the battle, and the great white waves, climbing over her impotent resistance, hurl themselves against Barima Island, then swinging away westward dash themselves into spindrift on the sandbar raised by the continual contest betwixt river and sea.

At these seasons no river-boat can face the sea, nor can even light-draught ocean-going steamers gain exit or entrance, as there is often less than twelve feet of water on the bar. Consequently few merchants will risk their merchandise on so uncertain a voyage; therefore the monopoly-holder rubs his hands and carries fat cargoes at fat freights, for his exits open into the peaceful Gulf of Paria, wherein storms are not, and his steamers carry to an English colony the wealth of a country four times larger than the United Kingdom.

The delta-land is not a country to hanker after,

notwithstanding the wondrous richness of its tropical vegetation, as it is flooded half-way up the tree-stems for about five months in the year, and is the abiding-place of fever and mosquitoes—inseparable companions in the West. Its only inhabitants are the wild beasts of the forest and a few scattered families of gaunt Guaranos Indians, living in thatched shelters amidst the greenery of the river-bank, or on platforms built high up in a clump of *moriche* palms to ensure safety in times of inundation. These Guaranos live principally by fishing and by hunting the manatee or sea-cow; pushing their light dug-out canoes through the purple-flowering water hyacinths in the maze of silent creeks, till they find the place of his feeding, when they patiently wait for many hours to spear their prey.

At Santa Catalina, on the Inataca branch of the main river, some enterprising Americans procured a concession, built a hotel, and waited for visitors to use it as a summer resort. Some of them are still waiting; the others went away. Meantime the hotel serves as the headquarters of an iron company. At Barrancas, an unimportant mud-village, the steamy delta-land is left behind, and we meet the Orinoco rolling eastward in all her tawny glory, and, true to her similitude of femininity, changeable of mood in every few miles of her course.

Fifty miles above Barrancas is Guayana Viejo, 'the Gate of the Orinoco,' where all outward-bound ships are obliged to call for verification of papers. This place is guarded by an ancient mud-fort mounting two new Krupp guns, an armament of doubtful utility considering the garrison's ignorance of its working. During my first voyage on the river in 1896 the engineer of our launch, an escaped French convict, once a *quartiermaitre mecanicien* in the navy, but condemned to fourteen years in Cayenne, so astonished the soldiers by his facile manner of handling these heavy guns that he was promptly offered a commission to stop and work them. He wisely refused.

Yet another fifty miles westward lies Las Tablas, the landing-place of all stores for the well-known gold-mines round Guasapati and Upata, the main road from which towns strikes the river at this point. One hundred and twenty miles higher up is Ciudad Bolivar, the capital of the province of Guayana, the only town on the Orinoco worthy of the name; a city that has encountered many vicissitudes since, under the old Spanish rule, it was first known to the world as Angostura.

In the backwater below the town is congregated all the shipping of the river, from half-decked native launches and *piraguas* to the big paddle-steamer running the fortnightly mails to Trinidad, and the stern-wheelers belonging to the Orinoco Shipping and Trading Company, which, in addition to the Macareo monopoly, work the

Upper Orinoco and its tributaries. Every now and again one of these squat little boats, piled up with wood fuel till she looks like a floating timber-yard, waddles out into mid-stream, and, stoutly stemming the current, steams away westward to some scarce-heard-of tributary, from whence she reappears weeks later, deep laden with the country's crude products; which, disseminated through a thousand traders and factories, cleaned, stripped, and purified—crushed, crumbled, or coagulated—will grace the counters of our London shops under names so wondrous that half the original ingredients must blush to hear them.

From Bolivar to Caicara, a distance of over three hundred miles, the river flows steadily eastward with an average current of about three miles an hour, except at the Boca del Infierno, where we meet the first of the rapids of the Orinoco. Here the river is split in two by a large island, the southerly passage going by the name of Infierno, while the northerly is called the Torno, or Wheel, on account of its wild swirl of rushing water. At low-water the Infierno is considered the safest passage, as the hundreds of jagged rocks which constitute its main danger are visible. At high-water the Torno is preferable; and the way the small steamers are driven into the lower edge of the whirlpool, giddily swung round, and at the right moment forced to safety in the calm water above is little less than marvellous to those unaccustomed to river navigation. Notwithstanding these and other seeming dangers, an accident is unheard of; indeed, I believe only one steamer is known to have been lost on the river, and that one was wrecked through pure carelessness. All the way to Caicara the river runs between high mud-banks, top-fringed with belts of scrub or flowering trees, behind which stretch miles and miles of rich savanna land, broken by occasional outcrops of piled ironstone boulders, patches of dense forest, and impassable *moriche* swamp.

Let it be understood that in speaking of high banks I refer only to the summer or dry season (in reality our winter, October to April); because in the winter, when the snows melt and the rain pours down steadily for weeks and months without ceasing, as is the accepted custom of rain in the tropics, Mother Orinoco, freely fed by her thousand flooded tributaries, rises level with and frequently overflows her highest banks, swelling into a volume of foaming yellow water that sweeps along some forty or fifty feet above its ordinary winter level.

Every year the Orinoco becomes broader, for the mud-banks crumble away with alarming rapidity; day and night one can hear them falling with a splash and the rumble of distant thunder. This is greatly owing to the wearing effect of the current, but principally, according to the natives, to the action of the *rayas* or rays that abound in these waters. These fish, it is asserted, eat

away the soft mud of its banks just below the water-level, undermining great stretches in a single night.

As far as Caicara the valley of the Orinoco appears a dead flat, the great stretches of savanna reaching away on either side as far as the vision can travel. Only here and there one catches a glimpse of the blue mountain-tops beyond the distant horizon. Immediately beyond Caicara, a village small but important as a trading centre, the river, up to now running due east, takes a sudden bend and meets us directly from the south. Once round this bend the scenery improves, the savannas diminish in size, the forests become more noticeable, great boulders crop out along the river-bank, and mile by mile the mountains creep closer; until at Perico, nine hundred miles from the mouth, they hold the river tightly between them.

At Perico, or, to be accurate, at Puerto Zamuro, 'the Port of the Vultures,' three miles higher up-stream, navigation is stopped by the first of the really bad *raudals* or rapids of the Orinoco. Here the river runs for about three miles in a rocky and contracted bed, the fairway blocked by huge boulders and sharp reefs, round which the current rushes at reckless speed, carrying a great thresh of foam before it. Still, there is a passage, up and down which empty native boats are sometimes warped by cables; and it is even conceivable that a small and powerful steamer with a stout-hearted pilot might successfully compass the passage. I should prefer to observe the enterprise from the shore. This surmounted, the river, though turbulent in places, and boasting yet one somewhat difficult *raudal*, La Garcita, which in February of last year took me two days to pass in a native boat, is again navigable for some thirty miles; when another bad rapid, that of the Guahibos, blocks the way. This one is formed by a great reef of rock in three terraces stretching right athwart the stream. Over this the water pours in immense volume, falling thirty feet in about a hundred yards, and making the Guahibos more of a waterfall than a rapid. At low-water the higher portions of the reef are dry, and over these rocks, pitted by the action of the water with innumerable deep, cup-like cavities, canoes and boats have to be dragged or carried. On the eastern side, where the hurrying water has eaten a bay, there is a passage through which at high-water a steamer might pass by keeping close inshore, though this would scarce be worth the risk; for five miles farther south all navigation is stopped

by the worst of all the *raudals* on the Orinoco—that of Maipures, through which no living thing could pass unscathed.

Before reaching this point canoes and boats turn into the mouth of the Tuparro River, whence there is a road five miles long, on the Colombian side, across to Maipures, a village of six houses, used as a resting-place for goods and passengers travelling eastwards. In order to avoid the difficulties of transport through these several rapids a road is now in process of construction on the Venezuelan side opposite Maipures, and it is well within the limits of probability that in a couple of years the rush of a railway train will break the weird stillness of the virgin forest. Above Maipures the Orinoco is again free to navigation up to its farthest known point, practically its junction with the Cassiquare, a distance of one thousand three hundred miles. All this way it flows across the tableland of the Upper Orinoco valley, a huge extent of flat country, covered with dense primeval forest. Narrow gorges and rapids no longer exist; and the river, now with a width of about four miles, flows along, at times with a scarcely perceptible current, calm and placid as a lake. The banks are comparatively low; therefore, in the times of her summer greatness Mother Orinoco spreads her waters high over them, converting miles of forest into unwholesome swamp, whence arise clouds of white fever-mist that hang low over valley and river, and carry the germs of fever to the scanty inhabitants, eating away their energy and leaving them weak, listless, and anæmic.

This is the district of the caoutchouc or true india-rubber; and every thirty or forty miles along the river-bank we find a *barraca* or encampment of natives intent on the collection and preparation of the crude material of our future bicycle tyres. And these *gommeros*, as they are called, welcome the white man with exceeding joy, for well they know he will be plentifully supplied with small and compact 'remedies' for the *calentura* (fever) and the many other ailments the South American man is heir to. Besides, he may be kind enough to spare from his stock some few grains of coffee or rice that will help to supply the urgent needs of the household. For these *gommeros* are poor, and before leaving their villages are unable to provide themselves with sufficient provender to outlast the period of their forced exile. But let it be said they are honest, hard-working fellows, and of such as they have they give freely to the stranger.

The Amazon rubber-district is described in the 'Home of India-Rubber' in this *Journal* for 1899.



OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER XVI.—SECRET SERVICE.

MY dear fellow,' exclaimed Yermoloff between the whiffs of his eternal cigarette, as I was sitting in his room at the Russian Legation next morning, 'the whole thing is considered an absurdity at St Petersburg. An Anglo-German alliance is quite out of the question. Your Foreign Secretary is merely developing ideas of the principle formerly laid down by the Marquess of Macclesfield if he asks England to form an alliance with Germany for the purpose of making war upon Russia.'

'England will never declare war,' I answered.

My companion's merry face relaxed into a dubious smile. I had had some unimportant business to transact with him that morning regarding a British subject who had been arrested in Liège upon demand from the police in Moscow, where he was wanted for fraud; and I had made this visit an opportunity of learning the latest opinion upon the situation, and endeavouring to ascertain whether anything was known of the theft of the King's letters.

'We are well aware,' he said, 'that your Government has lately made advances to Germany, and that these overtures were not brought to a successful conclusion because no agreement could be arrived at as to certain terms. The policy of England is not only liable to change; it is also hazy, obscure, and never to be relied upon. This is the chief reason that England is driven from one quarter to another in her continual search for allies; no single English Government can successfully offer itself as an ally so long as the other European Powers prefer the victories of peace to those of war.'

'We have but little fear in that direction,' I answered, taking a fresh cigarette from his box and lighting it. He imported his own direct from Moscow, so they were always excellent.

'But there is danger in this strange policy of yours,' he said. 'Only at the last moment, when the smell of powder is in the air, does your shrewd old Marquess come to a decision as to which party in the strife it will be to England's better advantage to form an alliance with. The latest of your diplomatic evolutions, my dear Crawford, has, I assure you, created much amusement in St Petersburg.'

'Why?' I asked. This survey of our policy from the opposite point of view was interesting.

'The traditional Russophobia which seems to have infected you English has spread to a remarkable extent,' he answered, blowing some rings of smoke from his mouth. 'But even the

London *Times*, which only lately cast forth another of its thunderbolts at the Government at St Petersburg, has recognised that an Anglo-German alliance would cost England far more than the advantages are worth—more than the Triple Alliance can assure to English statecraft.'

'You mean that in order to conclude an alliance with Berlin, England must satisfy some heavy demands?' I observed.

'Exactly. Germany will never accept England as an ally on any other condition than conscription,' he answered. 'That, of course, your country is unable to grant.'

This was a fact which I particularly desired to know. I had purposely led the conversation up to this point, in order to ascertain whether Germany's secret reply to England, given only the day previous, was known in the other Legations. It was, and it showed that the secret service had been so actively at work at Berlin that the result of the Anglo-German negotiations was known in every capital in Europe. Only at midnight had a cipher telegram been received by Sir John from Downing Street, giving the negative result of the suggested alliance with Germany; yet, actually within an hour or two, other Powers were fully aware of all that had occurred, though it was extremely desirous they should be kept in ignorance. Truly, the secret service of several of the Powers is marvellously organised and absolutely complete.

'England can perfectly well afford to do without Germany,' I said quite unconcernedly, for our chat was an informal and friendly one. 'The foreign press—and the diplomatic circle for the matter of that—are fond of talking of England's isolation in the Far East; yet it is curious they don't recognise that our occupation of Weihai-Wei was effected in concert with Japan, our loan was effected in concert with Germany, our railway scheme was financed in concert with Belgium, the mineral wealth of Hunan is being exploited in concert with Italy, and our policy of the 'open door' is admittedly in harmony with that of America. An attempt, therefore, to upset our policy as a whole involves Japan, Germany, Italy, and America. Such is isolation!'

'Ah, my dear Crawford,' laughed my friend flicking off his cigarette-ash, 'the rivalry between your country and mine is not ended. In India, for example, you trust for defence to a native army of Indian soldiers with a stiffening of British troops, while we hold our Asiatic possessions in strength. Our ideal is that of a subject population, blindly subservient to the military and civil authority exercised by Russians in the name

of our Czar; while the dream of you English is to create loyal, self-governed, and self-defending citizens. The latter seems, of course, the nobler ideal; but where an Oriental race is concerned the former is the wiser, you may depend upon it.'

'Ah!' I said, 'our methods are different.'

He shrugged his shoulders significantly.

'At your Downing Street your Ministry know well enough our intention is to develop Siberia and not to attack India. The English are not blind; neither are they fools,' he said. 'But I tell you, Crawford, my dear fellow, that a reaction has set in; and, according to report which reaches us from London, people are beginning to talk of the senselessness of those views which aim at concluding an alliance with Germany, England's chief competitor for the trade of the world and in colonial expansion; while at the same time there is a section of your statesmen who openly evince a preference for a *rapprochement* with Russia.'

'With Russia?' I exclaimed.

Again the dark-faced Secretary of Legation shrugged his shoulders expressively.

'It would have been wiser,' he said, 'if your Government had approached ours a couple of years ago; for it would have placed England on a far safer basis than she is at present. At this very moment England is on the very edge of a volcano.'

I started. Such ominous words plainly showed that my friend held knowledge of some catastrophe imminent.

I, however, affected disregard for his prognostications, and only smiled, answering:

'It is always so, now that you have your alliance with France.'

'Ah!' he said, 'you English are an unfortunate nation.'

These words of his increased my fear that the blow so long dreaded at Downing Street had fallen. The unusual activity in Paris, of which we had received word, and these declarations by Paul Yermoloff, went to show that something had occurred to cause undue excitement in the French and Russian Legations, and that the storm long brewing over Europe was on the very point of bursting.

For some time longer we chatted; and, while I betrayed no sign of anxiety at his words, my friend sought to impress upon me the benefit to be derived from an Anglo-Russian alliance. Then at last I left, and took a cab back to the Embassy, having learned one or two things which could not fail to be disconcerting at Downing Street.

Whatever may be said about the diplomatic methods by which the Russian Government accomplish its purpose, it is impossible not to admire, perchance even to envy, its continuity of policy, and the unswerving determination with which it is carried out. It is the same in every

capital. From time to time some check occurs; but as soon as it is removed or surmounted the work is renewed with as much vigour as if it had never come to a halt. The strong point in Russian statecraft is, that it knows how to wait as well as when to strike.

When an hour later I related to Sir John Drummond my conversation with Yermoloff he stroked his short gray beard thoughtfully, and after a moment's pause said:

'Let me have the cipher-book. We must wire to Downing Street. Spies have again been at work somewhere. Our diplomacy of late seems always to be undermined or rendered abortive by secret agents.'

I took from the great safe in the corner of the room the flat volume containing the ciphers. Only a few weeks ago they had been changed because there was suspicion that knowledge of the ciphers had leaked out somewhere. Then, when Sir John had finished writing the telegram, I sat down, and with the aid of the book reduced it to an amazing and puzzling array of numerals.

The telegraphic despatch was a long explanatory one, and I myself at once went forth to the chief post-office to send it off, while Sir John ordered the carriage and drove to the Royal Palace to acquaint the King with the latest development of affairs consequent upon the mysterious theft.

The loss of the correspondence had placed Sir John, clever and distinguished diplomatist as he was, in a very unenviable position; for not only was England's honour at stake, but the honour of a friendly sovereign and the goodwill of a kingdom which, although small in extent, is of considerable importance in the political situation. Sir John Drummond, whose experience extended over thirty years in nearly every capital in Europe, had admitted himself baffled. Of all Her Majesty's Ministers at the foreign courts he was one of the cleverest and shrewdest, able to conduct the most delicate piece of diplomacy; and, aided by his affable and popular wife, had been the means more than once of securing to his country concessions of the utmost worth. Indeed, the Queen had few more valued servants in her corps of ambassadors than Sir John Drummond; and the Marquess of Macclesfield had often openly expressed his entire confidence in what he was fond of playfully calling 'Drummond's sagacity.' Therefore, it was the more serious that, just at this crisis, such a mysterious and marvellous theft should have been committed, for undoubtedly the Belgian King regarded him as personally responsible for the safe keeping of those compromising letters.

The ways of French diplomacy were, however, a perfect labyrinth of intrigue and mystery. In the pay of France are all sorts and conditions of men and women, who will hesitate at nothing in order to get at the secrets of those in opposition to them.

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'England will never declare war,' I answered.

My companion's merry face relaxed into a dubious smile. I had had some unimportant business to transact with him that morning regarding a British subject who had been arrested in Liège upon demand from the police in Moscow, where he was wanted for fraud; and I had made this visit an opportunity of learning the latest opinion upon the situation, and endeavouring to ascertain whether anything was known of the theft of the King's letters.

'We are well aware,' he said, 'that your Government has lately made advances to Germany, and that these overtures were not brought to a successful conclusion because no agreement could be arrived at as to certain terms. The policy of England is not only liable to change; it is also hazy, obscure, and never to be relied upon. This is the chief reason that England is driven from one quarter to another in her continual search for allies; no single English Government can successfully offer itself as an ally so long as the other European Powers prefer the victories of peace to those of war.'

'We have but little fear in that direction,' I answered, taking a fresh cigarette from his box and lighting it. He imported his own direct from Moscow, so they were always excellent.

'But there is danger in this strange policy of yours,' he said. 'Only at the last moment, when the smell of powder is in the air, does your shrewd old Marquess come to a decision as to which party in the strife it will be to England's better advantage to form an alliance with. The latest of your diplomatic evolutions, my dear Crawford, has, I assure you, created much amusement in St Petersburg.'

'Why?' I asked. This survey of our policy from the opposite point of view was interesting.

'The traditional Russophobia which seems to have infected you English has spread to a remarkable extent,' he answered, blowing some rings of smoke from his mouth. 'But even the

London *Times*, which only lately cast forth another of its thunderbolts at the Government at St Petersburg, has recognised that an Anglo-German alliance would cost England far more than the advantages are worth—more than the Triple Alliance can assure to English statecraft.'

'You mean that in order to conclude an alliance with Berlin, England must satisfy some heavy demands?' I observed.

'Exactly. Germany will never accept England as an ally on any other condition than conscription,' he answered. 'That, of course, your country is unable to grant.'

This was a fact which I particularly desired to know. I had purposely led the conversation up to this point, in order to ascertain whether Germany's secret reply to England, given only the day previous, was known in the other Legations. It was, and it showed that the secret service had been so actively at work at Berlin that the result of the Anglo-German negotiations was known in every capital in Europe. Only at midnight had a cipher telegram been received by Sir John from Downing Street, giving the negative result of the suggested alliance with Germany; yet, actually within an hour or two, other Powers were fully aware of all that had occurred, though it was extremely desirable they should be kept in ignorance. Truly, the secret service of several of the Powers is marvellously organised and absolutely complete.

'England can perfectly well afford to do without Germany,' I said quite unconcernedly, for our chat was an informal and friendly one. 'The foreign press—and the diplomatic circle for the matter of that—are fond of talking of England's isolation in the Far East; yet it is curious they don't recognise that our occupation of Wei-hai-Wei was effected in concert with Japan, our loan was effected in concert with Germany, our railway scheme was financed in concert with Belgium, the mineral wealth of Hunan is being exploited in concert with Italy, and our policy of the 'open door' is admittedly in harmony with that of America. An attempt, therefore, to upset our policy as a whole involves Japan, Germany, Italy, and America. Such is isolation!'

'Ah, my dear Crawford,' laughed my friend flicking off his cigarette-ash, 'the rivalry between your country and mine is not ended. In India, for example, you trust for defence to a native army of Indian soldiers with a stiffening of British troops, while we hold our Asiatic possessions in strength. Our ideal is that of a subject population, blindly subservient to the military and civil authority exercised by Russians in the name

of our Czar; while the dream of you English is to create loyal, self-governed, and self-defending citizens. The latter seems, of course, the nobler ideal; but where an Oriental race is concerned the former is the wiser, you may depend upon it.'

'Ah!' I said, 'our methods are different.'

He shrugged his shoulders significantly.

'At your Downing Street your Ministry know well enough our intention is to develop Siberia and not to attack India. The English are not blind; neither are they fools,' he said. 'But I tell you, Crawford, my dear fellow, that a reaction has set in; and, according to report which reaches us from London, people are beginning to talk of the senselessness of those views which aim at concluding an alliance with Germany, England's chief competitor for the trade of the world and in colonial expansion; while at the same time there is a section of your statesmen who openly evince a preference for a *rapprochement* with Russia.'

'With Russia?' I exclaimed.

Again the dark-faced Secretary of Legation shrugged his shoulders expressively.

'It would have been wiser,' he said, 'if your Government had approached ours a couple of years ago; for it would have placed England on a far safer basis than she is at present. At this very moment England is on the very edge of a volcano.'

I started. Such ominous words plainly showed that my friend held knowledge of some catastrophe imminent.

I, however, affected disregard for his prognostications, and only smiled, answering:

'It is always so, now that you have your alliance with France.'

'Ah!' he said, 'you English are an unfortunate nation.'

These words of his increased my fear that the blow so long dreaded at Downing Street had fallen. The unusual activity in Paris, of which we had received word, and these declarations by Paul Yermoloff, went to show that something had occurred to cause undue excitement in the French and Russian Legations, and that the storm long brewing over Europe was on the very point of bursting.

For some time longer we chatted; and, while I betrayed no sign of anxiety at his words, my friend sought to impress upon me the benefit to be derived from an Anglo-Russian alliance. Then at last I left, and took a cab back to the Embassy, having learned one or two things which could not fail to be disconcerting at Downing Street.

Whatever may be said about the diplomatic methods by which the Russian Government accomplish its purpose, it is impossible not to admire, perchance even to envy, its continuity of policy, and the unswerving determination with which it is carried out. It is the same in every

capital. From time to time some check occurs; but as soon as it is removed or surmounted the work is renewed with as much vigour as if it had never come to a halt. The strong point in Russian statecraft is, that it knows how to wait as well as when to strike.

When an hour later I related to Sir John Drummond my conversation with Yermoloff he stroked his short gray beard thoughtfully, and after a moment's pause said:

'Let me have the cipher-book. We must wire to Downing Street. Spies have again been at work somewhere. Our diplomacy of late seems always to be undermined or rendered abortive by secret agents.'

I took from the great safe in the corner of the room the flat volume containing the ciphers. Only a few weeks ago they had been changed because there was suspicion that knowledge of the ciphers had leaked out somewhere. Then, when Sir John had finished writing the telegram, I sat down, and with the aid of the book reduced it to an amazing and puzzling array of numerals.

The telegraphic despatch was a long explanatory one, and I myself at once went forth to the chief post-office to send it off, while Sir John ordered the carriage and drove to the Royal Palace to acquaint the King with the latest development of affairs consequent upon the mysterious theft.

The loss of the correspondence had placed Sir John, clever and distinguished diplomatist as he was, in a very unenviable position; for not only was England's honour at stake, but the honour of a friendly sovereign and the goodwill of a kingdom which, although small in extent, is of considerable importance in the political situation. Sir John Drummond, whose experience extended over thirty years in nearly every capital in Europe, had admitted himself baffled. Of all Her Majesty's Ministers at the foreign courts he was one of the cleverest and shrewdest, able to conduct the most delicate piece of diplomacy; and, aided by his affable and popular wife, had been the means more than once of securing to his country concessions of the utmost worth. Indeed, the Queen had few more valued servants in her corps of ambassadors than Sir John Drummond; and the Marquess of Macclesfield had often openly expressed his entire confidence in what he was fond of playfully calling 'Drummond's sagacity.' Therefore, it was the more serious that, just at this crisis, such a mysterious and marvellous theft should have been committed, for undoubtedly the Belgian King regarded him as personally responsible for the safe keeping of those compromising letters.

The ways of French diplomacy were, however, a perfect labyrinth of intrigue and mystery. In the pay of France are all sorts and conditions of men and women, who will hesitate at nothing in order to get at the secrets of those in opposition to them.

Truly, the life of a British Ambassador is the reverse of tranquil, surrounded as he is by this veritable army of secret agents intent upon combating British diplomacy and rendering it abortive, ever striving and struggling to serve their masters by prying into every secret in the Embassy archives.

On my return to the Rue de Spa some half-hour later, Salmon, the English *concierge*, in his funny blue cutaway-coat and peaked cap—the man so well known in the diplomatic circle in Brussels—told me that a telephonic message had just arrived from the Palace, stating that Sir John wished me to proceed there. Therefore I re-entered the cab, and in fifteen minutes or so I was shown through those long, handsome corridors of white and gold, my eyes ever on the alert to catch a glimpse of Mélanie; and at length was ushered into the salon where my chief was closeted with the King.

The room was by no means of large dimensions, and yet it presented a serious and imposing appearance. The gray-green panels, the dark-brown embossed leather on the walls, the dark-green curtains of the windows, and the paintings by Dutch artists, several of them in black frames, all combined to breathe a spirit of earnestness. One felt that every article in that room had its own history. For example, there stood an enormous globe before the window on the left, and close by it a tall desk at which His Majesty stood to work; near the window on the right was the work-table of the King, covered with many personal souvenirs, including a signed portrait of Her Majesty Queen Victoria in a frame set with brilliants. A glance through the window showed the handsome square and well-kept Park beyond; while straight in front hung the famous picture of the Great Elector at the battle of Fehrbellin, his eagle eyes seeming to sparkle with his favourite motto, '*Deus fortitudo mea*.' A couple of well-filled bookcases, the number of maps and plans upon the walls, and the littered state of the work-table were ample evidence that to be a reigning monarch was no sinecure.

I had bowed on entering, and the King, with that courtesy which has always distinguished him, rose from his chair, a tall, full-bearded, imposing figure in gray frockcoat, and returned my bow.

'His Majesty wished to see you, Crawford,' explained Sir John, turning to me; and as he uttered the words I saw by the expression upon his countenance that the discussion had been an extremely grave one.

'Yes,' said the kindly-faced, elderly, plainly-dressed man, sinking back into his chair and giving me permission to be seated, 'Sir John has told me of your conversation at the Russian Legation to-day; and, as I understand that you are engaged in the secret service of the British Foreign Office, anything that I may say to you will, of course, remain secret.' He spoke English perfectly, if with just a slight accent.

'Your Majesty has my pledge of secrecy,' I answered.

'The theft of those letters must, of course, have a most serious effect upon your diplomacy; and not only must it affect me personally, but it may result in hostilities against England,' observed His Majesty, his dark eyes fixed upon me. 'I happen to know something of the feeling in Paris; and undoubtedly it is the universal opinion that this is the opportunity for a declaration of war. The differences between England and France regarding Egypt and the Niger Question have served to imperil the European situation. Well, I am, as you probably know, a staunch supporter of my friend Sir John Drummond, and of the British policy. To the Powers my kingdom is supposed to be neutral; but in event of war British troops would no doubt find a safe landing in Antwerp, and be accorded every facility for reaching the Rhine.'

'I thank your Majesty for such an expression of friendship towards England, especially in these circumstances,' observed Sir John cordially.

'My friendship for England is due to the fact that the Marquess of Macclesfield is always just, fair, and upright; and, further, that the policy of England is to protect the weak against the strong,' answered the King, leaning back in his chair. 'This loss, of course, occasions me the greatest anxiety, yet I cannot lay any blame upon either the British Government or upon yourself. From what you explained the other day, the utmost care was taken of the file, and it was carried by special messenger with other secret despatches. Nevertheless, we have to look events resolutely in the face. The papers have been stolen by some person unknown; their contents are evidently known to every French Minister in Europe, and war is at this moment imminent.'

'Do you suppose that to be so?' inquired Sir John quickly.

'I cannot see how we can convince ourselves of any other result,' His Majesty replied, his brow furrowed in thought. 'France has everything to gain by thus taking England by surprise.' Then, turning to me, the King said, 'I should like to hear from your own lips the words used by the Russian Secretary of Legation. He is your friend—is he not?'

'Yes, your Majesty. We are personal friends. I have known him at other Embassies for a number of years;' and, proceeding, I gave a detailed account of the conversation, almost as I have here written it. With his eyes fixed upon me, the King listened with marked attention.

'And this Yermoloff is rather a smart man—is he not?' His Majesty exclaimed.

'He is a rather good fellow,' I answered. 'He was stationed at Rome a year ago, and it is said to have been in a great measure due to his astuteness that Russia gained the concession she did over the recent affair in Abyssinia.'

'Ah! I remember,' he said. 'That was a piece of very clever diplomacy. Has he ever visited you at the Embassy?' he inquired.

'Never. He comes to my rooms to smoke sometimes, and now and then I go to the Russian Legation.'

'Ah! I quite understand,' he smiled. 'And you make good use of your time when you are there—eh? Where are your rooms situated?'

'In the Place Louise,' I answered.

'You have never had occasion to take the file of correspondence now missing home with you, I suppose?'

'Never,' I answered. 'The documents had never left the safe at the Legation, of which Sir John always holds the master-key, until they were placed in the despatch-box, sealed, and taken to London.'

'Extraordinary!' His Majesty ejaculated. 'The thieves evidently outwitted you in a manner that is truly amazing.'

'We are very seriously handicapped,' observed Sir John, 'by not being able to discover into whose hands the correspondence has actually fallen.'

'Of course,' the King said. 'If the robbery were committed for the purposes of gain—and we must suppose that it was—then I myself would have been prepared to pay almost any sum to recover the documents. It is most fatal at this juncture that they should have been secured by our enemies—absolutely the worst catastrophe that could have happened to England or to Belgium.'

'Unfortunately that is only too true,' said the Ambassador, sitting pensive and puzzled.

'There is still another matter, M'sieur Crawford,' continued the King, rising and opening a drawer in his work-table, and then returning in a moment with something in his hand. 'You are a member of the secret service; therefore, perhaps, you might assist me in a small matter. Do you happen to know the original of this photograph?'

He handed me a rather soiled and faded carte-de-visite.

One glance at it was sufficient for identification.

Breathless, rigid, dumfounded, I sat with it in my hand.

THE CORNISH COOK.

By H. D. Lowry.



HE passion of the Cornish for using the most unlikely materials in the manufacture of pies is well expressed in a saying still current in the west. The devil, they say, has always been afraid to venture across the Tamar, lest he should appear to the natives merely as a something which had not hitherto been used for this particular purpose, and meet at once with an ignominious fate. Certainly the pies of Cornwall are—or, rather, were—compounded strangely enough to justify some saying of the kind.

To begin at the beginning, we must describe the making of clotted cream, for this enters largely into the composition of the pies, and gives them not a little of their individuality. The fresh milk is poured into tin pans, which are usually about ten inches in depth. At the top they may be about twenty inches in width, but this grows less and less towards the bottom. The pans are then placed on the slab of the stove and slowly heated. There is, of course, a proper temperature for the carrying out of this operation; but the Cornish farmer does not dream of a thermometer as being among the utensils needed in a dairy, and the temperature reached by the milk during this operation is altogether a matter of guess-work—which is to say, of chance. Nor is one quite certain that Cornish cream is any the worse for this. It is probably scalded invariably at a

temperature considerably higher than that which is theoretically right. In this way a goodly quantity of curd gets coagulated; and when at last the pans are set in the dairy to cool, and a thick golden crust forms upon the top, it consists of a mixture of curd and cream. This makes the final product more nutritious, and its only drawback is when the 'cream' is made into butter. It is poured unthinned into a big shallow tub, and there worked round and round by the hand. It forms into a stodgy mass quite suddenly—it is never granulated—and all the washing in the world will not suffice to free it thoroughly from curd. Cornish people like a deal of salt in their butter, for we usually like the thing to which we have been accustomed in the days of our youth, and the old-fashioned farmer had to use large quantities of this antiseptic, or the curd must have made his butter sour almost immediately.

Clotted cream may be eaten with all sorts of fruit-tarts and preserves. It is best, however, thickly spread on home-made bread, and then covered with a big serpentine design in treacle. This is 'thunder and lightning.' The pleasantest cream, and that which makes the most delicious butter, is that which has a slight flavour of peat. This flavour must have been universal in the old days of the big open hearth, when each of the tins stood to be scalded on a little brazier wherein a fire of turf and furze burned brightly. By the

bye, it may as well be settled once and for all that the art of making clotted cream is entirely Cornish so far as this country is concerned. It is quite possible that the Phœnicians may have taught it to those from whom they bought tin when they came over to St Michael's Mount in the days before Christ. But, at any rate, it was from their neighbours across the Tamar that the men of Devon first learned to make what many now ignorantly entitle 'Devonshire' cream. Upon this point the opinion of all good Cornish folk is unanimous, and they would think ill of any one who should endeavour to persuade them to the contrary.

To come to the pies and pasties, it must be remembered that they are the invention of people who knew nothing at all of the uses of the oven. The implements they had were all connected with the open hearth, and their fuel was peat and gorse. There was the tripod or 'brandice'; the crock with its three legs; the 'baking-iron,' a flat slab of iron usually fitted with a handle; and the 'baker,' which covered the baking-iron. This 'baker,' by the bye, was used for another purpose than that of cooking. Let us suppose that some small theft had been committed about the farm, and that it was desired to discover the guilty person, so that no man might need to suspect his neighbour unjustly. The farmer would go out and capture his smallest cockerel—a bantam for choice—and place it under the 'baker' on the table. Then the whole household would be assembled in the great gloomy kitchen, and in the order of age each would go forth and lay a hand on the 'baker,' saying solemnly, 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, *speak!*' At the touch of the guilty hand the imprisoned bird would crow loudly, and the guilty person stood revealed.

The usual manner of using the baking-iron and 'baker' was as follows: The fire was got into a proper condition, and then the baking-iron was laid upon the hearth. When it had reached the proper temperature it was carefully cleaned, and the pie that was to be baked was placed upon it. The fire was then raked round, and it rested with the cook to settle in her own mind, as by a sort of clairvoyance, at what moment the operation had been completed. In these days a good deal of wrong-doing may be wrought by the cook who does not know how to manage her oven, or neglects to watch it; but imagine what opportunities of disaster surrounded the woman who had to make use of 'baker' and baking-iron!

Before coming to the pies one may as well deal with the pasties. It may be alleged by the supercilious that these are merely turnovers such as any competent cook can turn out; but the fact remains that only a Cornish cook ever made pasties that Cornish people would be content to eat. The pasty in its most delicious form contains beef cut small, with sliced onions and

potatoes; it is cooked to a delicate brownness, and is so delicious when it comes straight from the oven that one marvels not a little that any one had ever the patience to wait and find out that it is even more delightful when it has had time to get cold. If ever you are in the west and are going a long and lonely walk along the cliffs, or are adventuring upon the sea, you will do the wisest thing possible if you entreat your hostess to make you a goodly store of pasties after this fashion. They are of such a shape that they go easily into pocket or knapsack, and they create an appetite more surely than any tonic ever invented by the doctors.

A story is told at the expense of Cornish cooks which may be worth repeating. A miner had gone to work for the first time, taking for sustenance a pasty made by his young wife, who was very eager to please. He had no sooner returned home than she asked him how he had enjoyed his food. 'Never had no such pasty in my life,' he replied indignantly. 'In fact, I shouldn't call it a pasty myself. I dropped en, and 'twas broke in pieces. Dedn' drop but three fathom, and 'twas broke in pieces. Why, when I was living with mother I used to have pasties you could drop five fathom, or ten, and they'd be as good after as they was before. They was pasties!'

The Cornish miner's wife has so little money at her disposal that she can rarely afford to make such a pasty as is described above. Usually she has to content herself with a bit of fat pork with potatoes or turnips—and in Cornwall the swede was until lately the only kind of turnip of which the majority had any knowledge. It is not to be wondered at that even the strongest appetites fail before this after a little while. Then the good wife goes to the grocer's and spends twopence on a pound of the cheapest dates. These make a pasty which is attractive as a change, and should be hardly less nutritious than the fat pork and turnips. Another change is the hoggan, a cake of dough studded with 'figs,' or raisins.

Almost anything may be made into pasties. They are delicious when filled with fresh fruit, and there are moments when a pasty wherein an egg has been deftly enwrapped is not to be despised. There is perhaps only one substance which has never been used in the manufacture of a genuine article of the kind, and that is minced meat. One does not know why, but it never has been used. By some curious freak of chance it is a substance upon which the cook who is not Cornish blunders almost inevitably when she sets forth to demonstrate that anybody who has the least culinary knowledge can make a pasty.

To come to the pies, it is only the Cornish who know how to make a really satisfactory beef-steak pie. The one thing they seem to do which

is not usual elsewhere is, that they cut the steak, not into lumps, but into thin slices. Each of these they roll round a small piece of the fat, and the reader who has no experimental knowledge of the result must be content with the assurance that nothing like it has been attained beyond the limits of the Duchy.

There is no knowledge remaining of the materials used in the making of what used to be known as 'stann'in' pie.' It was made, however, very much in the likeness of the Melton Mowbray pie; it was placed on the baking-iron and covered with the 'baker.' Then the cook went out to the place where the fuel was stored, and, shifting the furze-fagots, secured a goodly store of the 'bruss'—the small fragments and dust which lay below. With this she covered the 'baker,' and so secured what was technically known as a 'soaking fire.' The pie was left to undergo this ordeal until the cook judged that the time was come to remove the 'baker.' Then the top crust was pierced with a small hole, and through this a quantity of thinnish cream was poured. The pie was ready to be served, and one can imagine it was sufficiently delicious.

Sweet gilet-pie was a sort of mince-pie, with which were incorporated the gilets of a goose, boiled and chopped fine. Muggety-pie was made of certain portions of the entrails of a sheep, flavoured with parsley and enriched with much

cream. Another pie which we remember seems to have consisted mainly of leeks. When it was taken from the oven the crust was lifted and cream added liberally. There was a pie which consisted of hardly less parsley than veal, and this also was enriched with cream. There was squab-pie, an exceedingly well-savoured dish, made of fat mutton and apples in alternate layers. As if this were not enough, the genius of the cook added onions and raisins.

After this there is nothing remarkable in mackerel-pie, wherein the fish lies in milk and is baked under the crust. Star-gazing pie was a little more interesting. The principal ingredient is another fish, the pilchard. The heads of the fish adorned the upper crust, and, gazing pathetically towards the sky, gave the pie its name.

Conger was also used in pies, and, indeed, the list might be continued indefinitely. Probably the fact to be gathered is that the people of Cornwall have always been poor, and that Cornish cooks have been compelled to find uses for everything that could possibly be considered edible. Probably the use of saffron in cake is in itself a confession of poverty, for the simplest cake looks rich in 'goodness' when it has been coloured by this means. And, as to the pies, is it not evident that there may be a good deal of truth in the proverb quoted at the beginning of this article?

THE WIT OF LAUHLAN MACINTYRE.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



TWO men studied each other in the Hamirbagh collector's office. They sat face to face, collarless and perspiring, while the punkah squeaked above their heads and the glare of a May sun filtered through the venetians. The thermometer on the file-strewn table stood at ninety-eight. The room smelt of matting; it was close, oven-like, and gloomy, lit only by the fingers of daylight through the shutters and a small window high in the wall, over which a ragged reed-curtain dangled from a nail.

'So you're the Collector Sahib!' was Macintyre's mental comment as his eyes ran over the figure that lolled, knees crossed, before him. 'You look straight. I wonder what you're like to work under?'

'And you're the Police-wallah!' criticised the mind of Faulkner. 'You're the "keen" man I applied for in the room of poor, slow, amiable Joscelyn, to settle Hira Singh. You are an uncommonly good-looking specimen. And, dear me! there's plenty of you. Six feet two in your stockings, for a guess.' Then he said aloud, 'I'm

glad you're come. Hamirbagh is a poor station from the social point of view; just we two and my joint-magistrate, Instill, and the doctor—no ladies. But there is plenty of work, and Hira Singh.'

'Yes? . . . I'm glad there are no ladies: they're not in my line. . . . I should like to know all you can tell me about Hira Singh.'

'Not your line?' puzzled Faulkner in his mind.

'H'm! I should say you were very much in *their* line, my young friend; these dark-eyed, long-legged fellows turn all the women's heads.' Aloud: 'I wish I could tell you something that might help you to lay hands upon him. But all I can say is that Hira Singh is the Prince of Darkness. Worried old Joscelyn into his grave (the doctor said typhoid, but that's my diagnosis); wore me a stone lighter in three months; turned Instill, who is the prop of an Evangelical arch-deacon, into a rank blasphemer. There!'

Macintyre smiled gravely at the whimsicality, and at the petulant tone in which the collector delivered it. He concluded his appraisal with the reflection that if Faulkner were as looks and manner proclaimed him, he should like the man

—which was, for a cautious Scot, an enormously favourable estimate.

'Hira Singh seems to be a superior being to the ordinary village - budmash - turned - burglar dacoit,' he said.

'Oh yes; his methods are quite Western. You heard of his great *coup*—the robbery of the Bilsi Nawab's jewels?'

'The bare outline. No particulars.'

'Well, they are worth hearing; if only to give you an instance of the man's extraordinary smartness.

'Some months ago, just after Hira had looted the properties of some zemindars in the neighbouring districts—oh, but Trevor and Grigson were savage!—our fat friend at Bilsi became seriously alarmed for his own belongings. He had no wish to be rushed at night by a band of desperadoes, his women's quarters ransacked, and his portly person drubbed till he discovered the uttermost pice. That had happened to the other old gentlemen, you know. So he came to the office here, and asked me if Government would let him lodge his valuables for safe keeping in the treasury until Hira Singh was caught, or killed. I saw no objection; and after a confidential interview, all in the strictest privacy with closed doors, as you and I sit now, it was settled that the things should be concealed inside a *jampan* (litter) and conveyed over the fifteen miles hence from Bilsi as if they were the most precious human jewel in his zenana. The Nawab Sahib was to put them into the *jampan* with his own hands, and to despatch the train without letting any one in it know that only a bogus lady lurked behind the curtains. That, he swore, was faithfully done; and I have trust in his cupidity. And yet, what happened? Hira Singh and his men fell upon the cavalcade four miles from the city, shot and knifed the two resisting sowars, and made off into the riverside jungle with the contents of the litter. If I had posted a public notice of our arrangement on the *kachari* (courthouse) door they could not have known more about it. And now, I ask you, what is one to do with a ruffian like that?'

Macintyre's brows were knitted, and he did not answer.

'The man is abnormally quick and acute; that we know from the rapidity with which he slips from district to district, and the pertinacity which he always employs in fixing upon a profitable victim. He is brave, too. You remember how he dashed out when Currie had ringed him in the deserted indigo-factory that was his den for so long? Tore through a cordon of policemen like a whirlwind—right and left shots—Currie winged by the first one—on to the inspector's horse—the impudence of the rascal!—and so clear away. But it's not that which has saved him for two years. We have brave men, and smart men too. No, it's his information; and there is something

most unholy about its accuracy. Of all the plans which Joselyn and I made in strict confidence—here, sir, in my private office, there was not one for which he was ever unprepared; and no matter to what part of the district we arranged to go, Hira Singh had decamped to another quarter. He is always forewarned, and meanwhile three districts are the laughing-stock of the Provinces. I'm not thin-skinned like Trevor and Grigson—I'm not so young as they are; but, by George! it's fifteen months since I showed my face at headquarters.'

He rose to end the interview. Macintyre stood up too. He opened the door and threw back the shutters, and a rush of choking heat swept into his face.

'Whe-ew! It's hot,' he said. Then, his brows still knitted over the first subject: 'The source of information! That is what must be traced. I don't like wild-goose chases. There is a leakage somewhere.'

'Well, find it,' said Faulkner laconically. He had relapsed into his chair, and his pen was already busy with notes and signatures. 'The wit of Police-wallah Sahib Macintyre against the principalities of evil! Good-morning.'

Macintyre walked across the courthouse compound to where his horse waited in the shade of a tree.

The Hamirbagh district offices were badly situated, now that the population had expanded under imperial rule. The time had been when the block formed by the courts, the collector's office, and the guard-room had enjoyed isolation; their thatched roofs and deep verandas were cheek by jowl with the city now. The *maidan* had dwindled to a slip of sun-baked soil, upon which the offices backed, and the crazy native buildings of the bazaar encroached upon it, their tottering, flimsy upper stories bulging above the narrow space. On three sides there was still breathing-room; but the rear of the official quadrangle had become a lane, bordered by the office wall (blank except for a couple of high reed-curtained windows) and by the shops, with their mysterious dwelling-rooms above. The Government had refused to buy the space when it was unoccupied; and now it paid for its stupidity. The noise of the city, the smell of dust, the reek of dung-fuel and wood-smoke, the endless chatter and jingle of the bargaining natives, remained to the staff as a reminder of their predecessors' folly.

Macintyre mounted, and the policemen turned out as he passed the guard-room and left the compound to fill with litigants and orderlies. He wheeled at the entrance and made for the lane.

The crowd, into which an officious policeman had plunged with an outcry, was thick and busy, and the funnel-like avenue was not easy to clear. Macintyre waited for a minute, and looked about him.

The sun beat upon the scene; and the terra-

cotta petticoats, the yellow *saris*, the brown skins, and the clinking bangles blended into the picture. The vendors squatted upon their heels on the open thresholds; the passers-by surged up and down before them. The effect was dazzling; and Macintyre lifted his eyes to the balconies for relief.

Here, at least, was peace. They were unoccupied, and the windows were silent, showing a decorous exterior which, if rumour said true, was not altogether in keeping with the city's reputation. Only a woman's veil drooping upon a lattice, and a *sitar* flung upon the boards below it, gave a touch of levity. Such was Macintyre's first impression, and then it passed, as an opened shutter flung him a glimpse of life within.

A hand had opened the blind, and it was the flash of diamonds that caught the policeman's eyes. He looked; and they found a woman's face, and stayed there. A small, exquisitely poised head, well set upon a rounded neck, peered out at him. The woman laughed and pushed the shutter wide, as if the sight pleased her. He saw a handsome face with heavy brows and reckless eyes; she leaned out with unabashed interest, and her teeth gleamed. For a few seconds they stared at each other without a movement. Then she flirted her hand with a gesture of salutation, of defiance, of admiration—it was each and all—the shutter clapped to, and the window was dead again.

'H'm,' reflected Macintyre soberly, his Celtic blood a little stirred by the apparition. 'Delilah, and a splendid creature. Who is Samson? Those jewels were bought by a long purse. Half-caste apparently. What is she doing in the noisiest, dirtiest quarter of Hamirbagh? There is an incongruity, and it must be considered. . . . Heeh, but the wits of Lauchlan Macintyre have ample work before them!' He gathered his reins and trotted up the lane.

The doctor threw down his racquet. The high-walled court was stifling. The marker, outlined in the gallery against an evening sky, had taken advantage of a pause to call to the players. He waved towards the compound that surrounded the ramshackle court, bath, and billiard-room of the Hamirbagh Club; and they heard the thud of hoofs approaching.

'There they are, Instill!' The doctor wriggled into a Norfolk jacket. 'Now, what d'you bet they caught him at Kandua?'

'Look at 'em,' said Instill, stooping under the door of the racquet-court, and emerging into the veranda. 'There's your answer.'

Indeed, the limp and dejected attitudes of Faulkner and Macintyre, as they climbed stiffly down from their ponies, wiped their faces, and called for drinks, had no story of success to tell. They were white with dust and fatigue, and the ponies had sweated to a lather. Faulkner

took a revolver out of his pocket as he sat down, and tossed it viciously on to the floor. They drank their pegs with the haste of thirsty men.

'Ah!' said the doctor sympathetically. 'You didn't—?'

'No; we didn't. Flown, as usual, from the scene of his triumph, and left nothing behind him but a very frightened old *bannia*, and—that was our contribution—thirty hot policemen. He caught the old man ambling along with his escort and his money-bags early yesterday morning. The escort ran; and Hira Singh lightened their employer of all his rupees and every stitch of clothing. After that he marched to Kandua village, locked the village policemen and the elders into a godown, and spent the heat of the day fed and sheltered by their property. Of course when our party arrived he had fled.—What is it, Macintyre?'

'If you'll excuse me,' said Macintyre, 'I am going to run down to *kacheri* and look through my letters. I am not at the end of my tether yet, and I don't feel like resting. Lend me your *tat* to go down on, doctor—will you? Thanks.' And he was gone.

'I would rather not be Hira Singh when Macintyre catches him,' said Faulkner. 'He's raging—absolutely foaming. Well, so am I; but I can work it off with a little profanity. He shuts his mouth and stews in his own juice. Sorry for him; but we have all had our turn.' He lay back luxuriously, cocked his feet on to an arm of the chair, and began to recoup his energies by timely idleness.

The three pairs of eyes saw the policeman settle into the doctor's saddle, with the thoughtful frown which Hira Singh's misdeeds had called forth stamped deep into his forehead. He trotted past the tennis-ground into the avenue of tamarisks that led to the heat and haze of the city. The *sais* laboured behind him in the rising dust.

'I wonder if Martineau's letter has come, and what news the inspector has for me?' His busy brain began to arrange his thoughts. 'Wild-goose chases are no good; I said it at first, and to-day's work proves me right. Let's put my conjectures into working order.'

'Hira Singh has an informant in Hamirbagh; his knowledge invariably coincides with the extent of our plans. It is somebody who is cognisant, not merely of bazaar rumour, but of the consultations of the powers; which means there is a leakage, and the leakage is being tapped.'

'There is a stranger woman who lives in the bazaar for no ostensible reason. It is very fortunate that she seems to take a friendly interest in my appearance; it is indiscreet of her, for it attracts my attention, and it enables me to know when she is, and is not, at home; and I fancy the knowledge is worth something. To

proceed. The lady, having taken an apparent fancy to me, never fails to look out when I pass and she is in her apartments. But she is away sometimes; and her disappearances dovetail between the conception of our plans and Hira Singh's actions to frustrate them. What better spy can be found than a woman? Then, arguing on that premise, whose official virtue has she undermined?

'If— Well, we shall see. Here is the lane.'

He walked the pony down it. The sun was low behind the minarets and house-tops; its rays slanted over the jostling crowd and its many colours, and it bathed the tall Highlander, white and comely as a god, in golden splendour. The people scattered before him; the salesmen stopped chaffering for a moment; and a woman looked from under a crazy eave, and pushed the shutter wide. She stared across the balcony, as she had done a dozen times before, with an undisguised admiration to which Macintyre did not respond. His stolidity piqued her; evidently she was unaccustomed to contempt: her gesture betokened amazement that the Scotsman could treat her attention with indifference. Macintyre kept his gaze between the pony's ears, but he felt the woman crane over as he passed, and he smelt musk through the reek of the bazaar.

'At home to-day.' He turned into the *kacheri* compound and dismounted. 'Tell the Inspector Sahib I want to see him,' he said to the sentry, and passed on to his office. The room was next door to, and a facsimile of, the collector's office; it had the same cell-like appearance, the same high, bare walls, the same square window on the lane side. A bundle of letters lay upon the table, and he tossed them over and tore open a sealed letter.

'Martineau? Yes, it's the Delhi postmark. Good man, Martineau. What news?' His eye ran over the letter.

... 'Your description tallies with that of a young woman named Myra Pereira, a typical member of a Delhi family of long-established disrespectability. I believe even her relations have discarded her now: she committed the unforgivable sin, and disappeared with a high-caste native—some one without even the thirty-second strain of British engine-driver's blood to brighten his complexion. We don't want her back here, thank you; she is too greedy of jewels and soft raiment; it's not good for the probity of her friends. The last was a bank clerk, and he thought a forged cheque would help to propitiate the goddess. ... So long.'

Macintyre patted the letter approvingly.

'That is very good. Hira Singh is a man of high caste; he is also active in acquiring other people's properties. There's the inspector—in a hurry, too!' He left the office door open and ran into the courtyard.

The inspector, a big, well-groomed Moham-medan, in scarlet turban and khaki uniform, advanced to meet him with some eagerness.

'Well, Inspector Sahib, what news?'

'I have had the woman watched, sahib. She has kept within doors for two days; but half-an-hour ago a beggar approached her and delivered a message; and now—even now—she has left her house, veiled, riding upon a pony, and goes towards the city gate. She goes slowly, as if she waited for the night, or for men to join her. Very slowly, sahib; easy to be kept in sight, as is being done, or to be overtaken.'

'Yes; and the beggar?'

'He has been arrested. There is much dust upon him; he has travelled fast and far.'

'*Bahut accha* [very good]. It is all quite satisfactory. Now, Inspector Sahib, send a constable with me to search the woman's room, whence I go now; and do you despatch twenty sowars by a circuitous route, to tarry for orders under the city wall; also an orderly to wait for my message at the end of the lane. What instructions has the spy?'

'To keep the woman in sight, to report her direction as he passes the *thana* [police station], and to give swift warning if she quickens her pace.'

Macintyre and the policeman crossed the lane on foot, and dived through the gaping crowd into an alley that ran behind the shops. They pushed their way past the litter of the kennel, and found a rickety stairway that climbed to the upper floor against the outer wall. Macintyre ran up it, creaked along the balcony, pushed aside a curtain quickly, and advanced with boldness. It was the woman's room; a glance into the street below assured him of the fact; and the overhanging story projected so far above the shops that it seemed almost as if he could touch the Government Offices by leaning well over the balcony. The room was empty, and there was no tell-tale relic to reward his acuteness; only a *sitar*, a native bed, a couple of clay water-jars, and a medley of discarded finery and broken trinkets. A woman's shoe lay beside the bed. The room was very hot, and smelt of musk.

Macintyre turned everything over and searched for evidence. There was nothing to tell that the cast-off garments were stolen goods, or that the twisted bangles and scattered beads were the proceeds of Hira Singh's dacoity. The babble of the street droned through the window; the reek of hot bodies and greasy sweetmeats fought with the musk. It was all sordid and unprofitable.

He turned to go—and then stopped in amazement at the sound of a voice in his ears. For the second he thought somebody was in the balcony, and was speaking into the room. A glance showed him that there was no one there, and he stood petrified, rooted to the spot by his astonishment; for the voice—and it rang with

hollow distinctness—was that of his office *peon*, addressing, in the curt accents of authority, some lesser light. He looked at the constable, whose gaping mouth and round eyes showed his bewilderment. The voice continued to rumble in their ears.

'*Aré*, son of a pig! Would you leave the Superintendent Sahib's room unswept? There are three—four scraps of paper lying even now upon the matting. Sweep!' The sound of a blow followed.

'It—it is a spirit!' gasped the policeman.

'By George! no. It's the leakage!'

Macintyre's face crimsoned with excitement; he poked his head through the window, twisted his neck, and looked up into the bulging eave. He tapped the woodwork and listened, and his eyes travelled from the reeded windows of the offices to the balcony roof and back again.

'A perfect sounding-board!' His knuckles called out a hollow knock. 'A voice, either in my room or the collector's, would be thrown upon it and rebound into the lady's ears with

the greatest facility. No wonder Hira Singh's friend preferred her bazaar lodgings to better quarters! Well, there should be no more conjecture. It is all plain-sailing now.'

'The sahib understands?' said the policeman in awe-struck tones.

'Yes, I understand. There is the explanation, *ji*,'—and Macintyre gave a brief lecture on acoustics. 'Go now, swiftly, and give this *chit* to the orderly for the Collector Sahib.' He scribbled a note upon a leaf of his pocket-book. 'Keep a still tongue in your head, as befits a policeman, and tell my *peon*, when you see him, that he has no authority to beat the sweeper *log*.'

The policeman scuttled away with a grin, and Macintyre followed him down the staircase. He went over to the courthouse, put a flask and a roll of bandages into his pocket, buckled on a Sam Browne belt, and inspected the chambers of his revolver. Then he sat upon the veranda steps to watch the evening sky flush to rose and gold and blood-colour, and to wait the coming of fresh horseflesh and Mr Faulkner.

SOME NOTED LINGUISTS OF THE CENTURY.

IN these days of keen commercial competition the value of a thorough knowledge of foreign languages is becoming more and more appreciated. In schools increasing attention is being given to the subject, and Latin and Greek, so long idolised in educational circles, are in great measure being supplanted by French and German. Such being the case, it may not be without interest and stimulus to those now engaged in linguistic studies to give a few particulars of some men of the present century who, in an especial degree, have possessed, or, rather, have acquired, the 'gift of tongues,' and to refer briefly to the extent of their attainments in this direction.

The Italian cardinal, Giuseppe Mezzofanti (1774–1849), is usually considered *facile princeps* in this connection, and his achievements can only be described by Dominic Sampson's 'prodigious!' True, he seems to have been born with a knack for such studies; but it should be borne in mind by those of whom the like cannot be said that hard study and application were the secrets of his success. How many languages did he know? The question should rather be, How many did he not know? Not only did he read fifty or sixty different languages, besides many dialects; he could also speak and write them with surprising fluency; and in a less degree he was familiar with many more. It was his boast that he could converse with natives from practically every quarter of the globe. At the early age of twenty-three he was appointed professor of Arabic in

the University of Bologna; and, after holding various other posts, he became in 1833 librarian at the Vatican, where his extraordinary linguistic gifts must have been of immense value. In the course of his travels Byron met Mezzofanti, of whom, in his journal, he has left a vivacious account, and of the curious test—characteristic of the poet—to which he subjected the great linguist. 'Mezzofanti,' writes Byron, 'is a monster of languages, the Briareus of parts of speech, a walking polyglot who ought to have existed at the Tower of Babel as universal interpreter. He is indeed a marvel—unassuming also. I tried him in all the tongues of which I knew a single oath (or adjuration to the gods against post-boys, savages, Tartars, boatmen, sailors, pilots, gondoliers, muleteers, camel-drivers, vetturini, postmasters, post-horses, post-houses, post-everything), and egad! he astounded me even to my English.'

Niebuhr (1776–1831), the German historian, knew about twenty languages; and another German, Von Gabelentz (1807–74), rivalled Mezzofanti in the extent of his acquirements in this field. While still a schoolboy he devoted much of his leisure to the study of Arabic and Chinese! To these he kept constantly adding, even during his busy public career as a statesman, till, it is said, he knew no fewer than eighty languages, of which he could speak thirty with ease; although, in his modest way, he would say, on being asked how many he knew, 'Only one, and that but imperfectly.' In his case this study was not a mere hobby, as in that of Mezzofanti. He was intensely interested in philology—a science which seems

to present peculiar attractions to the German mind; and it was on this account he prosecuted his studies in so many regions. A large number of grammars were published by him, besides many other learned contributions to this department of knowledge.

But linguistic prodigies have not been confined to Italy or Germany. Our own country has produced not a few who are entitled to a prominent place in the ranks of linguists. Sir John Bowring (1792-1872) seems entitled to the premier place with us. Of no less than forty languages he had a good knowledge, and with many more he had at least a nodding acquaintance. While still a youth he picked up a knowledge of French from a refugee priest, of Italian from various itinerant vendors of barometers, and of Spanish, Portuguese, German, and Dutch through the aid of mercantile friends. Swedish, Danish, Russian, Servian, Polish, Bohemian, Magyar, Arabic, and Chinese were subsequently added to his list, his knowledge of which he perfected during his many and varied wanderings in the course of his commercial—and, later, of his diplomatic—career. Not only did he acquire a sufficient knowledge of foreign languages to be able to translate from them into English; he did what was much more difficult, and what was a really crucial test of his knowledge: he published various works in foreign languages.

George Borrow (1803-81) was another 'Briareus of parts of speech.' Writing of him to Southey, William Taylor of Norwich, a man of considerable note in his day, said: 'A Norwich young man is construing with me Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, with the view of translating it for the press. His name is George Henry Borrow, and he has learnt German with extraordinary rapidity; indeed, he has the gift of tongues, and, though not yet eighteen, understands twelve languages—English, Welsh, Erse, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese.' Out-of-the-way languages had a special attraction for him, and these he picked up by hobnobbing with all sorts and conditions of men; Welsh he learned from a groom, Irish from a schoolfellow, and Gypsy from the Romanies, of whom he tells us in *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*. Like Bowring, he translated a good deal into foreign languages. The New Testament and several of the homilies of the Church of England he translated into Manchu, besides superintending a similar translation into Tartar; the Gospel of St Luke he rendered into the language of the Gitanos or Spanish gypsies, and—the collocation seems incongruous enough—the story of Blue Beard into Turkish. From his best-known work, *The Bible in Spain*, we get the useful hint that in endeavouring to converse with a foreigner in his language it is highly necessary to use plenty of gesticulation. 'Is it surprising,' he asks, 'that the English are in general the worst linguists in the world? . . .

When they attempt to speak Spanish, the most sonorous tongue in existence, they scarcely open their lips, and, putting their hands in their pockets, fumble lazily, instead of applying them to the indispensable office of gesticulation. Well may the poor Spaniards exclaim, "These English talk so crabbedly that Satan himself would not be able to understand them!"' The phlegmatic Briton fears to look foolish by using his hands overmuch, or otherwise gesticulating; not so the foreigner, especially Frenchmen, whose shoulder-shrugs are as eloquent as Lord Burghley's nod. All the aids obtainable are needed in talking in a foreign language, as one finds, sadly enough, that the French or German which passed muster at home is oftentimes mere gibberish to the person to whom it is addressed. Borrow's hint is therefore worth remembering.

Sir Richard Burton (1821-90), the great traveller, was another expert in many tongues. He had need to be, considering his love of adventure and his habit of gratifying it in dangerous regions in the East. Twenty-nine languages are credited to him.

The Rev. Solomon Caesar Malan (1812-94), whose *Life* by his son was published a short time ago, was another instance of remarkable linguistic knowledge. As a boy he was taught by his father in Geneva—his native city—to converse in Latin, and to speak in various other tongues. While still a young man he came to England and entered the University of Oxford. Although he had a fair knowledge of English, he was at first diffident of his power to do justice in that language to the subjects of his essays; he accordingly petitioned the authorities for permission to write his papers in one of six other languages—French, German, Spanish, Italian, Latin, or Greek! Naturally the examiners were startled by this amazing request, which, he was informed, could not be granted. In addition to the languages named, Malan had an extensive acquaintance with many Oriental tongues.

Of Americans similarly gifted, mention must be made of Elihu Burritt (1810-79), 'the learned blacksmith' and advocate of universal brotherhood. When about twenty-one, after working for several years at the forge, his ambition was roused to master the ancient languages; and his success with these lured him on to fresh fields. His list included Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Portuguese, Flemish, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, Welsh, Gaelic, and Russian—a tolerably comprehensive catalogue to be mastered by a man in his circumstances.

One hardly expects to find in a village merchant either the capacity or the desire to solace the tedium of his life with the study of languages. But at least of one such we are told by Dr John Brown, the genial author of the immortal *Rab*. His uncle, a merchant in Biggar—which, notwithstanding the local witticism, 'London's big, but

Biggar's Bigger,' is merely a small country town—was in every way a remarkable man. Not only did he grapple with mathematics and kindred subjects; he mastered 'Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, to the veriest rigours of prosody and metre, Spanish and Italian, German, French, and any odd language that came in his way.' Homer he made it a matter of conscience to read once every four years, and *Don Quixote* 'he knew by

heart, and from the living Spanish.' It is probable enough that this wonderful man might not have been able to speak the languages he was able to read; but as he held the keys to open so many literary treasures, his intellectual satisfaction must have been great. Indeed, the lot of all those men should have been singularly happy if it be true, as was said by Charles V., that 'with every new language learnt one acquires a new soul.'

NOTES FROM BERLIN.

OLD MANUSCRIPTS IN BERLIN.



HE Royal Library in Berlin possesses manuscripts of the greatest value, many of which throw light on the history of art. Among the oldest are leaves of a Latin translation of the Bible made in the sixth century, and a Psalter written for Ludwig the German in the ninth. On the first two pages of the latter stand in golden letters the words, *Hludovico regi vita salus felicitas perpes* ('Everlasting life, health, and happiness to King Louis'). At the end are hymns and prayers, and a picture of Christ on the cross. The initials are magnificently done. Another treasure is a twelfth-century manuscript of Wernher's *Life of Mary*, with exquisite miniatures. One of the finest is Jacob's Dream, a picture half the size of a man's hand, framed in red and gold. Another represents Mary resting with the Child. There is also an interesting manuscript of the thirteenth century, Heinrich von Veldeke's German translation of a free French translation of the *Aeneid*. In the illustrations gods and men strut about in heavy mediæval armour. In the picture of *Aeneas* leaving Dido, a ribbon issues from Dido's mouth bearing the words in old High German, 'Oh! woe is me that ever I saw you, unfaithful man!' The pen-drawings in Wernher von Tegernsee's *Song of the Magi* are splendid. Another manuscript of about the year 1300 contains fragments of 'Wolfdietrich,' one of the songs of the *Heldenbuch* (Hero-Book).

REMINISCENCES OF GOETHE.

A Swedish literary man who visited Goethe's house at Weimar in 1838 heard some interesting things from his cicerone, who had acted as secretary to the poet. Goethe, it seems, had a special aversion to tobacco, dogs, and spectacles. When spectacled people called they were courteously requested to ungoggle themselves before admission to the Olympic presence; he wanted to see people's naked eyes, he said. When his mother died, and her furniture was sold, a Duke of Mecklenburg, who was an admirer of his, bought an old clock and had it placed secretly near Goethe's bed. When

he awoke in the morning and heard the old familiar tones, and how they came there, he burst into tears. He was nearly sixty then.

A LIBRARY OF HUMOUR.

The Berlin publisher Pfeilstücker is bringing out a new twelve-volume edition of 'The Library of Humour.' The first volume, entitled *Medical Humour*, has already appeared, and contains a vast store of amusing anecdotes of medical men and apothecaries. The second will be entitled *Humour in Prussian History*; the third, *Clerical Humour*; the fourth, *Teachers and Pupils*; the fifth, *Legal Humour*; the sixth, *Love, Matrimony, and Family*; the seventh, *Anecdotes and Episodes from German History*; the eighth, *Anecdotes and Episodes from Recent German History*; the ninth, *Literary Men, Artists, and Poets*; the tenth, *The Theatre*; the eleventh, *Music*; and the twelfth, *Military Humour*.

GOETHE'S LOVE OF CHILDREN.

In his leisure hours Goethe busied himself with literature, mineralogy, optics, anatomy, drawing, numismatics, and botany. He often complained that Nature had predisposed him for privacy, but Destiny had 'patched him into a princely family and the administration of a state.' For this irony of fate he indemnified himself in his own way. He had always felt attracted to children; intercourse with them made him young and happy. At Easter-time he invited his young friends to look for Easter eggs in his garden. The small fry, little Herders and Wielands among them, ran all over the place, and fought pitched battles for possession when they found the cunningly hidden treasure at last. Goethe played with them till evening, and then crowned the entertainment with a pyramid of sweetmeats.

There is a widow named Castner still living in Berlin who was born at Weimar in 1812, and who had the honour of congratulating Goethe on his birthday in 1823 and 1824. It had long been a privilege of a great public school there that the four best girls were allowed to congratulate him on his birthday. They went in their best white dresses adorned with flowers, each bearing a plate with a heap of the loveliest flowers artistically

piled round a lemon. The valet received and announced them. Then Goethe came, accepted the flower-heaps one by one, heard each child recite a little poem, and shook hands and talked with them, inquiring about this and that. The flowers were shaken into a basket, and the lemons collected on a plate. The children's plates were returned to them. At last Goethe beckoned to the valet, who laid 'half a headpiece' (an old Austrian coin) on each child's plate. This meant that the audience was ended. The old lady says this is one of the brightest reminiscences of her childhood.

THE ORIGIN OF SMOKING.

In a book entitled *The Origin of the African Civilisations*, recently published in Berlin, the author (L. Frobenius) discusses the origin of smoking. He suggests that living in chimneyless huts invested smoke with the undying charm of early association; that the work of blowing the fire (which entailed the inhaling of smoke) was a goal of childish ambition, because it required a certain degree of discretion; and that the original purpose of pipe-smoking may have been the practical one of keeping the fire alive.

THE BELL OF DAR-ES-SALAM.

From the west tower of the fortress at Dar-es-Salam, in German East Africa, float every day at 11.30 A.M. and 5.30 P.M. the tones of a bell which has a peculiar history. Arabs found it centuries ago among the debris of a wrecked Norwegian barque. About ten years ago Wissmann discovered it by chance, took it from the Arabs, and hung it in the tower. It bears the following inscription in old German letters:

Ich bin in Gottes Namen durchs Feuer geflossen;
Hans Oleman von Magdeburg hat mich gegossen.

A. 1583

('I flowed in God's name through the fire; Hans Oleman of Magdeburg cast me.—A.D. 1583'). It does not do Hans Oleman much honour, for its tones are not silvery, but pewtery.

THE OLD DESSAUER.

Every one who has read Carlyle's *Frederick* must remember Prince Leopold of Anhalt Dessau, surnamed 'The Old Dessauer,' as one of the many striking figures in that most painfully-written but, strange to say, most entertaining of history-books. Carlyle often speaks of him as an inventive military genius of the first order, the great drill-sergeant, not of the Prussian army only, but ultimately of all armies deserving the name. He and his masters (Frederick William the First and Frederick the Great) gave Prussia the long start she still has in military matters. His first innovation was the iron ramrod. In 1693 he introduced it in the grenadier companies of his Prussian regiment, and next year in the rest. By 1719 the whole Prussian army had it. It enabled foot-soldiers to fire five times a minute—

that is, three times oftener than before. In Frederick's great wars it played the same part as the needle-gun in 1866—a case of history repeating itself which alone goes far to explain why Prussia has beaten Austria in the race. It was Leopold, too, who introduced marching in step, which gave military movements, especially in long lines, greater firmness. But the boldest and most brilliant of his innovations was the cavalry-gallop. At Mollwitz, Frederick's first victory, the Prussian cavalry attacked at the trot, but seldom or never again. Though Leopold gained only one great battle—the only one in which he commanded in chief—he was one of the greatest soldiers that ever lived; he left the Prussian army a much swifter and more solid death-dealing machine than he found it.

THE HARBOUR AT NIGHT: PICTON, NEW ZEALAND.

WARM is the night and still; the misty clouds
Obscure the moon so that there scarce is light.
Left in the world; all round, the silent hills
Sleep mystically; and no night-haunting bird
Startles the glooming trees with mournful cry.
Silent the harbour sleeps, but myriad lights
Spread, phosphorescent, out from shore to shore—
Ripples and streaks of fire that live and die
Moment by moment, till the waters seem
Like to a sky of darkest purply-blue
Turned upside-down, and thick with silver stars.

Like silver phantoms round the weedy piles
Of the dim-lighted wharf the fishes pass
In endless-seeming lines from right to left,
Ever the one direction following. Far away,
And faint with distance, through the moonless air
The steamer's whistle sounds; anon her lights
Shine, dim and misty, as she rounds the point,
While answering lights glare out upon the wharf.
She nearer comes—the water 'neath her bows
Is streaked with trembling lines of green and red
And golden hues, that broad and broader grow
As on she creeps, a larger-looming form
Whose ever-throbbing engines beat and beat.

Now in her path the ghost-like silver fish—
With sound of quick and sudden little waves
Rising and flapping on a sandy shore—
Affrighted leap; then for a moment sound
Dies all away, and then breaks forth again
In throb of engines, shouts, and rattling chains,
And hissing steam, as to the trembling wharf
The vessel is made fast. The flaring lamps
Flicker and flame in the soft rainy air,
And cast a glow upon the busy scene
Of loading and unloading; silence flies
Into the darkest hollows of the hills.

CLARA SINGER POYNTER.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

CARLYLE AND ROBERT CHAMBERS: UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

THE letters from Thomas Carlyle to Robert Chambers which form the excuse for this article were recently discovered among other correspondence preserved in the vaults of our publishing office in Edinburgh. They had previously been lost sight of for nearly sixty years, and were found among numerous other interesting letters chiefly relating to the early history of *Chambers's Journal*. It may be mentioned that other Carlyle correspondence of less interest is to be found among the letters written by distinguished persons to the late Dr Robert Chambers, and now preserved by his descendants. The letters here printed are in relation to the original fund raised for the benefit of Mrs Begg, the surviving sister of Robert Burns. The result, as indicated by these letters, was not particularly successful; but, later on, through the exertions of Lord Houghton, Mr Carlyle, and others, and the special solicitation of Lady Peel, a pension was granted by the Queen to Mrs Begg. This, together with the fund already raised, was sufficient to provide Mrs Begg against any future anxiety as to ways and means.

Mr Robert Burns Begg, of Kinross, in his *Memoir of Isobel Burns* (Mrs Begg), gives an interesting account of the later life of his grand-aunt, who, with her two daughters, had settled at Tranent, near Edinburgh, about the year 1832. In 1843, after the pension had been bestowed, it was arranged that Mrs Begg and her daughters should return to Ayrshire; and the family took up their abode in a picturesque cottage on the banks of the Doon, near the high-road leading to Ayr. Here Mrs Begg spent the last fifteen years of her life in the companionship of her daughters. In her comfortable cottage she received numerous friends belonging to the locality and many visitors from a distance, of widely different grades. Her recollections of the poet were vivid and distinct, and with her sister-in-law, Jean Armour, she had kept up a warm friendship

until Jean's death in 1834. Mrs Begg died in December 1858, in her eighty-eighth year; and in 1859, at the time of the first Burns Centenary Celebration (a more recent celebration in 1896 was the hundredth anniversary of his death), a sum of one thousand pounds was raised for her daughters, Carlyle again taking great interest in this subscription. Messrs W. & R. Chambers had already handed to Mrs Begg the proceeds, amounting to two hundred pounds, of the first impression of Robert Chambers's *Life and Works of Burns* (1851-52).

Carlyle's essay on Burns in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1828 was nominally a review of Lockhart's short but excellent *Life of Burns*, published the same year. The fact that this biography was by the son-in-law of the great Sir Walter Scott, who was also editor of the *Quarterly Review*, helped to make Burns known to thousands who till then had barely heard his name; and Carlyle's review contributed greatly to the same result. It was, indeed, the most important piece of Burns criticism that had yet appeared. Its kindly sympathy, generous judgment, and profound insight contrast quite singularly with the essay on Burns published in the same *Review* by Lord Jeffrey, then and still in 1828 its editor. If after reading Jeffrey's well-meant but superficial paper we pass to Carlyle's, we are compelled at a glance to see how far the nineteenth century had even then travelled from the shallow critical canons of its earlier years. Carlyle's Burns essay seems to have been among the first-fruits of the six years spent in literary labour and seclusion in the solitude of Craigenputtock. Characteristic though it is, yet in the matter of style there is a noticeable difference between Carlyle's Burns essay and his other work; and when Mr Sumner remarked on this to Jeffrey, Jeffrey said, 'I will tell you why that is different from his other articles: I altered it.'

from Craigenputtock to London, witnessed also one of his very few appearances as a public speaker. He was actually induced—'not against my deliberate will, but with a very great repugnance,' he says—to attend a dinner at Dumfries in honour of the Dumfriesshire poet and litterateur Allan Cunningham, well knowing he would be expected to make a speech. He did make a speech—a memorable speech, for it was another hearty tribute to 'the memory of Robert Burns,' the toast then proposed being drunk in solemn silence.

The first of these letters from Mr Carlyle to Dr Robert Chambers is dated from Templand in Dumfriesshire. Templand belonged to the family of Mrs Welsh, Carlyle's mother-in-law; at Templand Mrs Welsh spent her later years; and there in the end of February 1842 she died. This was the 'mournful event' that had brought Carlyle from his home in Chelsea to Scotland at this time. The phrase 'Worship of Heroes' recalls the fact that the year before he had published in book-form his lectures—delivered in 1840—on 'Heroes and Hero-worship.'

TEMPLAND, THORNHILL, DUMFRIES,
3 April, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your Samaritan endeavour on behalf of Burns's sister is worthy of all praise. It strikes one as a most tragical fact, this that you announce. How many tavern dinners are eaten yearly in all quarters of the globe, and froth-speeches delivered, in elegiac commemoration of the broken-hearted Robert Burns, with "Ah, the barbarously-entreated Poet; ah, if *we* had him here now!"—and his own sister *is* yet here, and one of those tavern dinner bills would be a benefit to her; and froth-speech is still all that results! "Be ye warmed, be ye fed,"—our pockets remain buttoned, only our foolish mouths are open, to eat and to jabber. It is damnable. Such "Worship of Heroes" is like much else that it holds of,—a thing requiring peremptorily to be altered. I for one thank you that you have stirred to act in this matter, instead of dining and talking.

There can be no possible objection to your use of my name in the way proposed; unless it be that a better were easily procurable: Lockhart's, for example, whom I doubt not I could soon persuade, were I back again in London.

You must also take my poor guinea; a kind of widow's mite, which, poor as all authors are, it will be a luxury for me to give. I think also I can gather a few guineas more in my home circle, if you send me a half-dozen of your subscription papers up to town.

A mournful event has brought me down hither, and still detains me here: but in some two weeks more I expect to be at Chelsea again.

With many good wishes, and even good remem-

brances (for your face and voice, as well as books, are known to me from of old), I remain,

Yours most truly,

T. CARLYLE.

In 1842 the Anti-Corn-Law agitation was in full course; the 'People's Petition' for something like the Charter was rejected; and in summer there were strikes, riots, and commotions in various places. A Chinese war was being carried on; and 1842 recorded the worst disasters of the Afghan war, including that awful retreat from Cabul. It was not till September that Ghuznee and Cabul were retaken. Hence, writing a second letter in July, Carlyle had only too good reason to speak of 'the present awful time.'

CHELSEA, 23 July, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—As the season here is drawing to a close, Mr Milnes and I thought good to wind up our Begg-Subscription affairs, and transmit you the amount. We have made out the sorriest pittance, as you will see by the particulars on the annexed sheet: but indeed, after the conquest of the pension, we did not think it right, in the present awful time, to press charitable people, or even to apply at all to such as were not decidedly rich. Mr Milnes took the Fashionables in his own hand,—and truly they have not proved too exuberant upon him: I had an agent in the City, of whom I expected something; but when applied to, he responded that some other party or parties had been among his friends for the same object, and in his hand there was nothing. I sent off the amount, thirty-three pounds and sixpence, yesterday afternoon; and it will be paid, when asked for, at the British Linen Company Bank, to "Robt. Chambers, Esq., Athol Place, Edinr.":—and so herewith ends my stewardship in this piece of Benevolence. I am right glad we got the little Pension; otherwise I fear the Subscription would have been rather a lame affair.

Yesterday, on my way homewards, I received another sovereign; and a certain acquaintance of mine in Lincoln's Inn Fields professes to have some *three pounds* and odd already in his hand, and to be able to gather a few pounds more *if he had circulars*; for which element of furtherance he long ago applied to me, but got none, my stock being out. If you have any circulars left, pray be so kind as address half a dozen to that worthy man: "John Forster, Esq., 58. Lincoln's Inn Fields": the result of his labours together with this new sovereign of mine, and any other dripping that may fall into my dish, shall thereby in some good way be transmitted to you. Much more money might be gathered if one became pressing: indeed there has been properly no *pressure* here at all; Peel having once yielded, the matter elsewhere was left very much to take its course.

We are all much pleased with the figure Miss

Begg makes in these transactions: her letters are full of modest sense and propriety; one asks along with you, whether no better task than sewing clothes at Tranent could be discovered for her? You, if you see a possibility, will not fail to lay hold of it for the poor girl. In the meanwhile, I suppose she is *safe* at Tranent, and not unhappy;—rather well off, one may say, as well-fare goes in this world. I reckon it one of the best features of this Begg business that your conquest for them is not one that lifts them out of their old state at all; but simply renders soft and light for them a set of conditions they were from the first used to. You have seen Isabella Begg, and can judge her and her circumstances and capabilities: we will leave you to do your wisest and kindest.

And so adieu, my dear Sir; and thanks to you in the name of all good Scotchmen and men: and according to the old Proverb, May ne'er worse be among us!

Yours very sincerely,
T. CARLYLE.

The John Forster who from the above and from the following letter is seen to have taken a hearty interest in the subscription was of course the well-known writer, the biographer of Goldsmith and friend of Dickens.

CHELSEA, 2 Decr., 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—This Post-office order, for the Begg Subscription, does not represent my own sovereign which you were rigorous enough to send back to me, but the sovereign of a "Wm. Hamilton, Esq., Cheapside," from whom I received that sum after the rest had been despatched to you. I meant to add it to some pittance which I understand Mr Forster (58 Lincoln's Inn Fields) still holds, with the firm purpose of sending it to you: but we do not meet often, Forster and I; and last time we did meet, he was not yet ready: so, to wash my hands of all chance of sacrilege, do you here take the little coin, and add it to the others!

Your last letter expressing some doubt as to the annual pension of £20, I forwarded it to Milnes; from whom there came answer, that at the Treasury things went on very slow, but that of the pension itself there was no doubt whatever. Well;—I wish poor Mrs Begg had the first instalment of it. Should there be any altogether too ominous delay, pray give us notice, and it shall be quickened. Milnes, I believe, is in Constantinople or somewhere far Eastward; but there are other people here.

This is the fourth of the five letters from Carlyle on the subject which have been preserved:

CHELSEA, 12 Decr., 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your news of the Begg Subscription is very good;—and yet not all good:

that is a most mortifying paltriness, that of the illustrious Premier *pausing* over his first bounty as too enormous, and reducing it to half! I myself saw his autograph, announcing that Great Britain would afford Twenty pounds to the indigent representatives of its greatest man in these centuries; and now, it seems, terrified at the rash act, she has ventured only upon Ten. The sons of Gilbert Burns, too, it would appear, have been "eating dirt." Alas, the whole world continually eats quantities of dirt. Yet, praised be Heaven, some Four Hundred pounds for such an end do come out of the world, dirt-eating world as it is; and you, for your share, have been enabled to accomplish your problem, to solace and screen from misery a meritorious, forlorn, every way venerable Scottish heart, to save all Scottish men from a new ugly stigma; and do one other heavenly act under this terrestrial sun. We will complain of nothing; let us rejoice over many things.

Your project for these young women and their mother meets, in every feature of it, my entire approbation. They will do better in Ayrshire every way, since they themselves wish to go thither. The scene is, at any rate, more genial, as I suppose, for representatives of Burns; by removal from Tranent, where they have from poor become "rich," they escape a multitude of mean village envies, and other impediments; they have free scope to begin on new ground a new course of activities. Being, to all appearance, sensible young women, I think there is no danger but they will do well. Their sixty pounds a-year is perhaps after all just about the happiest sum for them. Work is still useful, necessary; but no longer tyrannous treadmill necessity; they are not dangerously lifted into a new sphere of existence, but rendered easy in the old one. We may hope, a blessing will be on that poor good household, and better outlooks on all sides are opening for them.

I have signed the Paper. I return you again many thanks and congratulations; and am always,
My dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,
T. CARLYLE.

These letters show the essentially kindly and generous temper of a man who, from external eccentricities, has often been harshly misjudged; they show how keenly interested, considerate, and painstaking Carlyle could be in doing a kindness. At that moment he was a hard-pressed literary man, in the thick of his struggle with Dryasdust over the body and soul of Cromwell; and it should be remembered that it was only in these years that Carlyle and his wife had been raised beyond the pressure of straitened and precarious means. The fifth letter of the series is also the last:

CHelsea, 21 Decr., 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—The more I considered that matter of Mrs Begg's Pension, the more incredible it became to me that Sir Robt. Peel could have done such a thing. My first hypothesis was that I had misunderstood your letter; that by the omission of some "each," or other such word, the meaning might have been defaced and overset in that passage. But no: there is a second sentence in which you say, and count expressly, that the Beggs have *ten* pounds in all from this source. My next conclusion therefore was that some Clerk or Subaltern Official at the Treasury was in error; that if so, Sir Robert ought to be again made acquainted with the matter.

Accordingly I set one of my friends to make inquiry at the Treasury: his answer arrives this morning, that all is right there; that it is not ten pounds to the two Misses Begg, but ten pounds to each of them,—twenty pounds in all, as was originally settled. Here are the particulars as he writes them down.

With great satisfaction I conclude, therefore, that your information was defective; that the business itself is all right. Your own reckoning, with the results of it, you can rectify at your leisure: but if there is anything else to be rectified, if these Treasury people are still in error or defect, pray apprise me instantly. Otherwise, I say, there is no haste.

Yours ever truly,
T. CARLYLE.

The following letter, intimating that a pension had been granted, was written by Mr Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), conspicuous alike in politics, society, and literature; and was, of course, addressed not to Dr Chambers but to Mrs Begg:

26 PAUL MALL,
LONDON,
June 6th, 1842.

MADAM,—I have the pleasure of informing you that Sir Robert Peel, having been informed that a sister of the great Poet Burns was still living and in straitened circumstances, has recommended her Majesty to apply to your use the sum of 50£ sterling from the Royal bounty, and also that Lady Peel, out of the small fund which lies at her disposal as wife of the Prime Minister, has expressed her desire to settle on you the annual pension of 20£. If you prefer that this pension should be settled on your two daughters in sums of 10£ each per annum, it will be equally agreeable to Lady Peel. I shall be obliged to you to inform me which arrangement you prefer, and in case you prefer the settlement on your daughters, to forward me their names. The pension will begin from the present time, and the sum of 50£ will be forwarded to you immediately.

I may mention that I hold no official connec-

tion with Sir Robert Peel, but that he has kindly commissioned me to forward this intelligence to you, as a general lover of literature and as a person much interested in your case as presented to me by Mr Chambers and Mr Carlyle.

I remain, Madam,
Yrs. very obedt.,
RICHD. M. MILNES.

About the same date and in the same connection John Gibson Lockhart wrote to Dr Chambers:

DEAR SIR,—I presume you are the person to draw the money now placed in the hands of Mr Dick, Bookseller, Ayr, for the behoof of the sister of Burns. It amounts, you will see, to £20 — 6d. at present: but I believe there will be more by and bye collected in that neighbourhood and deposited to Mr Dick.

The memorandum which I enclose is in the handwriting of Mrs Alexander of Ballochmyle, near Mauchline. I wished *you* to see it—but pray do not make any public use of it unless after ascertaining that that wd. not be disagreeable to the subscribers. I am not aware whether your efforts have been successful in this affair, but I hope they have. I declined having anything to do with an appeal to the English public *until* there shd. have been time allowed for a fair trial in Scotland: but if the result there shall have been insufficient at the commencement of next winter and you will then state the case to Mr Carlyle or myself, he and I will I am sure be equally ready to exert ourselves in London.

Yours very truly,
J. G. LOCKHART.

Aug. 8th, 1842,
24 SUSSEX PLACE,
REGENT'S PARK.

One other unpublished letter may be added—that from Burns's nephew to Dr Robert Chambers, announcing the death of his mother, last survivor of the family circle described in the 'Cotter's Saturday Night:—'

KINROSS,
5th December, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just heard of the death of my Dear old Mother. She has been complaining only for a few days, and died yesterday morning about 8 o'Clock.

The funeral is fixed to be on Thursday at 1 o'Clock.

At this season of the Year, I can scarcely expect you to undertake such a journey—but if convenient for you, I am sure your presence will give us all a melancholy satisfaction, as no one has done so much to render her old age comfortable.

I am afraid my Sisters cannot offer you a bed as their house is small.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours very gratefully,

ROBERT BURNS BEGG.

The author of the memoir above mentioned is a son of the writer of this letter. Mrs Begg was long survived by her daughters, the last of whom, Isabella Begg, died in 1886.

C. E. S. C.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE KING'S MESSAGE.

THE picture His Majesty held before my gaze was the counterfeit presentment of the woman I feared, the widow of my dead friend Gordon. It was as though this ghastly shadow of the past was thrust upon me in order to render my position the more desperate; for I saw on her pictured lips that smile of defiance which I had known so well long ago, when she was Judith Kohn.

'You recognise her,' observed the King with satisfaction. 'Tell me who and what she is.'

I hesitated, my eyes fixed upon his. In a moment, however, I succeeded in recovering my self-possession, and said:

'That woman is well known to me. Her name was Judith Kohn before she married a man named Clunes, who was my friend.'

'Where did you know her?'

'I first became acquainted with her in Vienna,' I answered, 'while making certain secret inquiries there.'

'And her name is now Clunes! What is her husband's profession?'

I hesitated. Should I relate the whole circumstances? A second's reflection showed me that such a course would be unwise. Only the Marquess of Macclesfield and myself were aware of the truth, and he had imposed silence upon me.

'Her husband,' I said, 'was engaged in the Treaty Department of our Foreign Office in London.'

'Ah! Clunes—Gordon Clunes,' exclaimed Sir John quickly. 'Of course I know him quite well. He's the head of that department.'

'Yes,' I answered, wondering how this photograph—a copy of which was in my possession—could have fallen into the hands of the King.

'What is the character of this woman?' continued His Majesty. 'You can speak quite frankly to me.'

'She's something of a mystery,' I responded.

'A mystery!' he echoed. 'You appear to look upon her with suspicion?'

'I do,' I said.

'Then tell me the circumstances in which you

first met her. Knowledge of them may assist me.'

'I am afraid, your Majesty,' I answered with politeness, 'I must request you to excuse me replying to that question. As a member of the secret service I am under oath not to divulge the result of any inquiry I make to any agent of a foreign state.'

His Majesty looked at me quickly with a sharp glance, perhaps rendered more acute by his aquiline features; then he replied, with a good-humoured smile:

'Of course, M'sieur Crawford; I perfectly understand. Not for one moment would I wish you to betray any official secret to me; but remember that I am friendly to your Queen and country, and that whatever information in this matter you can give me without betraying any confidence will be of the greatest assistance in my investigations.'

'I think there is no harm in explaining to His Majesty who and what this woman is,' Sir John remarked.

'Unfortunately I am unable,' I answered rather annoyed.

'Why?' inquired the Ambassador.

'Because,' I answered, 'the principal fact connected with her career is a secret known only to myself and the Marquess of Macclesfield, who imposed upon me the strictest silence.'

'The Marquess of Macclesfield!' echoed the King. 'Then he knows her?'

I nodded.

'She is a political agent—eh?'

'I have reason to believe so,' I responded.

'Then, if so, why not, in our mutual interests, tell us some minor facts regarding her?' urged the King, again glancing at the photograph with a puzzled air, and stroking his long beard pensively, a habit of his when deep in thought.

I reflected for a moment; then, in the hope that I might obtain knowledge of how this picture had fallen into his hands, I answered:

'Well, she's a woman who has had, as far as I have been able to gather, a very unusual history. She passes as English, but her slight accentuation of certain words is evidence that she is not. In Paris she was once very well known, passing there as the daughter of a wealthy American lady, and

becoming engaged to be married to Count Venosta of the Italian Embassy. This engagement was, however, suddenly and mysteriously broken off, and then she arrived in Vienna, where I first met her.'

'Was she in society there?' inquired the King eagerly.

'No,' I answered. 'Only in the course of some searching inquiries regarding the betrayal of certain secret negotiations between my Embassy and the Austro-Hungarian Government did I become aware of her existence. She was known then as Judith Kohn, and was the supposed wife of one Oswald Krauss, a captain of artillery.'

'Well, and what afterwards?' the King inquired.

'Krauss was convicted by court-martial of selling plans of three of the frontier fortresses to German agents, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. The woman, however, escaped.'

'And she married your friend?'

'Yes. The next I saw of her was several years afterwards, when, on visiting Gordon Clunes, who had married during my absence in Constantinople, I found that she was his wife.'

'Remarkable!' exclaimed His Majesty reflectively. 'Very remarkable! It would almost appear as though she had some object in marrying an official of his grade. It was scarcely wise on his part.'

'He was entirely ignorant of her previous adventures,' I said. 'She passed herself off as an Englishwoman living in a remote country town, whose education had been gained abroad—here, in Brussels, I believe she said.'

'And he believed her,' observed the King, smiling. 'A man in love will believe anything.'

'But this woman is really a secret agent, you say,' exclaimed Sir John. 'Surely Clunes knows that? If not, no time should be lost in informing him. It is a most dangerous position. Already we have had so many attempts to get at the secrets of our diplomacy that we ought to spare no effort to combat them.'

'Every precaution possible has already been taken,' I answered vaguely. 'Had I not given my promise to the Marquess I should undoubtedly have explained all the circumstances now.'

'And this man Krauss,' the King continued—'was his offence a very serious one?'

'Extremely,' I answered. 'His betrayal of military secrets was proved beyond doubt; but it was further made plain that the woman acted as the agent between her lover and the German Government.'

'Ah!' exclaimed His Majesty, as though a sudden thought had occurred to him. 'Then the woman is known at the German Legation?'

'Undoubtedly,' I answered. 'I have certain knowledge that the German Ambassador at

Vienna supplied her with money and arranged for her escape over the frontier after her lover's arrest.'

'But this, you will notice, is a prison photograph,' the King remarked, turning it in his hand.

'She had previously fallen into the hands of the Vienna police for victimising tradespeople. It was after that that her relations with Krauss commenced.'

'I don't remember hearing anything of the betrayal of the plans,' he said reflectively.

'The matter was kept a profound secret,' I answered. 'Only a few high officials and those composing the court-martial were aware of it.'

'Too well I remembered all the curious details of that ingenious conspiracy which not only affected the security of the Austrian Empire, but also that of England. It was because of my efforts in that sensational affair—efforts which cost me so much and added ten years to my age—that the Marquess of Macclesfield reposed confidence in me. Yet it was the woman whose faded photograph was now in the hands of the King who could, if she chose, expose and ruin me. How heartless she was I well knew. I had seen more than one illustration of it, and knew that at the moment of her revenge she would not spare me.'

'Then you consider her a dangerous political agent?' the King said.

'Most decidedly,' I answered. 'At this moment I am most anxious to know her whereabouts. Our secret intelligence department in London have kept a keen eye upon her for a considerable time; but of late she has evaded us, and once more disappeared. Have you knowledge where she is?'

'No,' he responded, glancing sharply at me. 'This photograph has come into my possession in a somewhat curious manner, and what you have just told me increases the mystery considerably. Perhaps it will be as well if I command inquiries to be made by our police.'

'If I may presume to suggest to your Majesty,' I said quickly, 'the best course would be to leave the matter entirely in my hands.'

'Why?' he inquired quickly.

'Because police interference in such a matter must only hinder me in my inquiries.'

'But you surely have sufficient on hand just now,' the King said.

'The discovery of Judith Kohn cannot be long delayed,' I answered, recollecting that sooner or later she must come to me of her own accord.

'Then, if you desire it, I will not invoke the aid of the police,' His Majesty said. 'Try and find her, and when she is found tell her that I wish her to call and see me.'

'To see your Majesty!' I gasped in surprise.

'Yes. Surely it is not so strange a thing that I should desire to ask this woman a question.'

And recollect, Crawford,' he added with considerable emphasis, 'this matter is a pressing one, and of the highest importance. If she fears arrest, tell her that the police here shall not touch her as long as she obeys my command. At all costs I must see her.'

'Very well, your Majesty, I will endeavour to trace her.'

'It is an entirely private matter,' he added. 'Not a soul must know of my dealings with this woman. But, by the way,' he went on, 'do you think that any of the staff at the German Legation here know her?'

'That's impossible to tell. She is probably known at the German Embassy in Paris, and is certainly well known in Vienna.'

'But you say she is now the wife of one of your colleagues in the Foreign Office in London.'

I nodded. I had not told them that Gordon was dead.

'Then she's probably in London?'

'It is quite impossible to tell; because—well, I added, 'because they have parted.'

'Ah!' cried the King. 'She has possibly found that the profession of secret agent is more lucrative than being wife of a Downing Street official, and has returned to the old game.'

'No,' I replied. 'I don't think that; because, by reason of a certain circumstance within my knowledge, the London police are very anxious to find her.'

'May I not know the circumstance to which you refer?' he asked.

'I regret,' I answered quietly, 'that your Majesty may not know that.'

The King drew a long breath, and again stroked his beard pensively.

'Your profession, of course, needs the most delicate tact, and the greatest astuteness and forethought,' he said. 'A single slip, and exposure and disgrace would of course ensue. Against the machinations of England's enemies one must need a thousand eyes.'

I smiled, and answered:

'If by conveying your Majesty's message to Judith Kohn I can render a service I shall do so willingly.'

'Thank you, Crawford,' the polished monarch answered, with a courtly bow. 'If you do this you will render me a very great service in a purely private matter.'

'I have little doubt that she will soon be found,' I responded. 'I only wish I was as sanguine of discovering into whose hands the missing file of correspondence has fallen. The enigma is bewildering.'

'You do not yet appear to have discovered the existence of any secret agents in Brussels,' His Majesty remarked.

'On the contrary,' I replied, laughing, for I had not been idle, 'four of them are my intimate

friends. Three are German agents, and the fourth is employed by Gerard, the French Minister. They believe me to be a cashier in the Old English Bank. Against none of them, however, rests suspicion of having tampered with our despatch-box.'

'It's a mystery, a problem absolutely beyond solution,' Sir John remarked, with a sigh.

'We can only wait,' observed the King. 'Some day ere long, it is to be hoped, Crawford will succeed in obtaining a clue, and thereby expose the truth. Truly the devices of diplomacy are as ingenious as they are astounding. If we could only recover these letters before their existence became known, then we should succeed in baffling our enemies.'

'Ah! that is too late, your Majesty,' I said. 'Already there are evidences on every side that copies of the letters have reached the Foreign Minister in Paris.'

'Well,' said the King, 'continue to do your utmost, and recollect, too, that I have the greatest anxiety to see this woman whom you call Kohn. I must see her, for I tell you frankly that facts have come to my knowledge which have caused me great uneasiness, and I shall know no rest until I get the truth from that woman's lips.'

'The truth you will, I fear, never obtain from the lips of Judith Kohn,' I observed.

'But money can buy most things,' His Majesty said. 'If she is, as you say, a political agent, she is certainly open to bribery.'

'Undoubtedly,' I answered; then added, in a perhaps rather bitter tone, 'Unscrupulous as she is, she could no doubt be bribed to commit any crime, from telling an untruth to the taking of a life.'

'All I ask is that you should send her here,' His Majesty said in the strange, hard voice of one desperate. 'The rest may be left to me.'

This latest development of the tangled chain of circumstances was most extraordinary. It was amazing that the King should desire to see and question her, of all women. She hated me. Had she not at the well-remembered moment, just before I discovered her husband dead, threatened me with exposure and ruin, while I, confident in the knowledge I held of her past, promised my silence only in return for hers? Yet, although I had been ignorant of it, my power over her had already vanished, for the man who had so foolishly married her had already passed to that world which lies beyond the human ken. She did not fear me now, for was she not a perfectly free agent? Aided by the astute German Ambassador at Vienna, she had escaped the Austrian police, and, there being no extradition for a political offence, was quite safe.

As I sat there in silence while His Majesty discussed the critical situation with the Ambassa-

dor, I reflected how, having regard to all the circumstances, her chief object would undoubtedly be to bring upon me swiftly that vengeance which she had openly avowed. Yet, of my own accord, I had promised to seek her and deliver this command of the King's; to entrap her, and, for aught I knew, still further embitter her against me.

Truly my position was unenviable, and my mind full of gravest thoughts. England's honour was at stake, the days were passing quickly, and I had, alas! discovered nothing—absolutely

nothing. Each hour was bringing us nearer and nearer a terrific and terrible conflict with the Powers. War was in the air. In a few days the black storm-cloud which for the past three years had hovered over Europe must inevitably burst; then lands now fair and smiling would be swept by fire and sword, and thousands, perhaps millions, of lives would be sacrificed before those frightful modern engines of destruction.

Both King and Ambassador were fully aware of the crisis at hand, but were utterly helpless. We could only wait.

THE WATERWAYS OF VENEZUELA.

PART II.



HE great tableland runs right west to the junction of the Orinoco with the Cassiquiare. From this point to its origin the course and ways of the river are merely a matter of conjecture and Indian legend.

Several expeditions have attempted to penetrate the mystery of its birth, but none have succeeded, possibly because the wild Guaharibos who inhabit the country do not greatly encourage scientific research, and have, in fact, made exploration an unpleasantly exciting pastime to those who have essayed it in their district. For this tribe is by repute numerous, fierce, and warlike. They use the long blowpipe and a nasty little arrow tipped with *curari* poison; and a brave's favourite dinner is a juicy steak of his fellow-man; consequently the Guaharibo lives not on terms of intimacy with his neighbours, and his society is somewhat sedulously shunned by the Venezuelan in general.

The voyager who came nearest to solving the problem was Don Apolinar Diaz de la Fuente, who sailed from San Fernando de Atibapo with some thirty men on the 3rd December 1759. He drew an elaborate map not only of the country he traversed, but also of the entire river to its supposed sources near the Caura; and this map, embodied in that of Solano, copied by Codacci, and approved by Humboldt, is practically that which is found in every school atlas to-day. Without disparagement to the worthy Don, we may be permitted to doubt its accuracy, as we know the greater part of it was composed from imagination and Indian report, while his survey of the portion actually navigated by him is scarcely likely to have been worked by the most exact of instruments. Next (in writing) to Don Apolinar comes Dr Michelena y Rojas, an adventurous Venezuelan, who did much excellent exploration in the country, and who started for the Upper Orinoco in 1855. But he never got farther than the Cassiquiare, where he also interviewed certain Indians. So many other stories are current regarding the sources of the Orinoco and the

difficulties of reaching them that it is useless to quote them here. The fact is, the different tribes of Indians all talk different dialects and have different names for the rivers and mountains, so that an attempt to piece their various tales into one harmonious whole only leads to wild confusion.

Only this year I had a long conversation on this subject with a Maquiritare chief. His version agreed in its main points with that of Don Apolinar de la Fuente, but he added that close to the sources there was a large black mountain which every year or two threw out fire and smoke. As the general nature of the country is not volcanic, and as no volcano is known to exist in this district, his statement requires verification.

However, leaving aside the whereabouts of the actual sources of the river, we have it proved navigable by steamer as far as the Cassiquiare, and by canoes at least to the Sierra Parima, a distance in all of about fourteen hundred and fifty miles. We may safely say that the length of the Orinoco from the mouth of the Macareo to the Cassiquiare is thirteen hundred miles, and from there to the base of the Sierra Parima another one hundred and sixty miles—in all fourteen hundred and sixty miles; its width varying from five miles at the mouth of the Apure to four hundred yards at the junction of the Cassiquiare. Truly a noble stream! Michelena states that the Orinoco is joined by no less than four hundred and sixty other rivers and more than two thousand rivulets. Of those flowing in on its left bank in the eastern part of its career we have no certain knowledge until we arrive at the Cassiquiare, a tributary of the Amazon. The Rio Negro, which it joins, though generally considered a Brazilian stream, for the first four hundred miles of its course flows through Venezuelan soil. Unlike the majority of Venezuelan rivers, whose waters are either of a clear milky-white or muddy-yellow colour, the water of the Rio Negro, as the name implies, is of a clear dark brown. Few fish are said to live

in this river, and the banks are clear of the pestiferous mosquitoes, sunflies, and sandflies that abound in such numbers in other parts of the country.

Another of these black-water streams is the Atibapo, which rises in the low hills opposite Maroa at the first southward turn of the Rio Negro, and flows north for two hundred miles, when it joins the Guaviare, and these two, flowing together for four miles, run into the Orinoco. I say advisedly 'flowing together,' for, strange to say, the waters of the rivers never mingle, that of the Atibapo on the east side looking like a stream of ink, while the Guaviare has the appearance of milk, the line between them being clearly and sharply defined.

The Guaviare is full of fish; crocodiles, or *cayman*, as the natives call them, abound on its banks, which are also infested by mosquitoes and sunflies. On the Atibapo side are no insects; the *cayman* never ventures into its waters, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, only one species of fish—somewhat similar to a large trout, and called *bocacita* on account of the peculiar smallness of its mouth—is to be found in the river. The natives say the water '*peso mucho*'—that is, is very heavy—and that drinking much of it makes them ill. Personally I drank but little of it, and that little well qualified by stronger water imported from Scotland, the bottle from which this latter was extracted being afterwards filled with Atibapo water to be carried to civilisation for purposes of analysis. Through the courtesy of Professor W. Ramsay I have now received an analysis of the Atibapo water, which appears to be extremely pure—a fact sufficient to account for the absence of insects, &c.; no free ammonia and no chlorides, sulphates, or nitrates are discernible. The principal impurity appears to be of the nature of a peaty contamination, which doubtless gives the water its dark colour.

This Atibapo district is inhabited entirely by the Vaniwas, quite the most civilised Indian tribe in Venezuela. The Atibapo is navigable almost to its sources, and has on its banks many small townships chiefly inhabited by these Vaniwas.

Just above the junction of the Atibapo and Orinoco lies the town of San Fernando, the most important town in western Venezuela, and the seat of government in the Amazonas Territory. Commercially its situation is unique; and, considering the vast richness of the adjacent country, it should in time to come be a city of no small importance.

The Ynirida is another river freely navigable for many miles. Rising in the Sierra de los Maguas, it flows north-east, a broad clear stream with few *raudals* and plenty of water; but except by the Vaniwas it is almost unknown. Between this river and the Guaviare legend places the home of the *Guahibos blancos* or White Indians

Humboldt describes as having been met at Esmeralda. I have made many inquiries, both amongst Venezuelans and Indians, but can find no evidence to prove the existence of such a race. The fact is, in all tribes some individuals are naturally of a lighter colour than others; besides which, the true skin-colour of the majority is disguised by the amount of earth and pigment they rub over themselves as a preservative against the heat of the sun and the bites of insects.

The Guaviare, another noble stream, comparatively unknown, rises in the Eastern Andes, and flows through Venezuela for the last three hundred miles of its course, navigable all the way.

From the Guaviare east to the Meta lies the country of the Guahibos, next to the Guaharibos the most numerous tribe in the Orinoco valley. As a rule the Guahibos, especially those living near the Orinoco, are friendly and peaceful, though those inhabiting what is now termed in diplomatic circles the 'hinterland,' and who have had little or no intercourse with even Venezuelan civilisation, own no great reputation, common report crediting them with a fondness for eating people. In stature they are small, averaging about five feet three inches, but of a remarkably powerful build, with enormous chests and shoulders, and without exception all are distinctly rotund. The principal chief, who has quite sunk his Indian name, and is generally known by his Spanish name of Henriquez, is a brusque, shy, shiftily-looking person, but wields great power over his tribesmen. Both he and the second chief, Celestino (or Trebu, his tribal name), a stout, cheery old fellow, have been given the rank of *capitan* in the Venezuelan army, to induce them to keep their followers quiet; and Henriquez always dons the full uniform of his rank, a quaint contrast to his retinue of semi-nude braves.

In theory, many of the Guahibos are Christians, though, from a ceremony that I unexpectedly dropped in upon one bright moonlight morning between two and three o'clock, I incline to the belief that they still cling to some form of sun-worship. The ceremony referred to was a moon-dance, which took place in a small circular forest clearing close to the mouth of the Vichada River, and was performed by some thirty braves, who sang a curiously sonorous and tuneful chant while they danced, a few women and children sitting round and beating time with dry sticks. First the dancers advanced in two lines towards the moon, which shone out brightly over the tree-tops, all pointing towards her with their left hands; then turning quickly, they formed two circles, one within the other, and danced round in opposite directions, the outside circle moving from left to right and the inside from right to left, each man holding his predecessor firmly just above the elbows. From time to time they unanimously quitted hold with the left hand and together

pointed to the moon. After a few revolutions the circles split into ranks again, the dancers unexpectedly sat down, and the singing suddenly ceased. The show was over. Owing to imperfect acquaintance with the language I was unable to fully comprehend the meaning of the dance; but of course the two Venezuelans who were with me declared it was the preliminary of a cannibal feast!

Taken all round, these Guahibos, though unreliable as to working capacity, are excellent fellows to get on with. A noticeable feature about them is that, unlike the neighbouring tribes, who boast glossy black hair, the universal colour of the Guahibos' hair is dark chestnut-brown.

Their territory is intersected by quite a number of streams, principal amongst them the Vichada, the headquarters of the tribe, and the Meseta. The Meseta is unexplored, but the Indians navigate it for many days in their canoes. The Meta, another fine river of Colombian birth, rises in the spurs of the Eastern Andes just below Santa Fé de Bogota, the Colombian capital, from whence there is a fair road over the mountains to Boyaca, a small town situated just beyond the Venezuelan frontier. It has long been under consideration to build a railway from this town to Bogota, and so make the Orinoco-Meta route the main channel for the entrance of goods into Bogota; but the completion of this work is improbable at least in the near future.

A hundred miles north of the Meta we arrive at the extraordinary combination of confluent streams that drain the flat Apure valley and join the Orinoco just below the great bend by three mouths known as the Apure, Apurito, and Caboul-liare. These three mouths, similarly to the delta mouths of the Orinoco, are connected by innumerable creeks and passages; while the main river, the Apure, is fed by no less than thirty-four rivers over seventy miles in length, besides countless creeks and rivulets; this part of the river-system alone furnishing at least two thousand miles of navigable water. From the Apure to the mouth of the Orinoco on the left bank there are no streams of importance, though there are many partly navigable by canoes.

Working westward again from the Boca Grande along the right bank, we have some small rivers all navigable by canoes, and then in longitude 63° the Caroni, a river of considerable proportion and importance, as it drains what is known as the Gold Valley of Venezuela. This river has its sources on the slopes of the well-known mountain of Roraima, and flows north-westward for two hundred miles, when it is joined by the Paragua, the combined streams under the name of Caroni joining the Orinoco a hundred miles farther north. The beds of these streams contain a fair quantity of gold, and many natives and broken-down miners earn a scant livelihood by washing their sands. A hundred miles westward is the mouth of the Aro, a smaller stream; and still another hundred, the Caura, a magni-

ficent stream, for a reliable knowledge of which we are indebted to M. Richard, an energetic French trader who has spent many years in its exploration and the exploitation of its resources. Rising in the Sierra Merevari, from the other side of which range the Orinoco, according to La Fuente, also springs, it runs north-north-west for three hundred and fifty miles, being joined in its course by fewer tributaries than any other large river in Venezuela. The country round the headwaters of this stream is inhabited by the Taparitos, a nomad tribe of whom little is known.

The Sierra Guamapi gives birth to two streams, the Cuchivero and the Suapure, the latter almost unknown, though the Venezuelan town of Urbana lies at its mouth. The Cuchivero, which I explored in 1897, has been fully described in an article in the *Royal Geographical Society's Magazine* (January 1899). Another river that I am sure will well repay exploration is the Ventuari, Venturario, or Atuari, as the Indians variously call it. Only one civilised man is known to have ascended this river, a Venezuelan called Martinez, who, having quarrelled with a neighbour in San Fernando de Atibapo, calmly walked over to his house one fine evening and scientifically planted a knife between his adversary's ribs. Then, as even a Venezuelan government feels it incumbent to take some slight notice of the crime of murder, he bethought himself of escape; so, appropriating the dead man's canoe, he ascended the Orinoco and turned up the Venturario, where his pursuers never thought of looking for him. Pushing on up the Venturario till he reached the Maniapare, he turned up that stream, and, leaving his canoe, took to the mountains. Aided by Indians, he crossed the Sierra Guamapi, and dropped down on the headwaters of the Cuchivero. Here he met a wandering tribe of Panares, whose chief at once addressed him in English! It appeared this chief had been brought up in Demerara, but had forsaken civilisation to assume leadership of the tribe. With this tribe Martinez stayed some time, finally making his way to Bolivar, where, so slow is justice, he arrived before the news of his crime, and was thus able to escape to Curaçao, the sanctuary of all Venezuelans whose country has no present need of them. When we consider the glowing accounts he gives of the immense richness of the country he passed through, it is surprising that no one has yet followed in his tracks.

This Venturario valley is inhabited by the Maquiritaires, by far the finest Indian tribe in Venezuela. The men are short, spare, wiry, and of an entirely different cast of countenance to their neighbours. Every two or three years some members of the tribe make a six months' pilgrimage to Demerara on purpose to buy English guns, as they will not look at the cheap German gaspipes usually offered for sale by the Orinoco traders. One chief offered me the equivalent of ten pounds for an old well-worn breech-

loader that would not bring half the money in England. From a dreamer's point of view the life of all these Indians should be an ideal one. Their surroundings are beautiful; no hard work is required of them; and one would think that life in a quiet hut by some swift-flowing stream would satisfy every desire of these uncultured children of nature. But the gregarious instinct of humanity, and possibly the necessity of mutual assistance in time of danger, drives them to herd together in communities; lust, envy, malice, hate, and all uncharitableness creep in amongst them, and the ideal disappears, leaving much that is sordid, evil, and unbeautiful in its place.

Outside the Orinoco system there are few rivers in Venezuela worthy of mention, the most prominent of these being within the country which was recently in dispute between England and Venezuela. It is to be hoped that the settlement of this long-pending frontier controversy may more largely attract British enterprise to the unexploited territory of this rich republic. As already remarked, many of the Venezuelan rivers are practically unknown; but information regarding them has in all cases been obtained by myself from the most reliable sources.

There are well over ten thousand miles of navigable waterways in Venezuela.

THE WIT OF LAUHLAN MACINTYRE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.



HE spy threw himself down in the sand of the roadside and waited. In appearance he was a half-naked, dust-powdered rhyot, overcome with heat and exhaustion after a day's work at the water-wheel; in reality he was a tough and rising young policeman, keen and cautious, with a full knowledge of the responsibility of his task. But that was over now; he had done his work; and all that remained was for him to watch for the sahibs and their party, and to trust that some comrade would give him the tail of a horse to help him to the finish. The night had shut down upon the hot earth; in the glimmer of starlight the road could be seen dwindling to right and left, and the groves of mangoes that dotted the plain loomed large and vague. Clumps of coarse grass studded the sandy stretch; here and there a cultivator's patch was marked by its clumsy well machinery, and by the *muchan* (bed platform) in the forks of a tree on which its owner would keep watch by night when crops were high. The cry of a quail and the yelp of pariahs at some distant village were all the sounds that broke the close, heat-laden silence.

Half-an-hour passed. The spy laid his ear to the ground, listened, sat up, and finally sprang to his feet as a blur upon the road began to take shape, and he could hear the clink of bridles and the pad of hoofs. He stood to attention, and Faulkner and Macintyre grew out of the dusk, and reined in. Behind them a many-headed mass paused too, in a scuffle of dust.

'Ah, here's our man,' said Macintyre softly. 'What *khappar*, policeman?'

'Great news, Huzur. Hira Singh and his men are making merry in Kandua village, not a mile from here. Their sentries are but blind men, for I crawled through them to the walls

of the village, and I saw. The woman is there also.'

'You followed her?'

'I followed, Huzur, when she left the gates of the city, where she was joined by two of the robbers—they are bold men—and rode away very quickly into the country. I took a pony from the *thana*, and I rode too, following far behind and riding always under cover, where cover was to be had. I thought it would be a long way to go, Huzur; but, lo! it is not so. They are close at hand.'

'Doubled in his tracks. The impudence of the brute! And we were thinking he was in Trevor's district!' said Faulkner. 'Who would have thought of looking for him in the scene of his last robbery? Go on, policeman.'

'If the Heaven-born will come now, and those behind also, gently,' said the policeman, 'I will lead them. There could be no better time, for they are drunk, and over-bold.'

'Take my stirrup,' said Macintyre. He turned in his saddle and lifted his hand, and men and leaders jingled forward.

'What is the plan of campaign?' said Faulkner. 'There's no sounding-board here, thank Heaven!'

'My idea is to ride within a quarter of a mile of the village, then to dismount the men, and let them surround the place, the inspector leading them upon the farther side. I go ahead with you and get as near to the huts as possible. The sentries must be surprised in silence, if it can be done. Then, when I give the signal, or the alarm is started, we close in, and you and I and such men as are near us make for the headquarter staff. It's Hira Singh I want; the others can catch the rest of the gang if they like—each man to pick his spot before he attacks, and work straight for it.'

Faulkner nodded his approval, and the cavalcade

trotted on in silence. The signs of cultivation at the roadside grew more frequent, and presently, low upon the horizon, a spark of fire glimmered in a setting of huddled shadows.

Macintyre drew rein and dropped his voice. 'Kandua,' he said. He turned to the men and addressed them briefly, and at the close of the exhortation the troop dropped from their saddles, and hobbled each his own horse with halter-rope. Then they spread out of the road into the fields, the stealthy figures creeping farther and farther apart until they faded into the dusk, and only two luckless constables remained to keep eyes upon the horses. The two in authority stalked cautiously from the track, and over the *arra* patches and the water-channels, their faces turned to the glitter of flame.

The village grew plain to see. They could hear now the hum of voices, the thud of a tom-tom, and occasionally a drunken shout that beat through the night towards them. A red glow glinted between the walls of the huts, and the spy, who had been stealing in Macintyre's footsteps, crouched to his elbow and touched his sleeve. He pointed in one direction.

'There is the house in which I saw Hira Singh,' he said.

Macintyre looked, and saw the outline of a hut blocking the starlight some fifty yards away. It had a window, from which there spread a cone of light, and between the window and their goal an unsuspecting dacoit lolled upon his rifle, with his face toward the earth. The spy looked at him, and made a significant gesture with his hands. Macintyre nodded; and the next instant the man had dropped upon his belly, and was advancing like a snake through the waving crops.

Faulkner caught his breath, his attention riveted by the unconscious figure. The crawling policeman had been swallowed up in the growth, and the sentry continued to nod above his folded arms. A minute passed, and the watchers saw something rise behind him to the robber's level. There was the muffled clatter of the falling rifle, a groan that was stifled as soon as it was uttered, and the dacoit blundered to the ground with ten iron fingers gagging him.

Macintyre did not speak; he waved only to the line and ran forward with stooping shoulders and with hardly a glance at the two men on the ground. The policeman was still clutching, twisting, and heaving silently above his handiwork. Faulkner felt a shudder of repulsion, but it was no time for scruples; he pressed on too, and hoped, doubtfully, that the man might survive the rough handling.

They pulled up under the very walls of the village; and so complete was the surprise that not even an exclamation of alarm was heard, and not a sentinel escaped to shout or fire. The dacoits continued to riot and drink in noise and

fancied security. Macintyre and Faulkner crept to the window and looked in, so near that they could have almost touched the inner wall. The light came from a *chirag* (native lamp) which was smoking and stinking on the floor. Beyond it, reclining at his ease in the doorway, a large-bearded giant, clear-skinned, light-eyed, and swarthy, sprawled upon a string bedstead, a hookah at his lips; and beside him, the light flickering upon her beauty and her disguise, squatted Myra Pereira, arch-plotter and renegade, with his hand upon her shoulder.

'So thou hast outwitted them again! Well, it is easily done, for the pigs have little brains and no speed.' The dacoit yawned. 'To-morrow we go to harry the soul of Grigson Sahib, and loot that fat *tehsildar* of his.'

'I am tired of playing eavesdropper,' said the woman, with a shrug. 'When are we to go to Delhi and show how rich we are? Here one hoards. I wish to spend.'

'And I to rob,' chuckled Hira Singh. 'When, my pearl? Oh, when fighting loses its savour. When'—

He stopped, and leapt off the bed with a clutch at his knife. The woman sprang to her feet and dashed a veil upon the lamp. She was too late. There was no time to scream, to fly, to put the knife to ribs. The doorway was choked with men, and Macintyre's arms were round the struggling robber.

A tumult of fighting rose from the village. The place had become an inferno of wounded men, of bitter enemies, of groans and blows and exploding rifles. The dacoits had been thoroughly surprised, but they knew how to fight at odds. Their first instinct was to rally round their leader; and therefore it was that Faulkner, hurrying in to complete the capture, found himself furiously assaulted instead, and fell to battering at his assailant's face in the frenzied struggle for life and liberty.

Macintyre and Hira Singh swayed and struggled and dashed each other from one side to the other of the hut into which they had tumbled. The dacoit's knife-hand was held to his side by the grip that had pinioned it at the first onslaught; but Macintyre was a light-weight, and Hira Singh tossed him to and fro as a terrier tosses a rat, spitting with rage and his inability to shake himself free. The woman watched with a primitive curiosity; she exhibited no feminine alarm, and she followed the progress of the fight from the darkest corner of the hut, unwilling or careless of the chance of escape.

Weight told. Bit by bit Macintyre lost his vantage-ground; inch by inch his enemy captured his position, and reversed it. He slipped at last, gasping and clutching as he was driven downwards, and in the next breath he was hurled and pinned to the ground, and Hira Singh, above him, was wrenching the knife free for the thrust of victory.

He twisted his wrist, once, twice, and tore it out of Macintyre's fingers. The knife swung, and then the woman sprang upon him and snatched it from his hand. It spun through the window of the hut; and Hira Singh's unwitting pause swept the tide of fortune again to Macintyre. He raised himself and caught the dacoit once more about the body, and they rolled across the floor. A minute later Faulkner and the inspector, panting from their own perils, dashed in, and found them thus; and Hira Singh succumbed to the superior numbers.

Macintyre and Faulkner sat down upon the string bed, while the remnants of the fight ebbed and died about the village, and the policemen began to straggle in with their prisoners. The inspector knotted and reknotted Hira Singh's bonds, and a couple of constables mounted guard over him and the woman.

The dacoit did not speak for a long time. When he did his voice was hoarse with rage and exertion, and the tiger-look he flashed at Myra Pereira made the onlookers think her well served by the turn affairs had taken.

'I have thee to thank for this,' he said. 'I shall not forget.'

'Perhaps not, seeing that thou hast but short time before thee for remembrance,' she said. She stared at him with indifference, and he scowled and dropped his eyes. Something in his attitude, and in the woman's cold-blooded sickleness, made a stir of pity in Faulkner's breast for the downfall of the man.

'Is he not your lover? Why did you do it?' he asked in English.

'Oh, he was a savage; I was tired of him,' she answered carelessly. 'He would have killed the tall young man, and I like him: he is very good to look upon. If it had been a little ape like you, now, he might have struck and welcome.'

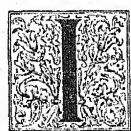
'Oh,' said Faulkner dryly, 'I see. You evidently pride yourself upon your candour.—Macintyre, do you hear? To your other laurels you must add the triumph of your beautiful appearance. It counts for much, you see, in the untutored nether world. We have cause to be grateful for the lady's favour. Not that something is not due to your quick wits also: I have you to thank for the jubilation in which I shall indulge when I communicate the news to Trevor and Grigson. There will be much jealousy; I doubt that if you have captured one adversary you have raised up two more.'

He spoke in his usual whimsical way; but Macintyre looked into his face and saw something that warmed his heart. He, too, was sufficiently thankful for the caprice that had saved his life, and he leaned back against the doorway and surveyed his prisoner with satisfaction and relief. He measured Hira Singh with a foe's appreciation; though he twinged, momentarily, like Faulkner, at the sight of even a rascal suffering the bitterness of desertion and defeat. Myra Pereira had turned her back upon the lost cause, and was trying to coquette with the adamant inspector.

Macintyre folded his arms, and pictured the little mother in Scotland receiving the news of his success. The tingling exultation of the victor was stirring in his veins.

THE END.

LYDDITE IN ACTION.



IN an article published in this *Journal* of 31st December 1898, shortly after the conclusion of Lord Kitchener's brilliant Soudan campaign ('Lyddite: the New Explosive'), the preparation and properties of lyddite were described, and it was therein predicted, on scientific grounds and the brief evidence furnished by its initial use against the forces of the Mahdi, that the new explosive would play an extremely important part in the great military operations of the future. The signal success which has attended the use of lyddite against the Boer forces in the present campaign has amply verified the prediction then made; and it is now certain that lyddite has established itself permanently as an agent of destruction. It is proposed in this article to give a brief account of the manner in which this explosive is now utilised on the field of battle, together with the additional details of its destructive power furnished in the progress of the present conflict.

At present the use of lyddite is restricted to shells for the heavier types of guns which form part of a siege-train, such as the 4.7-inch naval gun, and the 5-inch and 6-inch guns whose function is to shell the enemy at long range, and thus render it safe for the smaller field-guns to approach the position and be brought into action. An erroneous impression exists that lyddite shells are used in field-guns. Such is not the case, however; these weapons are still served with ordinary shells.

In the Arsenal at Woolwich a special department is now devoted to the manufacture of lyddite shells, hundreds of men and boys being constantly engaged in filling the shells with the explosive. Owing to the colouring property possessed by lyddite, the hands of the workmen engaged become stained a yellowish-brown; but, as only the superficial skin is affected, a few days' absence from the workshop suffices to restore the skin to its normal colour. After the steel casing which forms the shell has been filled, a

screw-plug is inserted in the aperture at the pointed end, to prevent any possible chance of water or dirt finding its way into the interior, and thus impairing the explosive power of the contents. The steel shells are then placed in a wooden case for convenience of storage, the 6-inch shells being packed singly and the smaller sizes in pairs, separated by a wooden partition. Distinctive marks are placed on the cases, so that their contents may be readily identified, after which they are ready for transport and taken to the magazine. So unaffected is lyddite by ordinary percussion that no special precautions are necessary in handling the cases, which are transferred without difficulty or danger to the field of action.

The fuses or detonators by means of which lyddite shells are exploded are made and stored separately. They are placed in hermetically-sealed tins containing four or five, and by this means are prevented from becoming damp or undergoing deterioration from other causes; the tins being labelled to correspond with the shells for which they are constructed, and are taken to the battlefield in a special wagon. The fuses consist of a metallic cylinder with a screw-thread on the exterior, by means of which they may be tightly fitted into the hole at the pointed end of the shell, which in transport is filled by the screw-plug. It would be impossible to handle shells in safety with the fuse in position, as any trifling accident might cause an explosion; indeed, the precaution is taken to store the fuses as far as is conveniently possible from the magazine, and thus prevent any possible mishap. Each fuse contains a charge of detonating material so arranged that when the point of the shell strikes or grazes an object the force of the impact causes the composition to explode. When it is desired to cause the shell to burst in mid-air, over the heads of the enemy, a special fuse is employed, in which a combustible mixture whose rate of burning is accurately known is made to bring the detonating material into action at any desired fraction of a second after the shell has left the gun.

Every gun-carriage possesses a receptacle, divided into partitions, in which the shells to be fired from the gun, together with the necessary number of fuses, may be stored, so that the ammunition may be served without loss of time. Behind the carriage two supplementary receptacles of the same kind are usually attached; and before going into action all these are filled. The supply is maintained from the base by means of small square carts, which, after being loaded at the magazine, are drawn to the guns requiring further ammunition, and their contents placed in the receptacles. In this manner a continuous supply of material is furnished to a gun in action.

When a lyddite shell is to be fired, the gunner removes the screw-plug from the pointed end of the shell, and inserts a fuse in its place. The

shell is now placed in the gun, together with the charge of cordite; and, the elevation for the object aimed at having been determined, the gun is fired and the projectile speeds on its deadly mission. On striking the ground the detonating charge explodes, and the shock thus generated in the interior of the shell causes the main charge of lyddite to explode and burst the shell into fragments, with results hitherto unknown in the history of warfare. There is no danger of the shell bursting prematurely from the concussion administered by the charge of cordite when the gun is fired. Lyddite can only be set in action by an extremely intense and sudden shock, whereas the effect of burning the cordite partakes more of the nature of a sustained pressure on the base of the shell. Further, as the pointed end of the shell containing the fuse is only subjected to atmospheric pressure, these powerful missiles may be discharged with perfect safety.

Some of the effects produced by the bursting of lyddite shells have been extraordinary, and half-a-century ago would have been deemed well-nigh impossible. Immense boulders of red sandstone, many tons in weight, which form the kopjes in which our enemies find concealment, have been in many cases reduced to fragments by the enormous bursting-force of these shells. Nor has the loss of life occasioned by their use been less remarkable, in spite of the fact that lyddite is primarily intended for use against earthworks and fortifications. The destruction occasioned by the hail of bullets from a shrapnel or man-killing shell must be very small when, as in the present instance, the enemy is carefully concealed behind huge boulders of rock; but these natural entrenchments afford no adequate protection against the effects of a lyddite shell, for the fragments of shell and pieces of shattered rock reach places inaccessible to bullets. Nor does the destructive action end here, for the sudden generation of gas which occurs when a mass of lyddite explodes produces a tremendous air-wave or concussion in the atmosphere, which in an area of upwards of fifty yards from the centre of explosion possesses far more force than the fiercest tornado; and any living creature within this zone of death, and directly exposed to the air-wave, would be stunned and possibly killed by the sheer force of the atmospheric shock thus produced. Striking evidence of this has been furnished on several occasions, many of the enemy having been found dead in their trenches with no signs of wounds, thus showing they had not been struck by fragments of shell or rock. Their lives must have been literally shaken out of them by the atmospheric disturbance occasioned by the bursting shell.

It has been stated in some quarters that poisonous gases are produced by the explosion of lyddite. Without going into technical details, it may be here stated that ample proof exists that

the products of lyddite are no more injurious than those of gunpowder, and are much less objectionable than the gases evolved on the firing of gun-cotton, cordite, or nitro-glycerine. Any statements attributing death to poisonous gases from exploding lyddite may, therefore, be rejected as untrue.

Much has yet to be learned concerning the properties of this wonderful explosive, which in the future will undoubtedly have a much more extended use than at present. Our experience in South Africa has conclusively established its value

as a fighting material; and, in addition, its superlative destructive powers have rendered positions unsafe which in the absence of this powerful explosive would be practically impregnable, thus marking a new era in the progress of scientific warfare.

The time has not yet arrived 'when the war-drum throbs no longer;' but the extensive use of such terrible explosives as lyddite cannot fail to modify the counsels of the warlike nations in the future, and in this way contribute permanently to the interests of peace.

'ON THE ROAD.'

By CHARLES STIRRUP.



AT the time of writing there are about two hundred and twenty theatrical companies—some forty-five of which are operatic or 'musical'—touring the provinces, sitting from place to place week by week. This means that there are nearly five thousand strolling-players, exclusive of music-hall artistes, 'on the road,' most of whom, in spite of the inconveniences, hardships, and tribulations, love the life and prefer it to any other.

It would be a very difficult matter to find a happier man than an actor who is in employment, and who feels assured that his work will be paid for when 'treasury-day' arrives; for, unfortunately, there are many—considerably more than might be imagined—who live in a constant state of apprehension as to what Friday may bring with it. Past experience, perhaps, suggests an unsatisfactory reckoning, if indeed there be any reckoning at all. Maybe one town after another has been visited, and nowhere has the play been a success; the slender resources of the management have become exhausted; the salaries, paid in full at first, have been so frequently reduced that at last they are barely sufficient to keep body and soul together; there has been another disastrous week, and—What is to be expected? Possibly the manager will quietly leave the town, and then the company will be stranded, without money, without anything worth pawning, seemingly in an absolutely helpless and hopeless position. Every walk in life has its tragedies; these are the real tragedies of the theatrical profession. Compared with them, how paltry are those artificial sufferings which require the assistance of the limelight man to become in any way effective!

To be stranded in a provincial town is about as desperate a predicament as one could well be placed in; the consequences, unpleasant, to say the least of them, which accrue before relief is obtained can better be imagined than described.

Suffice it, however, that some relief, great or small, even if it be only temporary, actually is obtained, as it must be if starvation is to be avoided. This relief may come in one or more of several possible ways. The lessee of the theatre, if he be a kindly-disposed man, may be, and often is, of great assistance—for example, in organising a concert or entertainment, starting a private subscription list, or even paying the railway fares of the unfortunate company to London, where most of them will have friends. Another course open is to communicate with the Actors' Benevolent Fund, which has proved to be of enormous benefit to distressed members of the profession.

On none of such sources as these, however, does a 'stony-broke' actor rely with such a feeling of confidence as he does on the generosity of his more fortunate fellow-professionals. That seldom-failing *esprit de corps* which distinguishes the highest and the lowest is not only the most noble but also the most characteristic trait of the theatrical world. A case in point, typical of hundreds of others, came under the writer's notice a short time ago. During the performance at a big suburban theatre the members of a well-known light-opera company were shocked to see a former comrade, who had left the company just before Christmas to take a part in a travelling pantomime, in a state of complete collapse behind the scenes. After receiving nourishment—for he was famishing—the poor fellow told his story. His listeners had heard similar ones before. The pantomime had been a failure, and the 'smash-up' came at a certain town in the Midlands, no salaries whatsoever being paid. Without a penny in his pocket, Thompson—to give him a fictitious name—decided upon tramping to London, the journey taking him upwards of three days. During that time the only food that passed his lips was half a loaf of bread, which was given him at the door of a workhouse! He slept in any sheltered corner he could find; and at last, on the Friday,

soon after the shades of night had fallen across his weary path, 'the lights o' London' came into view. Half-an-hour later he entered the quiet thoroughfares of a northern suburb of the great city; but what had London to offer him? A night on the Embankment perhaps, and then—then—Stop! He saw a play-bill, and, reading it, found that his old company was performing in the immediate neighbourhood. There was still a chance, and a good one, for him. He hurried in the direction of the theatre as fast as his swollen feet would allow him, passed through the stage-door, and fell fainting into the arms of the first friend he came across. One of the results of this timely rencounter was a subscription on his behalf, which yielded upwards of four pounds.

So far we have peeped only into the sad and sordid aspect of theatrical life, though in doing so we learn something of its most praiseworthy feature. Perhaps the great majority of actors and actresses of considerable experience have had, in their time, to face difficulties similar to those mentioned above; but, on the whole, the better-class travelling Thespians are fairly well and regularly paid for their services, and find in their experiences much that is pleasurable and interesting. Bohemians the world over are easily able to dispense with many home-comforts; and hence the inevitable inconveniences attending a constant change of lodgings are scarcely noticed. The cheerful philosophy which accepts with a good grace the fiat of the gods, be it fair or otherwise, enables theatrical people to put up with more or less frequent experience of a slatternly landlady, untidy rooms, and indifferent cooking. As for the long railway journeys which have often to be taken, they come as a matter of course; the tedium is scarcely noticed when the more light-hearted resort to practical jokes and cards, and the sober-minded—for, good reader, there *are* sober-minded nummers—to books and magazines. It is impossible, however, to view with absolute indifference the prospect of a search for lodgings on arrival, a stranger, in a town on a Sunday night. In the case of operatic companies which number forty or fifty members, it is sometimes found difficult to arrange in advance for the accommodation of all. The members of the chorus are the greatest sufferers in this respect, for it often takes three or four hours to find a suitable domicile; at times they do not escape even so easily. About the beginning of this year a company left Preston at ten o'clock on Sunday morning for Bournemouth, but did not arrive at that town until one o'clock on Monday morning, when the chorus were informed that, the place being full of visitors, every effort to obtain rooms for them had failed. So the remainder of the night was passed on the station platform, the waiting-rooms being closed; some of the young ladies falling asleep as they sat on their trunks,

others seeking repose on the not too comfortable seats.

No doubt the week at Bournemouth would compensate for this very unwelcome experience. A visit to such a pleasant, health-giving town during the winter months falls to the lot of but few of us. Theatrical men and women know how to make the most of such a treat. They are at home everywhere; do not coop up in their lodgings, but go out into the highways and byways; and in a short time are fairly familiar with a town and its neighbourhood. They know our country, its great cities and picturesque scenery, its historic spots and seaside resorts, much better than any other class; for commercial travellers are too busy to get beyond the business streets of a town. Beyond this, they make a great many very agreeable acquaintances; for pleasant-mannered, good-tempered people, who do not stand on any unnecessary ceremony or conventionality, can generally obtain quite as much social amenity as they desire. The old prejudice which once prevailed against those who earned their living on the stage—and which, by the way, extended also to the members of the literary, musical, and artistic professions—is rapidly dying, and justly so; the result being that travelling players of the better class frequently receive courteous little privileges, quite unsolicited, to view more than usually interesting places in their immediate neighbourhood. Indeed, it may truthfully be said that the members of a good light-opera company, for instance, pass, during the summer months, a pleasant, healthy life, in which social festivities of a very agreeable nature are by no means wanting. Life 'on the road' has many disadvantages; but it certainly is not without its charms.

THE PRAYER OF THE WOMEN.

God of Eternity! shadows are stealing

Over the Homes of the near and the far;
E'en as we kneel at Thy footstool appealing,
Haste Thou the end of the sorrows of war!

Wisdom hath whispered, 'The life of the nation
Is thereby revived, and in unity held;'
But is it enough? Oh, God of Creation,
Speak! and the shadows of war are dispelled.

Far on the lone veldt our loved, in their dreaming,
Are calling us vainly, as Heaven draweth nigh.
Creator of Motherhood! grant us a meeting,
That, calm as the cradled, they peacefully die.

Though for 'the good,' or the 'future ennobling,'
Humanity, stricken, cries, 'God, let it cease'—
Hurl Thou the war-clouds, in pity, asunder,
And staunch the heart-flowing with God-given Peace!

MABEL BEATRICE CARLISLE.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



ABOUT SHELLEY'S EDINBURGH MARRIAGE. A DISCOVERY.

THE other day Sir Henry D. Littlejohn, Medical Officer of Health for Edinburgh, called on the Editor of this *Journal* and made the announcement that while Mr James G. Ferguson, city session clerk, had, for quite another purpose, been looking over a volume stored in the city archives, he had stumbled upon the original certificate of residence necessary for the marriage of Percy Bysshe Shelley with Harriet Westbrook, signed by the poet and two witnesses he brought with him. As this seemed both an important and interesting discovery, and one that had hitherto escaped the notice of the poet's very numerous biographers, further research was made, sufficient to warrant the presenting anew of this romantic incident which was to darken down into tragedy.

The result of this inquiry is now before the reader. The entry quoted in Professor Dowden's *Life*, from the record in the Register-House, is shorter than the more extended certificate just unearthed by Mr Ferguson, which bears the abbreviation 'Ent^d' at the foot in a clerk's handwriting. The latter certificate is manifestly only the initial step for the proclamation of banns. The small quarto book containing the entry, belonging to the session clerk of the City Parish, measures eight and a quarter by six and a half inches, and is three-fourths filled with a register of similar certificates for the marriage of soldiers, carters, smiths, and labourers; and, by turning it upside down and beginning at the other end, the book has been used for recording baptisms, which meet the marriages about page 153.

For the better understanding of Shelley's Edinburgh marriage it may be necessary to recall the incidents immediately preceding what Dr Garnett calls 'the weakest action of his life' and 'the greatest misfortune of his life;' but which Mrs Oliphant, recognising that under the wildness of his strange nature dwelt the soul of a true and knightly gentleman, with perhaps truer insight

in regard—at least—only to the feelings that prompted it, calls 'the finest thing in Shelley's life.' Shelley matriculated at University College, Oxford, 10th April 1810; and, like Gibbon, he was shocked at the neglect of learning and discipline amongst the students, and the drunkenness and uproar in the evening. Here he met his first and best-abused biographer, Thomas Jefferson Hogg, who gives by far the most interesting narrative of the poet's early days. This is how he appeared to Hogg when they first met: 'His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, yet he stooped so much that he seemed of a low stature. His clothes were expensive, and made according to the most approved mode of the day; but they were tumbled, crumpled, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt, and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate, and almost feminine, of the purest red and white; yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun, having passed the autumn, as he said, in shooting. His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were, in fact, unusually small; yet the last *appeared* of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy, and in fits of absence and in the agonies of anxious thought he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands, or passed his fingers quickly through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. . . . His features were not symmetrical, yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual.' But the voice, we are further told, was disappointing, being shrill, harsh, and discordant.

The issue of a prose pamphlet in praise of atheism, or what Mr W. M. Rossetti terms pantheism, led to his expulsion from Oxford, which he

left on 26th March 1811. To be thus cut adrift at eighteen and a half, with such impulses and wild political and social notions, was the beginning of his misfortunes. Sir Timothy Shelley, his father, cut off his allowance, although his mother and sisters, who befriended and helped him, would fain have welcomed Shelley back to their home at Field Place, near Horsham. In May he had come to terms with his father, and an allowance of two hundred pounds a year was promised. Percy's sisters had made the acquaintance at their school at Clapham of Harriet Westbrook, daughter of a retired coffee-house keeper, then aged sixteen. It is said she possessed neither strength of intellect nor strength of character; and young Percy, to whom she had been introduced, seems to have gradually gained her over to his views and opinions. There had been half a year of acquaintanceship at least before the crisis came. Harriet believed she was persecuted at school; when she left she wrote letter after letter to Shelley, then on holiday in Wales, complaining of oppression, lamenting that her father was forcing her back to school, and threatening to commit suicide. Shelley hastened to London to cheer up the woe-begone maiden, about whom he said that 'she would fly with me, and throw herself on my protection. Gratitude and admiration all demand I should love her for ever.' Under this feeling of compassion, and embittered at rejection by his own cousin, Harriet Grove, he took the irrevocable step of travelling to Scotland and being married in Edinburgh. Hogg says: 'To be always in a hurry was Shelley's first rule of conduct; and the next, to make a mystery of a fact patent to everybody.' The hurry here is very apparent, and some of the mystery is at last dispelled after lying hidden in the Council Chambers of Edinburgh for about ninety years. Shelley closed a letter to his cousin with the enigmatical words:

Hear it not, Percy, for it is a knell,
Which summons thee to heaven or to hell.

In personal appearance Harriet Westbrook was at this time 'all youthful freshness, fairness, bloom; short of stature, slightly and delicately formed; light of foot and graceful in her movements, with features regular and well proportioned—the tint of the blush-rose shining through the lily.' We may add that her hair was light-brown, and her laugh spontaneous, hearty, and joyous. Shelley wrote of her: 'The ease and simplicity of her habits, the unassuming plainness of her address, the uncalculated connection of her thought and speech, have ever formed in my eyes her greatest charms.' Hogg wrote: 'If it was agreeable to listen to her, it was not less agreeable to look at her; she was always pretty, always bright, always blooming; without a spot, without a wrinkle, not a hair out of its place.' Of this escapade Mrs Oliphant re-

marks that they had between them as much knowledge of the world as two babies, two hundred pounds a year, and the displeasure and alienation of all their friends. Such was the condition of the poet and Harriet Westbrook on their arrival in Edinburgh on that autumn day.

The following is the entry as it stands in the Parochial Register in the Register-House, Edinburgh, under date 28th August 1811, in the regular Register of Proclamations. Whether the marriage was celebrated by a minister afterwards cannot be inferred one way or another from the register:


'Percy Bysshe Shelley, Farmer, Sussex, and Miss Harriet Westbrook, St Andrew's Church Parish, daughter of Mr John Westbrook, London.'

The following is the entry in the volume now just discovered. The year 1811 stands at the top of the page, and the month is August:

'28.

'Mr Percy Bysshe Shelley, Farmer, Sussex, and Miss Harriet Westbrook, St Andrew's Parish, Daughter of Mr John Westbrook, London. That the parties are free, unmarried (*sic*), of legal Age, not within the forbidden Degrees, and she has resided in Edinburgh upwards of Six Weeks is certified by Mr Patrick Murray, Teacher, and Mr Wm. Cumming, Hostler, both of Edinburgh, and the Bridegroom.

Ent^d.



WILLM. CUMMING.

PATR. MURRAY' (*sic*).

It will be seen that the entry in the Register of Proclamations which Professor Dowden examined is practically a transcript of the first three lines of the entry in the volume brought to light by Mr Ferguson, the word 'Church' being inserted and the spelling of 'Harriet' corrected.

What value, we may ask, has either of these entries as a marriage certificate? The former is simply an entry of proclamation of banns; the latter, according to Mr Ferguson, is but the usual preliminary announcement that was prepared for proclamation of banns. Did the Scottish advocate with whom Shelley travelled north in the mail-coach advise him thus, and did the poet only take the first step towards a regular marriage and stop there? Such an intimation has no meaning save as a preliminary to a regular marriage—that is, by a minister. Thomas Jefferson Hogg, who came on to Edinburgh at Shelley's heels from York in the first week of September, says on this point: 'Shelley and his future [bride] had travelled from London to Edinburgh by the mail, without stopping. A young Scotch advocate was their companion in the coach for part of the way; he was an agreeable, obliging

person. Shelley confided to him the object of his journey, and asked his advice. The young lawyer told the young poet how to get married. They followed his directions, and were married on their arrival in Edinburgh—how, or where, I never heard. *Harriet had some marriage lines*, which she sent to her father; I never saw them.' One would like to know whether the marriage lines referred to were merely a duplicate of this or of the Register-House entry.

If we overlook the fact that Shelley was pleased to call himself a 'farmer,' it is evident that Harriet Westbrook, who had probably only arrived in Edinburgh on the previous day—the 27th—had not resided in St Andrew's Parish, in which their lodging in George Street was situated, for the required period; it is manifestly untrue that she had resided in Edinburgh for six weeks. Shelley was in Sussex on 19th August, and according to Professor Dowden they came north on Saturday night, 24th August, or Sunday night, the 25th. Are we to thank the unnamed and still unknown Scottish advocate or his landlord for the adoption of this fiction?

Professor Dowden, followed by the *Dictionary of National Biography* and other authorities, accept this Register-House entry as the date of Shelley's Edinburgh marriage, although, as we have hinted, it seems to be only the usual announcement for proclamation of banns. There is no notice either in the *Courant*, *Mercury*, or *Scots Magazine* of that or a closely subsequent date that the marriage was publicly celebrated. The only other marriage notified on 28th August in the register is to be found in the newspapers of the period.

The two householders who signed their names to the document have their apparent counterparts in the Edinburgh Directory for 1811. In this year there was a William Cumming who kept furnished lodgings at 60 George Street. This same gentleman seems to have moved about a good deal, as he was in 27 George Street in 1810, and at No. 13 in 1816. He may or may not be the same William Cumming, and the possible renumbering of a partly inhabited street may account for something. There is less doubt about Patrick Murray, teacher, whose name appears against 4 St Mary Wynd in 1810; next year—the year of the marriage—there is a Peter (evidently a mistake for Patrick) Murray, teacher, St Mary Wynd, who is notified as having furnished lodgings at 1 George Street. It is within the bounds of possibility that he or Cumming was Shelley's landlord. Hogg says: 'I soon set foot in George Street, a spacious, noble, well-built street; but a deserted street, or rather a street which people have not yet come fully to inhabit. I soon found the number indicated at the Post-Office; I have forgotten it, but it was on the left side—the side next to Princes Street.' It was here that Shelley arrived probably on the forenoon of 27th August, having left London on the previous Saturday

night; the poet asked the good-humoured landlord if he would take them in, and advance them money to get married, until supplies arrived. To this the landlord assented, if Shelley would treat himself and friends to a supper in honour of the wedding. 'All things,' says Professor Dowden, 'were easily arranged and satisfactorily accomplished.' The supper came off, but Shelley and his bride preferred to be alone. Towards the close of the evening the landlord and his friends broke in upon their quiet felicity, the host wishing, according to ancient custom, to anoint the bride with whisky. Shelley, oblivious to the fact of indebtedness, immediately caught up a brace of pistols, and, pointing them at his host, said, 'I have had enough of your impertinence; if you give me any more of it I will blow your brains out.' The servant, Christie, who spoke the broadest Scotch dialect, was a torture to Shelley, and he would groan, 'Send her away, Harriet. Oh! send her away. For God's sake send her away!' It was one of Hogg's pleasantries to encourage the maiden to speak when waiting upon them. Hence Shelley's disgust.

Thomas Jefferson Hogg had been in York when the following note, received from Shelley, and written as the coach passed through at midnight, decided him to follow the poet at once to Edinburgh. This is the hasty note:

'MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Direct to the Edinburgh Post-Office—my own name. I passed to-night with the mail. Harriet is with me. We are in slight pecuniary distress. We shall have £75 on Sunday; until then can you send £10? Divide it in two.
—Yours,
PERCY SHELLEY.'

Sir Timothy Shelley, his angry and outraged father, never sent this expected Sunday remittance, probably an instalment of the two hundred pounds a year which he had settled on his scapegrace son. 'God only knows,' he wrote from Field Place to Hogg's father, 'what will be the end of all this disobedience.' But an uncle, Captain Pilfold, came to the rescue; he wrote to Shelley kindly, cheery letters, and also furnished him with money.

It might be easy, did space permit, to follow Hogg's discursive and entertaining account of their Edinburgh residence in George Street, until they all left for England six weeks later. We can only indicate a few of the features. They visited the 'beggarly palace' of Holyrood together; while the poet went home to write letters, Hogg conducted Harriet to the top of Arthur's Seat, and was much more impressed by the fine view than by anything he had seen at Holyrood, and felt 'one ought never to quit so lovely a scene.' 'Let us sit down,' he said to Harriet; 'probably when he has finished writing he will come to us.' But Shelley did not come that day, and Hogg dragged the unwilling Harriet from the top of the hill homewards. Hogg had had no proper dinner for two days, so the view palled upon him

sooner than on Harriet. They enjoyed the Scotch shortbread and honey, of which the poet ate large quantities, although at that time he was careless and Spartan in regard to food. Shelley's habit was to go before breakfast to the Post-Office for letters, of which he received a great number. On Sundays they criticised and smiled at the sober church-goers, and even found themselves one day at a service. 'I never saw Shelley,' says Hogg, 'so dejected, so desponding, so despairing; he looked like the picture of perfect wretchedness; the poor fellow sighed piteously as if his heart would break.' It must have been the city church they attended, for they were pushed aside in retiring to make way for the Lord Provost and the 'Bellies,' as Hogg believed them to be called. They discussed on the homeward journey the advantages of a ritual, and the comfortless, 'inhuman church music.' They even attended a catechising, when the question 'Wha's the De'il?' is said to have sent Shelley with a shrieking laugh outside the door.

Surely the Edinburgh advocate already mentioned must have given Shelley an introduction to the Advocates' Library, as he used to return home laden with books; some of them were French works, including Buffon, which the poet started to translate. *Claire d'Albe*, by Madame Cottin, was read by Harriet, and translated by her from the French; in this way her mornings were employed. Hogg thought the poet's bride had been well educated at the Clapham school. She was moderately proficient in music, and very fond of reading; but he never once saw a Bible, Prayer-book, or any devotional work in her hand; nor did he ever hear her say a syllable on the subject of religion. She was fond of reading aloud, and did so in a clear, distinct, agreeable voice, while Shelley would frequently drop off to sleep.

Shelley's first visit to Edinburgh was not well timed in order to see many of the notables. Scott, who had seen Burns in his own boyhood, and afterwards knew Byron and the Lake Poets, was absent from his town house in Castle Street, and much engrossed for the time being with the recent purchase of Abbotsford. At this time also Scott had just written to another poet friend, John Leyden, who died at Batavia on the very day of Shelley's appearance before the registrar of the City Parish. Lord Jeffrey, about whom and his *Edinburgh Review* Hogg alleged he had heard only too much while coming north in the mail-coach, and who then resided at 92 George Street, was also out of town.

The weather during their visit was warm and fine; no rain fell all the time; and the famous comet of 1811 was then visible, and was watched from Princes Street. But the romance of Edinburgh never seems to have laid its spell on Shelley. Later, when in York, Hogg remarked that Harriet's beauty attracted all beholders. 'Her charms did not appear to be equally capti-

vating in the northern Metropolis; I went abroad with her there more frequently, but nobody ever noticed her; she was short, and slightly and delicately formed; not raw-boned enough for the Scottish market.' The Shelleys were in Edinburgh three years later; this time they lodged at 36 Frederick Street. Mr Rossetti alleges that Shelley, now of age, married again in an Episcopal church in Edinburgh. Professor Dowden doubts this, and thinks that the motive of this second visit was to escape the pressure of creditors. On this occasion Shelley made the acquaintance of a Brazilian student, Baptista, studying medicine at Edinburgh University.

We need hardly follow the unhappy story further. Holding as he did that marriage was a relation between man and woman to be assumed at joint option, and terminated at the option of either party, it is not surprising to find that Shelley, separated from Harriet by 'incurable dissensions' or 'radical incompatibility of temperament,' took flight to the Continent with Mary Godwin on the 28th of July 1814. Miss Clairmont, daughter of Godwin's second wife, accompanied them. Charges have been made against Harriet's honour which have never been proved; neither did Shelley succeed in securing the custody of Ianthe and Charles, his two children by her. On 10th December 1816 the body of Harriet was found in the Serpentine; and before the year closed, being free to make Mary Godwin his lawful wife, he married her on 30th December 1816. Robert Southey in 1820, writing to Shelley at Pisa, spoke very plainly regarding his conduct to Harriet Westbrook: 'Ask your own heart whether you have not been the whole, sole, and direct cause of her destruction. You corrupted her opinions; you robbed her of her moral and religious principles; you debauched her mind; but for you and your lessons she might have gone through the world innocently and happily.' Less than a year later the poet perished with Williams in an open boat near Via Reggio in Italy.

Many of Shelley's biographers, including D. F. McCarthy, and Jeaffreson in his *Real Shelley*, give the beginning of September 1811 as the date of the Edinburgh marriage. His remarriage to Harriet Westbrook took place in London three years later, 24th March 1814, in order, as the certificate says, 'to obviate all doubts that have arisen, or shall, or may arise, touching or concerning the validity of the aforesaid marriage.' In regard to a public or regular Scotch marriage at that time two requisites were necessary: first, due proclamation of banns, and, secondly, celebration by a minister of religion. Shelley may have taken the first step in a regular marriage, but it is plain he did not go further. By Act 8, Assembly 1784, session clerks were prohibited from proclaiming parties until the leave of the minister had been obtained. Further, they could not pro-

claim banns until the parties had resided six weeks in the parish; otherwise they had to be proclaimed in the church of the parish where their ordinary residence was. If the session clerk did not know that they had been resident for six weeks in the parish, or that they were unmarried, and not within the forbidden degrees, they were required to bring a certificate signed by two householders or by an elder. Such a certificate, evidently falsified, is that now discovered. Banns had to be proclaimed on three successive Sundays. Under this condition, 16th September was the earliest date on which the poet might have had the blessing of the Church. A case before the law-courts in 1825 shows that the law in this matter was but loosely observed; and the Court of Session then declared to be clandestine a marriage following on a certificate of banns which had been issued by a parish clerk without any proclamation ever having been made, as was frequently the practice. This last may have been the mode of procedure in Shelley's case, and it seems unlikely that any marriage ceremony was ever performed. It is also more than probable that the certificate of proclamation which the clerk would issue to

Shelley was the 'marriage lines' which Harriet sent to her father.

On the other hand, an irregular marriage was simple enough. Wilkie Collins wrote his *Man and Wife* to show up the dangers of the Scottish marriage-law, which might lead two persons using a few incautious expressions into the bonds of matrimony. This is misleading, as marriage, regular or irregular, implies consent on both sides. The theory is that two persons have promised marriage to one another, who have afterwards lived as man and wife; and that they intend in this way to indicate that they have fulfilled or executed this promise. Where there is no other legal impediment it is sufficient for the man to say, 'I take you for my wife;' and if she assents and says, 'I take you for my husband,' and they really mean what they say, a marriage has been contracted.

The balance of evidence available seems to indicate that Shelley's Edinburgh marriage was a clandestine one, though it might, by the law of Scotland, be legally binding; and that no formal marriage ceremony, regular or irregular, ever took place.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A TALE OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.



FORTNIGHT of hot, weary, and anxious days went by. The month of June was now drawing to a close, and every one was leaving the city for the country or the seaside.

I had met Mélanie many times at social functions, and we had greeted each other with all formality; but only once had we gone cycling together in the Bois. If I confess the truth, however, I must say that we did not then go very far, but spent the whole of the two happy hours sitting beneath the trees on that beautiful green hillside overlooking the lake; it was delightful in that bright morning sunlight—cool, fresh, and tranquil—after the city's turmoil. Each time we met her charm for me increased. She was so graceful, so utterly unaffected, so tender, so entirely happy, that I felt assured, notwithstanding all her modest hesitation, that she really and truly loved me. She was beautiful, too. Was not her portrait, by one of the well-known Paris photographers, reproduced in all sorts of English and foreign illustrated papers? Even her shabby cycling-skirt and straw hat could not disguise the fact that she was high-born; for on her face, when she was not actually in conversation with me, was that calm expression of hauteur which every Hapsburg bears, and her swinging gait de-

noted pride and fearlessness of the world; but all her words to me were words of happiness and calm affection. True, she had only once allowed herself to confess her love, yet her actions betrayed the accuracy of my surmise. She loved me, and now spoke freely and without restraint of her daily life, of her relations, of her visits to the Court of her uncle the German Emperor, to the Czarina at St Petersburg, and to the popular Empress of Austria at Vienna. Her chatter was always merry, sometimes witty, and very frequently amusing. She had a keen sense of humour, and was altogether most engaging and bewitching. It was not because of her royal birth that I was held spell-bound; for on that morning of our first meeting, before I knew who she was, her loveliness and grace had attracted me. Now, as each day passed, I thought of her continually. She was my all, my hope, my very life.

Twice after our last meeting in the Bois I had seen her with her mother driving in the fine carriage with servants in the royal livery. Sitting there, dressed in the latest fashion, sweet and dainty, beneath her white silk sunshade, she looked indeed very unlike the shabby, dusty little figure who cycled at such early hours on that broad and well-kept road over which her carriage rolled daily at four o'clock.

It was close to the Porte de Namur, as I was

walking from the Legation to my own rooms farther up the leafy boulevard, that the equipage with its jingling harness passed me. I looked up quickly, and saw she had already recognised me. Then I raised my hat; and, while her proud mother glared at me askance through her *lorgnon*, the Princess bowed stiffly, as though I were a comparative stranger. But I was not surprised. Her mother was in ignorance of our clandestine meetings; and it was not to be supposed that the Princess would reveal our secret.

On the second occasion I met her driving in the Avenue de la Toison d'Or, accompanied by Princess Clementine, the daughter of the King; and then, free from all restraint, she smiled happily at me as she responded to my salute. I saw the ladies exchange some words; then both turned and looked back, Mélanie laughing again at me across her shoulder—an action which etiquette rules extremely undignified.

At the Legation matters had assumed a most critical phase. The intelligence which reached us daily from London was of a most disquieting character. England's attempted alliance with Germany and its failure, the secret of which had been instantly known to Russia and France, had produced a very embittered feeling towards us in all the Chancelleries of Europe, as we expected. This, combined with the fact that we had approached the King, in order that we might, if occasion demanded, pass through Belgium, and thus unite our military force with that of Germany, must, we knew, inevitably cause war. It was only a matter of weeks, or perhaps indeed days, and Europe would be shaken to her foundations by the startling announcement that the crisis had actually arrived, and that Russia and France had broken off diplomatic negotiations with the British Empire.

From the action of the Power which was our most deadly enemy, it was apparent that something unusual was taking place, yet all the combined efforts of our secret service department in the various capitals failed to obtain definite knowledge as to whether the stolen file of the King's correspondence had actually fallen into our enemies' hands. Some of the intelligence which reached us in cipher from Downing Street seemed to point undoubtedly to the fact that the tenor of the letters was known; while at other times, from the actions of the French Ministers in Rome and Berlin, it would seem that at Paris they still remained in ignorance.

One afternoon when Lady Drummond was receiving, as I was standing in the drawing-room chatting to a couple of ladies well known in Brussels society, one of the footmen whispered that a messenger from Downing Street had arrived and required a receipt for his despatches. Excusing myself, I went to my own room, and there found Graves in his light dust-coat, his hair a

trifle ruffled, and the thin blue ribbon of his official badge as Queen's foreign-service messenger escaping from beneath his cravat. This ribbon, with its medallion bearing the Queen's arms and the silver greyhound suspended, is always kept concealed beneath the messenger's cravat, and only exhibited when necessary to convince some railway official or Customs officer of the identity of its wearer; for it is a passport more potent than the usual formal blue document, signed by the Marquess of Macclesfield and bearing a sixpenny stamp.

'Well?' I said, gripping his hand. 'Once more in Brussels—eh?'

'Yes,' he responded, handing me the precious box while I signed his receipt. 'I haven't a moment to spare, for I've also got despatches for St Petersburg. I took the Vienna Express from Ostend to here, which gives me just an hour in Brussels. I shan't catch the North Express if I'm not sharp,' he added, glancing at his watch. 'You've discovered nothing of the theft, I suppose?'

'Nothing,' I responded. 'I can't imagine how it was done.'

'Neither can I,' he answered. 'Day by day I try to form some theory, but am utterly puzzled. Through all these years I've been carrying despatches I've never before lost one; and now, just within two years of gaining my pension, I have this misfortune. Somehow, I fear that the chief has lost confidence in me.'

'Why?' I inquired, rather surprised.

'Because I have more than a suspicion that I'm being shadowed by detectives. This makes me believe that the Marquess suspects me of selling those papers.'

'Selling them!' I echoed. 'My dear Graves, there's not a man in the service who doesn't trust you implicitly. There's no ground for suspicion against you whatever. If there was, I should know of it. Those men who are shadowing you are not detectives, you may rely upon it. They are more likely French agents who want to get at your despatches again.'

'If they try,' he answered determinedly, his mouth hard set—'if they try, by Heaven, I'll give them a taste of this!' and he drew from his hip-pocket a good-sized, serviceable-looking revolver.

'Where are your despatches for St Petersburg?' I asked, noticing he had not a second box with him.

'In my belt. I have permission from the chief to carry them there. They are safer next my skin than in any sealed box;' and, rising, he rebuttoned his light overcoat and took up his soft felt hat. He was muscular, athletic, rather short of stature, dark-bearded, and thickly built, a typical specimen of the tough Englishman.

'Well, keep on the alert,' I said. 'The outlook is growing desperate; therefore exercise the greatest care on your journeys.'

'Ah! it's my carelessness that has caused all these strained relations,' he said in a dismal tone. 'I only blame myself, Mr Crawford. It is my fault; yet how the theft was committed I'm utterly at a loss to know. The box was in my possession the whole time.'

'Not fault, Graves; rather call it misfortune,' I answered. 'Some day we shall perhaps solve the mystery; at least to that end I am daily working. Good-bye, and a pleasant journey.'

We shook hands, and as I stood at the window watching I saw him in his cab tearing down the Rue de la Loi to catch the North Express for St Petersburg.

Graves's life was, I reflected, one of constant unrest, all his days for years having been spent upon the great trunk-lines of Europe, until he had become an animated Bradshaw, and was on friendly terms with every Customs officer and sleeping-car conductor. During the time I had been in the service abroad I had constantly met him; for he was the senior messenger, and if remaining for the night was always the guest of the Ambassador. Dozens of times he had come to Constantinople while I had been there; and, in addition to his flying visits to the various Embassies and Legations in Europe, it was he who very frequently made the monthly journey from Downing Street to Teheran. In the messenger service the trip to Persia is looked upon as a pleasant change from the eternal journeys in Europe, for in Teheran there is usually a week or so of rest, while the long journey by road is welcome to one jaded by the eternal roar and rattle of the railway. Therefore, a journey to Persia is actually looked upon by a Queen's messenger as a relaxation!

While I stood at the window, however, Sir John, having learnt that despatches had arrived, entered hurriedly and unlocked and opened the box, while I obtained the decipher-book from the safe and began at once to transcribe the despatch he handed me. He overlooked me as I wrote letter after letter; and when I had finished, and he learnt its purport, he sank into his chair with his brows knit and his eyes fixed in thought.

The despatch, when fully transcribed, read as follows:

'No. 6A, 3472.—Private.

'From MARQUESS OF MACCLESFIELD

To SIR JOHN DRUMMOND, *Brussels*.

'A telegraphic despatch dated midnight, 9th inst., from Rome, states that secret information has been obtained by our Embassy that the French Ambassador that day called upon the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs and had an interview lasting two hours. The King was also present. The subject under discussion was

the possibility of Italy forming an offensive alliance with France against England. A council meeting is to be held on the 12th to discuss the matter. During the evening of the 9th the King received by special courier an autograph letter from the Czar. You are at liberty to inform His Majesty the King of the Belgians of this latest and most critical turn of events, and assure him of the continued friendliness and goodwill of Her Majesty's Government. Further information follows. Ciphers to be changed at midday on the 11th inst., from 222 to 186. End.'

'We are now within an ace of war,' the Ambassador observed gravely, with a sigh. 'The knowledge of our failure at Berlin has precipitated events in a most alarming manner. Never, Crawford, in the whole of my diplomatic career, has England been nearer war than she is at this moment.'

'And our lost despatches,' I observed—'what of them?'

'I fear to think,' he answered gloomily. 'My hands are tied by uncertainty as to the parties into whose hands these letters have fallen. I can do nothing—absolutely nothing. It is strange that the secret service has failed to discover what is surreptitiously known of the contents of these papers, or into whose hands they have passed.'

'The theft was one of the most ingenious ever perpetrated by our enemies,' I remarked; 'and no doubt those who could steal so cleverly also took every precaution to baffle us in our effort to trace them. But tell me,' I added, 'has the King mentioned to you the reason he desires to have an interview with that woman Judith Kohn?'

'No,' answered my chief. 'I put to him a very pointed question, but he merely remarked that the matter was a private one. It is fortunate that we are upon such good terms with His Majesty, or the loss of his letters might have placed us in a most invidious position.'

'But he knows that, notwithstanding the neutrality he is compelled to preserve, Britain is the best friend and protector of his kingdom,' I said.

'Quite right, quite right,' Sir John replied. 'But we never know, Crawford, what advantages France may hold out to him. Remember, they can offer tempting baits to the unwary. You recollect the action of French diplomacy in Constantinople, and how Cambon twists the Sultan round his finger?'

I nodded, for I well knew the marvellous astuteness and cunning of the French Ambassador to the Porte. 'Then you consider our position here is not so safe as it really appears?'

'Certainly not,' he responded gloomily. 'If war were declared against England to-morrow, Belgium would be forced to take the side of

Germany or France, and our "open door" to Europe would be closed. The King would be compelled to accede, in order to save his crown and kingdom.'

'But the treaty of neutrality?' I suggested.

The Ambassador snapped his fingers impatiently. 'In case of European war—and it means that and nothing else—treaties such as those would be set at naught. A little skirmishing between Uhlans and Chasseurs along the Meuse valley, and the treaty would vanish into air. The King is a clever politician himself; and he knows that quite well. We should have, no doubt, secured an agreement with Belgium had it not been for the Minister De Book's opposition. He is, as you know, in favour of an alliance with France.'

'But he has been superseded now,' I said.

'Yes; but unfortunately his successor holds exactly the same views. Brussels is always modelling itself upon Parisian fashions, and of course the minds of Belgians naturally turn to thoughts of France as their protector.'

Then the Ambassador rose wearily, and, after the despatch had been filed, we went back to the drawing-room, where Lady Drummond was entertaining her crowd of chattering guests with that courtesy which characterised her as a polished and popular hostess.

There is a strange fate that sometimes directs our actions, and leads us to do things quite involuntarily. That same evening I accompanied Giffard and a friend of his, a Belgian deputy, to the theatre; and at the conclusion of the performance, it being a bright starlit night, I set out to walk to my rooms alone, refusing their invitation to go round to the English Club, as I felt a slight touch of fever on me. My head ached violently; but the cool air revived me, and I was walking along the wide and shady avenue which forms the Boulevard du Regent, one of the best residential quarters of the city, when suddenly in the obscurity before me I thought I distinguished the fluttering of something white.

It was past midnight; most of the gas-lamps had been extinguished, only a solitary light burning here and there; therefore, in the darkness, increased by the foliage of the trees, everything was obscured. No sound broke the quiet of the night save the rustling of the tree-tops as a gust of cool night-wind swept across them.

Yet I felt confident I had seen something, and that it had instantly disappeared. I had heard and read in the papers of belated foot-passengers being waylaid there; hence I resolved to keep my wits about me. In order to watch, I slipped quickly behind a tree-trunk and waited, my eyes fixed upon the spot where that flash of white had been revealed.

There was still no sound. At night in that wide thoroughfare, with its thick avenue, the foot-passenger was entirely alone. Most people, it is true, take the footpath along by the houses

lining the boulevard; and I knew that I had acted foolishly in walking where I did. Foot-paths are plentiful in the Brussels boulevards, and at night the police surveillance is not all that it might be.

Suddenly, however, I heard a quick, sharp cry—the cry of a woman in pain; and there, sure enough, I saw again the same flash of white. There were sounds of scuffling, then silence again, broken only by a low groan and a word of reproach.

I hesitated in wonder.

Of a sudden a shriek rang out upon the night air, and a woman's voice cried in French:

'Ah, no! Let me go! Let me go! Spare my life, and you shall have what you ask. You—you'll kill me, you coward! Let me go! Ah! you are hurting me! You'—and there was a strange, horrible sound, as though the woman were trying to speak, but the terrible pressure upon her throat only reduced her words to inarticulate sounds.

In an instant I dashed forward, reaching in a few paces two struggling figures—a man and a woman. Without a moment's hesitation, and entirely heedless of the consequences, I flung myself upon the man—a well-dressed fellow in silk hat and frock-coat—and, seizing his arms, dragged his sinewy, murderous hands from the woman's throat; for he had clutched her in a fierce grip, and was endeavouring to strangle her.

She shook herself free and drew back with a cry of relief; but in that instant, almost before I was aware of it, her assailant had closed with me, uttering a low cry of suppressed rage. So suddenly, indeed, did he spring upon me that I was nearly borne to earth; but in desperation I wrestled with him, managing to keep my footing and, by strategy learnt in my college days, to gain a slight advantage. Upon my cheek I could feel his hot breath as he panted with exertion, and could hear the sound of his teeth grinding hard in his desperate effort to cast me off, for I had now got him in my power. In swaying from side to side in that dark avenue we, however, suddenly emerged into a faint ray of light shed by one of the few street-lamps still alight; and then, for the first time, I caught a glimpse of his features. He was fair, with a blonde moustache; but his slightly pock-marked face was distorted by a fierce, unbridled anger. To the woman at the same instant my own features were apparently revealed, for with a wild exclamation she breathlessly ejaculated my name. That voice sounded familiar in my ears and startled me. I drew back amazed, and peered at the white-robed figure before me.

To me the face of that man I held within my grasp was the most hateful and detestable in all the world. This sudden rencounter caused me to start in amazement, and in an instant

he had twisted himself free and stood glaring at me, as though ready to tear me limb from limb.

The woman who had been thus cowardly attacked was none other than Mélanie, my be-

loved; her assailant was that degraded spy and traitor whom I had once hunted down and brought to punishment, the ex-captain of artillery, Oswald Krauss.

(To be continued.)

RIFLE CLUBS.

HOW TO ENCOURAGE GOOD MARKSMEN.

By JAMES TAYLOR.



THE present time, when we are engaged in war with a small but active antagonist, appears to be very suitable for drawing attention to a means whereby the armed strength of the nation might be very materially increased.

It is admitted by no less an authority than the Secretary of State for War that conscription is not only possible, but in certain eventualities extremely probable. From a personal and industrial point of view this is to be deprecated, except as the last resort: from a personal point of view as a hateful interference with the liberty of the subject; and from an industrial point of view as tending to a disorganisation of our works and factories, and a further reduction of the supply of labour.

By way of premises, it will, I think, be acknowledged that the most formidable enemies for regular troops to encounter are those who can readily adapt themselves to a guerilla warfare; and for this the principal elements of success are the possession of a good rifle and a thorough knowledge of its use. The newest subaltern of Volunteers would curl his moustache (if haply he has one) and smile disdainfully at the tactics and manœuvres of the Boer commandoes; but a knowledge of their standard of skill in shooting will probably cause him to recommend his men, as I have known some Volunteer officers do, not to volunteer for foreign service in a body, but to enlist individually if the martial spirit moves them. In the one case their Volunteer officers would have to accompany them; in the other they would not. I am not forgetting the few exceptions, the most prominent of whom are perhaps Sir Howard Vincent and the London Irish. With regard to their efficiency as shots I cannot do better than give the following extract from a newspaper report:

'Referring again to the Home District, to which the volunteering Sir Howard Vincent belongs, and to the shooting of the Volunteers, the Commandant of the School of Musketry reports that 61 per cent. are only second-class shots, and of this number 40 per cent. are unacquainted with the sighting and shooting of their rifles at distances over two hundred yards. On reference

to the Musketry Return, it will be found that more than half the men Sir Howard Vincent offers to the authorities to fight the Boers are only second-class shots, and of the London Irish nearly 60 per cent. of the whole corps are but second-class shots.' The Commandant of the School of Musketry adds: 'Volunteers must therefore realise that, measured by the regular standards of this country or the Continent, they have still a great deal of leeway to make up before they can be credited as a body with the possession of even a moderate degree of efficiency in the use of their arms.'

An object-lesson showing the success of guerilla tactics which our military chiefs are not likely to forget very readily was shown in the recent fighting on the north-west frontier of India. To this again the Filipinos to a great extent owe the fact that our American cousins fought their last battle within easy distance of the spot where they commenced operations. The services of the *Francs-tireurs* in the Franco-Prussian war should not be forgotten.

That rifle-shooting in England has deteriorated—or, if it has not deteriorated, is sadly lacking in efficiency—is shown by the international competition which took place in Holland. Great Britain, France, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Norway, and Belgium were represented. Shots were fired standing, kneeling, and lying down, and the competitors had one hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition for each position. Where did Great Britain find herself? Last but one among the teams; and in the standing position a very bad last.

Coming from the general to the particular: there are a large number of able-bodied men untouched by the Volunteer movement, but imbued with the love of a gun, which, by the way, is generally one of the first toys of the infant of the male persuasion, the favourite medium of sport of the youth, and of moderate exercise and sport for those more advanced in years. Joining the Volunteers means an endless round of drill (which changes very considerably every few years), the care of uniform and accoutrements, compliance with many irksome and apparently meaningless regulations, and a week away from business every year. If you can

blend the love of sport and competition—inherent in the Anglo-Saxon mind—with patriotism, you will obtain a valuable asset, and in my opinion it can be done in the manner hereafter sketched, the result of which would be an addition to our home defence of many thousands of effective riflemen. The Boers have taught us that drill and Salisbury Plain manoeuvres are not indispensable in the modern battle, but that good marksmanship is.

Under present conditions, if it is desired to form a rifle club, each member has to provide himself not only with a rifle but a gun-license as well. In addition, the club has to pay for the use of a range; and, where this is situated some distance away, expenses of travelling to and from the range form a large item. Each member has, of course, also to pay for his ammunition.

Now, it may be asked, assuming that a rifle club numbering, say, fifty members is formed, each of whom pays an annual subscription, why should not the War Office lend the rifles, and supply the ammunition up to a certain number of rounds at a nominal charge, or even free; of course subject to suitable conditions as to the percentage of efficient shots, care of and safe return of the rifles, &c., and under an agreement to serve for home defence if called upon? Surely there is nothing unreasonable in asking for this concession.

A scheme could also be drawn up within a day or two whereby the clubs or sections could be affiliated in the different regimental districts, and the rendezvous of each allotted, so that the mobilisation of this force could be easily and quickly effected. Many of the members would be in a position to provide a horse, and thus be available as mounted infantry; and no words are needed at the present juncture to show the value of this kind of force.

The few rifle clubs with which I am acquainted show that a large number of their members are composed of ex-Volunteers, men whose services at present are entirely lost to the country, and men who can well impart the necessary degree of military discipline, system, and organisation.

A spirit of conservatism seems to be predominant at the War Office. In order to ascertain the feeling there in regard to rifle clubs I wrote some time ago the following letter to that Government department—or, to be precise, to the Secretary of State for War:

'SIR,—Will you inform me whether, in the event of a rifle club being formed, consisting partly of civilians and partly of retired Volunteers, the whole numbering at least fifty, each of whom would hold a gun-license, and the club paying for the use of a suitable range, the War Office would lend, or hire, a certain number of rifles, subject to such conditions as they might think fit as to the number of efficient shots, care of and safe return of the rifles?' &c.

This was the reply, equally courteous and unsatisfactory:

'SIR,—I am directed by the Secretary of State for War to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 4th inst., and, in reply, to inform you with regret that your application cannot be complied with, as there are no Regulations under which such an issue can be made.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed) 'B. MONTGOMERY,

'For Inspector-General of Ordnance.'

I wonder who is the authority that makes the Regulations.

Of course, while there is no desire on the part of the War Office to encourage rifle clubs, one can hardly expect them to be taken to kindly by the officers of Volunteer regiments. Those to whom I have spoken are dead against it. They seem to have the idea that such clubs would detract from the Volunteer movement. It would be unkind to suggest that the fear that Volunteer marksmanship cannot hold its own against outside rivalry is the reason of the hostility.

So far from the movement which I advocate injuring volunteering, I believe that it would be beneficial. It would not only give men a greater love for the rifle, but it would bring them into closer touch with Volunteers, many of them would be more inclined after a little practice to join their local corps, we should get more rivalry and better marksmen, and 'old hands' after leaving the Volunteers would be enabled to maintain their efficiency by occasional practice at the range.

I have it on the authority of no less a man than Sir Redvers Buller that too much attention seems to be devoted to 'training in drill-halls'; and this, I am afraid, at the expense of good marksmanship.

We have now between two hundred thousand and three hundred thousand Volunteers, and I am convinced that if encouragement were given to the formation of rifle clubs at least another one hundred thousand men might be relied upon as making themselves efficient for defensive purposes.

It should be clearly understood that the views enunciated in this article are by no means inspired through any temporary excitement caused by the crisis in the Transvaal. It is a matter which has been thought over soberly; and I think it is obvious that if such a project were carried out it would be certain to prove of great value to the nation.

It is worthy of note that Lord Wolseley, in response to a correspondent who asks if his lordship is in accord with the rest of the Council of the National Rifle Association as to the desirability of encouraging the promotion of clubs to make rifle practice accessible to the general population, has replied that he has 'always taken a lively interest in this subject, and thinks it an important matter. He would gladly see the people

generally familiar with the use of the rifle, as their forefathers were with that of the long-bow. Skill in the use of arms cannot be acquired at short notice; and he believes that general rifle practice would be of great value, both to the people individually and to the resources of the country. He thinks it very desirable that the movement in this direction should be widely taken up and well supported.

[Since this was written Lord Lansdowne, in reply

to a question in the House of Lords, said that the War Office was favourable to the principle of local ranges, and the enabling of Volunteers to obtain instruction; also, that it was intended to provide £100,000 for assisting local ranges. Lord Tweedmouth suggested that rifle clubs should be allowed to use these ranges at such times as they were not required by the Volunteers. At the last meeting of the National Rifle Association it was decided to encourage the formation of rifle clubs.]

PATRIOT AND TRAITOR.

By ALAN OSCAR.



HOUGH she had no great depth of character, yet the stress of the time had subdued her, as, indeed, it had subdued all over-emotional spirits. When the Hunt Ball was put off

on account of the Tugela disaster, and because of young Ascot's death, it showed even the young women that war had its serious side; and now the Yeomanry had been called on! A month ago no one had dreamt of such a thing; yet here were young Danby, and Smith-Begg the farmer's son, with dozens of others she had known for years, actually going out! It seemed unbelievable. Fred Selby was going too; that brought the matter still closer to her; for, though she had never encouraged him, she knew—well, *what* did she know? Had she not known it before, his eyes during the last two days must have told her.

'He has no right to,' she thought. 'It is taking an advantage of his position;' and she began to fear being carried by storm in spite of herself. So that this afternoon, when young Leveson called, she failed to respond to his advances, and rebelled against the proprietary air he had taken with her lately. She even excused herself from playing his accompaniment to the song he was to sing at the War Fund Concert. But he would not notice her contrariety; and, sitting down at the piano, he sang 'My Queen' in his most abandoned style, throwing looks at her the while, which she refused to see.

'Come, Lil! Don't sulk,' he said at last.

This was too much for her; she rose with a vicious swish of her skirts and walked to the window.

'De—ar me!' he muttered.

'How is it *you* haven't volunteered, Mr Leveson?' she said at last. 'You hunt.'

'Yes; but it don't absolutely follow. Fact is, I'm too deep in business just now. All's fair, you know, in—er—well, never mind that. What I mean to say is, my firm have most important orders on hand, and I couldn't *possibly* go just now.'

'I think it's noble!' The trivial words brought a great lump into her throat, and she

had to stare hard out of the window to keep the tears in.

'Oh, yes, certainly. Wish awfully I could go. It's a splendid chance of seeing some fun; but, as I said, I positively *can't*.'

The measured beat of distant drums came on their ears, and both remembered that the militia were to march through the town to-day.

'Hang the music!' he muttered; and as she still stood at the window he hurriedly rose, and, flinging a 'Good-afternoon' behind him, left the house. It was as well; her feelings were surging up to the surface. As the little company passed beneath the window, and she saw Colonel Reade riding along with them, the dear old man who had been almost a second father to her, she burst into tears, and, flinging herself on the sofa, gave way to her emotion.

It was long after the shouting had died away—the blare of the trombones had gone, even the beat of drums had passed—that she rose.

'I *hate* him!' she exclaimed, and again the tears flowed over.

Lily Trevor was rich enough to be worth securing. She had—girl-like—been playing fast and loose among her lovers, of whom Leveson was one. He was partner in a business house at Cartref, the big shipping town fifteen miles away, and had a place at Helsdon, from whence he ran in to business on most days. He was reputed to be not far short of a millionaire, and was a good match for Miss Trevor.

Fred Selby followed somewhat at a distance, a 'devout lover.' He worshipped her; but she had hitherto somewhat ignored him. Yet his devotion touched her. Once or twice she had caught herself wishing he had more ardour for the attack; but she had let things slide, had not forbidden Leveson's proprietary airs, and was beginning to fancy herself his property.

'I suppose one *must* marry; and in these days it is absolutely necessary to have lots of money,' was her principal thought.

To-day her eyes had been opened, and she began to have a dim idea that money, after all,

was not worth the matrimonial plunge; though visions of old-maidhood did not appeal to her either. 'One *can't* get on in society unless one's married.'

Yet when Leveson did not come near her for a couple of days she missed him.

Selby, had he dared, would have called to make a farewell visit; but the Yeomanry volunteers were being drilled to death, and he could not get an afternoon, whilst he dared not come in the evening without an invitation.

So it came to pass that on the day the troop was to leave town she had allowed Leveson to invite her to lunch at a window-seat in the club, from whence, as he put it, 'they could see the whole show.' Had she overheard what had taken place that morning in the private room of Leveson, Shafskop, & Company's office she would not have accepted that invitation. But business is business in these days, even when it becomes treason.

Leveson and Shafskop were alone.

'Vel,' said Shafskop, 'we haf got der schip away.'

'All clear?' asked Leveson.

'Yes. Left Antwerp dis morning. Ammunition all in hardware cases. Safe as houses!'

'That's good! And you think there's nothing to lead to her detention?'

'No. It has all been done clean and clever. Der cases vas packed in Arnheim. Dere's nothing to give any one suspicion.'

'All right, then,' said Leveson. 'Let's hope they'll pass through safely and get to the right hands. Once they take delivery of them, I don't care if Lord Roberts gets 'em the next day. Anyway, they can't trace the shipment to us. We have accepted freight for general hardware—eh?'

'Ya! Dat is it.'

'Then *our* hands are clean.'

Shafskop chuckled.

Entirely ignorant of such things—ignorant, indeed, of all matters of business—Lily Trevor enjoyed her lunch and her company, for Leveson was well up in the society art of making himself agreeable; and nothing disturbed their equanimity till he slipped out an objectionable phrase. Perhaps this story had never been written had he kept his tongue under control; but he did not stand wine well, and a small bit of jealousy lurking in his soul prompted him.

'That cub Selby's going; I suppose you know.' Instantly she fired up.

'He's not a cub! He's a brave man!'

'Oh, by Jove! Well—yes. I shouldn't have said that. They are *all* a good sort to go.'

'Ah, Mr Leveson! why didn't *you* go?'

'I! No fear! Why, I told you. I've got a cargo of ammunition on hand just now; we're shipping it for Delagoa. If it gets through I

shall make a clear thirty thousand. Those Dutchmen pay well.'

'*What!*'

Her face paled; she sickened.

He did not hear her gasping exclamation, or notice she had risen, for at the same moment the distant beat of the drums had caused him to step out on to the balcony. His remark had been forgotten as soon as uttered; it was only 'business' to him.

'Here they come, Lil!'

No answer. He turned. She was gone.

'Well, I'm—— I say, waiter, where's Miss Trevor?'

'Just left the room, sir; seemed not quite well.'

'What's up, I wonder? Oh, well, she'll be back directly;' and again he looked up the street, where already he could hear the shouting of the people and the music of the march.

Meanwhile, in a tumult of feeling, Lily Trevor had rushed out into the street.

There came the Yeomanry riding four abreast, the crowds hysterically cheering; women—yes, and men—weeping unrestrainedly. She found herself crying and exclaiming with the rest.

Right abreast of her—in the market-place—they halted and dismounted; and ere she knew it a tall manly figure in khaki and top-boots stood in front of her. Through her tears she saw it was Selby.

It was a supreme moment for both. For him a moment of passionate love; for her—she could hardly have said. In such moments an emotional woman loses the mastery over herself. Afterwards, neither of them could have told what passed; but when the trumpets rang suddenly out, and Selby sprang to his horse, he held a tear-stained handkerchief.

That night when all was over she asked herself, 'What have I done?' and herself replied, 'I don't care! No! I *don't!*' Then, in utter revulsion, she shuddered at the thought of Leveson.

As the following days went by sinister reports began to circulate regarding Leveson. He found people looking suspiciously at him. Lily Trevor had cut him dead. Having forgotten that one observation he had let slip, he was somewhat at a loss to account for this; but he had an unpleasant suspicion that Shafskop or some one must have been indiscreet. Things became so uncomfortable that he shut up his place and went abroad to let it blow over.

A month later, in the official account of a skirmish outside Jagersfontein appeared the name, 'F. Selby, Imperial Yeomanry, severely wounded.'

Then, at last, she *knew*.

He is recovering. She is waiting the return of her hero.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE MOTOR-CAR IN WARFARE.



ACCORDING to *Feilden's Magazine*, our friend the enemy, who is giving us such a lesson in the value of mobility, is using two motor-vehicles in northern Natal for purposes of transport, from which speeds varying from fifteen to thirty miles an hour can be obtained. In addition to these, the Boers are stated to have ordered more vehicles from Germany and a number of motor-cycles from France for scouting and despatch work. We are also informed that the French, German, and Austrian Governments have all taken steps with a view to the introduction of motor transport for army purposes; and that in the case of Germany trials have been made in the Hartz district by order of the Emperor, in which baggage-wagons, loaded up to two and a quarter tons, have been made to traverse ploughed fields and steep mountain-paths. These vehicles were fitted with benzine motors, and are said to have given satisfactory results. Our own military authorities are no doubt alive to the importance of this new departure in warfare, one of the many innovations which are working a complete revolution in the art.

MOTOR-WHEEL FOR VEHICLES.

There is no questioning the fact that the horseless carriage, or motor-car, has made great advances during the past year, and we may look forward to the time when vehicles of this description will be as common in our thoroughfares as the ubiquitous bicycle. What seems to be a great novelty in the industry is the introduction of a piece of apparatus called the motor-wheel, for which a patent has been granted to Mr J. W. Walters, of New York. It is somewhat like a bicycle front-wheel in that it works in a fork, the head of which turns in a socket; but it also comprises a two-cylinder gasoline motor and tanks for gasoline. The apparatus also has attached to it a fly-wheel, and is in reality a self-contained engine fitted to a wheel which can be readily connected to any existing vehicle. In the case of an ordinary four-wheel van, for example, the front ones would be removed and the motor-wheel fixed in their place, the steering being effected, not by a handle at the top of the fork as in the case of the bicycle, but by a hand-wheel with the help of shaft and gear-wheels. No reversing mechanism is necessary, the wheel being turned completely round in its socket when the vehicle to which it is attached is run backwards.

HOME-MADE WINDMILLS.

A most interesting series of elaborately illustrated articles have recently appeared in the

Scientific American (Supplement), entitled 'The Home-made Windmills of Nebraska,' by E. H. Barbour. It would seem that the farmers of Nebraska, led by some ingenious fellow, have made rough but efficient windmills, chiefly for pumping water, and that these are common all over the district. They are made of wood, mostly of any waste lumber that happens to be at hand; and some of them have cost less than ten shillings, and yet are doing valuable service in irrigation. These mills vary from one-man to eight or ten horse-power, the larger ones being employed for all purposes. Although they do not seem to have been used for the production of electricity, it is clear that in connection with a dynamo and accumulator, which latter could be charged in the daylight hours, these mills would do good service. The system is worthy the attention of all who live in country districts, despite the obvious disadvantage of wind-power—its inconstancy.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Interest has been revived in this new method of communication by the discourse delivered at the Royal Institution by Signor Marconi, to whose labours so much of the success of the system is due. He stated that when returning from America he established an installation on board the *St Paul*; and by that means those on the ship received from the mainland, nearly seventy miles distant, all the recent war news while the vessel was running at twenty knots an hour. The news so received was printed and embodied in a paper called the *Transatlantic Times* several hours before the ship reached Southampton. The lecturer also said that the War Office had commissioned him to establish wireless telegraphic apparatus at the seat of war, and that stations were now ready at Modder River, Belmont, Orange River, and De Aar. These installations, under the care of his assistants, were working well, and would prove invaluable should at any time the Boers cut the ordinary field-lines.

IRREPRESSIBLE BACTERIA.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society in London a paper was read which dealt with a remarkable investigation undertaken by Professor Dewar, Sir James Crichton-Brown, and Professor Macfadyen. The inquiry was held for the purpose of ascertaining the effect upon disease-causing microbes on immersion in liquid air. Liquid air, we may remind our readers, has a temperature which would be represented on Fahrenheit's thermometer by no less than three hundred and forty-four degrees of frost; and it might reasonably be supposed that no kind of life, animal or vegetable, could long exist in its near neighbour-

hood. It was found, however, that the hardy microbe was none the worse after twenty hours' immersion in the liquid. Certain photogenic or light-giving bacteria quenched their luminosity when placed in the liquid air, but resumed their customary radiance upon being removed and warmed to the normal temperature. Similar experiments are about to be carried out with liquid hydrogen, the temperature of which is considerably lower.

A SUSPENDED RAILWAY.

A novel kind of railroad is being constructed in Germany, between Barmen and Elberfeld, the inventor of the system being Herr Langen. The carriages, instead of resting on the rails in the usual way, hang from them, for the rails are fixed to girderwork at some height from the ground. Suspension railways have been designed before now, but never upon such an elaborate scale; and it remains to be seen whether the system possesses any advantages over ordinary railroad construction. The motive-power is electricity. It is said that the running of the vehicles is singularly smooth, and that extremely sharp curves can be negotiated without difficulty, the proof being that in a recent trial water placed in open vessels on the floor of one of the carriages was not spilt. We might point out that no system will prevent bodies moving outwards in rounding a curve. The tendency of vehicles to leave the metals is minimised on ordinary railways by making the outer rail of a curve higher than the inner one, a device which it would be difficult to adapt to a suspension railway such as that under consideration.

A MUSEUM OF FISH-CULTURE.

Our fisheries represent an industry of such immense importance to the whole community that there must be found hosts of sympathisers with the deputation which recently waited upon the Board of Trade respecting the continued maintenance of the Buckland Museum of Economic Fish-Culture at South Kensington. The late Frank Buckland, an ardent naturalist, and one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Fisheries, formed this museum at his own expense, bequeathed it to the nation, and also set aside a sum of five thousand pounds to form a professorship of Economic Fish-Culture in connection with the scheme. The museum includes several casts and preparations made with Buckland's own hands; and, although it has of late years borne the appearance of neglect, there is much to interest and instruct the general public within its walls. The nation accepted the gift in 1881; but less than twenty years later the Select Committee dealing with the administration and cost of the scheme recommended that Buckland's foundation should be abolished. It may be that the Buckland Museum does not fulfil all the require-

ments that such an establishment, representing the fishing interests of such a great country as ours, should do; but it might form a nucleus for something better. At the closing ceremony of the Fisheries Exhibition in London in 1883, the Prince of Wales proposed the formation of a society having for its objects the collection of statistics and other information relative to fisheries, the diffusion among the fishing population of knowledge relative to their calling, and elucidation of natural history problems bearing upon the subject. The deputation which waited upon the Board of Trade quoted this suggestion, and urged upon the Government the desirability of maintaining the Buckland Museum as a permanent and necessary institution.

CHLOROFORM ADMINISTRATION.

The use of chloroform as an anæsthetic, one of the greatest boons to suffering humanity ever introduced, is not without its risks, as reports of inquests in the newspapers occasionally remind us. The proportion of fatalities to administrations of the drug is almost infinitesimal, but it exists; and, therefore, any improvement in the apparatus employed in the use of chloroform is a matter of interest. Dr George Flux, who has had much experience as an anæsthetist at different hospitals, has devised an instrument, which is described and figured in a recent number of the *Lancet*, that claims to possess advantages which tend to security of results. It consists of a metal cylinder stuffed with cotton wick, which is saturated with the volatile liquid. In connection with it is an india-rubber bulb, or bellows, which conveys the vapour to the mask which fits over the patient's mouth and nose. There is also a slot in the attached tube which can be partially opened when required, so that the chloroform vapour can be diluted with normal air in any proportion desired. The instrument can also be used for the administration of many other volatile vapours employed in the treatment of throat and chest affections.

LIGHTNING-STRUCK TREES.

The German Government has recently caused an inquiry to be made into the subject of lightning and its effect upon trees, the observations having been entrusted to the overseers of nine foresting stations scattered throughout an area of nearly fifty thousand acres in the district of Lippe. It was found that of all forest trees the oak was most susceptible to the attacks of lightning. The forests were found to comprise various kinds of trees in the following proportions: beech, 70 per cent.; oak, 11 per cent.; pine, 13 per cent.; and fir, 6 per cent. Of the two hundred and seventy-five trees which suffered from lightning during a period of several years, no fewer than 58 per cent. were oaks, 21 per cent. firs, 8 per cent. beeches, and 7 per cent.

pinus. It is noteworthy that it has been stated by some English authorities that the beech is seldom or never struck by lightning. The truth of this statement has long been disproved, and it is interesting to see that the beech in Germany appears to be more often the subject of lightning-stroke than the pine.

FOOD PRODUCTS FROM FISH.

The American Fish Commission is reported to be carefully studying the methods in vogue at certain fish factories in northern Europe, with a view to the economical preparation of products from fish which hitherto Americans have regarded as useless. Among these is the preparation of fish-pastes from fish which have no commercial value either as fresh or salted food, but which at the same time possess a high nutritive value. It is said that the flesh of both the shark and the whale, which, of course, cannot properly be classified as a fish, are largely utilised for the preparation of a fish-extract which resembles in some particulars the popular extracts of beef, while they are far cheaper. All fishy flavour is eliminated by chemical process, and the extract is valuable for the foundation of soups and in general cookery. Whale-meat is very nutritious; but its excessive amount of fat renders it unpalatable to most people; and this is removed before the extract is boiled down to a syrupy consistence and sealed in jars. In many of the fish factories of Norway a 'fish meal' is made which is eaten extensively by the nations of northern Europe. In these several ways fish which formerly were never regarded as being fit for food are being utilised to the advantage of many.

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

It is a common saying that 'annuitants never die;' but it is not generally known that there is some little foundation for the saying, and that persons in the receipt of an annuity actually do live for a considerable time longer than the average. In the report of the Friends' Provident Institution, just published, it is stated that the average age at death of the persons assured was sixty-six years and eight months. It must, however, be borne in mind that these were selected lives, all having undergone strict medical examination, and therefore the average length of life should be exceptional. That this is really the case is shown by the fact that the number of deaths which occurred amongst the assured was only eighty-two, whilst the number expected under the mortality tables was one hundred and forty-five. Allowing that the results given above appear to be exceptionally favourable, how are we to account for the extraordinary fact that the average age at death of those in receipt of annuities was seventy-nine years and four months—twelve years and eight months longer than the selected lives which were assured only? The matter is

still more extraordinary when we consider that the annuitants are not selected lives; they are not subject to medical examination, and all are taken indiscriminately without question. It cannot be that the unselected lives taken indiscriminately are better than selected ones. The only inference is, that the freedom from money-worries—or perhaps the comparative freedom—gives that ease and peace of mind which is conducive to longevity. The moral appears to be: if you want to live twelve years and eight months longer than the average, buy an annuity. It is, of course, well known that the members of the Society of Friends—or Quakers, as they are commonly called—are quiet, peaceful, and generally long-lived; but this should act on assured and annuitants alike. If other offices were to publish their experience it would probably be found that the rule is a universal one.

PROFESSOR JAMIESON ON CAPETOWN ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS AND CABLES.

At a meeting of the Institute of Engineers and Shipbuilders held in January last at Glasgow, Mr Andrew Jamieson, author of the well-known manual, *Steam and Steam-Engines*, and late Professor of Electrical Engineering in Glasgow Technical College, described the investigations and experiments he had carried out last autumn at Capetown. These were to ascertain the causes, effects, and remedies of the vexatious interferences to the receiving-signals coming through the submarine telegraph cable, which were created by the suddenly varying electric tramway currents.

With reference to these troublesome interferences, Professor Jamieson writes: 'The strength of current required to produce good readable signals on Lord Kelvin's siphon-recorder is only one-twentieth to one-thirtieth of a milliamperé, whilst the currents sent from the tramway power-house to any one of the sections of the tramway lines is often ten million times this amount. These strong currents, after passing through the car motors, spread out for miles from the rails, and thus not only prevent delicate magnetic experiments being conducted at the Royal Observatory, but also find a return-path to the power-house along the heavy iron sheathing of the submarine cable, although the latter is at the bottom of Table Bay and at a considerable distance from the tramway lines. These erratic stray currents, in passing along the cable sheathing, induce correspondingly variable currents in the insulated cable conductor, and thus seriously interfere with the minute receiving-signal currents, producing "kicks," "vibrations," and "splashes" to such an extent as to prevent the most skilled telegraphists interpreting the messages during the working of the tramways.

The Eastern and South African Telegraph Company, to whom the cables belong, have spent considerable time and money in trying to over-

come these troubles. The only certain and efficacious remedy for these interferences is to be found in the laying down of a specially-made twisted twin-core anti-inductive shore-end.'

PRESENT AND FUTURE TELEGRAPH CABLE ROUTES
TO CAPE COLONY AND AUSTRALIA.

In Professor Jamieson's address to the Institute of Engineers and Shipbuilders, referred to above, he said that on examining a modern map of Europe and Africa it will be seen that there are two telegraph routes to the Cape from this country: the one (and the older route) he termed the Eastern and South African, and the other the West African. Both routes are worked by, and have their basis in, the first portion of the Eastern Telegraph Company's system. Messages for the Cape by the Eastern lines go from London *via* Porthcown, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, Suez, and Aden, where they branch off down to Zanzibar, Mozambique, Delagoa Bay (Lorenzo Marques), and Durban. From thence they are transmitted by the Government land lines to Capetown, &c. The cables from Aden to Durban were laid in 1879, at the time of the Zulu war, and only one section thereof has since been duplicated—namely, that between Zanzibar and Mozambique, in 1885. The West Coast route returns to Great Britain *via* Mossamedes, Loanda, and many other places, such as Lagos, Bathurst, St Vincent, Madeira, and Lisbon.

With the view of providing additional security to submarine telegraphic communication between this country and South Africa, landing rights at Capetown have recently been obtained by the Eastern Telegraph Company from the Government for a third cable. The first section, from Capetown to St Helena, was completed on 26th November last year, and a further section to the island of Ascension on 16th December following. The third section to St Vincent was opened for use on 22nd February. It is further expected that this cable—by far the most direct—will be continued from Durban to Australia, touching at Mauritius, Cocos Islands, Perth (West Australia), and Adelaide (South Australia), when the cost of telegraphing to and from the Antipodes will thereby be considerably reduced.

A NEW INTERNAL-COMBUSTION ENGINE.

Mr Henry O'Connor, president of the Society of Engineers, in his recent inaugural address, reviewed the improvements in gas engineering and manufacture, and drew attention to a coal-dust burning internal-combustion engine invented by Mr P. F. McCallum, of Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire, and experimentally tried on a small scale in Edinburgh. In working the experimental engine a volume of air is compressed by the up-stroke of the piston into the upper part of the combustion-cylinder. The proper quantity of coal-dust is then injected by a jet of high-pressure

air on to a wrought-iron plate attached by a stud to the piston, and maintained at a high temperature by the successive combustions. Immediately the first portion of the coal-dust strikes the plate ignition takes place, and a working-down stroke is made. When the piston reaches the bottom of its stroke the exhaust valve opens, allowing the combustion products and suspended ash to escape. A fresh charge of air then ascends through automatic valves from the crank chamber, and is compressed into the upper part of the cylinder in readiness for another combustion stroke, and so on. The force of the exhaust is amply sufficient to sweep out any solid matter which can possibly enter the engine through the fuel feeder. The engine is equally satisfactory when employed with oil. Working with coal-dust the engine gives diagrams of good and regular form, showing about fifteen horse-power at a speed of one hundred and fifty revolutions per minute, with a fuel consumption of about one and a half pound of coal-dust per horse-power an hour. Almost any kind of coal can be used, and the cost of pulverising is stated to be from sixpence to ninepence per ton. Professor Stanfield predicts that a larger engine of improved design will give a horse-power for a consumption of about half-a-pound of coal per hour.

A P R I L.

APRIL, with the pale-blue eye,

Came and took me by the hand;

Led me where the bluebells lie

In the hollows of the land;

Wept a moment with regret,

Laughed a moment for delight;

And the eyes that glistened wet

Still with sunny gleams were bright.

April—singing, laughing, crying—

Led my unreluctant feet

Where the violets are lying

In the hedgerows, shy and sweet.

If with hers mine eyes were weeping

For the Aprils passed away,

Soon with hers my joy comes leaping

For the April of to-day.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

ANOTHER MAN'S BAG. THE NARRATIVE OF EX-PROFESSOR CROSSLEY.

By W. E. CULF.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

IT has been observed, more than once, that I am peculiarly nervous about my luggage when I am travelling by train. It has also been observed that I exhibit more anxiety as to the identity of my goods than as to their safety, and that I am always especially careful lest I should carry off something belonging to another passenger. This peculiarity of mine has been ascribed to my natural eccentricity, and to the influence of advancing age. In justice to myself I am forced to show that it has quite another foundation.

It will be remembered that the loss of the Lenstoi Jewels was the sensation of the evening papers one day last year, and that the whole affair was completely hushed up by the press of the following morning. I am about to relate the whole history of this business; and it will be found a sufficient explanation of my nervousness with regard to luggage. I also relate the story because a garbled version of my adventure has already been circulated, and I am anxious to clear my name from the unworthy slanders which have been connected with it.

For many years I had been a lecturer on classical subjects at the Croxhampton University College; but just recently an unexpected legacy had enabled me to resign, and to devote myself to my favourite literary pursuits. I may say that my work has not been fruitless, and that I am regarded as something of an authority in more than one direction. This accounted for an invitation which I received at this time to visit Lechester, for the purpose of addressing the Carlyle Society in that city.

Lechester was an interesting literary centre, and the Carlyle Society there was one of the best. Moreover, my untiring researches had resulted in the discovery of certain private

Carlyle letters, which threw a curious side-light upon several phases of the prophet's work and home-life. Here was a chance of laying my discovery before a sympathetic audience ere I should make it public through the reviews. I gladly accepted the invitation, and prepared my lecture.

Both Croxhampton and Lechester are on the main line from London to Boltport, with little more than an hour's journey between them. On the day before the date agreed upon, I wrote to engage a room at the Lechester Royal Hotel, my somewhat nervous disposition making me unwilling to accept the private hospitality which had been offered. On the following day I caught an afternoon train and took a second-class compartment. In one corner of this was a young woman, with a child about twelve months old, and in another sat a stout man reading a newspaper. I took my seat facing him, and placed my bag in the rack above.

It may be said here that I have no liking for very young children, and always avoid them as much as possible. Their actions are not sufficiently regulated by reason to make them agreeable fellow-passengers. My fears in this case proved to be well founded, for from the moment of my appearance that child continued to stare at me in the most irritating manner. He had wide gray eyes, which were peculiarly vacant in expression; and my recollections are still vivid of the annoyance and discomfort I soon began to experience. My annoyance increased when I saw that the other passenger was watching the scene furtively from behind his newspaper.

Presently the child's mother seemed to notice my displeasure, and tried to divert his attention. Failing in this, she addressed herself to me.

'Shake your head at him, sir,' she said in a loud whisper.

'I beg your pardon?' I asked angrily.

She repeated her words, with an explanation. 'Shake your head at him, sir. He'll be all right then. He is very much attracted by spectacles.'

It was an absurd and ridiculous position to be in. I could not have shaken my head at that moment to save my life. Some of my mingled emotions, however, might have appeared in my face too plainly, for the child gave a sudden scream and turned away.

'Oh!' said the woman, most unreasonably, 'now you have frightened him. I am sure there was no need to glare like that;' and she turned to the task of soothing him again in a manner which combined pity for her boy with resentment towards me. I felt heartily sorry that I had not been more careful in my choice of a carriage; but at that point the other passenger came to my assistance. He had been watching throughout the incident, and evidently sympathised with me. Leaning forward, he spoke in a low tone, gravely:

'Shocking nuisance, children!'

'Yes,' I said, 'they are. I have always thought so.'

'Of course,' he went on, 'the world cannot exactly do without them. But I do think they ought to be kept out of the way as much as possible. In travelling, they ought to have carriages to themselves.'

I felt that this was a reasonable idea, and we were soon in perfect agreement. During the conversation that followed I tried to form some opinion as to the stranger's quality and position. His appearance was comfortable and substantial, and his manner free almost to the point of coarseness; but he had travelled a good deal in this country and could observe with shrewdness. He had a blonde-bearded, rather good-natured face, and I came to the conclusion that he was a well-to-do business man.

It is my habit to learn as much as possible about the people I meet. This does not arise from any vulgar inquisitiveness, but rather, I hope, from a wish to know my fellow-creatures. Their affairs are always interesting to me; and I have often stumbled upon information in this way which I have found very useful later. But for this custom of mine I should never have discovered those Carlyle letters.

I began, therefore, to make inquiries, and soon learned that my fellow-passenger was a commercial traveller, that he belonged to Boltport, and that he represented a firm called Fillottsons. I also learned that Fillottsons had something to do with jewellery; but that was all I could gather. The man was silent as to what had been his business in London, meeting my inquiries in that direction with a reserve which I had cause to remember later. Even at the time I could not help feeling that it was slightly suspicious,

especially as he had been so free on other points. I also remembered, afterwards, that he contrived presently to change the subject, and to engage me in an account of my invitation to Lechester and my business there.

Messrs Fillottsons' representative knew Lechester slightly, and was acquainted with the Royal Hotel, which he had visited on one occasion. He knew little, however, of Carlyle, his life having been too full of movement to allow of much save newspaper reading. Still, he displayed an intelligent interest in the subject, and this interest was deepened when I related my discovery of the unpublished letters. I was just concluding an account of this discovery when we arrived at Lechester.

During the talk I had quite forgotten the other occupants of the compartment; but it now appeared that their destination was the same as mine. My new acquaintance opened the door for them; and as they passed me I found that the mother had not forgotten the unpleasant incident which had taken place. She gave me a resentful look as she alighted, and this caused me to feel a return of the former discomfort. It was during this temporary confusion that I took down my bag and left the carriage.

'I am glad to have met you, sir,' said the man from Boltport; 'and I hope we shall meet again. Will you accept my card?'

We exchanged cards, and shook hands cordially. I may say here that I have rarely met a more attentive and intelligent listener. A minute later I was being driven through the streets in the Royal Hotel omnibus.

When I reached the building my first act was to take my bag up to my room. This room was No. 17, on the first landing. When I came down it was about five o'clock, and my meeting was to commence at eight. I took a hearty tea, and then went out to call upon the secretary of the Carlyle Society.

This was the headmaster of the Grammar School, and he received me with every pleasure. The evening's meeting promised to be an excellent one; Dean Houghten, himself the author of a volume on Carlyle, having promised to attend, as well as his guest, Canon Worcester. I felt that everything was working for the success of my lecture, and for the suitable reception of my important disclosures. It was in good spirits that I made my way back to the hotel.

This was at about seven o'clock, so I decided to dress at once, and then to give a few minutes to my manuscript. Although I never refer to my papers after my lecture has commenced, I always keep them before me for safety. On this occasion, especially, it would be just as well to make a thorough preparation.

I went up to my room and proceeded to open my bag. It struck me as I lifted it to a chair that it was a trifle weighty, considering that it

contained only my manuscript, my dress-clothes, and one or two other light articles. This reflection was followed by another, made as I took out my keys: the leather of the bag seemed rather cleaner and less worn than I had fancied it to be. I found no difficulty about it, however, for the key turned easily in the lock. Then I loosened the straps and slipped back the catches.

At that point my impressions were fully explained. The first thing I should have seen was my manuscript; but my manuscript was not there. Instead, there were three or four magazines of a popular class, and beneath them several articles of clothing, tightly packed. I had carried off and opened some one else's bag.

On discovering that this was not my bag it was my plain duty to close the thing at once. But my thoughts had flown to the loss of my manuscript; and in a moment of pure absent-mindedness I removed the layer of clothing to see what lay beneath.

What I saw there was another layer, of a very different character. Packed neatly beneath the clothes, against the side of the bag, were some half-dozen leather cases of a particularly handsome description. They were of various sizes, and each of them bore a coronet in gilt.

My curiosity was now awakened, and under its influence I went a little farther. Picking up the largest case, I examined it carefully. It was locked, but there was a small key, apparently of silver, in the lock. After a moment's hesitation, I turned this key and raised the lid.

My first glimpse of the contents gave me a vivid impression of brilliance and beauty. At the second glance this impression was confirmed and strengthened. The object at which I gazed was a necklace of large diamonds!

Just above me was the white globe of the gas-jet. The blaze of light fell directly upon the necklace, and, as my hand shook, the rays were reflected from the jewels in a maze of changeful colours. Some of the stones, it seemed to me, were of extraordinary size, while the smaller ones were set in tiny clusters. There was a setting of almost invisible gold-work, and the whole rested on a bed of white velvet.

I knew nothing of jewels, or at least no more than the ordinary man whose only knowledge is obtained by an occasional glance at a jeweller's window. I had an impression that the article in my hand represented a very large sum of money. It was worth hundreds of pounds—perhaps thousands!

Presently I closed the case and laid it down. There were five others, all smaller cases than the first; and I continued my investigations. It seems to me that the peculiar circumstances form a sufficient excuse for my conduct. In spite of what the Croxhampton students may say, I am

not inquisitive by nature, and have a strong dislike for meddling of any kind.

I took up the other cases and examined them in turn; but my impressions as to their contents are too confused to enable me to give a detailed description. Let it be enough to say that two of the cases contained bracelets, evidently intended to match the necklace; two others, and those the smallest, revealed a pair of diamond earrings; and the final case contained a kind of diamond spray, intended, as I guessed, to be fastened in the hair.

This last article was the finest of all. Most of the stones were small ones; but their smallness only served to set off the magnificent gem which gleamed in the centre of the ornament. The stone was circular in shape, and almost as large as the half of a walnut-shell. To increase the resemblance, the under side, where it was laid in the gold-setting, was flat. The face, however, was cut into a large number of triangular facets, each of which appeared to gather and refract, with thousandfold brilliancy, the rays of the gaslight. After I had gazed a few moments I felt myself almost dazzled by the unparalleled lustre. This was a diamond indeed!

In sheer bewilderment I sat down on a chair that stood near, and looked about me. My room was a plain and comfortable one, but utterly out of keeping with the nature of my discovery. Wealth? There seemed to be the wealth of Croesus in this common, everyday travelling-bag. What did it mean? Where had it come from? And as I asked myself that question I suddenly saw the solution of the mystery. This took the form of a card, which lay upon the table. I had laid it there myself when I had entered the room first. It was a slip of white, bearing, in three lines, the inscription: 'Mr Charles Ashdon. Filottsons Brothers, 191 Broadway, Boltport.'

'Cheap jewellery!' I murmured, with quick remembrance.

Cheap jewellery—of course! It was now as clear as possible. The articles at which I had been looking with the wonder of ignorance were representative of Mr Charles Ashdon's business. Glittering, showy, loud. Diamonds, indeed! I gazed again at the spray, and the proximity of that slip of pasteboard seemed to give it a very different appearance. It did not gleam so brilliantly; it did not gather up and reflect the light in such a glorious manner. Pshaw! I had seen 'rubies' of that size marked in toyshop windows at sixpence each!

I closed the case, locked it, and returned it to its place. Then I repacked the other articles and fastened the bag. It was fully time now to attend to my own affairs, so I hastened to summon a waiter. The man who came was a quick and willing fellow, who understood the situation at a glance. He told me of an establish-

ment in the next street where I could easily obtain the dress-clothes I needed; and I lost no time in seeking it. There was no difficulty after this, and by a quarter to eight I was ready for my engagement. I was forced to make up for the want of my manuscript by a few notes

hastily written, but I felt no fear in that direction. Years of similar work had trained my memory well.

At eight o'clock a cab was at the door, and I set out for the hall. By that time I had quite forgotten Mr Ashdon's bag.

ARMY NURSES.



WHILE the columns of all the daily papers have been taken up with the deeds of our soldiers in the field, and the pages of the illustrated journals have depicted week by week the various incidents of the campaign, the great work of the Army Nursing Sisters has been carried on steadily and quietly, almost unnoticed by the otherwise ubiquitous war correspondent. Only a short pathetic paragraph now and then, such as, 'PIETERMARITZBURG, Jan. 8.—Nurse —, Army Nursing Staff, died of dysentery,' reminds the reader that brave women are sharing the privations and dangers of the troops actually in contact with the enemy. Even though the nurses may not actually attend to their patients under fire—and even this is by no means unknown—the risks they incur while on active service are scarcely less than those of men under the hottest fire.

Army nurses have to pass through a severe course of training before they are considered competent to take care of Tommy Atkins and his officers when they may be ill or wounded. As a rule, the first experiences of a nurse are gained in one or more of our great London hospitals, such as St Thomas's or Guy's, where they make a general acquaintance with their duties; and it is here that those whose hearts are not in the work are soon weeded out. After a time they pass to smaller hospitals, and there they gain much practical acquaintance with accident and disease, and, moreover, acquire a proper amount of self-confidence and resource in cases of emergency.

Their names having been entered as army probationers, they are required in due course to proceed to Netley Hospital, where they meet the regular Army Nursing Staff, pick up service methods and routine, and begin to appreciate the red-tape of the War Office. Much as that ancient institution has to answer for, there are strange tales of Bumbledom even in connection with this branch of the service.

The nurses' term as probationers being ended, they are, if physically suitable, duly placed on the Army List, and become 'soldiers of the Queen.' Their first station is usually at home, and the remainder of the time they remain in Her Majesty's service is divided between home and abroad in much the same proportion as that of the line regiments.

In time of peace their life is much the same as in a civilian hospital at home, with the exception that the staff of nurses is much smaller, a large portion of the work, including all night-duty, being done by orderlies. In time of war, however, things are different. It so happens that this country has not been involved in any serious war since the days of the Crimea, and therefore it is necessary to turn to the present campaign to gain any practical knowledge of what an army nursing sister may be called upon to go through. At home things are carried on much as in time of peace; but Netley and the various other station hospitals are soon filled up with batches of wounded invalided home. There are not, however, many serious cases, as the majority of the wounded have reached a certain stage of convalescence either before or during the voyage home.

To find a parallel to the noble work of Florence Nightingale we must turn to events at the seat of war in South Africa. The party of nurses whose fortunes we shall follow left England shortly before the declaration of war, in the *Tintagel Castle*. The voyage was slow and without incident, and in due time they arrived at Capetown. Here they found instructions to proceed to Durban, and from thence on to Pietermaritzburg. Their arrival was just after the battles of Glencoe and Elands-laagte, and two of the party were ordered to proceed at once to Ladysmith, where they arrived just in time to be shut in for the siege. Two others were under orders to proceed to Colenso; but the rapidity of the Boer advance into Natal necessitated their remaining at Pietermaritzburg, which was now actually expecting an attack. A large number of wounded, both of our own men and of the enemy, were in the hospitals here. These were sent down as quickly as possible from the more exposed positions; and for one night the nurses waited in an empty hospital expecting to hear the three shots that were to announce the commencement of the Boer attack. However, as the Boers never advanced so far, they were occupied for the next few weeks in attending the wounded from the various small skirmishes at the front, and the ordinary cases of sickness, chiefly enteric fever and dysentery, which always dog the steps of an army on active service. Both our men and the Boers greatly appreciated the

care of the nurses, one of the Boer officers inviting a nurse to visit him at his home in the Transvaal.

After some weeks they were ordered to go on to Estcourt, which was now clear of the enemy. The journey was made by rail, and was slow and tedious owing to repeated stoppages to drop wood for fuel and stores of various kinds. The nurses experienced great kindness both from officers and men on the way, who vied with each other to do them such small services as were in their power, such as bringing them water and food. Their stay at Estcourt was terminated by a sudden call to Chieveley, General Buller's advanced base.

The battle of the Tugela was in progress. The train consisted of a number of trucks loaded with wood for fuel, all the coal in the colony being now exhausted. Repeated stoppages were made while this was disposed of, the carriages being left for long periods. Towards the end of the day they met train-loads of wounded returning south. On arrival there was no time to be lost. The hospital and operating tents were crowded, and the wounded laid in numbers outside. Inside it was impossible to move without stepping over the bodies of wounded men. All night the work went on in the operating-tent. One man, who was thought to have died after he was brought in, was put down near the operating-table till he could be carried out; when, an amputated leg having fallen on him, he was seen to move.

In and around the hospital-tent there were three hundred and seventy badly wounded cases, with only two army nursing sisters and two volunteer nurses to look after them. All night men were dying. Towards morning one of the nurses who had stayed for a few moments with a dying officer

had an opportunity for a short rest. It was bitterly cold, and there was not a blanket or covering to be found. At last she had to cover herself with one of the blankets in which the officer died.

The troops were retreating past the hospital all night, and it was feared that the Boers would follow up their advantage and attack the base camp; but fortunately they had suffered too severely to attempt it.

It is probable that the arrangements for the care of the wounded are more complete in this campaign than in any previous one; and Sir William MacCormac has written in the highest terms of praise of the work done by the Army Medical Staff. Yet the risk of infection must be enormous. Already one nurse of a party of four has gone down with dysentery from this camp; and, besides this and enteric fever, there is great danger from blood-poisoning in a hundred forms. Precautions scrupulously observed in nursing-practice at home are next to impossible in the field. With the greatest difficulty the nurses manage to keep clean—an absolute essential. At such times as these all work done in the hospital-tents is at the highest possible pressure of brain and body; and as the strain is never relaxed for hours together, the wonder is how women can stand it. The grim struggle with death and disease has to be carried on in silence; and it is only at long intervals that anything is heard of it at home.

Whatever the progress of the campaign, the work of these brave women goes on without interruption; so, wherever we read of victory or reverse, we should remember the army nurses are close at hand doing their utmost to mitigate the horrors of war.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XIX.—MÉLANIE'S FEAR.



“YOU! Mélanie!” I gasped, bewildered, turning to her. “Tell me what has happened. Why has this man attacked you?”

However, ere she could reply, Krauss, an imprecation escaping him, had slunk away and was lost in the darkness among the trees. I started to follow him and demand an explanation, for my blood was up now that I recognised he had attacked the woman I loved; but she called me back in an authoritative voice, and in a moment I was again at her side.

Breathless and panting, she was greatly agitated, a terrible anxiety apparently consuming her, for the man had evidently made a most desperate,

and perhaps preconcerted, attempt to take her life. So I suggested that she should walk with me to my rooms, only a short distance off, and there rest until she had recovered sufficiently to return to the Palace. A little brandy would revive her.

This midnight discovery was certainly a most remarkable and startling one. Few in Brussels would have dreamed that the Princess Mélanie of Hapsburg, the beautiful girl whom every one admired, would be wandering beneath the trees in the boulevard after midnight; and certainly this attempt to take her life was a most sensational and entirely unaccountable incident. Only one man on earth I hated and detested, and it was this villainous spy whom I believed to be still

serving his well-deserved life-sentence in the state-prison at Budapest. The knowledge that he was at large had caused me to stand before him dumfounded.

On one occasion, on that gray morning when he stood in the barrack-square with his hands manacled while his decorations and the facings of his uniform were torn from his coat and his sword broken before the assembled troops, he had vowed to take my life. That was the last time I had seen him, for he had been marched away to prison as a spy and a traitor; while the woman Judith Kohn, to whom his degradation was in a great measure due, had, with the assistance of the German Embassy, fled across the frontier and escaped. Yet I remembered well, as though it were but yesterday, the evil look in his eyes as he swore to kill me because I had brought about his exposure by intercepting certain plans which he had offered for sale. Mine was, I confess, a delicate piece of espionage; but it was in the interests of my own dear England, and in order to further the success of the diplomacy of my chief.

Now, at this critical moment of the European outlook, we had met once more, and our encounter had certainly been in most extraordinary circumstances. In my ears the shrill cry of my beloved still sounded, and I regretted that I had not detained him. True, he had escaped into the darkness; but without doubt our recognition had been mutual.

'You are very kind, Philip,' she managed to gasp. 'It is fortunate you were near, or—or he would, I believe, have strangled me. A little brandy would do me good. I feel so weak and faint.'

'Then come,' I said. 'Let's get away, for the police may have been alarmed by your cry,' and, taking her arm tenderly, I managed to lead her as far as the Place Louise, where we ascended to my little flat, a rather pleasant place in daytime, as it overlooked the gayest and liveliest spot in all Brussels.

Fortunately Barnes, my English manservant, had retired to bed, as he did invariably at eleven if I were not in; therefore we were alone; and on gaining the sitting-room Mélanie staggered back into my arm-chair exhausted, her beautiful face pale as death, her limbs trembling, her dark eyes fixed before her with a strange, haggard look I had never before seen in them. Indeed, she had walked with me as one dazed or in a dream, and not until I had made her swallow a small glass of Cognac did she revive and become fully cognisant of things around her.

I saw that the white silk gown she wore—an extremely handsome evening-dress, trimmed with pearls—was soiled and torn, while her dark hair had been sadly disarranged in the desperate struggle. There were dark, livid marks, too, upon her white throat, where the hands of her

assailant had gripped her in his dastardly attempt to crush out her life.

I asked if she had not a cape, or some covering for her shoulders, thinking it strange that she should go forth in the night-air without protection; but she mechanically replied that she supposed it had fallen off in the boulevard.

'Tell me, Mélanie, what occurred,' I asked at last, standing beside her chair, bending over her and holding her hand tenderly. Jewels—beautiful rubies, emeralds, and diamonds—sparkled on her slim white fingers, while upon her wrist was an antique bracelet, a broad band of gold, with an inscription in raised Roman characters: '*Vita ludus et scena est.*' It was a fine ornament which, as I afterwards learnt, had been discovered during some excavations near the old town of Trèves, once a Roman stronghold.

To my question she remained dumb. She sighed heavily, and her eyes were turned to mine with a strange, fixed look which alarmed me. Her hand trembled; then a shudder ran through her.

'You are cold,' I said; and, getting my flannel tennis-coat, I placed it about her shoulders.

She thanked me in a low, weak voice; then, resting her head upon the cushion I placed for her, she closed her eyes. I saw she was exhausted, and noticed further that the dark marks on her throat were gradually assuming a deeper hue.

For some time I stood beside her, holding her hand; but it seemed as though she had dropped off to sleep; therefore I crept away and obtained a whisky and soda for myself, for, truth to tell, I had been unnerved by this unexpected encounter.

Oswald Krauss, judging by his dress, was prospering. He was certainly no common foot-pad. Mélanie's words when he had seized her in his terrible paroxysm of anger were very strange, and sounded as though they were both well known to each other. She had promised to accede to his demands on condition that he spared her. What, I wondered, did he seek of her? It was indeed an extraordinary fact to discover the Princess Mélanie of Hapsburg walking alone in the early hours of the morning with a man whose mean, despicable crime had brought upon him a well-deserved life-sentence. Again, how he had escaped was a mystery. The Austrian Government are not given to releasing prisoners condemned for treason. That man had broken his oath to his Emperor and betrayed his country in a manner so ingenious as to be almost incredible; yet I found him at large here, in Brussels, endeavouring to obtain by threats something which my beloved refused to grant. What could it be? I wondered. Could he really be the mysterious lover she was in the habit of meeting, the man spoken of by Paul Vermoloff?

I sat opposite her, watching her as she slept, knowing that when she awoke she would be

calmer and more collected. Her absence from the Palace would, I feared, be noted; therefore, although anxious to learn the truth of this mysterious attack, I was also eager that she should return. Probably her maid was in the secret of these night excursions of hers, just as she knew of her early morning cycling.

At last, after perhaps half-an-hour, she sat up and glanced around her wonderingly. I was beside her, on my knees, in an instant.

'I hope you feel better, Mélanie,' I said eagerly.

'Yes,' she answered weakly. 'At first—do you know?—I wondered what place this was. But now I remember all. I—I am with you!' And she smiled.

'Yes,' I said, bending and kissing her hand. 'It was extremely fortunate that I chanced to be near. But tell me,' I added, 'what do you know of that man? Was he a stranger to you?'

'No,' she answered, sighing deeply. 'He is, alas! no stranger.'

'But why did he make such a desperate attempt upon you?' I inquired.

She hesitated. Her fingers closed tightly upon mine.

'Because I would not comply with his demand.'

'Tell me,' I demanded, 'what is the nature of your relations with him?'

'I hate him,' she cried in desperation. 'I hate and detest him!'

'Am I correct in supposing that you have met this man time after time in the boulevard, or in the dark avenues of the Park?'

'I have met him many times. I have met him because I have been forced to do so,' she answered, in desperation.

'And he is your lover!' I said harshly.

'No, no, Philip!' she cried protestingly. 'I swear he is not. Lover! Why, I detest the sight of him!'

'Why?'

She was silent. I saw by the twitching of the muscles of her face how agitated she had become. This allegation of mine had brought a dark and determined look upon her countenance; while, on my part, the discovery had aroused within me a natural jealousy. The whisperings I had heard alleging that the Princess Mélanie had a secret lover were evidently based upon fact, for a woman does not steal out and meet a man at night with risk of detection and exposure unless there is some very strong incentive.

'You do not answer my question,' I said in a calmer tone.

'I hate him because of all the past,' she responded at length after some further hesitation.

'Is its recollection so very bitter, then?' I inquired.

'Alas! yes,' she sighed; then fixing her dark tearful eyes upon mine, she added hoarsely, 'It is so bitter and hateful, Philip, that sometimes I regret that I had not died long ago.'

'Come,' I said, 'you must not speak so gloomily. Tell me, what has occurred between you to-night?'

'Ah, no!' she answered quickly. 'I cannot.'

'But I love you, Mélanie,' I protested earnestly. 'You have told me, too, that I have a place in your heart. Cannot you, therefore, trust me with your secret?'

'It is impossible,' she faltered.

'Why?'

'Because I dare not.'

'Then you are in fear of him!' I said. 'You told me that you were in dread of that man who watched us on the night of the State ball.'

'It is the truth. Fear of them both holds me in silence,' she replied.

'But is it wise to wander the boulevards at night?' I queried.

'I have met that man only because he compelled me,' she answered. 'Ah! you do not know—you can never know—what I have suffered, Philip, or you would not speak thus.'

'Why, then, do you not place faith in me and explain? I might assist you. Your position does not allow you the freedom which others have; therefore, why not let me be your confidant and friend? Did you not tell me only the other day that you might perhaps require my help? Surely you require some assistance when I have witnessed this dastardly attempt upon you.'

'Yes,' she shuddered, 'I believe that he would have killed me.'

'But what reason has he for acting thus?' I inquired. 'What does he want of you?'

She hesitated. Her brows contracted for a moment in thought, then she answered:

'I am in possession of a secret which he is anxious to learn. I refused to divulge it, and in order to wring it from me he attempted to strangle me.'

'A secret?' I repeated, puzzled. 'Has it anything to do with that man's past?'

'No,' she answered. 'But what do you know regarding his past? Are you acquainted with him?'

'I know him too well,' I replied in a hard voice. 'His name is Oswald Krauss; he is a native of Vienna, and an ex-captain of artillery.'

She bowed her head in the affirmative.

'And what else?' she asked in a low, mechanical tone.

'For the rest,' I said, 'he was discovered in the act of selling to a German agent in Budapest detailed plans of three of the principal frontier fortresses, arrested, and condemned by court-martial to imprisonment for life as a spy and a traitor.'

'How are you aware of all this?' she in-

quired, her eyes turned upon me in blank surprise.

'Because that man was first successful in obtaining knowledge of certain of our diplomatic secrets, which he endeavoured to sell to his employers, the German Government, and was only prevented by a discovery which I myself made. Then, fearing lest he should make a second attempt, I kept watch upon him, and found that not only did he seek to sell England's secrets to her enemies, but that he was also offering the plans of his own country's defences.'

'It was you who discovered that?' she gasped, her face pale in an instant.

'I placed my discovery before the Austrian Minister of War, with the result that the spy was arrested and his papers seized. The latter conclusively proved his guilt; and after being tried he was degraded in the barrack-square in Budapest. The real reason of this degradation was, however, never allowed to leak out to the public. Only the members of the court-martial and a few high officials were aware of the truth. The German Ambassador was too deeply implicated in the affair, and Austria could not afford to give offence to her powerful neighbour.'

'And you were actually the man who brought him to justice!' she cried in a strange voice, as one utterly amazed.

'He is a man of marvellous ingenuity,' I answered, 'and he used a woman named Kohn as his go-between in his dealings with Germany.'

'Kohn!' she gasped, with wide-open eyes. 'Surely you must be mistaken!'

'No,' I answered. 'I will tell you the truth without any attempt at concealment. Indeed, the woman was as crafty and ingenious as he himself. She only escaped with the aid of the German Embassy, who knew that had she been arrested she would have made some very ugly and compromising statements.'

'I really can't believe it,' she said in a tone of wonderment. 'I was acquainted with him before his arrest and imprisonment, but knew nothing of her.'

'It was scarcely likely that he would tell you,' I observed, still feeling convinced that this escaped spy was her lover.

'If what you say is true, then the mystery is increased,' she said reflectively, as though speaking to herself. 'Still, it shows the depth of his cunning, and the fierceness of the revenge he seeks to bring upon you.'

'Upon me?' I repeated. 'What has he told you?'

'He has told me nothing,' she answered. 'He has never mentioned your name; but he has vowed vengeance terrible and complete against the person who exposed him to the Minister of War. I now see how all his demands were directed towards one object, to gain that satisfaction which, it seems, he is determined to gain—namely, to encompass your ruin.'

'He threatened me long ago, at the moment when the court-martial pronounced sentence upon him; but I have no fear,' I laughed.

'Ah! be cautious,' she cried concernedly. 'Be cautious, for my sake, Philip. Once, I now remember, he told me that, if he could not effect your downfall and disgrace, he was acquainted with one who could. To whom did he refer?'

The truth flashed through my mind in an instant. He referred to Judith, that crafty blue-eyed woman who held my future in her hands. Next moment, however, I recovered myself, and answered:

'Mere idle brag. I take no heed of swaggering talk such as his. He was always a braggart.'

'But now, Philip, he is absolutely desperate,' she exclaimed. 'If he would attack me in the manner he has done to-night, he will not hesitate to take your life, if necessary.'

'Why has he escaped from prison?' I inquired. 'Tell me. You, of course, know the truth.'

'He was released nearly eight months ago, and conducted to the frontier by order of the Emperor.'

'By order of the Emperor?' I echoed, puzzled. 'Why?'

'I interceded for him personally and secured his release,' she said simply.

'You!' I cried. 'Why?'

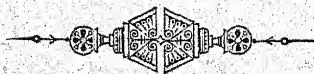
'There was a reason,' she answered—'a very strong reason; but I cannot tell you. It is a secret.'

'Strange,' I said, utterly confounded. 'Strange that the Emperor should exert his prerogative over the finding of the court-martial, and release one detected in such a flagrant act of treason. Did you actually plead personally for him?'

'I did.'

'For what reason?' I demanded eagerly. 'Tell me. There is more mystery in this than I had ever imagined.'

'No, Philip,' she answered in a low voice, shaking her head. 'I can never tell you, of all men—never.'



THE GRAÑA: AN OLD COUNTRY-HOUSE IN SPAIN.

By G. C. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, Author of *Santa Teresa*, &c.



It is a May morning; not a May morning such as one sees in England—all dew and freshness, mild, wet greens, and palely-tinted sky; but a Spanish May morning, brilliant and hot, striking metallic gleams out of the leathery leaves of the big magnolias which stand on either side of the little wicket-gate facing us across the courtyard, to the garden, and making the old gray walls which gird it in glitter from every projection of their surface.

Already, early as it is, the sun with its tongue of fire has licked off the dew-drops from grass and flower. In the courtyard, surrounded by its low balustrade and corner pyramids, out in the dazzling glitter beyond where the shadow of the house cuts against it—a cool gray blotch—a pink sow is rooting in the ground, and cocks and hens are strutting about like owners of the place. In the clear light the pig's skin flushes a delicate coral, and the crests and plumage of the barn-door fowls sparkle iridescently.

From the stable, beneath the gallery, divided from us only by a few boards, one can hear the munching, regular and monotonous as clockwork, of the sleek, fat oxen standing knee-deep amongst the clover cut this morning by Pepa, the brown, lithe daughter of the *casero*, with hair as black as a raven's wing and as coarse as a horse's mane. Neglect everywhere, but a neglect eminently pleasing in the result. In one corner of the courtyard lies a heap of maize cobs; and in the angle where the balustrade throws a shadow, a tall hydrangea rears cymes of rosy blossoms. The wild disorder of the tangled garden, its sandy paths trailed over with rebellious rose-shoots, triumphant and glorious in their rebellion; and the unmolested growth which embowers it in on every side, seem to interpose a thick soft curtain between us and the outer rumours on the road which runs beneath the house on the other side of those high walls, as if leaf to leaf laughed softly at that mad, parched, thirsty world which creeps along it at stated intervals from dawn to sunset.

Above the wall, on the other side of the road, all invisible from here, pine-trees clamber up the hill, where one can catch the glint of the furze that grows betwixt them—a straggling battalion of soldiers—from down below where the oak coppice in the bottom looks far away to seaward, a serried army, a choice background of soft green spray, whence the old house—red roof and dazzling whitewash—winks and blinks from its height at the dusty *carretera*.

See the house, itself worth a visit, with its savour of monastic and rural life mixed in due proportions; for not so very long ago—only some

thirty-five years or more—it was inhabited by a limited community of Benedictines, who farmed the possessions which you see stretching round and about you. That tracery of vineyard, those cherry-trees dotted on the slope, the golden-headed maize plots, the oak and chestnut coppices above the sea, were theirs. The solid granite-work of the fountain down there, the stone table and benches beside it flecked with the cool mosaic of vine-leaves which trellis it over—see! where the great white arums rise from the pulpy green of heart-shaped leaves in that mossy nook ever dripped on by the water when the basin can hold no more—were made for the uses of sybaritic or contemplative friars; there, in the evening light, the wine-flagon flushed rosy beside the rubicund prior, his face wreathed with jollity; there, with breviary and rapt eyes, the monk contemplated God in nature, made visible in the rich, ample landscape before him.

It was a branch of the great monastery in Orense. Here the Mother-House, with keen-sighted prudence, sent her stout rustics, abler to guide the plough than wield the pen, more dexterous with the pruning-knife than in sifting the intricacies of conscience, happier with the tools of good husbandry than with the theological subtleties of Grace and Freewill. Here, too, came the sickly ones, given to too much prayer and fasting and burning of midnight oil, to get strength and healing, looking somewhat strange and out of place amongst their brown and hardy brothers, and perfuming the rural grange with a fine leaven of intellectual and spiritual intelligence. Perhaps Fejó, the bold old Benedictine who battled with the vulgar errors of his day, and even yet of ours, looked as we do now out of the gallery casement where the sun blazes in from dawn to night.

The dimness of a religious life perfumes the house itself. A few little dark cells—very few of them: as I have said, it was only an offshoot; big granaries above-stairs for storing the wheat; the refectory, windowless, chestnut-floored and chestnut-beamed, opening by two doors on to the sunlit gallery. A sweet odour of hay, of fresh clover, a rumour of oxen chewing, rise up through the chinks of the floor from the dark, cool stable beneath, beside which is the wine-press, the famous *lagar* still purple with the blood of last year's grapes, and waiting for the riches of the coming October.

Back to the kitchen. Grated loopholes close to the roof; for the curious cook may hear the rumours but not see the life which passes down the road beneath. Vault-like and somewhat chill, with its bell-chimney coming to a man's middle, absorbing in its shadow the hearthstone, where

the pots are bubbling in a fitful flame of dried furze-branches and vine-shoots. Then to the little chapel which flanks it, opposite the farmer's house, in the courtyard at the back. Rarely is it used now. Nay, the keys are rusty. How the doors clang back and the dust flies up! Nothing, you see, except an altar and a few tawdry images, and the breadth of the narrow pavement where the farmer-friars worshipped, and called the world in to worship by their side beside that little bell which now hangs unrung above the roof, through the courtyard doors surmounted by the Cross.

Let us get back to the gallery again. Our foot-steps ring through stone passages. It is sad to think of all these musty things, alive thirty-five years ago, now dead as death itself. Down the outer stair, brushing away the laurustinus and ivy-sprays which push against us resentful of intrusion, rousing the bees and insects from their food and sleep with a startled reprobative hum. No, not across the courtyard, where the stable-door frames a deep patch of sepia-brown; but, twisting round here on the top of the balustrade, past the tall veronica—Did you ever see such a tangle of blue blossom?—into the little sandy path where the roses almost forbid access, gathering a leaf of the pungent aromatic Alheerin—that's for memory—to see the wonders of the old wall which separates the garden from the road. Nay, it is my choice spot of all. I have sketched it so often that I know every breadth of it; know how it looks when the Venus navel-wort drips heavy with the rain, or when the moss which fills up every crevice is twisted, contorted like a rope, and burns the hands like fire, as it does now. I know the lizards, too, that dart quickly in and out of every nook: the old mother-lizard with the emerald back and the jewelled head, and eyes something like a dog's, with all the tribe of little ones, whose gambols and darts and springs for flies you may watch for hours if you only remain on the bank beside the frosted glory of the mesembryanthemums creeping leisurely over the sand. Nay, every lichen-stain lives in memory, and the way in which the heather and the broom cling to the base of it. Now come through the wicket-gate, past the blue-green aloe, all-important here where it cuts against leagues of sea; perhaps it still retains on one of its fleshy leaves, deep cut into it, an inscription I wrote there years ago. Go down the slope under the apple-trees: ancient grotesques—so the friars clipped them years ago; twist round along this terraced ledge under the shadow of the orange-trees: see how they lie ripe and rotting amongst the beds of wild mint at their base! Taste one. The savour of the mint has entered into its very pores and blood. They are unique amongst oranges.

See! the tall verbascum—that plant which grows out of the interstices of the ledge like a huge candelabrum with its sconces such as one sees in

churches—has dusted our shoulders with its yellow blossoms.

What a wild chant! The women are singing at the fountain as they fill the water-buckets to the brim. A *Muñeira*—a *Riveirana*—I forget which. There is a strange, sad note in these peasant songs of Galicia which lingers with you even when the song has died away, as it does now; for they go mounting the slope under the cherry-trees, buckets on head, arms akimbo, a fine free, graceful posture, as statuesque as Hebes, seen from here. There again! the echo of the song is repeated from the far-away corner of the maize-fields, and goes with us as we pace along the path under the vines to the oak and chestnut wood, with its undergrowth of butcher's broom and twining vetch.

Yes, here my domain ends at this wall, far beneath the house, which shuts us off from the quarry you see below, whose red sides would give a dangerous fall, and the high-road winding away like a serpent to Bayona; and, farther still, the stretch of sea and shore which seems to run up to the horizon-line from an invisible plain beneath. This wall is my outlook on the world. Here the sounds creep up with shrill distinctness. Here you may watch the ox-carts go by laden with grain or clover, dead fish from the shore to manure the fields, or what not, the solid wooden wheels creaking—not unmusically—nay, most harmoniously, or so the peasants think; for when the Alcaide attempted to abolish the old Roman invention for other methods it all but ended in a revolution. Here, at five o'clock, the diligence whirls past, raising clouds of dust before and after, with whips cracking in the air, shouts and imprecations, and the poor thin nags sweating and straining every sinew so as to make triumphant entry into the town.

Best of all, the sea: to follow from here its changes and its moods; to trace it up between the rugged coast-lines to where those islands—the Cies—lie like crouched lions blocking the path to inward and outward vessels, leaving just a narrow passage on either side; to see it laugh crystalline and blue amongst the fisher-boats whose lateen sails flutter over its surface as sea-gulls' wings, now seen full front or obliquely, or skimming down until they touch the waves. At noon sometimes it looks like a sheet of molten metal, and the shadow of the coast is mirrored in it, until one can scarce tell which is land and which ocean. But more especially at eventide. Beyond that low line of rocks you see you little promontory with a church jutting out upon it, and behind it some fishers' huts. On the hither side, still closer to us, one looks down on the broad top of an umbrella-pine, its trunk lost in the dip below. Most wonderful looks that little church, as, all detail lost, it deepens into violet soft as velvet against the pale-greens and umbers of the sunset sea, a reflection of the sky and

nothing more. Between the lines of the bell-tower and the bell is left just a narrow rift of light, which increases the depth and solemnity of the shadow. The umbrella-pine is a deep-indigo, sharply-outlined blot against the vast pallor of the ocean. On such a night the fishermen's shouts from the beach below, hauling in their nets, and the Ave Maria, float up, fluttering faintly like a butterfly, into the whispering leaves here.

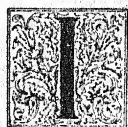
Yes, now it is time to go back, not by the terraced ledges this time, but under the cherry-trees, past the *canasta*—the *horreo*—the strange-looking granary peculiar to Galicia, which rises like a Noah's ark in stone from the supporting pillars. Here, when the day's labour is over, the farmer and his family lounge and smoke and

laugh, and sing, too, these strange songs you heard just now; and the tinkle of the guitar is simultaneous with the first twinkle of the stars rising in the balmy night.

Come in winter and let us pile the friars' hearth in the refectory with chestnut-branches; and as they crackle and splutter up the reddening chimney the women shall sing you those old elf-songs of theirs, swaying their bodies to the rhythm like reeds; shall tell you, as we stir the ashes over the ripened chestnuts—indispensable adjunct of our rural feast—legends of werewolves that shall make your blood run cold, or precious scraps, fragments of folklore, which, perhaps, you may read and smile at hereafter when you see the mutilated version printed in a book.

BATTER SHIEL'S DIAMONDS.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.



I WASN'T far short of being the happiest fellow in Inverley the night before I steamed for Capetown, and to me, then, Batter Shiel seemed an admirable man in spite of his uncouthness. Common,

of course, he was by origin. But, then, are not we all the same—more or less? At least that was how I argued when my Inverley chums and certain of my lady acquaintances tried to set me against this son of a late Inverley cobbler. He might have been a sweeper of the King's Road crossing for all I cared, so long as he was still the father of Ella Shiel.

Really, though, it was surprising Inverley did not immediately knuckle down in a measure to poor Batter Shiel, for he had fifty thousand pounds as well as a curious little wizened face, a nose with a quaint wart on it, and a brace of eyes that reminded me of a fox.

It was a case of love at first sight with Ella and me. I saw her at the Inverley Hotel the day after Batter's arrival, learnt who she was, introduced myself to her father as an ambitious young engineer and the son of the Inverley doctor who in all probability helped him into the world, and was gorgeously welcomed by the lucky diamond-miner with champagne and shoulder smacks.

This was the beginning; and in a week—on my honour, with little thought of the diamonds—I had whispered my love to Ella, and she had slipped her small hand into mine, laid her head on my shoulder, and said 'Yes.'

Somehow, though we both ought to have done so, we had no particular fear of 'papa.' We were most unconventionally hopeful.

'He likes you very much, Willie,' said Ella on that eventful afternoon, 'and he spoils me terribly. He is a dear old dad.'

All the same, I could not bring myself to

declare my love to him as promptly as it had declared itself to me. But after waiting another week I crossed my Rubicon, and was most delighted at the old fellow's conduct. He raised the least bit of a frown at the outset, but that was all. Then it was hand-grips and back-smacking in his most vigorous manner. He wound up by persuading me to go off to the Rally Round Mine in South Africa to wind up his affairs, and on my return Ella and I would be married: 'Though it won't go far off busting my heart, Willie Beckett!' he added, with something very like a tear in one eye.

I was sorry for the poor old chap, but too glad for myself and Ella to feel that sorrow deeply. Besides, he might marry again and console himself; and it will be seen how little mercenary I was when I say that I liked to think of his thus alleviating his solitude.

However, the evening before the sailing of the *Dunottar Castle* arrived, and I was with the Shiels to say good-bye. They were in a snug little villa residence by this time, furnished with all sorts of odds and ends. Ella had gone to bed after one fondest of all embrace and the whispered words, 'Only six months, darling!'

'Now then, Master Bill,' exclaimed Batter Shiel when he had helped himself to whisky and water, 'I'm going to show you summat. We're here to-day and no one knows where this day week. Come across to this 'ere chest-o'-drawers.'

The chest-of-drawers, as he called it, was something more than that. It was a very ancient, even valuable, piece of furniture of massive mahogany, with tiers of dainty carved columns at the side, having polished brass capitals and plinths. Still, it was a queer thing to have in a dining-room. Even Ella pouted prettily at it.

'You watch me—close,' said Batter Shiel.

He proceeded to pull out entirely the third

drawer from the top. Then, with a screwdriver, he loosened a screw which seemed to fasten the pedestal of one of the above-mentioned columns. He unfastened the screw so that about a third of an inch of it stood free. This done, with his finger-nail he pressed the second step of the pedestal, and, lo! this was readily pulled out. There was a drawer about a foot long and an inch high and broad, and this drawer was packed with diamonds cut and uncut. They sparkled superbly in the cotton-wool amid which they were bedded.

'There, Master Bill!' exclaimed Batter Shiel. 'This is my bank, and it's a good un. Forty-five thousand pounds wouldn't buy that little lot.'

Of course I admired the stones tremendously. I should have done the same if they had belonged to any other fellow's prospective father-in-law. But one thing I could not do, and that was persuade the obstinate old fellow that it was both risky and ridiculous to keep his fortune thus.

'You might get two thousand a year interest from them,' I said.

'Cats might fly!' he retorted, with a grin. 'There's none else knows about this, not even Ella. A wench's face is better than a wench's tongue—you'll find that out some day, you rascal; and just you promise to hold *your* tongue about it.'

I promised readily enough, and after one more pipe went home. The diamonds were interesting; but Ella was more so, and it was of her I dreamed that night.

Then for weeks downright excitement had hold of me. It was the first time I had left Old England, and the new scenes and experiences drove most things else out of my mind. Not Ella, of course, but most else. Further, the work I had to do at the Rally Round mine proved very absorbing. I had, in fact, as an innocent youngster, to pit my wits against a knot of men as knowing, if not quite as old, as Batter Shiel. They were too keen for me by much. I gradually came to that conclusion, although nothing remained for me to do but wire off the results of my trip as they were formulated by the five rogues with whom I had to do—

'Rally Round all broke. Not paid expenses this eight months.'

I didn't suppose Batter Shiel would like this news; but neither did I know that he would be lying stiff, quiet, and white on his bed at Inverley when the message reached him.

For a month after this I was shooting spring-bok and anything else I could get at. Then I hurried south, with Ella more than ever in my mind; and it was at the agent's in Capetown that I first learned the news of Batter Shiel's sudden death more than six weeks previously. Shocked as I was, I was more shocked still to think how I had been amusing myself all this time of poor Ella's utter loneliness and bereavement; and so I wired to her at once, and left South Africa the next day.

Perhaps I shall not be thought very inhuman if I confess that during the voyage home I saw plenty of sunshine among the clouds that were over my darling; also that it grew more and more obvious to me that Batter Shiel's sudden demise would profit me much. Indeed, I dreamed of a snug little country-house, perhaps also a yacht, and ease and comfort for the rest of our mortal lives—Ella's and mine—as the outcome of that delightful drawerful of diamonds.

It shows what a sanguine fellow I was when I say that I half-expected poor Ella herself to meet the ship at Southampton. However, I soon got over that disappointment, and telegraphed to my sister Kate at Inverley that I should arrive there at half-past three. 'Tell Ella,' I added.

Kate was on the Inverley platform sure enough, smiling hard, but no Ella. The news that was now sprung on me affected me at first like a blow.

'My dear Bill,' said Miss Kate, 'I expect you'll feel it a lot—to begin with; but I am surprised she didn't find a way of telling you herself. She has gone to London, poor girl! to earn her own living.'

'What?' I shouted.

'Hush, dear; I'm not deaf,' continued my sister. 'Mr Shiel was what father calls a bit of a fraud. He hadn't anything to speak of, and your cable from Africa settled it with Ella. He had lost four hundred pounds on the Stock Exchange the very week of his death. Fortunately the girl knows something about dressmaking, and'—

But this was too much. What an imbecile I was, not to have remembered it sooner! Of course, no one except myself knew about the diamonds—not even Ella.

'Dressmaking! That's a capital joke!' I exclaimed as I laughed.

However, in the cab I gave up thinking it a joke. Kate spoke of a sale: all Batter Shiel's house furniture had been put up to auction. The lawyer said it was necessary.

'All?' said I, feeling slightly uncomfortable.

'I believe every stick of it, Bill.'

'Here, in Inverley?'

'Oh no; it was considered too good for Inverley folks. They sent it to Sheffield. I believe it fetched eleven hundred pounds, of which the creditors took quite a thousand pounds, so that the girl had none too much for herself. By the way, Bill, was your engagement really serious?'

Miss Kate irritated me. She was so abominably matter-of-fact for one thing; her news on the top of that, and, lastly, her question, stirred me to anger.

'I am astounded that you can ask me such a question,' I said.

But I was to be irritated still more ere I got my head on the pillow that night.

The lawyer who had acted for Ella told me that Perkins & Bailey of Sheffield had sold Mr Shiel's goods. He had no schedule of the articles.

'What is the matter, Mr Beckett?' he asked in his turn, professionally suspicious.

'Oh, nothing,' said I, for I had no idea of getting forestalled. 'I suppose they don't shut before six, and I'll be off there at once; and please to give me Miss Shiel's address.'

The house in which Ella lodged had a very humble look. It made me shudder to think of her stitching for a livelihood in such a street.

'Oh, by the way,' said the lawyer as I was making off for the station, 'Perkins & Bailey had a baddish fire last week. I fancy they lost a heap of office stuff.'

With this new anxiety in my head, I hurried away to Sheffield, telegraphing again to Ella *en route*. It seemed to me my life of late had been punctuated by telegrams. In this last message I bade the poor girl expect me that evening up to eleven o'clock.

No sooner was I on Perkins & Bailey's step than I thought I smelt burning. It was the omen worrying at me, of course; perhaps even a gentle providential hint to prepare for the worst.

'Sale of the effects of the late Mr Shiel of Inverley?' said the clerk. 'Oh, certainly; we undertook it.'

There was something in his face that made me tremble as I went on.

'I want to trace a certain article—on Miss Shiel's behalf,' I said.

Up went the clerk's shoulders.

'We are very sorry, sir, all our records of the past two months are destroyed. It is an unparalleled loss, and has caused us the greatest inconvenience. Messrs Bent & Bust's safes have proved a terrible mistake in our case.'

'Do you really mean to tell me that you cannot find out who purchased the articles in the sale list? Can't your bankers help me? It is most important.'

'I think you had better see Mr Bailey, sir,' said the clerk.

But I got no more satisfaction from that gentleman. The list of cheques paid into the bankers could, of course, be produced; there was, however, nothing to help in ascertaining what the cheques were for. The sale lists were all destroyed with the other office furniture.

'Now you must excuse me,' said Mr Bailey.

My journey to town and Ella after this was tormenting. To think that Ella's forty-five thousand pounds was in the hands of some one who knew nothing about it, and about whom I knew nothing at all, and that this ignorance meant immediate destitution to the poor girl, and such an eclipse of the prosperous future that was to have been ours! I was not very charitable in my estimate of Mr Shiel's common-sense during that journey. Surely he might have left a line behind him for Ella, to explain things in case of need!

It was ten o'clock when I reached Wellesley

Mews, Southwark, and could hold Ella's face against mine.

'Willie, you must give me up,' were almost her opening words.

Then I burst forth with the whole tantalising story.

'You may give me up, my darling, if you like,' I said, 'but I'm not going to let your fortune be lost to you without a struggle.'

'Oh Willie,' she retorted, 'are you sure about it?'

'Am I sure that these are my Ella's gray eyes?' said I, laughing.

That settled it with her. She became happy at once. It seemed to her such a simple matter to get on the track of a great curious old piece of furniture like that chest-of-drawers.

'We must advertise,' she said.

'Yes, and have the present owner smash it all to bits just to find out what we want it for.'

'Then, dear, we must go to all the second-hand furniture stores in Sheffield. Aren't dealers the persons who buy principally at sales?'

This at any rate was a sensible idea. Indeed, it seemed the only chance left to us. In my impetuosity, I almost repented having left Sheffield even to see Ella. The thing might have been bought that very evening.

'To-morrow,' I said, 'we will go north together, by the first train, and begin to prospect.'

This we arranged to do, though I had hard work to convince Ella that her home ought to be with my parents instead of in Wellesley Mews, Southwark. We had a moment or two of downright gaiety before I said 'Good-night' and went off to my hotel.

'It will be so exciting, dear,' said Ella. 'What shall we call it? "The hunt for the old bureau" or "On the trail of the diamonds"?''

'We'll call it what you like, sweetheart,' I replied, with her cheek against mine; 'so long as I don't lose the best diamond of all, please God, we won't break our hearts, whatever happens.'

However, in spite of this fine fit of the heroics, no sooner was I alone than I realised to the full the gravity of our position. Had we one chance in ten of discovering the chest-of-drawers, and at the same time obtaining the diamonds? Not more, not more—at the most. This my first day in England after South Africa ended dismally, notwithstanding Ella's love and confidence.

Nine o'clock the next morning saw us both in a Midland train for Yorkshire, both desperately resolved to see only the bright side of a business that promised so blackly. Yet we were not halfway on our journey when poor Ella's courage failed her.

'Willie,' she whispered when we were in a tunnel, 'must I go home with you?'

'You must, darling,' I replied.

'I am so timid and—ashamed about it,' she whispered again, with a sigh that pained me.

Still, the sigh notwithstanding, I should, of course, have insisted had not chance come to her aid. We were nearing Sheffield when a stout lady, with much good gold jewellery about her, entered the carriage, and, after a glance at the pair of us, lifted her veil and exclaimed:

'Why, it's Ella! How are you, my dear, and how's your'—The poor girl's deep mourning made her stop and devote herself to caresses instead, for Ella had greeted her ardently as Cousin Jane.

Cousin Jane was a motherly person. She had many warm words of condolence for Ella, about half implying that when a parent dies and leaves his only child a great deal of money, the only child has much to be thankful as well as sorry for. A look from me checked Ella from stating her circumstances exactly. It also suggested that I shouldn't mind being introduced to Cousin Jane.

The worthy woman jumped to the situation almost at a word.

'Oh, any one can see you two are keeping company,' she said laughingly. 'But look here, Ella, why can't you come and spend a few weeks at our place first of all? He'—nodding at me—'won't lose hold of you afterwards, I'll warrant.'

This, with a series of laughs like the explosion of popguns. She was not a very refined lady, though evidently good-hearted; the wife of a master-butcher, in fact, in a large way.

I admit I was angry with Ella at first when she not only hesitated, with blushing glances at me, but actually accepted Mrs Webberley's invitation off-hand.

'May I, Willie?' she said to me appealingly.

That was how it happened that we did not go home at all. I saw Ella off into her train at Sheffield, and then, with grim determination, proceeded on my quest.

I paid another visit to Messrs Perkins & Bailey. To begin with, Mr Bailey, who had conducted the sale of Mr Shiel's things, did not pretend to remember the articles in detail. But I was allowed to question the clerk who had attended with him. The youth was shy, yet he had a good memory, and, to my joy, remembered the chest-of-drawers.

'I think it fetched about nine pounds, sir,' he said.

'Yes; and the purchaser? I will make it worth your while if you can help me to find him.'

After much cogitation, he replied, 'I have an idea he was a tall, gray-bearded man.'

'With a hooked nose, perhaps?' I suggested, in a sudden mood of depression.

'Well, now I think of it, I believe he had,' the youth added, as if anxious to please me.

'Of course. Then it is in the hands of the Jews. Now, where is your man who delivers your things?'

Having got thus far, I was bound to meet with a rebuff. Two of Messrs Perkins & Bailey's

porters were sent for, but neither of them recalled the handling of the chest-of-drawers. They agreed that one Peter must have had the job.

'Well, then, send for Peter,' I replied, with animation.

Then came the set-back.

'Oh,' said the clerk, 'he left the week before last. He boused too much. He said he would go to London.'

After this I departed from the office of these unsatisfactory auctioneers, feeling almost as ill as if I had drunk mustard and water. Our hopes seemed so surely to have received their death-blow.

Lunch, however, re-established my energies; and that afternoon I began a systematic visitation of all the furniture brokers in the town. The first day yielded no results. I wrote to Ella to tell her so, and added that I was thinking of offering my services to the public as a mining engineer—in South Africa or Australia. The second and third days turned out just as blank. I was sick of the smell of varnish, wood-worms, and so forth in the different warehouses I visited. In one establishment I knocked over and smashed a Dresden china shepherd, making the shepherdess a widow—an expensive tragedy. My letter to Ella on that third evening was quite disconsolate. She had already replied about the mining engineer business. I was to do whatever seemed best for myself, and take no thought of her; but to be assured that she would always love and pray for me.

This letter didn't comfort me. I now informed her somewhat peremptorily that the best thing I desired was still Ella Shiel, and that where I went my wife would also be expected to go.

By the fourth day I knew all Sheffield's second-hand furniture shops, and hated them. They had proved barren to me; and yet I was haunted with the belief that the diamonds would be found by us—though when and how, of course, I knew not.

I got to casting eyes into the lower front rooms of the houses of one long street after another. This also was a futile and painful proceeding. It caused me to be followed for some little distance by a vigilant fool of a constable: nothing better.

To cut the harassing story short, let me say that I spent a week in Sheffield, and never once obtained a clue to the chest-of-drawers. Then I gave it all up and returned home. My parents, who had not the key to my conduct, showed in their letters considerable concern for me. Miss Kate had given them to understand, it seemed, that love had made me more than a trifle crazy.

Both Ella and I had now done with our earlier visions of bliss in opulence. My advertisements were in two or three papers, and I was prepared to rough it; and she had promised to marry me whenever I said the word. I pulled myself together on the way home, comforted myself with copybook maxims about the insufficiency

of wealth for happiness, and tried to forget the past few wasted and rather delirious days. An excellent cigar much aided me in the recovery of my old spirits.

'All is for the best!' I insisted, managing, though not without an effort, to silence the carpings of my other self.

So I kissed my mother, and was beginning to laugh away her loving anxieties, when all at once I stood rigid.

There, in a recess off the dining-room, with a row of blue-and-white china trifles on the top of it, was the very article I had sought and dreamed about night and day for a week.

'Bill, dear!' cried Miss Kate, evidently quite frightened, and my poor mother again folded me in her arms, this time with a sigh.

But I soon recovered my senses, though the laughter of a frantic sort which seized me as I gazed at the chest-of-drawers only troubled my fond relatives the more.

'So my father was the gentleman with the gray beard and hooked nose?' I murmured.

'Bill, what are you talking about?' whispered Miss Kate.

For joy I turned round and declared that I did not know, chuckling the while like an idiot—so Miss Kate still says. Then I tried the drawer, the third from the top; pulled it out, as it was unlocked and empty; opened my knife and worked on the side-screw, and thus at length had the secret drawer at my mercy.

'Now what do you think of me?' I exclaimed, as I exposed the gems shining in all their brilliance and purity just as they had shone before. 'This is Ella's fortune.'

I am ashamed to add that my sister was inclined to argue about the rights of property. It seemed to her—or she pretended to think so—that her father was entitled to all that he had bought for nine pounds eight. But subsequently we convinced her. As for the good old governor himself, he welcomed a daughter-in-law as his percentage on the treasure-trove.

I still now and then have a bad dream about the diamonds. Only last week, for instance, all the stones walked off into the Atlantic and disappeared where the water was placarded 'Five thousand fathoms deep'!

AWAY FOR WHITSUNTIDE; OR, A HOLIDAY IN ANTWERP AND GHENT.



HERE shall we go at Whitsuntide?' said one of two men as they passed me in the street yesterday. I did not yield to the impulse; but I was greatly inclined to make a third in the conversation, and say, 'Try Antwerp.' I went home with freshly-kindled memories of the beautiful city, and the result is the present article.

We may start from Harwich or Hull, from Grimsby or Newcastle, as convenience may decide; but in any case it is not a lengthy nor in ordinary circumstances what we call a bad crossing; and there we are gliding in our chosen steamer down the Scheldt, and getting our first view of the Cathedral, which is the largest and most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in the Netherlands.

Before we begin to 'do' the city, though, we shall look for a suitable hotel; but as these are numerous, and with charges to suit all purses, it is merely the *embarras du choix*. If a *pension de famille* is wanted, there is also a choice of several, with charges varying from four to six francs per day.

Then, having eaten and rested, and rid ourselves of that feeling of general dirtiness which always comes over us in journeying, off we go to look round. The British tourist never enjoys repose until he has looked on everything there is to be seen.

Probably he has already studied his guide-book, and starts briskly in the direction whence the chimes call him. Being well read up on the subject, he is aware that the Cathedral dates from 1322, and has been seriously damaged in troublous times; he knows all about the ancient well which stands outside its principal portals, and that it was the work of Quentin Matsys when he was a blacksmith and not a painter; but he wants to see it, and it is well worth a visit, even if Antwerp contained nothing else.

The tower, four hundred and two feet in height, may be ascended by the tourist who has the courage, and breath enough, to mount six hundred and twenty-two steps; then there is indeed a reward in that view along the river as far as Flushing on the one side, or of the cities of Bruges, Ghent, and Brussels in the opposite direction. Within the building our attention is directed to the rich wood-carving and stained glass; also to Rubens's 'Descent from the Cross,' 'The Assumption,' and many other noted paintings. The chimes consist of ninety-nine bells, to which Charles V. stood godfather at the ceremony of their consecration.

Most of the houses in that quarter of the city are fine old buildings which used to belong to city corporations, and date from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Let me advise the tourist to step into one of the many pastrycooks' shops, and taste the cream-tarts

—*religieuses*, they call them—before he proceeds on his round of sight-seeing. As Antwerp is the very centre of art, every church is worth a visit, every collection of pictures is interesting; therefore some slight refreshment on the way becomes a necessity. The Museum, with its pictures by Rubens, Vandyck, and Titian, should not be missed, nor the Plantin Museum.

The broad street known as the Place de Meier boasts a house built from the designs of Rubens in 1611. In 1703 it underwent some alterations, and afterwards was entirely restored. A bust of the great painter adorns the top of the building; and it was within those walls he died in 1640.

The ancient fortifications of Antwerp have given place to modern boulevards, where many handsome buildings have been raised—the Bank, for example, and the new Palais de Justice. There is a pretty little park where one may spend a restful hour; and, of course, the Zoological Gardens should be seen, for they possess the finest collection of animals in Europe.

The second day in the city must be given to the docks. The quays were constructed in 1802, and extend from the Arsenal. When the visitor has seen these docks he will begin to understand how, in commercial prosperity, Antwerp has managed to keep abreast with all her rivals. The Grand Bassin and the Petit Bassin were the first to be constructed, and cost thirteen million francs. Other docks of large dimensions have since been added. A venerable building in the shipping quarter, dating from 1568, known as the Maison Hanséatique, and originally used as a warehouse for the commerce of the Hanseatic cities, was destroyed by fire a few years ago.

Most of the residents in Antwerp are engaged in commerce; it is not essentially a town of pleasure, like Brussels. In some ways it resembles a Dutch or a German city; the French element is conspicuous by its absence. Indeed, the true Anversois, though able, is not willing to converse in French. Should the tourist inquire the way in that language, he will reply in Flemish, and take considerable trouble to make himself understood. The shops are excellent, and arranged with great taste. In the matter of habits and customs there is a strange blending of past and present in Antwerp: stuccoed houses with brightly painted balconies and broad streets and modern improvements all speak of to-day; but you are back in bygone ages when you traverse the narrow passages and turnings, and enter dark dwellings, sunk now in obscurity, but bearing the coats-of-arms of some long-dead merchant-prince who was a power in Antwerp before the Duke of Alva entered it.

Cabs and open vehicles are on hire at a fixed rate; tramways now run to all the suburbs; and a little steamboat trip on the Scheldt may fill up a leisure hour at a cost of only the modest sum of sevenpence-halfpenny.

Now, as the Whitsuntide holiday tourist has not

unlimited time at his disposal, and must soon be returning whence he came, let me persuade him to see Ghent on his way back to the coast.

He must betake himself to the Pays de Waes station, and from thence he will be ferried across to the Tête de Flandre. How charming Antwerp looks as you give it a backward farewell glance! The journey by train to Ghent occupies rather less than two hours; and on arriving there the Hôtel Royale or Hôtel de Vienne will lodge him very comfortably.

In the opinion of the true Gaulois, no city in Belgium can compare with this; to the stranger its quaint streets, its many bridges, and its modern improvements make it attractive. There are numerous handsome churches; a remnant of far-back days and customs exists as the Béguinage; there is a fine old belfry: even the tourist who thinks he can 'do' Ghent in a couple of hours knows this! But take the trouble to cross the bridge from the Quai des Dominicains into the Corn Market, and turn round to look at the venerable houses on the opposite side, or pass by the Quai aux Herbes, and examine the lace-like carving of the frontage of the Maison des Bateliers, which bears the date 1531. Next walk on to a still more antique building with a high open roof. This is the Grande Boucherie; and, though the butchers have long since been driven elsewhere by the rats, the building defies the ravages of time. A little square house below was formerly the dwelling of the hangman; a few years ago the fatal rope might be seen and handled, but it has now been taken to the Archæological Museum.

Here, in the 'Garden of Belgium,' horticulture is carried to great perfection; therefore the Friday flower-market will be a sight with which to wind up the Whitsuntide holiday-week, and send the tourist back to the British Isles with the conviction that it is well sometimes to see other countries as well as his own. After the guide-book, and, in a sense, much before it, the best literature to revive recollection is Motley's *History of the Dutch Republic*, which is more interesting than any novel, and gives the historical background of all that we have just been looking at.

MIZPAH.

OVER the hills, when the daylight dies,
And the mist comes up from the sea,
When the red light fades in the western skies,
My heart goes forth to thee.

Shadows flit o'er the twilight bay,
As the sobbing tide goes out;
And sorrow comes, with the close of day,
But never a shade of doubt.

Come back soon, or come back late,
Come back never at all;
Yet the love in my heart will always wait,
To answer at thy call.

JEAN H. MACNAIR.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



SOME OLD FURNITURE.

By Mrs SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

IT only requires a moment's thought to realise that we have no ideals of comfort or of home apart from furniture. Bare walls mean little to us, and cannot be loved; but when you people empty rooms with familiar furniture, the table which has made you welcome to so many a meal, the chair whose remembered easiness is pleasant to look forward to, and your own bed, whose pillow is just the right height, whose blankets are neither too heavy nor too narrow nor too short, but all kindly and comfortable—where these are, there is home.

Man is a spirit, a temporary sojourner among things material; and most human spirits vanish from the scene leaving no lasting impress of their tastes or character on the material world, few tangible proofs that they once were. Yet to the spirits who succeed them as tenants of the globe such proofs are often dear. All humanised matter, if I may so call it, is by virtue of that association raised to a higher power; and therefore a rudely-shaped arrow-head arrests the ploughman's attention among other flints.

When to the evidence of handiwork we can add a knowledge of the hand, that which was wrought becomes a relic, and such trifles as Galileo's first telescope or Raphael's sketches are held precious beyond words. Outside this inner, most sacred circle of such treasures lies the habitable world of things man has taken for his own, and made his mark on, and so rendered more desirable to his successors. This process of humanising dead matter cannot be carried out wholesale. Associations, like moss on stones, must have time to grow. Little by little the individual human impress is given, until at last everything in the house has become part of the home, interesting and endeared because of all the memories it suggests. Eliza Cook expressed a world-wide sentiment and defied a purely imaginary critic when she took up poetic arms to defend the love she felt for her mother's old arm-chair.

Some are born to inherit old furniture with all its associations; others, the most part of men, having grown out of their father's house, and wearying of a nomadic, unfurnished life in furnished lodgings, resolve to strike root in the world for themselves. Then are bought the tables and chairs, the beds and carpets, and the associations begin to grow. Then even the wise need a word of warning. Some things are more lovable, will gather associations much sooner, than others; and if you want your home to be a pleasant place, you must abjure the companionship of ugly, characterless, inharmonious furniture. Do not buy wholesale or in suites. Leave alone the cabinet-maker's ideal circle—the lady's chair, the gentleman's chair, the six small chairs upholstered to match. Buy each chair or table as thoughtfully as if it were a picture; make each your own by conscious affinity, not merely by money. These silent elements of your home are capable of ceaseless soothing or annoyance, and in choosing them at the outset even the wisest may err. Therefore take thought.

It has always seemed to me a fatal flaw in Milton's paradise that our first parents had no furniture. Their life, it appears, was but a succession of picnics, and a picnic, we know, is only tolerable because of the zest it lends to the sense of getting home again. Adam and Eve do not seem to have had a stick of furniture. Eve heaped the table for dinner, it is true; but it wasn't a real table, only a mossy makeshift; and in all probability, until they became cave-dwellers, and began with toil to chip the dark recesses into roomier seats and smoother sleeping-places, neither Adam nor his wife can have understood what a home meant.

We cannot tell with any certainty when the first portable furniture was invented; and, to judge by the Ark as it survives among our children, Noah was either ignorant of such things, or—and more probably—nobly denied himself their use for the time being, in order to leave more

room for the animals. But long before Cowper somewhat apologetically sang the sofa, Homer was proud to enumerate the cherished and decorated pieces of furniture in the tents of the heroes before Troy, and described Odysseus's pleasure in seeing once more his own beautiful bed as sympathetically as any other incident of the return; while that he had a second-best bed is one of the very few personal facts we know regarding our Shakespeare. Shades of Ulysses and Shakespeare! A bed was a bed then! In Greece, a couch worthy of a hero; in England, a miniature stage of life, with its tapestried roof, and hangings and curtains that rose or fell with fitting pomp on the great scenes of the domestic drama. Round the canopied four-poster was passed the cauldron after the birth of the heir, and again around it shone bright serried tapers when the dead lay in state. Comedy, too, played her part on this stage. Here Christopher Sly was laid, to awaken and find himself a lord; and between these closed curtains has not the night-capped, spectacled face of Pickwick peeped, when that strayed reveller called out very loudly, 'Ha—hum!'

Tragedy, moreover, knew how, in the pages of bygone fiction, to lure the weary traveller into the curtained shadows of such a bed, and then, having extinguished his light and waited till he slept, would silently lower the heavy canopy to smother him and enrich a fiendish landlord. Yes, these beds were full of dramatic possibilities, denied to their machine-made brass and iron successors. The plain iron camp-bed of a Wellington does indeed command our reverence; but lesser men have no glory to lend to such a couch. The Great Bed of Ware is now but a name; and even in Devon, that county famous for great carved bedsteads, their numbers wane. Modern art-vandals buy and dismember these stately pieces of furniture, and their mighty posts are adapted to strange, high-art ends.

From beds, the first of all furniture, let us turn to tables, in all probability second. Synonymous with hospitality, the centre of council, the core of King Arthur's order of knighthood, the mahogany-tree of our latter-day goodfellowship of wits, perhaps the first superfluity to differentiate man from his arboreal kin, how rapidly have the uses of the table multiplied! Tables and side-tables groan metaphorically under feasts to celebrate every species of social event, and yet more tables are needed everywhere, for a hundred other uses. For books, for the toilet, for playing cards, for flowers, for the child's toys, for the scientist's instruments, for the clerk's pen and ink, for the surgeon's demonstration, for the seamstress's sewing-machine—for each of these and many more is a special table devised.

Chiefly with the rites of hospitality has the table identified itself and won in such service its laurels. Which of us has not felt himself tacitly welcome at a thousand tables of all time? We

have come with Telemachus to the house of Menelaus, and seen still fair Trojan Helen spread the board, and give freely of such things as she had by her, until we put from us the desire of meat and drink, and fell to telling tales by the fire. We have drunk tea in every parlour in Cranford, and have more than once sneaked to sup, and that snugly, with Mrs Gamp, on a little bit of pickled salmon, with a tiny sprig of fennel and a sprinkle of white pepper, not forgetting the cucumber. We have shared, unwittingly, poor Ser Federigo's falcon, and afterwards the Lady Giovanna's remorse. Tom Pinch asked us to dinner when Ruth made that famous beefsteak pudding; and we were of the ill-assorted party in the Pavilion on the Links when a noise like that of a wet finger on the window-pane interrupted Mr Huddlestons's tale, and in an instant fear made every face as white as paper. We have been guests at the Colonel's table, both before and after the allegorical silver coco-nut tree figured as its centrepiece; and have breakfasted 'by an open window that looked on the brine through nodding roses,' with Richard Fernald and his Lucy in their honeymoon days, believing as little as they did the wise Berry's axiom, 'Kissing don't last: cookery do!'

A truce to tables! What of chairs, whose kind arms are always open to the weary, irrespective of their deserts? No friend can be so relied on to use you after his own honour and dignity as can your arm-chair; indeed, so often does a seat give as well as receive honour and recognition that we often ignore the temporary occupant and talk of the country as obedient to the throne, and expect a council to submit to the rulings of the chair. Far back among the mystic beginnings of English history we find the chair—

Fashioned by Merlin ere he passed away,
And carved with strange figures; and in and out
The figures, like a serpent, ran a scroll
Of letters in a tongue no man could read.
And Merlin called it the 'Siege Perilous,'
Perilous for good and ill; 'for there,' he said,
'No man could sit but he should lose himself;'
And once, by misadventure, Merlin sat
In his own chair, and so was lost.

At the institution of the Round Table Order, when the Bishop of Canterbury had been fetched to bless the sieges of the knights 'with great royalty and devotion,' and a hundred and twenty good knights chose their seats, none dared venture to take the Siege Perilous. Void was it until, near the end of Arthur's reign, young Galahad, the son of Elaine and Lancelot, came to court for the first time. The hermit who brought him lifted up the cloth of the siege; and, lo! the mystic scroll at last ran clearly, 'This is the siege of Galahad, the hant prince.' Then Galahad, albeit he was of tender age, sat him down therein, and all the knights marvelled.

As romantic is the story of the ivory chair, 'a

right noble chair and a rich,' which my Cid the Campeador won from the kings of Valentia, and placed for himself next the king's, in the Cortes at Toledo, with a hundred of his knights to guard it for him. It was of such subtle work, says the chronicle very quaintly, 'that whoso beheld it would say it was the seat of a good man.' After the death of Ruy Diaz the ivory chair was taken to the monastery of San Christoval, and placed next the altar of St Peter, under a costly tabernacle emblazoned in azure and gold, and there was enthroned the embalmed body of my Cid, firm and comely as in life, with his right hand on his sword Tizona. From that ivory chair he seemed to start by miracle some ten years later, when an inquisitive Jew thought impiously to take him by the beard. My Cid in wrath drew his sword a palm's-length from the scabbard, and the swooning Jew was converted on the spot to the true faith. So the chair of a good man shared his apotheosis; and we turn to the history of Scotland for an antithetical instance. Simon Lord Lovat, of infamous memory, had, we are told, his own 'great easy-chair,' not the spoil of war. It was, we may suppose, of fittingly sinister appearance, for it had been made specially to suit his unwieldy bulk. In this chair the old rogue sat on the fateful day of Culloden in the house of Gortulig, his chamberlain, waiting for news of the battle. When the evil news came,

and all were fugitives, says Mrs Grant of Laggan, 'the first thing set about was to dispose of Lovat's great chair, lest it should be the means of tracing his flight.' It was loaded with lead and sunk in the loch. Lovat himself was carried in a litter to a soon-discovered place of hiding, and thence to the Tower for trial and execution.

To these famous chairs, whether of true men or traitors, we must add Sir Walter Scott's chair still to be seen in his library at Abbotsford, and Dr Johnson's fragment of a chair, doubtless long since become firewood, of which Dr Burney used to tell. Johnson, after dinner, took his friend up into his attic in Gough Square. 'We found there,' said Dr Burney, 'five or six Greek folios, a deal writing-desk, and a chair and a half.' Johnson, giving to his guest the whole chair, took himself the other, which had only three legs and one arm, maintaining the while such a dignified unconsciousness of anything to be deprecated in his circumstances that his guest forgot them too in enjoyment of the riches of his conversation.

Beside these seats of the mighty what poor affairs are our modern club lounges!—haunts of inglorious ease, well satirised by Pope in those lines of the *Dunciad* where he pillories the effeminate, whom he saw

Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER XX.—AT THE BRITISH LEGATION.

MELANIE'S mysterious friendship for this unprincipled outcast was extremely puzzling. Although she did not speak of him as though he were her lover, yet it was extraordinary that she should have used her influence with her uncle, the Emperor Francis Joseph, to secure his release.

As she sat there talking, a wan figure in her dead-white dress, with my tennis-coat about her shoulders, she presented the appearance of one oppressed by some knowledge she dared not divulge. In her pale, agitated face was a strange look, as if, although haunted by some inexpressible fear, she nevertheless tried to preserve her self-control. She was now as calm as she had ever been; for her outward agitation had passed, and her brief sleep had refreshed her. I became more and more impressed, however, with the belief that the real reason of her solicitude for this man Krauss was because she loved him. Nevertheless, I could not fail to notice that in her eyes, as she gazed upon me, was that genuine love-look which can never be feigned,

that glance which is only seen in the faces of those in whose hearts burns the unquenchable fire of true love.

Yet hers was a strange character, and the more I sought to analyse it the more complex it appeared. That she was honest, open-hearted, and unassuming I well knew. Never once during our friendship had she sought to impress me with a sense of her superior birth, but rather to place herself upon even a lower level than myself. I often thought how strange it was that, while the world unanimously declared her to be possessed of that unbending dignity and pride characteristic of the Hapsburgs, she was sweet, affable, and purely womanly towards me. Only when I approached the subject of her secret did she shrink from me, and her attitude was—I could not disguise it—an attitude of guilt. My curiosity had been whetted by this strange incident, and I strove by every means to ascertain from her the reason why Krauss had attacked her.

'Was it money he sought of you?' I asked presently.

But she shook her head, saying, 'No; it was not money he wanted.' Then she added quickly, 'Philip, refrain from questioning me further. I can never give you an explanation.'

'Not although you love me?' I asked, looking full into her great dark eyes, so full of affection and tenderness.

Her gaze met mine boldly, unflinchingly; but she responded in a low, firm voice, 'No, no. Although I do love you, Philip, I can tell you nothing—absolutely nothing!'

I sighed in disappointment. It was apparently useless to cross-question her further, and I feared to annoy her; but I urged her to confide in me, and for the thousandth time repeated my declarations of affection. She heard me, with a sweet smile of contentment upon her lips. It was a strange wooing in the silence of the night; and so affected she became that I felt more than ever confident that ours was not a mere flirtation, but a genuinely reciprocated affection.

At last she rose to go, and as we stood together I placed my arm about her neck slowly and tenderly until her head gently rested upon my shoulder. She did not resist. The supreme look of contentment and happiness upon her fair face told me that she was mine; therefore I bent and for the first time tenderly kissed her lips.

'Ah!' she murmured; 'I do love you, Philip. I, alas! love you. Why I cannot tell. It is fate that has thus cast us together, and I shall love you always—always!'

'Your words bring joy and gladness to my heart, dearest,' I answered, again kissing her, and then for the first time she raised her head until her lips met mine in a passionate caress.

'Philip,' she whispered softly in a sweet, calm voice, looking at me gravely, though tears stood in her eyes, 'take this, and wear it always as a souvenir of the great service you have rendered me to-night. You saved my life!'

She drew from her finger a beautiful ring set with a single ruby, and, taking my hand, gently placed it upon my little finger. Then, raising it to her lips, she imprinted a kiss upon it.

'I will wear it always,' I answered fervently. 'It will serve to remind me of you when we are apart—not that I shall require any aid to memory; but you have kissed it, you have given it your benediction, and it shall never leave my finger.'

'Remember, when you look upon it, Philip, that whatever may occur there is but one man on earth that I have ever loved, and that man is yourself.'

I clasped her to my breast, and her hot tears of joy rained fast as she buried her head again upon my shoulder; while I, in that ecstatic enchantment which knowledge of a reciprocated love can alone impart, kissed her hair and soothed her with the fervently passionate phrases which

rose to my lips. What I said I know not; all I remember is that the gray dawn stealing through the drawn curtains suddenly caused us both to recollect that it was time she had returned.

Then, after many final words, both of us equally loath to part, we went down into the boulevard again, she with my tennis-coat still about her shoulders. At that hour, just as dawn was breaking, the wind swept chilly down the great leafy avenue; but, fearless of footpads—for it was now light—we walked together along the leafy *allée* until we reached the Place du Trône, where the great stone lions guard the entrance to the gardens of the Royal Palace; then, skirting the walls for a long distance, we turned at length into the Place des Palais, where the great gray façade of the royal residence faces the Park. Together we proceeded to the opposite end of the building, when Mélanie suddenly halted at a side-door before which a sentinel with bearskin shako and overcoat was pacing.

The instant the man recognised her he started and stood at attention, exclaiming, 'Pass, your Royal Highness!'

She turned and shook my hand, saying in English in a half-whisper:

'Good-bye, Philip. Think of me always, as I think always of you.'

'Good-bye,' I whispered, bending low over her hand. 'Good-bye, Mélanie—my love, my life.'

In an instant her rustling skirts swept past me, and she had disappeared, and the door was closed after her.

On my return to my rooms I sat alone for a long time pondering deeply, and calmly viewing the situation. Try how I could to conceal the fact, it nevertheless remained glaringly plain that I had, by loving Mélanie, departed from the first tenets of my religion as a diplomatist, besides having neglected to a great degree the special duty for which I had been nominated to Brussels. Had not the Marquess of Macclesfield, the greatest diplomatist of his age, told me plainly the folly of allowing myself to be drawn into any serious affair of the heart? The more I reflected, the more impossible seemed our happiness. Yet upon my finger was that magnificent ruby, her pledge of affection, which I examined and admired in the bright light of early morn, while ever in my ears rang those impassioned words of hers: 'Philip! I shall love you always.'

That same day at noon I went, as usual, down to the Legation, and was occupied with some clerical work until nearly three, when Sir John came in hurriedly, having had a long interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs regarding a question relative to the Congo boundary.

'I must send a special despatch to London,' he said, laying down his hat and seating himself at once at his table to write. Then, when he had finished, I took from the safe the cipher-book

and reduced what he had written to an amazing array of figures upon the fresh combination of numbers as announced in the despatch Graves had brought. There was nothing startling in it; but it was imperative that the British Cabinet should give its decision at once, in order to forestall German encroachments.

Having concluded, I suddenly recollected that we had no despatch-box save the one from which the King's correspondence had been stolen—a fact which I announced to the Ambassador.

'Then we must use that,' he answered. 'Giffard wants to go for three days' leave in London, so he will take it.'

I took the box from the locked cupboard wherein I had put it on its being returned to us, and placed it on the table, a small case covered with crimson leather which bore the chipped wax of many previous seals. Well worn and much battered by continual journeys between Downing Street and the various capitals of Europe, it had in its time contained many remarkable secrets of State. It was locked; therefore Sir John took out his key and inserted it. But it would not turn. Again he tried, but with no better result. The wards of the lock seemed jammed. I took the key and endeavoured to open it, but on examination detected for the first time something unusual in the appearance of the keyhole. It was different in shape and larger than the small curved slit in the Foreign Office despatch-boxes. This keyhole was, however, the keyhole of an ordinary lock; and although the key held at Downing Street had once opened it, our key now refused to turn. At once I pointed out my discovery to Sir John; and then a few moments later, when we got the box open, we both made a very startling discovery. The box was only an ingenious imitation of those well-known caskets which are sent out from Downing Street. It was of the same size; the leather was of the same shade—a soiled and discoloured red; but on examination we saw that all the seals had been carefully made and chipped away in order to give it an appearance of being well worn, and even the sunk brass handle had been discoloured by acids to give it an appearance of long usage. By the lock, which proved to be quite a common one, and the fact that it was lined inside with imitation leather instead of real morocco, it was proved conclusively to be only a cleverly contrived duplicate.

Instantly the truth was plain. The box containing the King's secret correspondence had been changed for this; and so cleverly had the exchange been made and the bogus box prepared that neither Graves nor ourselves had, until that moment, discovered the ingenious fraud.

'This only shows how determined were the thieves to obtain possession of the papers,' observed Sir John thoughtfully. 'The manner in which this despatch-box has been prepared is

proof positive that the theft had long been premeditated. It was done by no ordinary thief—of that we may rest assured.'

'The facsimile of the despatch-box is marvellous!' I said. 'Look at the seals. They bear every resemblance to those on a genuine box. All is genuine save the lock and the lining.'

'The lock,' observed the Ambassador, 'must have been of so ordinary a character that the key at the Foreign Office shot back the bolt when they opened it. The ingenuity of these scoundrelly spies is simply amazing.' Then he stood regarding the box in deep, thoughtful silence.

This was certainly a curious discovery; but it at least cleared up the mystery of how the file of correspondence had been stolen. The seals upon that bogus box were, curiously enough, impressed by the private seal which had apparently been manufactured in exact imitation of the one actually in use, every care being taken to render the exterior identical with the one carried by the Queen's messenger. We certainly were now aware of the means adopted by the thief or thieves; but the crucial question was as to who had so carefully planned and committed the theft which had placed England in such jeopardy.

On the following night I accompanied Sir John, Lady Drummond, and Frank Hamilton to a reception by the Count of Flanders at his palace in the Rue de la Regence. It was a very brilliant affair, a veritable phantasmagoria of striking uniforms and tasteful toilets, and I strolled through the great, heavily-gilded rooms, eager of course to catch sight of Mélanie. Their Majesties were coming, and it was certain that she would accompany her friend the young Princess Clementine. Therefore I waited anxiously; for, hedged in by royal divinity as she was, I had not been able to catch a single glimpse of her since that gray hour of dawn when she had given me the whispered assurance of her love as she disappeared into the Palace. Hourly I had thought of her. Upon my mantelshelf was a fine panel photograph of her which I had bought in the Montagne de la Cour; and often when I looked at it her beautiful face seemed to shine down upon me with an expression of purity, tenderness, and love. More than once, when one or other of my diplomatic friends looked in for a whisky and soda—a beverage unobtainable at the average café—I had been compelled to remove it; hiding my idol lest suspicion might be aroused of the true state of affairs. Attachés and secretaries are particularly sharp to detect any affairs of the heart; for they are usually gallants, and their knowledge of the prettiest women in the capital is generally encyclopædic. So I was compelled to act with the greatest discretion, keeping my secret locked within my heart lest I might betray myself and afford food for gossip. The Princess had im-

pressed upon me the virtue of silence, and her every wish I held as law.

I had been chatting with the ubiquitous Yermoloff and his gray-whiskered chief, brilliant in his white Russian tunic, which glittered with stars ranging from that of the coveted St Andrew down to the last cheap decoration of the Sultan. They had been speaking of that subject ever upon the lips of diplomatists—the European situation; but I held a discreet silence, detecting in the trend of their gossip a desire to learn something from me.

At last I espied an elderly English lady who was resident in Brussels, the Dowager Countess of Bessington; and, seizing this opportunity of leaving my friends, I walked across to pay my respects to her. She was a rather stiff old lady of the ancient school, unbending to all but her equals; but, as she was a particular friend of Lady Drummond's, I always endeavoured to be polite to her. Truth to tell, however, she was a sour-tongued, mischief-making old woman, who, if not continually grumbling at the British chaplain's Broad Church notions, amused herself by inventing some startling scandal or other regarding women in Brussels society. Lord Bessington, her son, was in the Guards at home, a very popular fellow and a great friend of Giffard's. As I sat talking to her, dozens of people I knew strolled past us, nearly all of them with high-sounding titles except the poor diplomats, whose position in society is always twice as high as the depth of their pockets warrants.

Suddenly, amid the gay, laughing crowd, there appeared the King himself, in his striking uniform and with the glittering star at his throat, but looking, I thought, a trifle pale and worn. With a word of excuse to her ladyship, I rose and saluted him.

The instant he saw me he crossed, and exclaimed in a low voice, so that none around should hear:

'Crawford, you have not yet sent that woman to me. Recollect, I must see her—I must—you understand.'

'I have not yet been able to discover her whereabouts, your Majesty,' I answered. 'I am exerting every endeavour to do so.'

'Find her. Send her to me,' he cried in impatience. 'Every moment that I lose is of consequence. You know her; I do not. In this matter you can render me, if you will, the very greatest service.'

'It is my earnest desire to serve your Majesty,' I answered, with a bow, puzzled at his eagerness; for he had evidently come in search of me.

'Then spare no effort to find that woman Kohn,' he said in a low tone; then he turned quickly, with that pleasant smile which he could assume at will, to greet a high-born and stately woman who had advanced and loyally bowed before him.

Behind me, as I turned, I saw the Archduchess Stephanie, a tall, dark figure in primrose, blazing with diamonds, standing in conversation with Lady Drummond; and a little beyond stood the King's youngest daughter, the Princess Clementine, chatting to the young Count de Montaigne, in the uniform of that smart corps the Guides. The royalties had arrived; therefore I passed on, eagerly searching everywhere for the woman I loved. I went through room after room, those huge dark-panelled salons with their wonderful ceilings and polished floors; but I saw nothing of her. The Count and Countess of Flanders had finished the formal reception of their guests, and had returned to join them; but the function, brilliant as it was, possessed no attraction for me, owing to the absence of Mélanie.

At length, after wandering aimlessly, I came across Baron Vandervoorde, the Controller of the Royal Household, and observed to him:

'The Hapsburgs are not here. How is that?'

The short, stout, full-faced man glanced at me, and answered:

'They have left Brussels, m'sieur. The Princess and her daughter departed suddenly at midday.'

'Gone!' I exclaimed, dismayed.

'Yes; to Brandenburg,' answered the Baron. 'Their visit to Brussels has been much longer than usual this year, although their departure was very sudden.'

I turned away, disappointed and dejected. Mélanie, although she declared that she loved me, had left for Germany without a single word of farewell. By her departure the light of my life had been suddenly extinguished, and I strode out from that gay assembly plunged in deepest melancholy. To remain there longer was impossible, now that I knew she would not be present. I had come there solely for the purpose of speaking with her; but, alas! she had gone, and perhaps I should never again see her.

Wearily I wandered home to my rooms, my mind full of grave apprehensions, for I loved her madly with that true ardent affection which comes to a man only once in his lifetime. As I entered, however, my gaze fell upon a letter which, my man explained, had been delivered by hand.

I turned over the envelope eagerly. There was upon it the embossed cipher of the Hapsburgs, surmounted by the coronet. It was from her. I tore it open quickly and read the hurriedly-written words penned in English in a fine German hand:

'MY DEAR PHILIP,—I send you this because I am forced by adverse events to leave Brussels at once. In all the circumstances, it is, perhaps, best that we should part now, rather than later, when our mutual love might ripen into a stronger affection. There are unfortunately many reasons, some of which are well known to you, which render it impossible that our acquaintance should

be carried further. I regret that this is so; but, alas! it is my fate that I am what I am. In addition, certain unforeseen occurrences have transpired to-day which, while forcing me to leave Brussels hurriedly, also utterly prevent us from ever meeting again in the future. Nevertheless, I rest content in the knowledge that I am truly loved by one who is brave, honest, and upright. Beyond, all is a blank; all is finished. A weight of bitterness and melancholy is upon me. We

have met for the last time, Philip; but I hope we shall never fail to hold one another in fond remembrance. Adieu! May prosperity and happiness ever be yours is the prayer of,

Yours affectionately,
MÉLANIE.

I read the letter through twice, then stood staring rigidly at the rather uneven lines of writing, dejected, inert, crushed.

THE QUEST FOR INDIA: THE WORLD'S NEW GERMAN HIGHWAY.

By DR GEORGE SMITH, C.I.E.

THE Quest for India—by land and by sea—has been the constant stimulus of Western civilisation from the Phenicians and King Solomon to Queen Elizabeth and the Queen-Empress Victoria. To this quest were due all the great trade-routes across western Asia, from the earliest times till the fall of the Venetian and Genoese republics. The sea supplanted the land when Columbus sailed westward in search of the Indies, and Prince Henry the Navigator's admirals voyaged south and east, revealing at once on three sides the coasts of Africa and western India. The English East India Company followed, till it swept out of its path the lower civilisation of both Portugal and Holland, and established the supremacy of Great Britain from Cape Comorin to the Indus, and from the Cape of Good Hope towards the Zambesi. Sailing-ships round the Cape of Good Hope had banished the trade-caravans of the Mesopotamian valley and the Syrian desert, when, in the year 1823, Calcutta raised a fund and offered a premium for the steamer which should first make the voyage between England and India in seventy days. Captain Johnson competed; but in the *Enterprise* he took a hundred and thirty days from Falmouth to Calcutta. The time had come evidently to revert to the quest by land, or to seek such a combination of sea and land communications as would satisfy the needs of modern commerce and civilisation, and retain the hard-won supremacy of England.

The progress of the past seventy-five years has thus far resulted in bringing Bombay within fourteen days of London, by Brindisi, owing to two circumstances, with neither of which the British Government, unfortunately, has to be credited. These are the marvellous development of the Peninsular and Oriental with the British India Steam Navigation Company, and the construction of the Suez Canal by the French. This is virtually a sea-route still. A complete land-route could now be made in one year by the

junction of the Russian Trans-Caspian Railway to the Government of India's Baluchistan line at Kandahar. This is an object apparently most desirable in the interests of civilisation; but it is certain to be postponed as long as possible by the British Government, because of our treaty-relations with Afghanistan, and the attitude of Russia to the peace and prosperity of India which we alone have created for the first time in history.

Now, an event of supreme importance to western Asia, to Christianity, and to the trade of India has just occurred. Germany, through a bank syndicate, has received from the Sultan of Turkey the concession to build a railway to Bagdad, Busrah, and Koweit, the finest harbour on the Persian Gulf, within the next eight years. This when completed may bring Bombay within ten days of London, and will come near to the realisation of the World's Highway from Europe to India by land, which Great Britain planned and worked for in 1835 and again in 1855. But the Constantinople or Smyrna-Busrah Railway is not British; and it will not be so rapid a means of communication as our own all-land route projected in 1850-55.

The story of the two British attempts at the World's Highway, in which Germany has now supplanted us, is worth the telling. When the Calcutta offer of a premium in 1823 failed to bring London within seventy days of India by sea, King William IV. and a committee of the House of Commons sent out the Euphrates Expedition under Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Chesney, R.A., in 1835. Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General of India, having opened up the inland rivers of Hindustan by steamers, did not cease to urge the East India Company to do its duty by sea. Chesney and his large survey-party of skilled officers did their work well in transporting two small steamers from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, after having in vain proved the feasibility of a Suez Canal forty years before the French, who at this time opposed it. When the expedition failed because of the difficult navigation of the Euphrates—but

not before its surgeon, Dr W. F. Ainsworth, had geologically shown the ease with which a railway could be made—Lord William Bentinck had turned to the Red Sea route. In 1830 his Excellency sent the *Hugh Lindsay* steamer—built by Parsee shipwrights of Indian teak timber at Bombay—to Suez in a month. Subsequent voyages brought London within fifty-five days of Bombay, and the Peninsular became the Peninsular and Oriental Company, which has reduced the fifty-five days to an average fortnight.

The Crimean war, by which we unhappily kept the Turkish Empire in existence and did more to propagate Islam than all its fanatical missionaries, seemed to Lord Palmerston to give Great Britain a right to a concession of the true line of the World's Highway from London by Constantinople to Karachi, with only the two slight and inevitable breaks of sea at Dover and the Bosphorus. Even before that war, in 1850, the late Sir Rowland Macdonald Stephenson had laid his vast project before the British Government of the day, and received letters to the chief Powers of Europe. Going on to India, he became Lord Dalhousie's right-hand in the construction of that most successful of all trunk-lines, the East Indian Railway. As soon as he could report the construction of the first section, of one hundred and twenty-one miles from the Calcutta end, of a through system long since open to Karachi, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, he called on Lord Palmerston to act: 'The establishment of the National Highway by Constantinople, connecting Europe and Asia under the combined protection of the principal European Powers, was proposed in 1850, under your Lordship's favourable auspices, to the Governments of France, Austria, Belgium, Bavaria, Würtemberg, and to the authorities in Constantinople, whose cordial concurrence and co-operation were promised whenever the time arrived to proceed with the undertaking.' The able and practical projector quoted this official language of Lord Dalhousie: 'Such an undertaking once completed, and reducing the distance between England and her dominions in India to little more than ten days' journey, would prove of vast national importance, and would be a great step in the progress of the world. The Government of India has no hesitation,' the letter concluded, 'in approving the proposal, and in promising assistance in respect of surveys and otherwise, as its authority and the means at its command might enable it to contribute.' Stephenson therefore declared to Lord Palmerston (March 31, 1855): 'The intermediate lines depend entirely upon the Sultan. . . . I will undertake to connect London and Calcutta by railway, and reduce the travelling distance to a few days, and the telegraphic distance to as many hours, before the end of the year 1865.' The man who, backed by the Marquis of Dalhousie, gave India its strategic railways would have been as good as his word.

Alas! this is the year 1900, forty-five years have been lost, and the great opportunity has passed—to Russia by its Trans-Caspian system long open to Merv (for Herat and Kandahar) and Tashkand; and now to Germany. Since we failed to follow up vigorously our claims on the Sultan for the concession in 1855, we may be thankful that Germany, and not France or Russia, has obtained the right, only somewhat inferior to Macdonald Stephenson's more satisfactory project. For this end the German Government and commercial interests have been long quietly working. They control the first part of the new World's Highway as far as Konia or Konieh, the ancient and famous Iconium. Konia is now reached from Constantinople by steamer from Pont St Karakeuy to the first railway station on the Asiatic side, Haidar Pacha. Thence by Ismid, in thirteen hours we arrive at Eski-Chehir, the junction on the line from Smyrna to Angora. From Eski-Chehir to Konia the one daily train, starting at midnight, takes us in fifteen hours. Altogether, including the crossing of the Bosphorus by steamer, and an interval at Eski-Chehir, the time at present occupied from Constantinople to Konia is little short of forty hours. A daily through express from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf will, of course, change all that.

This invaluable concession to the Deutsche Bank and Dr Siemens by the present Sultan of Turkey is further explained by the attitude of the Russian Government to Turkey during the Armenian atrocities and by the visit of the Emperor William in state to Jerusalem. A recent German correspondent, a member of the Alliance of Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian system, correctly describes the energetic ruler of his country, his curious and at times fascinating personality, his assumption of super-regal powers, and his firm conviction that his labours for the welfare of the Fatherland have the Divine blessing, as appealing to the interest of the civilised world. The same writer frankly explains the German relation to both America and England as one of dislike, based chiefly on envy. 'Germany is gallantly struggling to the attainment of that prestige and power abroad which England possesses in so marked a degree. Her merchants and her marine are coming in contact with British traders and British ships in all four quarters of the globe, and they find that the best things everywhere are a British monopoly, or nearly so.' Hence such recent political and territorial developments as that at Zanzibar, resulting in the dominion of German East Africa and south-west Africa; hence the acquisition of Samoa more recently; hence this pregnant concession by the Sultan of Turkey, far more important than all.

Konia, the immediate starting-point of the German railway, and nearly the whole course of the line command lands once of magnificent fertility, of old historic renown, and of permanent

Bible interest. Four centuries before Christ the Greek allies of Cyrus the Younger passed through Iconium, then the last city in Phrygia to one travelling eastward. When the Emperor Justinian fixed the admirable road system of Anatolia, which even the Turk has not yet been able to destroy, the Osmanli's predecessor, the Seljuk Empire, made Iconium its capital. From older structures the Seljukians built the wall which still surrounds the city. It stands on the old 'Royal Road' of classical history. There Paul and Barnabas made so many converts on the Apostle's first tour that rioters drove him out of the city and followed him to Lystra, where they left him for dead. It was at Iconium that his converts, on his second brave visit, recommended Timothy to his attention. From Konia the line will stretch almost due east to Marash, not far from Paul's birthplace of Tarsus, with which it will be connected by the small Mersina-Adana line, now English, but likely to be absorbed by the new syndicate. From Marash, a centre of German as well as American missionaries, the main line will run to Bir, or Birijik, where the Euphrates will be reached. Whether the railway, then going south, will pass through Mosul, near ancient Nineveh, and the mounds which mark the site of Babylon, or will follow an easier route to Bagdad and Busra, only a careful survey will determine. General Chesney's experience will here be found of value. Twelve years ago Dr Ainsworth, the geologist of his expedition, published this opinion: that the determination of the friable character of the rock-formations which occupy the whole length of the valley of the Euphrates from Mount Taurus to the Persian Gulf—with trifling exceptions, as at the Iron Gates and the Pass of Zenobia—presents unparalleled facilities for the construction of a direct railway. This applies to the Tigris also, and to the crossing of Mesopotamia below a certain line of volcanic rocks in the north of the land between the rivers. Whatever be the southern route adopted, it will pass through the fatherland of Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees to Haran, and across the desert, over the earliest seats of the human race and its civilisation, over the ruins of the oldest and greatest cities of antiquity, over Aram and Shinar, and a portion of the land of the four rivers of Eden.

Not less important than the immediate starting-point and course of this German railway is its final terminus on the Persian Gulf. Of this little is now said; but I have elsewhere, before this, drawn attention to the political and commercial consequences that may follow. That port is Koweit or Graïne, under an Arab sheik, formerly our feudatory; then deserted by us and claimed by Turkey; and now professing independence. Koweit is fifty miles from the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab, through which the Euphrates and Tigris rivers fall into the Persian Gulf. It

lies on the southern shore of a fine bay, which large steamers may easily enter, while it is protected by a shoal to the east. It ships the finest breed of Arab horses in dhows to meet the passing British India Company's steamers, which have most successfully developed the trade of the Persian Gulf since the earlier days of Sir William Mackinnon, Bart. It is a centre, also, of the pearl-fishery; and, when that is not in season, it keeps up communication with the too long neglected island of Socotra, once the seat of a flourishing Christian church. Of the population, numbering twenty thousand, a fourth are armed with Martini rifles.

At one time a British Resident controlled the place; but that is long ago. The name, Koweit or Kuwait, does not occur in the collection of Indian treaties made by Sir Charles Aitchison when Foreign Under-Secretary, save in the map of Turkish Arabia and East Africa, published in the revised edition of 1892. Great Britain has always, since the defeat of the Portuguese, policed the whole Persian Gulf, keeping the intertribal peace, and, above all, preventing the slave-trade from Africa as far as possible. If we consent, in the hands of a friendly Power like Germany, Koweit must become another or northern Karachi. From that great port of British India, which for some time has had direct railway communication at once with Calcutta across the whole breadth of Hindustan, and with central Asia at the New-Chaman terminus, for Kandahar, Koweit is only eleven hundred miles distant. From Bombay city, which Karachi is slowly rivalling, it is fifteen hundred miles.

What the new German railway means, from the political and Christian side, our readers can estimate for themselves. It is the intention of the far-seeing Kaiser of the German Empire to plant German colonists along the line, so that a large portion of Syria and Mesopotamia will ultimately become a German sphere of influence. France will find its long-continued intrigues in Syria, conducted by Roman missionaries under a subsidy of three hundred thousand francs annually voted by the Corps Legislatif, slowly but effectually checked. Russia will soon be compelled to recognise in the new line a breakwater against its steady encroachments, and in the new port in the Persian Gulf a check added to that which the Government of India is ever on the watch to apply. No one knows the situation so well as Lord Curzon since his visit to Persia and his great book on the subject. Russia's new grip of Persia, by means of its recent loan involving the control of the Custom-houses, does not affect those of the Persian Gulf, which are expressly excluded from its banking concession; but Russia will proceed with her vast and varied systems of railways, completed and projected, right across central and northern Asia. Already she has squeezed compensation out of the Sultan by a

monopoly of railway construction in north-east Asia Minor, which will carry on her system from Batoum along the southern shore of the Black Sea to Trebizond and Constantinople. Hitherto Great Britain has stood alone in checking the descent of this wave from the north, alike in Afghanistan and China. Now Germany has ranged herself by our side in constructing her new breakwater right across Asiatic Turkey from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf. When the bitterness of the war in South Africa is past, which Great Britain is fighting really to maintain unchallenged her control of India and the East from the Cape of Good Hope, there must be a rearrangement of the balance of power. America and Germany are our natural allies; and even the

latter will gravitate nearer to us in spite of its present unreasoning commercial envy.

More important, however, than either the political or commercial consequences of this great world-stride of Germany is the fact that, so far as western Asia and Mesopotamia are concerned, Islam has committed suicide. The glories of the Califs of Bagdad, of the Seljukian and Ottoman advances to the Christian capital of Constantine, and even to the walls of Vienna and Tours, are dimmed, and must in time be extinguished in the lands from the Great River to the Great Sea. A deadly blow has been unconsciously struck at Mohammedanism by the Sultan, who claims to be the successor of the Califs. The Eastern Question has promise of a new solution.

ANOTHER MAN'S BAG.

THE NARRATIVE OF EX-PROFESSOR CROSSLEY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.



It is not my intention to describe here the evening's gathering, for such an account would have no direct bearing upon the history which I have set myself to relate.

Let it be enough to say that the function was successful in every particular, and that my fortunate discoveries created even greater interest than I had anticipated. At the close of the lecture the chairman and Dean Houghten referred in complimentary terms to my services to Carlyle literature, and Canon Worcester spoke in a similar strain. It is true that another person expressed a doubt as to the propriety of making public the letters I had found; but I did not feel that his remarks were worthy of the occasion. It has always been my opinion that scruples of this kind have no claim to consideration when the work of a public man is concerned.

It was ten o'clock when the meeting was over, and I lingered for another half-hour in conversation with the officials. Thus it was rather late before I entered Queen Street on my way back to the hotel.

Queen Street was still fairly busy, though some of the shops were being closed. One of these was a large jewellery establishment; and as I passed the window I looked in. I had suddenly remembered Mr Ashdon's bag and the brilliant wares it contained. A minute's search told me that this window could show nothing to equal them; and with a smile I passed on. The next building was the office of the *Leicester Echo*, and here I paused again. The *Echo* proprietors published a late edition, and the office was still open. Pasted on the wall was a large contents-bill. I glanced at this in a careless way; but the first line was enough to arrest my attention:

When I saw the other lines I experienced a sudden thrill of excitement, for the announcement was startling indeed:

GREAT JEWEL ROBBERY!
DARING THEFT IN LONDON.
£60,000 IN DIAMONDS STOLEN!

I read the words several times before I could realise what they meant to me; then I rushed into the office for a copy of the paper. As soon as I came out again I opened the sheet to find the column I wanted.

It was a late telegram, hastily written up into a considerable paragraph, and placed under the striking and sensational heading which had appeared on the contents-bill. It took me but a very short time to read it through:

'The Hotel Petersburg, Westminster, was last night the scene of a jewel-robbery of a peculiarly audacious character. The affair was almost as simple as it was daring; while the value of the plunder obtained is almost unique in the history of such robberies. From the information which has been given to the police, it appears that the jewels stolen are valued at sixty thousand pounds. They are the property of the Countess Lenstoi, a Russian lady, who has taken a suite of rooms at the Hotel Petersburg for the season.

'It appears that the Countess wore the diamonds, which are a complete set of unique character and beauty, at the Home Secretary's ball last evening. When she returned at an early hour this morning they were simply locked in their cases and placed in a small cabinet which stood in the Countess's bedchamber. No further thought seems to have been given to them until about noon to-day, when one of the maids observed that there were curious scratches about the lock of the cabinet. She at once gave an alarm, and it was discovered that

the door was unlocked. Some time in the early morning a daring thief had entered the room, rifled the cabinet, and carried off the whole set of jewels. In his haste or confusion he had forgotten to lock the door after him.

'The police were at once called in by the landlord, the Countess having started an hour earlier to visit a friend residing at Leatherhead. Her absence, of course, made the situation a very difficult one; but every effort is now being made to trace the robber. The case is of peculiar interest, because among the jewels stolen was the historic gem known as the "Lenstoi Rose Diamond," valued at thirty thousand pounds. This stone was presented to a Count Lenstoi by the first Catharine, on account of eminent military services which he had rendered to the Russian Crown.

'It will appear remarkable that so valuable a set of jewels should have been left, even for one day, in a place so insecure. It is said, however, that arrangements had been made for their safe keeping with Messrs Margate & Fry, of Lombard Street, though for some unknown reason they had not been sent there. On ordinary occasions they would have been handed over to Messrs Margate directly after they had been used.'

I folded the paper with trembling fingers. For a while I stood on the pavement, vainly trying to make order out of the chaos of my thoughts. Diamonds!—diamonds!—everything was diamonds. I was filled with excitement, though at that moment I scarcely knew why.

Directly afterwards I was hurrying towards the hotel. Like an illuminating flash came the recollection of Mr Ashdon's bag, and my confused impressions began to find order and sequence. I may say here that I have always been rather proud of my ability to take in all the points of a complicated situation quickly, and to arrange them logically.

Mr Ashdon's bag contained a complete set of diamonds. The case which contained each separate article bore a coronet in gilt. This was probably the Lenstoi coronet. Further, I had met the man in the London train—that is to say, the train which had left London that morning. He was a commercial man; or, at any rate, he had assumed that character. Under that disguise he had lodged at a London hotel—probably the 'Petersburg.' I had noticed that he was a man of a bold and fearless disposition, full of self-confidence and assurance. I had also noticed that he had changed the subject when I began to make more particular inquiries about him and his business. He had never mentioned his London hotel. Why?

Here was a chain complete in every link; but just then I had no time to carry it farther. I had turned the corner of Queen Street, and was now before the 'Royal,' running—positively running. The hall-porter observed my hurried entry with amazement; but I did not pause. On

the first flight of stairs I met the willing and intelligent waiter who had assisted me to my dress-clothes. It occurred to me directly I had passed him that his attitude had expressed a desire to speak; but there was no time for that. I was at my own door in an instant, and found the key on the hook where I had placed it. Another instant or so and I was in the room.

I took the key inside, and locked the door. There stood the mysterious bag, on the chair where I had placed it myself. I fitted my key into the lock with shaking fingers, the straps were opened, the catches clicked back, and then . . . and then I was gazing in astonishment at the manuscript of my lecture! It was the first thing to come to sight, as it was the last thing I had packed away. Beneath it appeared other articles I knew: my plain brush-bag, my linen—and—my dress-clothes—my own! There were no diamonds. This was, in fact, my own bag. I turned it over and recognised it. Then I took off my spectacles, wiped them, replaced them, and stared once more at my manuscript. Was I dreaming now, or had I been dreaming before? Had I taken too much—well, too much Carlyle? Had the remarks of Dean Houghton turned my head, so that I had imagined those diamonds, that coronet? My thoughts were all in confusion once more.

Then I heard some one tapping at the door, and knew that I had been listening to the sound, quite unconsciously, ever since I had entered the room. I unlocked the door and found the waiter there. He was smiling, being evidently well pleased with himself.

'So you have seen your bag, sir?' he said.

'My bag!'

'Yes, sir. A gentleman came just after you had gone—about five minutes after. He was in a great to-do about the mistake—had lost hours, he said, by coming back. So, if you please, sir, I took the liberty of coming into the room and changing the bags. Hope it's all right now, sir? The two bags were exactly alike.'

I stared at the fellow as I tried to comprehend what had happened. My face alarmed him.

'He was a rather stout gentleman, sir, with a fair beard. He left his card. There it is, on the table.'

I looked at the table, and saw the card. It was the card of Mr Charles Ashdon, and exactly the same as the one he had given me. It was borne in upon my understanding, now, that during my absence the man had entered the room and recovered his spoil!

I do not know what I said to the waiter, but I remember that he went out hurriedly. In a moment of excitement I am apt to lose my temper, and in this case I had good reason for anger. Through his insufferable meddling the thief had got clear once again, and I had lost a grand opportunity.

When he had gone I sat down for a few minutes to think out the situation afresh. This set-back had roused my spirit of determination, and I did not intend to give in. I would run the thief to earth if it were in any way possible. He had come back for his bag, calculating, no doubt, that I would not have discovered what it contained. He had failed to calculate on my natural disposition to probe things to the bottom. In any case, the act of returning was an act of almost inconceivable assurance and daring; but I felt that it was quite in keeping with the character of the man. It had been justified by its success, and that was more.

What next? Naturally, his next move would be to make off as quickly as possible. He was going to Boltport, some two hours distant. In that great port, no doubt, he had confederates waiting, and there all trace of him would be lost. Boltport was an excellent place to hide in, and a very good place from which to escape over-sea.

What train had he been able to catch after recovering his bag? With eager fingers I turned the leaves of my time-table. To my dismay, I found that a train had left the Lechester station at eight-forty-five. It was now just eleven, and by this time he must have reached the end of his journey.

This was a blow indeed; and for a few moments I felt a keen disappointment. Then I gave an exclamation of triumph. Glancing more closely at the badly-printed table, I had made a discovery of prime importance. The eight-forty-five was a local train, and did not run farther than Hinton Junction, half-way to Boltport. The next through-train would not pass Lechester until midnight—to be exact, twelve-seven. Mr Charles Ashdon and the diamonds would have to wait for it at Hinton Junction!

This was enough. I thrust the time-table into my pocket and ran downstairs. A moment after I was hurrying down Queen Street, looking out eagerly for a cab. Before one came in sight I reached the office of the *Echo*, and that jewellery establishment near it which I had noticed half-an-hour earlier. The shop was now in darkness,

and the proprietor was on the point of leaving for the night. In fact, he was engaged in locking the door in the iron shutters which completely protected his window and front entrance. When I saw this I stopped.

The *Echo* report had mentioned one diamond in particular as having been part of the stolen set—the Lenstoi Rose Diamond. I knew nothing of the different classes of jewels; but my idea of a rose diamond would be simply that it was a rose-tinted stone. There had been no such stone in Mr Ashdon's bag, for they were all colourless. I suddenly remembered this, and saw its significance. It would be just as well to make inquiries before going farther.

The jeweller was a small man in a heavy greatcoat, and my conduct seemed to startle him considerably. Indeed, my first question was rather abrupt.

'I beg your pardon,' I said. 'Can you tell me what kind of diamond is called a rose diamond?'

The jeweller slipped his keys into his pocket, and stared at me in such an astonished way that I found it necessary to explain.

'I have just been reading,' I said, 'the account of the London jewel-robbery. One of the stones lost is described as a rose diamond, and I am curious to know the meaning of the term.'

The man's face cleared up considerably, though he still seemed surprised. Without further hesitation, however, he gave me a reply.

'The name,' he said, 'describes, partly, the shape of the stone. It is something like a rose in form, the under side being flat and the upper side rounded and cut in facets to a point. There are usually twenty-four facets.' Then, as though he had often been asked the same question before, he added carelessly, 'The term has nothing to do with the colour. It can be a colourless stone.'

That was quite enough. I muttered a hasty 'Thank you!' and hurried away, leaving him to look after me with renewed astonishment. A little farther down the street I met an empty cab. At my signal the driver stopped, and I got in.

'The chief police station,' I cried. 'Quick!'

MY FIRST INVESTMENT IN 'CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL'

By A WORKING MAN.

IN the year 1847 I made my first weekly investment of three-half-pence in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*; and every week since that date I have renewed the purchase, which has yielded me a percentage of interest that cannot be reckoned in pounds, shillings, and pence. When I tell the reader that I have perused every page of the *Journal* since 1847, he will see that during those

years I have assimilated an amount of general information I could not have found in the pages of any other periodical.

When I look at my fifty-one volumes of *Chambers's Journal*, all of them uniformly bound, ranged upon my humble book-shelf, I think no bibliomaniac ever gloated over his books with more pleasure and satisfaction than I do. To me they are a sort of historical record since I read my first weekly number. The flood of periodical

literature that has overspread the land can only be estimated by us elderly folks who began life in the second or third decade of the present century. The dearth of books, or literature of any kind, that existed in my native parish sixty years ago would scarcely be credited at the present day; periodical literature of any kind never crossed its borders. A few copies of the *Aberdeen Journal*, the oldest newspaper in the north of Scotland, were taken in by some well-to-do farmers; the tradesmen of the village subscribed for a copy, which was read during the evenings, at different houses, to groups who listened to its contents with eager excitement. During the time of the Sikh war in India, the paper before the end of the week was a "thing of shreds and tatters." To-day the inhabitants have their daily morning and evening newspapers delivered at their doors. At the end of every month a flood of periodicals enters the parish, which has also a library of many hundreds of books, with a reading-room attached to a public hall, the gift of a wealthy parishioner. There was absolutely no literature of any kind for young folks except the poisonous chap-books hawked amongst ploughmen; and there was evidence on all sides of the evil influence they produced on the minds of young men, often herded together in bothies, with no refining influence to counteract the effects produced by reading these ribald and irreligious books—evil effects which were in a great measure the cause of the lamentably low moral tone in the northern counties of Scotland fifty years ago.

The change that has taken place in the remote, and at that time isolated, parishes in the north can only be realised by those who, like myself, felt a difficulty, owing to the scarcity of books, in gratifying a craving for them. I shall ever remember the day that our village postmaster, an enterprising tradesman, got a copy of the newly established *Illustrated London News*. A report of the marvellous paper spread quickly over the parish, and nearly everybody came to see the wonderful production. Another sensation was caused when the first letter arrived at the post-office, bearing upon it a 'Queen's head.' It was posted at Leith, addressed to William Green, Esq. What a revolution that tiny penny stamp has caused in the postal development of that secluded place! Three times a week a mounted post-rider passed through the village, and deposited at the humble office a bag no larger than a school-boy's satchel, containing the whole correspondence of the place. At the present time three mails arrive daily, and there are three despatches; and three local post-messengers are employed to distribute the letters and papers that arrive. Surely no better proof can be given of the wonderful revolution that the penny postage has brought about in the social life of a remote country parish. Up to the time of its introduction, the pen was practically laid aside when a boy or girl left school; now it is the means

of friendly and social intercourse between members of families widely separated from each other.

I can best explain the educational progress that has taken place in my native parish since I was a schoolboy by contrasting those early days with this end of the nineteenth century. There are three schools within the parish boundary. The principal or parish school proper is admitted to be one of the best equipped in the north of Scotland, with a staff of male and female instructors; the headmaster is an M.A., and an efficient and successful teacher. But when the Queen began her reign one schoolhouse sufficed for the educational wants of the place. It was in every sense a plain building, lighted by three windows that were occasionally washed by the heavy rains beating against them; the interior walls had been plastered, but the lime had acquired the hue of dirty clay, and the ceiling had never felt the touch of a whitewash-brush. The furniture consisted of rude benches and forms, whereon sat side by side boys and girls. At one end of the room there was a fireplace, the master's desk standing near; and above it hung the only educational appliance provided, a tattered map of the Eastern Hemisphere. The scholars were, during the winter months, permitted to go to the fire in detachments to warm themselves; for this privilege each scholar brought a peat and deposited it in an oblong box behind the door. Above this box hung a long tin horn that was blown every morning at nine o'clock to summon the scholars. Rude and homely as the schoolhouse was, the man who presided over it did good and honest work. From Monday morning till noon on Saturday he was at his desk, the hardest-worked man in the parish, and its greatest benefactor. A dominie's life in those days was laborious and monotonous in the extreme. His annual holiday was four weeks in harvest; Saturday afternoon was his only half-holiday during the week, the early part of the day being spent by him in mending the scholars' quill pens. It was a curious sight to see nearly a hundred of them piled upon his desk, every one having a device or mark to distinguish it. How would a schoolmaster of the present day relish the labour of mending so many pens every Saturday morning?

No Sunday-school existed in the parish, and there was only one service in the church on Sundays. The eloquence of Dr Guthrie and Dr Candlish failed to stir the spiritual lethargy of the people; and it was some years after the Disruption before a Free church was built in the village.

But changes for the better have taken place since I left, like many of my class, to seek work in Edinburgh. I was fortunate in finding employment under the late Lord Cockburn at 'Bonny Bonally,' on the north slope of the Pentlands near Colinton, and I shall ever retain a grateful remembrance of his lordship's kindness to me. During the winter months he resided at

his town house in Charlotte Square. While there he left the care of his valuable library to me, with the privilege of reading any of the books. What a boon this was to me, who had felt the want of books more keenly than can possibly be felt by a young man at the present day!

During the spring and summer months I had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the social life and habits of his lordship at Bonally. While the Court was sitting he drove into Edinburgh in a one-horse carriage. On his return he hurried to change his dress for a garden suit, consisting of an old, battered silk hat, a long-tailed frieze coat, a pair of small-check shepherd's plaid trousers (very short in the legs), and a pair of round-toed, Selkirk-made shoes. He no sooner donned this homely attire than he appeared on the lawn with a garden tool of some kind in his hands, be the day wet or dry. I verily believe if the departed spirits of men are permitted to revisit the scenes they delighted in while they were in the body, the shade of Lord Cockburn must haunt the walks and alcoves of the place he created with such care and taste. There was one walk he frequented when any intricate case was before him in court; he would pace backwards and forwards upon it, declaiming in a loud voice. Lord Jeffrey and he spent many an evening upon that walk, after they had tired themselves at the

bowling-green, where they played like two school-boys. James Ballantine, the Scottish poet, was a frequent visitor, and always met a warm welcome from his lordship, who held the poet in high esteem. Summing up his estimate of Ballantine's dual character in happy phrase, 'Ballantine,' he said, 'makes business feed the Muses, and the Muses grace the business.'

Lord Cockburn, in his *Life of Lord Jeffrey*, gives a graphic account of the home-life of his friend, and describes the beauties of the grounds and gardens at Craigercock, near Edinburgh, which in many respects resembled his own beloved place. One of his favourite occupations was planting primroses on the banks of the burn that meanders through the grounds. When a worm was turned up in the process he carefully laid it on the grass out of harm's way; and this little act of humanity made a strong impression on my mind.

After fifty years I feel deeply grateful for the kindnesses I received from him. When I entered his service the four-pound loaf cost me ninepence, and my wages were less by one-half than men in my occupation are now receiving. The price of really good books was then beyond the means of most working men; and, therefore, *Chambers's Journal*, which could be had for the modest investment of three-halfpence a week, was to us of the working class a perfect treasure.

IN WAR-TIME.

I.

THE blockade-runner *General Lee* was racing. The whole of the frail hull hummed with the vibration of the engines. Down in her stoke-hole a double gang of firemen, naked to the waist, shovelled and pricked at the flaring masses of Welsh coal through the ever opening and shutting furnace-doors. The safety-valves carried double their load, and every rivet in the boilers screamed again under the fierce pressure. The throttle-valves stood wide-open, and the clattering engine-cranks flew clashing round in their circles. The second engineer directed the scalding-down-hose upon a heated bearing; the 'chief' was busy with a long-spouted oil-can; the 'engine-room crowd' had their hands full.

Thirty-six hours ago they had come out of Bermuda with a cargo of boots, saddles, 'Crimean' shirts, and other contraband of war; supplemented—alas for human vanity!—with French corsets, crinolines, and other feminine engines of adornment; for, though their young heroes were at the front, there were still men left in the cities; and Confederate women must adorn themselves though war shouted at the gates.

Captain Henry Clay stood on his bridge, none with him but the mate steering. His every cent was invested in the venture. They were running for Wilmington, and already the low coast-line of Carolina showed upon the horizon. But the ruse which was to have taken the blockading squadron southward had failed. Upon their bow hung a thin faint line of smoke: a Yankee war-steamer—it could be nothing else—straining to intercept them; and, as if this were not enough, there appeared, dead ahead, and seen only as yet through the telescope, the tops of two masts—another of the 'Northern scum' lying-to, waiting them.

'There's nothing else for it!' said Clay. 'In between them and trust to luck. If they catch us they may blow the whole cussed shebang to smithereens for all I care!'

'Yes. Best stand right on,' said the mate. 'They're slow old tubs anyhow. We'd oughter be able to git through if so be's there ain't but two.'

'I can only make out those two,' said Clay, as he swept the horizon with his telescope.

Ten minutes more showed them the steamer in their path coming straight for them; the other, on the bow, was now also hull up.

The *General Lee* swung sharp to starboard and headed to the north-west. Instantly the war-ship ahead starboarded helm to head her off. Even then the blockade-runner's speed might have saved her; but it was not to be.

The mate suddenly ejaculated, 'Cap'n Clay!' 'Yes?'

The mate pointed. There, on the beam to the northward, were two more faint lines of smoke.

'Guess we'd best put back to sea, Cap. Here's the hull fleet down on us!'

'I don't seem to care a red cent *what* happens,' said Clay. 'I feel, somehow, as if I want to ram her slap through the midst of them.'

'There's others aboard here besides you,' said the mate.

'I know it. [Pause.] I don't care! I'm going to stand right on. You can go below. They won't fire shell.'

The mate looked at him and his eyes lit.

'No, b'gosh!' he said. 'I'm the man to foller ye, Cap'n Clay, if you're going on!'

'Right!' said Clay. 'Starboard the helm!'

The *General Lee* swung back in her tracks and once more headed straight for the coast.

('By the shadow of death, he's not afraid!' said the commander of the *Tecumseh*—the steamer in their path, as he altered his helm to suit.)

'It will take some shooting to hit us at this speed!' said Clay.

'That's so every time!' returned the mate; 'and if we git through there's a handy pile of dollars for us.'

Clay made no reply. He looked out over the calm, glassy sea. He looked ahead where the low coast lay shining white in the sun. Directly in their path was the black spot which the telescope said was a war-steamer. He looked at the three black shadows creeping up—one from south and two from north—he felt like a trapped animal.

'I don't like being licked,' he muttered. Then a gloom crept over his spirit; the wings of the angel of death seemed to blot out the sun.

'I guess Eunice is fairly well provided for if they hit me. It don't matter much—and she won't mind, I doubt. I don't see what I wanted to marry her for anyhow. By thunder! it would be good if we got through. Wouldn't we crow some?'

Then his thoughts swept into the past. 'Where are you, dear—you whom I ought to have married? You seem near me'—

His reverie was sharply ended: the first shot from the enemy hummed along the wave-tops, and, touching water fifty yards ahead, ricocheted clean over them.

'Now, Randolph!' shouted Clay to the engineer.

'We're doing all we know,' shouted up the engineer in reply.

The first two war-ships were now within range. Both opened fire; but such a swiftly moving object was no easy mark.

The *General Lee* raced on, as yet untouched, but in as much danger from her own overpressed boilers as from the enemy's guns. Then, suddenly, came the end.

A shot struck them. Wood splinters flew in a shower, and Captain Clay and his mate were down. Still—for a few moments—the blockade-runner raced onward, unguided. Then a man shouted the news down to the engine-room.

'Draw your fires!' yelled the engineer.

II.

'Will you see him through, Nurse Clare?' said the hospital surgeon. 'He *must* die.'

'Is that so? No hope?'

'No; none that I can see,' said the surgeon; then he whispered in her ear.

She understood. 'Poor fellow!' she said. 'Shall I tell him?'

'Perhaps it would be kinder.'

Clay's head was tightly bandaged; over his eyes and forehead lay heavy pads of wet lint. All had been done for him that was possible. He had not yet recovered consciousness.

Sister Clare kept his bandages damp.

At last: 'Who is there?' the mere ghost of a voice.

'I am here.'

At her voice he quivered. 'And you?'—he asked.

'I am your nurse. Don't get excited; you are'—

'Did we get in?' he interrupted.

'No. Your ship is sunk. You are in hospital in Wilmington.'

'Ah! that settles it, then.'

'Settles what?' she asked in a tender voice, and she held a glass of stimulant to his lips. 'Drink some of this—and don't talk so much.' The sound of his voice woke memories within her. She knew her old lover.

'Settles that I am ruined—that's all.'

She did not reply. Oh, if he could only live, what did ruin matter?

'Yes, ruined. What will the wife do?'

'Wife?'

'Ay, I'm married, worse luck. Am I going to live?'

She did not reply.

'Don't be scared to tell. I don't care.'

'What! not for your wife's sake?'

'Well—perhaps so. But I guess she won't mind much.' His voice grew querulous. 'Am I going to die?'

'The—doctor—fears so.'

'Ah!' There was a sound of relief in the tone. Then, to himself, 'I wonder how much Eunice will care? Nurse!'

'Yes.'

'Do fellers—ever—when they're dying—tell you their secrets?'

'Sometimes.—I wonder what is he going to say?'

'May I? You won't mind listening to a poor beggar like me?'

'If it will ease your mind.'

'It will. I must talk about her to some one or I can't die straight. Where did you say I was? Wilmington?—and she's in Lawrence. She couldn't get here if she wanted to; they're surrounded. What is your name, sister? Your voice sounds quite familiar somehow.'

'Clara.'

'Clara! Strange!' Silence on both sides.

'Well, then, I wish I could see you. I can tell you better—because of your name. I loved a woman of your name once, but her people wouldn't look at me—said I was only a cussed tradesman. But I loved her. Well, you know what sailors are—racketed about every-which-way. I had to go to sea, and never got a chance home for two years; then they told me she had married.'

'Oh! what liar was that?' whispered the nurse aside.

'Eh?—did you speak, sister? Well, that got my mad out. We were in Halifax: the girls there are kinder free; and there were two pretty sisters—and I said, "I'll show her I can do as much as she can"—and I married Eunice.'

'Ah!' gasped the nurse.

'But—I can't forget Clara—and, if I'm going to die, I want to see her!'

'How can you expect that?'

He had relapsed into insensibility. As she attended to him she triumphed. 'He loves me! This other poor thing was only married out of spite; and yet—O God!—she separates us!'

Two days later.

The man's vitality, born of a healthy profession and a pure life, had astonished the surgeons. The sister had tended him through all—had never slept. A difficult operation had, apparently, resulted in success; he had fallen into a quiet, restful sleep.

She waited the doctor's coming.

'What, sister! Is he still alive?'

'It has been a sharp fight,' she replied.

'If so, he belongs to you,' said the surgeon.

For a moment hope shone in her eyes; but she shook it from her with a passionate gesture. Then she turned her attention to the doctor's directions.

'Mind,' he said as he left them, 'he's not safe yet.'

She looked down at the sleeping man.

'Dear!' she murmured. 'Why should I disturb your life? This other one has come between us; she has the legal right.'

Yet she knew that with consciousness would

come recognition. Must she give him up? Had not the surgeon said that his life belonged to her by right? She could not make the sacrifice, so she remained.

As consciousness returned and convalescence came slowly, so also came the knowledge that the only woman he had ever loved had nursed him back to life—that he owed his life to her care; yet ever in the background was the face of his wife. Thus, though they looked into each other's souls, they feared to speak. Her touch thrilled. Their eyes would not be commanded. They knew they loved, and that a bar not to be broken parted them.

'I can bear it no longer,' she said; and another nurse took her place. He guessed the reason, and kept silence. 'Wait till I get well,' he thought.

Eunice was away in Lawrence; it was impossible to get news through to her. He was thankful that it was so.

At last he was allowed to leave his bed. They met in the corridor, and she fled from him—fled to her own room. Upon the table lay the weekly paper, just brought in.

The word 'Lawrence' caught her eye.

'That is where his wife is,' she thought bitterly. Then, curious, she took up the paper. She knew—how who shall say?—knew before she read, that it was the moment of her fate:

'On the 20th of August, Lawrence, Kansas, the third town of the State, was sacked by Quantrell and his gang, who pierced the lines of General Ewing and rode fifty miles past them without discovery. Over one hundred and fifty citizens were slaughtered and the town destroyed. Two women were, unfortunately, killed by accident, one a coloured person, the other a Mrs Eunice Clay, on a visit to her sister.'

The nurse sprang to her feet, trembling, and a strange expression crept into her eyes. Was it love, or joy, or triumph?

'Poor soul!' she whispered, as with softening looks she passed into the convalescent ward, carrying the paper.

IN A LONDON GARRET.

OUTSIDE, I hear the hurry of men's feet,

Tramping the tortuous ways for this world's gold;

And the huge City irks me with its old

And ceaseless roar of traffic in the street.

Within these walls, in rain or frost or heat,

I tremble with desire to tread the world,

And breathe the clean air scented by the mould,

Where purple heather and pure water meet.

Ah! how these last sweet roses madden me

With longing for the mountains, vales, and fields!

Some day, perchance, when Spring or Summer yields

His rapturous store of beauty, I shall be

Beside the foaming margin of the sea,

Or roaming over hills or shady wealds.

C. FRED. KENYON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



EARLY DUTCH FOOTPRINTS IN AFRICA.

By ALFRED KINNEAR, Author of *To Modder River with Methuen*.

THE story of Dutch conquest southward along the great African coast-bend is to be read at sight in the castles over which, by a paradox familiar to history, the British flag now waves. It is an interesting story even if it does no more than show that the British navigator who followed where others had paved the way or built 'bettered the instruction,' after the character of his nation. If Africa be, as we are frequently assured it is, the grave of reputations, it has been—perhaps more than any other segment of the globe—the passion of the explorer, the pursuit of the navigator, and the victim of successive conquerors. The footprints of the early Dutch navigator are found in the castles which mark the course of his conquest. Indeed, wherever the Dutch raiders raised a flag they built a castle or seized one; and these to-day are for the most part British possessions, acquired upon the good Dutch pattern.

The story of how Holland got a footing at Elmina, on the Gold Coast, is a little characteristic of the period. At the time referred to it was, with the territory behind, a Portuguese possession. One day a strange ship was observed flying signals of distress, and her captain reported his vessel to be full of partially convalescent men he desired to land temporarily on high ground. The hill at the back of Elmina Castle was exactly what he needed for his sanatorium. Would the Portuguese commandant allow the poor emaciated sailors to land? The Portuguese charitably assented. The Dutchmen were landed to leeward of the castle, and carried in hammocks to the ground where they were all to be restored to health. But under each Dutchman lay a gun and a sword; and in some hammocks, instead of a poor sailor or officer, there might have been seen a short yet serviceable cannon. With the medical and ration comforts, again, there might have been found bullets and gunpowder. The Portuguese, good, easy-going gentlemen, suspected nothing.

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and the men and stores were safely landed. Then, one night when the garrison lay comfortably asleep, armed men were in their midst killing all the defenders who resisted—and resistance was the Dutchman's readiest way of getting rid of inconvenient prisoners. It was a mean stratagem; but it was characteristic of the time, and saved the conqueror the trouble and cost of a frontal attack and prolonged bombardment.

Elmina Castle passed into our hands in 1872, for the purposes of the Ashanti Expedition of that time. Elmina Castle is to-day the prison-home of Prempeh, the last King of Ashanti.

The French merchants really preceded the Portuguese along much of the coast-line, and held Elmina as long ago as the fourteenth century. 'Little Dieppe' was established as early as 1364. For two centuries French, Portuguese, and Dutch dwelt together. Then came the British navigator.

The legends of the coast breathe of the romance of British philandering. It was an age of sails, of ill-fashioned ships, and of head-winds. Of course there are head-winds still, and also what a subsequent race of more impatient navigators came to call the 'doldrums.' But we live in an age of steam and of electric telegraphy, so to-day Puck puts a girdle round the earth in something less than the whimsical forty minutes' limit of the Shakespearian prophecy. Even as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century, a ship would have made a good passage if she reached, say, Cape Coast Castle in three months or even four. In earlier times the golden mean was put at six and eight months; in Vasco da Gama's time it was the adventure of a year. So whatever was done by His Britannic Majesty's cruisers in the seventeenth century in these remote, and to many really mythical, seas lost its reason of censure or defence in the mere passage of time. If we could hold our spoil—and we usually did, however qualified the method of

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acquisition—the end was cynically permitted to justify the means.

There is a family likeness between all these old castles, though perhaps that of Capetown is the least imposing of the series. Each, however, stands bravely toward the sea, those of Cape Coast Castle and of Elmina—with their bastions washed by the Olympian surf from the western rollers as they beat with irresistible force upon the golden beach—being distinctly picturesque if not beautiful. In respect of picturesqueness we cannot claim for any of our intermarine fortresses, with perhaps the single exception of Conway, that they can compare with the militant architecture of Spain and Portugal; and the early Dutch architect who thus found himself called upon to erect fortresses blandly copied the designs of those countries.

All these strongholds represent the spirit of war, and in their snake-like tracery along the rocks suggest immense internal resources for the needs of the time which each of them served. The times were indeed stormy. Competition in foreign aggrandisement was brisk. The Portuguese navigator was quickly followed by the Dutch.

Nor were the French behind in the rush for the land of the potentialities of wealth. The merchants of Dieppe, as has been said, have left their name on the coast. If the English navigator was last in the race, he promptly gave a good account of himself when he reached the goal; for in the end he reaped pretty generally where others had sown. The entire coast and hinterland of western and south-western Africa down to Table Bay became in time partitioned off to the rival races who had taken it all and held it by right of successful adventure or by the logic of the sword.

Although separated by hundreds of leagues of sea, those fortified and in some cases mere stockaded symbols of adventure and conquest retained an unbroken affection for the parent country. Nothing served to diminish or divert their patriotism. Indeed, the patriotism of each of these little trading communities was marked by a sensitiveness which brooked no suspicion or suggestion of waning fire. On news arriving that the Dutch and the English were at war, hostilities at once broke out between the representatives of the respective colonies on the coast. A brief intimation, we will say, was passed by the Governor who had received this intelligence to his neighbouring ruler, who was invited to prepare for attack; and the latter, nothing loath, was sometimes the first to begin the fray. That, we may be sure, proved to be the case with the British. Up to this time the two posts had probably lived in friendly and hospitable intercourse. Nay—and this is really no freak of the writer's fancy—at the very moment of the arrival of the dread tidings one Governor may have been the guest of the other. Moreover, there are

authentic records showing that before the ship carrying the tidings could reach her destination the war had terminated. So the curious spectacle was witnessed of two castles thundering at one another long after their respective nations had signed a treaty of peace, and had resumed friendly and commercial intercourse.

We, as a nation, have always been able to justify our 'spread of the light' in the shape of enforced aggrandisement. We invaded and looted territory all in the name of the gospel of trade and international comity. At Cape Coast there is to be seen a fine barracoon, a relic of the old slave-days, which is kept in a state of picturesque preservation. This is where slaves were herded before shipment. It is now used as a store of another kind. Yet a little imagination is enough to make one feel some of the agony and despair it environed.

Attaching to Cape Coast Castle there is a legend; but it belongs rather to the order of a ghost-story than history. In fact, it is a story of the haunted castle tribe. The local commandant conceived a violent passion for a Fantee woman, though already married. He rid himself of his own wife by hurling her from a balcony of the northern tower, the same in which in 1895 Sir Francis Scott, as commander of the expedition against King Prempeh, held his councils of war, and where Prince Victor Christian and Prince Henry of Battenberg had their quarters. The lady was dashed to pieces on the rocks below, and her body carried out to sea only to be washed back again and found. In due time the marriage with the Fantee woman followed; but on the night of the wedding the spirit of the murdered wife appeared before her murderer, and so affected his reason that he rushed madly from the marriage-bed, and threw himself headlong from the balcony upon the same rocks that had consummated the assassination of his wife. The bride of an hour, it is stated, was so affected by this incident that she also lost her reason. The tradition is that the wraith of the murdered wife still haunts the chamber on the anniversary of the tragedy. One may be permitted to express satisfaction that the deliberations of Sir Francis Scott and his staff were never disturbed by the lady's spectre; but perhaps they did not happen to sit on her visiting days.

Capetown Castle is of a type with the rest. Its foundations were laid by the Portuguese voyageur, Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486. He was followed by the Dutch, sailing under the Dutch East India Company, by charter from the States General of the United Powers of Holland. These gentlemen pitched upon the littoral of Table Bay and beneath Table Mountain, and afterwards raised the congeries of towers and the range of escarpments which now constitute the castle of Capetown. It is essentially Dutch, and, like its neighbour of Cape Coast, is a

wonderful as well as a picturesque arrangement of ravelins, glacis, ditches, gates, and sally-ports. Its low fortress-walls are dominated by old time-worn 30-pounders and 60-pounders; and the watchful visitor may see in the gratings of dungeons and the gloomy towers the story of a savage past, and read, indeed, over the main entrance the legend which awaited him who passed the portals of Dante's Inferno.

It is here to-day that the work of the war is done. The castle is the headquarters of the Cape Colony and Natal garrisons, and the official residence of the military commandant. Old walls break into low-roofed rooms, sometimes approached by sharp-curved stone staircases blocked by a siege-door; a veranda runs round the courtyard, the latter closely paved with pebbles; age is visible everywhere; and, viewing the faded yellow lime-wash of the Dutch occupation, one instinctively concludes that Great Britain never expected to hold it long, and therefore would not spend any money upon it.

The castle of Capetown is now a *terra incognita* to the travelling Englishman. Two British ad-

mirals, Shillinge and Fitz-Herbert, in the reign of James I. seized the entire coast-line, calling it comprehensively the South African Coast and Continent, though with but a limited knowledge of the extent of the territory. That the Dutch should have fleeced the Portuguese who in turn looted their French predecessors in the trade of land-grabbing is not to be regarded by English writers with prejudice to the Dutch. No stones of that kind could, indeed, be safely thrown by a British hand without some of the risks attending the unskillful management of the boomerang. Dutch enterprise more than Portuguese langour or British cupidity is marked almost from Cape Verde, and it is traceable, moreover, right through Cape Colony up to Pretoria itself. The artistic if lumbering fashions of Amsterdam in the sixteenth century find a kind of survival by perpetuation in the dwellings of the Boers of to-day, who retain all the vigorous characteristics of the dogged empire-makers whose footprints are to be traced down the entire western range of the African coast to its southern limit, only to be revived again in the Dutch East Indies.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A TALE OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER XXI.—WHAT JUDITH KNEW.



ELANIE had left me. The bitterness of my reflections through the long dull days which followed was increased by the knowledge that this result was only what I might have expected. Ours had been a foolish infatuation—a dream of an Elysium that could never be reached. I loved her with all my heart, with all the fondness of a youth, though a hardened, blasé man of the world. Did she really love me? A thousand times, as I contemplated the ruby ring upon my finger, I asked myself that question; and each time, when I recollected that love-look in her dark eyes, my conviction of the genuineness of her affection became more than ever confirmed. Yet she had left me with only that strangely-worded letter, to sigh over the ashes of a dead past. While repeating her declaration of love, she asserted in that missive, which I re-read so often, that our acquaintanceship must end—a conclusion at which she had arrived owing to some adverse circumstances, mysterious and unexplained. Why she had been forced to leave Brussels so hurriedly was entirely an enigma; I could arrive at no definite solution of the problem.

The days passed, hot and stifling even in the shaded boulevards, and the dead-white houses reflected the sun-glare until it became dazzling and sickening. I longed for a change, for a breath of

country air in fresh, green England; for only the man who lives abroad can appreciate the rural beauties and the calm freshness of his native land. In all the world there is no spot so truly peaceful, so happy, so quiet and restful, as the old-world English village, with its rows of homely thatched cottages, its uneven street, and the sweet, all-pervading scent of the wood-fires lit at evening to cook the labourers' meal. With what zest and pleasure we look forward to a visit to our home; how the beauties of all other countries pale before those of our own England; and how dearly cherished are the memories of our native town, our school, or our college! In this frame of mind I longed for home.

The critical outlook consequent upon the theft of the King's private correspondence kept me, however, in Brussels. The mission to which I had been appointed by the Marquess of Macclesfield yet remained unfulfilled. To put it plainly, I had entirely failed; and, further, I had become infatuated with the daughter of a Royal House. I had, by allowing myself to love, disregarded the wise maxim of the chief, that to be successful the diplomatist must never allow a woman to ensnare him. The fair sex are the cleverest of diplomatists, and can worm out a secret when all the wiles of the male political agent have failed.

So I remained in Brussels, gasping in the heat

of a semi-tropical summer, striving to fulfil my secret mission by making inquiries in various quarters; until, ever unsuccessful, I began to despair. The ingenuity displayed in the theft of the correspondence was truly marvellous. Day by day, week after week, the Cabinet in London remained in breathless expectation that the storm which had for years been culminating would burst over Europe, and England would find herself at war. The Sirdar had captured Khartoum and broken the Khalifa's power, and serious complications had arisen with France regarding the occupation of Fashoda. At Downing Street, Lord Macclesfield received intelligence daily from the various Embassies of the latest political winds. The heads of the War Office and Admiralty had been taken into the Cabinet's confidence, and measures for placing our defences in readiness against sudden surprise rapidly taken. The greatest care, however, was needed to prevent the rise of suspicions in the press and the public mind. The country was in ignorance of the alarming crisis.

The delay in declaring war could only be due to one reason—namely, that the Powers desired time—a few weeks at most—to make their final preparations for a combined dash upon our shores. From Paris, by way of Downing Street, grave news reached us of unusual activity in French dockyards and arsenals, while orders had been issued for some grand military manœuvres, which meant that the French army was to be mobilised without exciting public attention. There could be no doubt whatever that in France preparations were being pushed forward actively, swiftly, and secretly.

In such circumstances it was scarcely surprising that I should be harassed by the knowledge that not only had I failed to secure the prime object of the mission entrusted to me by the Marquess of Macclesfield, but had been outwitted by the very clever thief who had spirited away the file of correspondence. Many were the consultations I had with Sir John Drummond and with Graves, the messenger, and twice I was summoned to Downing Street, where I related to the chief what had occurred. He looked grave, his ashen face twitching with unwonted excitement.

'We can only wait, Crawford,' he answered. 'Our enemies, whoever they are, have got the better of us in this affair. The King, incognito, was here yesterday. He mentioned your strenuous efforts to penetrate the mystery.'

'I have done my best,' I answered, rather lamely, 'though I have failed.'

'Return to Brussels and continue your efforts. We must find out into whose hands the stolen papers have fallen. That is of more importance than the discovery of the actual thief.'

That night I returned to my post by way of Dover and Ostend, arriving at my rooms in the early morning, and sitting out upon the balcony in the

first rays of sunshine. How to act now I knew not. By every device I had sought for evidence at the other Legations of their knowledge of England's peril, but I could discover absolutely none. The King continued to give his entertainments, the Legations to hold receptions, and diplomatic relations continued calm and undisturbed.

I thought ever of Mélanie. The newspapers said she had arrived, with her mother, at Brandenburg, the ancient stronghold of the Hapsburgs, where they would pass the remainder of the summer. I pictured her, free from the trammels of Court life, wandering about those picturesque valleys around her home, gossiping with the villagers, and mistaken by tourists for an English girl, so well did she speak English. As the weeks passed in anxiety, and the days grew increasingly stifling, the desire to see her once again became intense, and to learn, if even for the last time, from her own lips the cause of her sudden resolution to end our acquaintanceship. Yet what excuse had I for going boldly to the Castle and demanding an interview? She had impressed upon me the absolute necessity of keeping our intimate friendship a secret, and I had promised long ago to respect her wish. The gossips were ever eager to seize upon any circumstance as ground for tittle-tattle respecting a princess.

I had pondered over the matter until at length the desire to see her again became irresistible; then, obtaining a few days' leave, I set out, travelling by way of Luxembourg. I put up at the Rathshaus at Trèves, that medieval hotel in the peaceful Place beneath the shadow of the ancient Cathedral wherein the revered Holy Coat is treasured, and only exhibited once every fifty years. Next day I set forth on the snorting little river-steamer down the Moselle, winding through its romantic valley where ruined castles frowned from the crests of vine-clad heights, and quiet little villages nestled between road and river, mirrored on the water—villages whose names are known the world over by reason of their famous white wines.

The journey was delightful. The steamer, little larger than a pleasure-launch, started at daybreak, and for several hours we wound in and out past Berncastel (famous for its 'Doctor'), Alf, Beilstein, and other quaint villages, through some of the most picturesque scenery in Europe. At length, after many stoppages, we reached a mere hamlet, from which a boat came out bearing a mail-bag. The place, only a group of houses, was called Brodenbach, and I went ashore in the boat, for Brandenburg was distant about a mile, up a dark, narrow gorge, where the pine-trees cast a romantic gloom, and the high, bare gray crags overhung until they seemed threatening to fall as I wound my way beneath them. Passing up this gorge until I came to a sharp turn, suddenly there burst upon my view, towering upon a great and seemingly in-

accessible cliff, the enormous turreted stronghold of the Hapsburgs. The walls, which had withstood so many sieges in the long-past days, were blackened by age; and at a glance one could well recognise its superior position, impregnable on three sides. Perched there on the cliff, it commanded an extensive view over the hills and valleys from the Moselle away to the Rhine.

Such was the romantic beauty of the scene that I stood gazing at it in silent wonder. I had only seen it before from the river when coming up from Cochem. It was indeed a wonderful relic of a bygone age of barbarism; and grim and terrible stories are told of the fiendish tortures committed in its deep dungeons, and of hapless prisoners immured by the powerful Hapsburgs until death relieved them of the misery of existence. Indeed, as I looked I could distinguish, high up on one of the many turrets, the historical iron cage wherein many a prisoner had been placed and tortured in full view of the besiegers.

I followed the road, winding and well kept—once no doubt only a footpath, but now accessible to carriages; and after half-an-hour's stiff climb passed through the main entrance, handed my card to the liveried janitor, followed him across the courtyard with its long, cool arcades and ancient draw-well, and waited in an old-fashioned chamber furnished in medieval style with great carved table and chairs of black oak—a severe-looking place and strangely comfortless, but striking as an example of the princely residence of four centuries ago. As I stood looking through the deep mullioned window upon the courtyard, the turret-clock chimed slowly and solemnly. For a long time I remained there alone—fully half-an-hour, I think—until I began to wonder whether my card had reached the Princess. At length, however, another manservant appeared, and said in German:

'Her Highness will see you, if you will please step this way.'

I followed across a great banquet hall, high-roofed and vaulted, from which were suspended the tattered and faded banners of the former princes of Hapsburg; while all around were stands of armour once worn by those valiant warriors who were the terror of all the Rhineland from Mainz down to Cologne, and upon the walls were heavy German broadswords, many bearing the rust of human blood. Down one long corridor after another we passed, until we entered what was apparently a modern wing, for the long passage was so thickly carpeted that our footsteps fell noiselessly. A few moments later the man ushered me into a pleasant and well-lit room, the walls of which were panelled in brown, and covered with silken tapestry in mignonette-green, the ceiling richly gilded, and in the corners were allegorical figures of the female virtues. On the walls hung several of the great

and famous pictures by Watteau which stand alone and unapproachable in their colour and form. In one a party of ladies and gentlemen were embarking for a voyage to the 'Fortunate Isles,' and two others represented the interior of a picture-shop. These, I knew, were some of the pearls of the art treasures of the Hapsburgs. There were also other pictures by Lancret and Pater, of the school of Watteau; and as I advanced to the window to gaze out upon the magnificent panorama of valley and mountain the door was opened.

I turned, with quick heart-beating, to greet the woman I so fondly loved.

Next instant, however, I drew back in blank astonishment. In the doorway there stood a female figure in severe black, gazing at me as though I were some hideous apparition. Perhaps, indeed, I was as a ghost of the past to her. Our encounter was equally startling to both of us. She had on no outdoor garments, and was evidently a guest at the Castle, and had entered the room for some purpose, believing it to be unoccupied. She was the woman who held my secret in her keeping, Judith Koln, the widow of Gordon Clunes.

'You!' I gasped, dumfounded. Of all women, she was the last I should have dreamed to meet in that princely residence.

She stood before me pale as death. Her lips trembled, and I saw that the encounter caused her much apprehension.

'Yes,' she answered in a hoarse voice, and with a painful effort to smile. 'It is very strange that we should thus meet—is it not?'

'I presume you are a guest here,' I said in a hard voice.

She nodded in the affirmative, and, slowly closing the door behind her, advanced a few steps towards me.

'Listen!' she said quickly in a hushed voice. 'Time does not admit of argument. I know that you love Princess Mélanie, and you have called upon her. In a moment she will be here to greet you; therefore our conversation must be brief and pointed. I am going to leave you, and recollect that, before her, you and I are total strangers.'

'No,' I said at once. 'Mélanie and her family shall not be tricked by a woman of your character. Remember that you and I are old friends—or enemies—which is it?'

She hesitated, but only for a single instant. She was a remarkable woman, for she never lost her self-control.

'Friends, if you will preserve silence,' she answered in deep earnestness.

'Now, Judith,' I said severely, 'I know full well that your presence here is for some evil purpose. You are no doubt passing as some wealthy and well-known woman, and have, as you have so often done before, succeeded in

entering the charmed circle of society. What are you now? Countess, Baroness—or is it Duchess?’

She smiled. This woman whom I knew well to be a political agent, and whose ingenuity in that respect was simply marvellous, had undoubtedly some sinister purpose in obtaining admission to the family circle of the Hapsburgs. I had known her in Vienna, and to me had been due her exposure and the committal of her lover Krauss as a spy and traitor. Her smile told me that she still cherished a fierce revenge, and that when occasion arose she would make that exposure which I dreaded because it would ruin my good name.

To act boldly was, I saw, my only course. I recollected how, on the night of Gordon's death at Richmond, I had threatened her, and how she had laughed me to scorn because she knew at that moment her husband was lying dead. That mystery had never been cleared up, nor had the character of the statement which Gordon had made to the chief ever transpired.

She was extremely handsome, this fair-haired, blue-eyed woman who had so often used her personal charms to worm out a secret or to entice a man to betray a confidence; and as she stood before me, a slim figure in black, she seemed to have come like an evil shadow between myself and my well-beloved.

‘You no doubt regard it as strange that I should be a guest here,’ she said in a calm voice. ‘On my part, too, I regard it as curious that Mélanie should love a man in whose past is a black spot, one which, if revealed, would cause the world to hound him down as a coward and a criminal.’

She referred to my secret. I bit my lip.

‘Once,’ she continued, ‘on a certain night in Richmond, you declared that you would tell my husband my true name and station; and you would have done so but for reasons to which it is now unnecessary to refer. Since then we have not troubled one another. Now, when we meet thus unexpectedly, secrecy is surely in our mutual interests.’

‘No,’ I cried quickly. ‘I will not allow you to remain here with Mélanie. You are a spy, and your presence here is with evil design.’

‘If it pleases you to use hard words,’ she answered, ‘then I may return the compliment, m’sieur, and recall the fact that the Chevalier de Jedina was foully done to death by you. You—Philip Crawford, diplomatic representative of your Queen—are a murderer.’

‘I tell you it was entirely unintentional,’ I cried. ‘I was perfectly innocent, and had no knowledge that a blank-cartridge had been placed in his revolver. I shot him, it is true; but the duel was fair, so far as I was concerned. I had no knowledge that the man I killed was actually the victim of foul treachery.’

‘Ah! you cannot prove it,’ she said, her face white with a fierce determination. ‘Your two seconds have both declared that they saw you handling your opponent's weapon.’

‘Who were those seconds?’ I exclaimed, as every detail of that horrible tragedy arose again before my eyes. ‘They were unprincipled spies, like yourself. It was these men who introduced the blank-cartridge so that the Chevalier should be killed by my hand.’

That duel, the only one I had ever fought, had been the outcome of a quarrel consequent upon a lady I had escorted to dine in the restaurant of the Grand Hotel in Vienna being insulted by the well-known politician, the Chevalier de Jedina. The insult was a most gross one, perpetrated in presence of my friends; therefore, to vindicate my own honour I had been compelled to send my card to him. We fought next day in a wood ten miles outside Vienna, and at my first shot the Chevalier had fallen with my bullet through his heart. It was only when the seconds examined the dead man's weapon that they discovered the exploded cartridge was different from the others, being actually a blank one. Then, beneath the trees in the gray light of the well-remembered morning, as I stood bending over the body of the dead man, I was denounced as a murderer. Ere that day was out, however, I saw that I had been the victim of a foul conspiracy, arranged for the purpose of combating my efforts as an agent in the British secret service. I had always been suspicious that the whole plot had been arranged by this woman Judith, in connection with Krauss, and that was still my conviction.

Such an imputation against the honour of any man was grave indeed, especially when my own seconds had denounced me. Although innocent, I had no means whatever of proving that I had not placed the blank-cartridge in my adversary's weapon. Hence this woman, who had afterwards so cleverly tricked her lover Krauss, also held me in her power.

‘I think when you reflect,’ she exclaimed a few moments later, ‘when you consider all the circumstances, you will be inclined to agree with me that secrecy is best.’

‘I will not allow the Princess to entertain you without knowledge of your true character,’ I said with firmness. ‘It was you who sold the plans of the frontier forts for Oswald Krauss—you, the protégée of the German Government. With some sinister motive you later induced Gordon Clunes to marry you. Do you think that I'm blind? You have now wormed yourself into the confidence of the woman I love, in order to betray her.’

‘Then you actually mean to expose me?’ she cried hoarsely, advancing towards me, her eyes flashing with a dangerous fire.

‘I do,’ I answered. ‘I care nothing for the

charges you may make against my honour. But I tell you I am determined to save her from you. Your vile espionage shall not'— But the words died from my lips in an instant as there was a sudden *frou-frou* of silk outside, the door

opened, and Mélanie stood in hesitation and surprise upon the threshold.

By the expression of her face I was certain she had overheard the opening words of my interrupted sentence.

CURIOSITIES OF COOKERY.



HERE are perhaps few subjects which appeal more strongly to personal interest all the world over than the great one of cookery; and, while the study of its history amply rewards a seeker of the quaint and curious, it is most instructive to trace the process of development through which our present-day *menu* has been evolved.

Thanks to Herodotus, Athenæus, and others, we are fairly well supplied with information regarding the food in use with the great nations of the past. The Egyptians were great bread-eaters, though strangely enough they preferred to use in its manufacture the seeds of the lotus dried and pounded rather than the fine wheaten flour which was to be had in such abundance. Fish dried in the sun and eaten raw was another chief article of diet; quails, ducks, and small birds were eaten in the same way; vegetables were much used by the common people, and beer was made from barley, which they called *lythus*. Eggs were hatched in ovens, so incubation is a very ancient process. The Persians ate little meat, used no salt, and preferred sweet foods, their banquets being very magnificent.

The Greeks were at first very plain liver, and fish was for a long time the principal article of food for all classes.

There still exist recipes for stuffing fish with force-meat, and frying, boiling them in pickle, baking them in fig-leaves soaked in oil, and cooking them in hot ashes. The Greeks boiled and roasted sheep, pigs, lambs, and goats; and they ate polypi and cuttlefish, the latter of which may have been the chief component of the famous Spartan black broth. Archestratus praises dog-fish boiled with cummin, and says that the Romans spoil fish by overseasoning it with cheese, vinegar, and asafoetida. Atticus had the reputation of making the best bread, of which necessary of life there were no less than seventy-two varieties. Honey and sesame cakes were eaten after dinner with fresh or dried fruits, while an extensive use was made of vegetables, especially cabbages and onions. Cauliflowers had been introduced from Cyprus, and were eaten first by the Phœnicians; rabbits and cucumbers were imported from Spain, almonds from Mauritania, asparagus from Asia, garlic and onions from Africa; while the peach-trees of Persia, the raspberry-bushes of Mount Ida, and the apricot-trees of Armenia all paid a

heavy tribute to Hellas. Both among the Greeks and Romans honey was used in place of sugar, the latter being only deemed suitable for medicinal purposes.

Sicilian cooks were considered the chief masters of the craft, and as much as eight hundred pounds a year could be obtained by one of these in the palmy days of Rome; the cook who prepared a banquet which Antony gave in honour of Cleopatra receiving a city as the reward of his exertions. Meat was scarce among the poorer classes in Rome, and their food consisted chiefly of pulse (a gruel made of barley) and vegetables; but in striking contrast to this is the luxury which was displayed at the tables of the wealthy. Large sums were given for British oysters, Ravenna turbot, and other dainties; and one enterprising lady made a fortune by keeping thrushes and selling some sixty thousand of these hapless songsters every year for cooking purposes. Mullet were cooked alive at table, so that the guests might be diverted with their gradual change of colour; and rabbits were fed on thyme for a month before being killed in order to give the flesh a delicate flavour. Heliogabalus introduced, or rather invented, sausages made of oysters; and lobsters and crabs were also employed in the same way. The Emperor Geta has earned the reputation of having as many courses at dinner as there are letters of the alphabet, and in each course every dish whose title began with the initial letter of the course, so that his *menu* must have been a very elaborate one.

To the Romans belongs the honour of having produced the first European cookery-book; and, though the authorship is uncertain, it is generally attributed to Caelius Apicius, who lived under Trajan (114 A.D.). Here are two recipes from this ancient collection: 'First, for a sauce to be eaten with boiled fowl, put the following ingredients into a mortar: aniseed, dried mint, and lazer-root, cover them with vinegar, add dates, and pour in liquamen [a distilled liquor made from large fish which were salted and allowed to turn putrid in the sun], oil, and a small quantity of mustard seeds. Reduce all to a proper thickness with sweet wine warmed, and then pour this same over your chicken, which should previously be boiled in aniseed water.' The second recipe shows the same queer mixture of ingredients: 'Take a wheelbarrow of rose-leaves and pound in a mortar, add to it brains of two pigs and two

thrushes boiled and mixed with the chopped-up yolk of egg, oil, vinegar, pepper, and wine. Mix and pour these together, and stew them steadily and slowly till the perfume is developed.'

The Romans were very fond of surprise dishes, such as pigs stuffed with live thrushes; and, to anticipate a little, this taste descended so near our own times as the reign of Charles II., as witness a recipe of that date for making two pies which were to be served together—one containing live birds and the other live frogs. When the latter was opened 'out skip the frogs, which make the ladies to shriek and skip,' while the birds when released were to add to the general confusion by flying at the candles and putting out the lights! A dish of peacock was a favourite *plat* at Rome, and was served at the beginning of dinner. The bird, having first been done to death by stifling, was then skinned; the inside was filled with the flesh of other birds, and the whole sewn together again, and finally sent in to table affixed to a small branch, as if alive.

With the fall of the Roman Empire there came a great change; and Brillat-Savarin raises a pitiful lament over the departed glories of his culinary art. 'At the approach of these fierce strangers,' he says, referring probably to the Goths, 'the alimentary art disappeared with the other sciences of which it is the companion and consoler. The greater part of the cooks were massacred in palaces which they had nourished, and others fled to avoid being compelled to regale the oppressors of their countrymen. The few who offered their services had the mortification of seeing them rejected; the ferocious mouths, the scorched throats, were insensible to the charm of fine cookery.' We get an interesting peep into the life of the despised barbarians from the writings of Priscus, who describes an entertainment given by Attila, King of the Huns (440 A.D.), to the ambassadors of Theodosius II. He tells us that the guests were served on golden platters and had gold cups, but the king contented himself with wooden plates, and only ate meat, while the others feasted on fish, vegetables, fruit, &c. A cupbearer stood behind each guest, and a buffoon did his best to enliven the company, and succeeded in making them merry, all save Attila, who never laughed, says the chronicler. Methinks the king of the Huns must have been a grim host for the ambassadors of the anxious young Byzantine emperor.

We are told that Charlemagne was interested in cookery; and many other royal personages have since imitated him in this respect, down to Louis XVIII., who used to make *truffes à la purée d'ortolans* with his own hands, aided by the Duc d'Escars. Madame de Maintenon is said to have invented *côtelettes à la Maintenon*, and liqueurs were introduced for the consolation of the Grand Monarque; while Cardinal Richelieu is responsible for *sauce mayonnaise*.

To turn nearer home, we find that, as may naturally be expected, there exists very little information regarding the food of the ancient Britons; but they are known to have broiled and roasted mutton wrapped in pieces of bark, and Diodorus says that they plucked grain and reduced it to paste in a mortar. Julius Cæsar refers to their use of milk. The Saxons and Danes did not care for delicate food, and were great drinkers; Hardicanute, who reigned from 1039 to 1042, having practically killed himself with overdrinking at a feast in Lambeth. This king established the new rule of four meals a day, and was apparently more addicted to the pleasures of the table than his countrymen, as 'he was never served with any like metes of one meale in another, and that chaunge and diversitie was dayly in greate habundance' (*Liber Niger Domus Regis Anglie*).

With the advent of the Normans comes the first dawn of the culinary art proper in England; and the people learnt from their new conquerors the concoction of savoury stews and soups, the latter of which, as an essential factor in French domestic cookery, is celebrated in two popular proverbs: 'C'est la soupe qui fait le soldat,' and—

'Soupe le soir, soupe le matin,
C'est l'ordinaire du bon chrétien.'

The use of butter was still unknown, so oil and lard were employed in its place. Whale-flesh, served roasted on a spit or boiled with peas, was a favourite dish of the eleventh century; and the porpoise was also considered a dainty when cooked whole and eaten with mustard. Hazlitt says that Cardinal Wolsey gave a great banquet in 1509, at which over forty porpoises were served, costing about eight shillings each; but the popularity of this fish began to decline, and in the time of James I. the very dogs disdained to eat it.

A manuscript in the library of the Royal Society has some quaint recipes; and, as they date from about 1399, one may be given as an example: 'To make gynger sauce.—Take faire light bred and pare away the cruste and stepe the crome in vynegur and grinde hit and draw hit through a streynour, with vynegur and powder of ginger, and of caudle, and serve hit forthe.'

Contemporary with this is that king of cookery-books *The Forme of Cury*, written by the cooks of Richard II., consisting of a vellum roll, with one hundred and ninety-six formulæ. The dedication, if it may be so called, runs as follows: 'The Forme of Cury was compiled by the chef maister coke of Kyng Richard the Second, king of Englonde after the Conquest, the which was accounted the best and ryallest vyand [nice eater] of alle eten kings. Ist, it techith a man for to make commune pottages and commune meetes of household as they should be made, craftly and holsumely.' Two extracts from this collection must suffice: 'Fritors of mylke.—Take of cruddes

[curds] and press out the wheyse. Do [add] thereto sum whyte of eyren [eggs]. Fry hem. Do thereto, and lay on sugar, and messe forthe.' *Petty Pruant.*—Take marrow, and kerve it rawe. Powder of gynger, yolkes of eyren, dates minced, raisons, salt a lytel, and look thou make thy paste with yolkes of eyren, and that no water come thereto, and forme thy coffyn [pie] and make up thy paste.' *Curry*, it may be added, is an old word for cookery, from the old French *keuerie*, as that is from the Latin *coquus*, cook; and has nothing to do with *curry* powder, which is an Indian word.

Extreme prodigality seems to have existed at the tables of king and nobles alike. We read of thirty thousand dishes at the wedding feast of Richard, brother of Henry III.; and the enthronement of an Archbishop Neville was followed by a banquet which comprised, among other things, three thousand dishes of jelly, two thousand hot custards, four hundred swans, one hundred and three pigs, six wild bulls, and one hundred and three oxen. Truly a substantial and varied repast!

The art of elaboration in cookery must have made rapid strides by this time, as we find that such dishes were sometimes served as 'an image of St Catharine holding a book and disputing with the doctors,' 'a pelican sitting in her nest with her young,' and 'a castle set in the middle of custard with jelly, in which was a demon bringing a doctor in a pulpit in cloth-of-green tabard and hood, bearing a pious inscription in Latin.'

There is still preserved the *menu* of a feast given by one of our early kings to the 'heralds and Frenchmen when they had justed in Smithfield;' but space forbids its quotation. History records the fact that Du Guesclin once drank three wine soups in honour of the Trinity before he prepared for single combat with an English knight.

It is interesting to learn the different terms for dressing and carving various articles of food. A deer was broken, a crane displayed, pigeons thighed, a sole loined, pike splatted, a peacock was disfigured, quail were wynged, and pastry bordered. To unlace mallard you are to lace it down each side with your knife, bending it to and fro like waves. Carving was no mean feat in those days when forks were unknown; and they are supposed to have been introduced into this country by Tom Coryate (*temp.* James I.), who had seen them in Italy.

Mint sauce is the *aigre douce* of Edward I.; blanchenanger was made of capons or pike boiled to a mash; cabbages were eaten 'thikked with grated bread' by the common people, but for a lord they had to be treated with yolks of eggs; and an equal distinction was observed with pike, which had to be cut up into pieces for ordinary

folk, while those of higher degree had it served whole. A favourite dish at the supper-parties of the wild Prince Hal was 'pondorrage,' a mixture of partridges, pork, and yolks of eggs, first boiled and then roasted in batter. It was then made into small lumps about the size and shape of apples, and coloured to taste. Pork, it may be mentioned, was much used at this time, in proportion to other meats as three to one.

Pickled horse was considered a suitable dish for a banquet in Elizabeth's time, and we may well believe that this delicacy was mentioned in a book which appeared in London in 1590, entitled *A Brief Discovery of the Damages that happen to this Realm by Disordered and Unlawful Diet*.

Here are the titles of some recipes of the period: 'To make a leg of pork like a Westphalia ham;' 'To pot beef to eat like venison, and to make mutton as beef;' 'To stew a pike the City way;' 'To brew beer Sir Jonas Moore's way;' 'To make the Lady Abergavenny's cheese;' 'The Lord Conway his lordship's recipe for the making of amber puddings;' 'The Countess of Rutland's recipe of making the rare Banbury cake which was so much praised as her daughter's pudding.' Other high-sounding dishes are 'Falkland Islands,' 'Judge Advocate,' 'President or Husband,' 'The King's Public Money,' 'Nobody,' and 'Sword Knots.'

Coffee had made its appearance about 1641, when it was introduced to Oxford by a Cretan student at Balliol College; and a coffee-shop was opened in the town a few years later. Lord Bacon had heard of it as 'a Turkish drink, black as soot, of a strong scent, to be taken when beaten into powder!' Ices were brought to France by Italians in the train of Marie de' Medici; and for the use of spices we are indebted to the Venetians, who introduced them from the East.

Coffee and ices form a fitting conclusion to this short gossip on the history of a science with which so much of our comfort and happiness is intimately connected. Great exponents of the art are, alas! in as much request as they have ever been, and the supply is far below the demand, though we have ceased to expect from our cooks the high ideal described by a certain poet Dionysius, who flourished in Greece about the end of the first century:

To roast some beef, to carve a joint with neatness,
To boil up sauces, and to blow the fire
Is anybody's task; he who does this
Is but a seasoner and broth-maker.
A cook is quite another thing; his mind
Must comprehend all fact and circumstances:
Where is the place, and what the time of supper,
Who are the guests, and who the entertainer,
What fish he ought to buy, and where to buy it.

ANOTHER MAN'S BAG.

THE NARRATIVE OF EX-PROFESSOR CROSSLEY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

IN the police-office sat a constable, writing at a high desk. My hasty entrance brought him to meet me. 'I wish to see the Chief,' I said, 'at once, if he is here.'

The man seemed about to ask a question; but I felt that it was no time for ceremony. 'It is a matter of urgency,' I went on. 'I must see him immediately.'

He took my name, and tapped at a door which stood on the other side of the office. After a moment, he turned and beckoned me to enter. Then I found myself alone with the Chief Constable of Lechester.

He sat at a writing-table, with a sheaf of papers before him and a newspaper on the floor beside his chair. Rather to my surprise, he was a comparatively young man, and, more to my surprise, he was a young man whom I had previously seen. He was, in fact, the very man who, scarcely an hour before, had spoken at my meeting in such a critical and unfavourable manner with regard to my discoveries.

This was surprising, and not entirely pleasant; so, also, was the fact of his being so young. I entertain very strong opinions as to the custom, which seems to be steadily gaining ground, of placing young men in positions of importance and responsibility. I have suffered much from the custom myself, and am therefore in a position to judge. Thus two circumstances combined to render my relations with this officer rather delicate.

When I entered he rose to meet me; but my visible excitement did not appear to affect him in the least. 'My business is very urgent,' I said. 'It is connected with the robbery of jewels at the Hotel Petersburg last night. I know where to find the thief, and I want the assistance of yourself or one of your men.'

'Indeed!' said the Chief Constable. 'Pray, sit down, Mr Crossley. I have just been reading the account in the *Echo*.'

There was something so matter-of-fact in his manner that I could not but feel provoked. I have always felt a certain antagonism towards men of phlegmatic temperament, partly, no doubt, because such a temperament is so directly opposed to my own. I sat down, however, and plunged into my narrative at once, giving him a brief account of the incidents which had taken place, and also an outline of my own plans. He listened with the same calmness throughout. This attitude provoked me still further, and I saw at once how the land lay. This young Jack-in-office had all the failings which are apt to beset men

who are placed too early above the heads of their fellows. I determined to assert myself.

'I have brought the case to you,' I said, at the end of the story. 'May I ask what you intend to do? Perhaps it may be just as well to mention that the time for consideration is limited.'

He was evidently surprised, but took no notice of the sarcasm. The look he gave me was one of sharp attention. Then he replied:

'It is a very remarkable affair, Mr Crossley, and I admire the way in which you have thought it out. But the case presents one or two weak points.'

'Of course!' I said, quite politely.

Again he gave me a sharp glance. 'Mind,' he went on, 'I am not disputing your conclusions; but it may be just as well to look at things closely.'

I had already looked at them closely; but I did not take advantage of his pause to say so. I began to feel curious as to how far the man's officialism would take him.

'In the first place,' he continued, 'this report in the *Echo*. You may not have noticed that it is built upon a hasty Press Intelligence telegram, and that the whole story is founded upon an alarm raised by a servant-girl in her mistress's absence.'

'I have noticed all that,' I answered quietly. 'But it seems to me that you forget one point of some importance: the facts of the telegram have been confirmed by my own adventure. I have seen the jewels, my dear sir.'

'Quite so, Mr Crossley; quite so. But that is another point to which I was just coming. If those diamonds were really stolen jewels, do you think that the man would have dared to return for the bag?'

'But he did return,' I cried; 'and surely the spoil was worth some risk. Besides, how could he suppose that I had discovered them? A less careful person would never have opened the cases at all. He would have closed the bag at once on finding that it was not his own.'

'Quite so,' said the officer again, looking at me with an expression which I could not, at the time, understand. 'Some men would have done that! And this brings me to another question, Mr Crossley: Are you at all familiar with diamonds?'

'I hope,' I said, 'that I can, at least, distinguish between the genuine stone and the false.'

'Very few people can,' said the Chief Constable, tapping his desk with his pencil-case.

This was too much. It was quite plain that this man would see no reason in any views but his own. I had often heard of the contempt of an arrogant police for the efforts of private detectives, and here was a case in point. I stood up and looked at my watch.

'Sir,' I said firmly, 'I have seen the Lenstoi Diamonds, and I have told you what I require in order to secure them. Are you prepared to assist me, or are you not?'

This was effective. The man looked into my face, and saw that I was resolved to have no more. He rose from his chair, smiling curiously.

'I am certainly prepared to assist you,' he answered, with quite a change of front. 'But I thought it might be as well to look at the matter from every point first. As it is, I will come with you myself. Please excuse me while I get my coat. There is really plenty of time.'

He opened another door and left the room. In a very short time he returned, coated and capped plainly and unofficially. I had told my cab-driver to wait, so the vehicle was still at the door. As we entered it I directed him to drive to the railway station.

For a few moments we did not utter a word. For myself, I was too greatly perturbed by the passage-at-arms which had just taken place to desire any further conversation. After a while, however, my companion spoke:

'There are one or two other points, Mr Crossley, which we might have discussed. Perhaps, however, you would prefer to leave them over until afterwards?'

'Decidedly,' I said. 'We have no time to discuss them now. As it is, we are late enough, and if we lose the train you will know where to fix the responsibility.'

That answer silenced him. When it had been uttered I turned my thoughts to the case, looking it over point by point. The probable outcome of the adventure also presented itself to me in no unpleasant colours. There would be, no doubt, a great deal of publicity; and though I do not yearn for notice of this kind, I am yet old enough to know that it has its benefits. There would also, in all likelihood, be a substantial recompense in other ways for the time and trouble I was now expending.

We drew up at the station gates. 'Now,' I said, 'we must see the booking-clerk. He may be able to give us some information.'

'Very good, sir,' said the officer; and in a moment or two we were within the booking-office. The clerk was a young fellow, now apparently rather sleepy, and also somewhat alarmed at our visit.

'This gentleman,' said the Chief Constable, 'wishes to obtain a little information from you.—Now, Mr Crossley.'

The man was evidently piqued, and intended to

help me as little as he dared. This, however, suited me very well, and I immediately turned to the clerk.

'Did you issue the tickets for the eight-forty-five local?' I asked. 'I mean the train which runs no farther than Hinton Junction?'

'The eight-forty-five local? Yes, sir.'

'Then, did you notice one of the passengers in particular? He was a man carrying a brown-leather travelling-bag of medium size.'

The clerk gave a look of intelligence. 'A rather stout man?' he asked slowly.

'Yes, rather stout.'

'A red-faced man with a fair beard? He had a large brown hat on?'

'Yes, yes! You have his description exactly.'

'He was a commercial traveller,' said the clerk.

'Indeed!' I asked, smiling. 'How do you know that?'

He did not exactly know how he knew it. 'Oh,' he answered lamely, 'I see so many of them that I get to know their cut. He was exactly like one, at any rate.'

The disguise had evidently effected its purpose in this case; but all this was beside the point. 'He certainly looked like a commercial,' I said coldly; 'but that is not the question. What station did this person take a ticket for?'

The answer was surprising. 'He did not take a ticket at all,' said the clerk. 'In fact, he did not, as far as I know, take the train at all. I only know the man because I happened to see him pass out of the station just before eight. He came up with the seven-fifty from Hinton Junction, and I haven't seen him since.'

For a moment I was quite taken aback. Then I saw an explanation of the mystery.

'Would it not be quite possible,' I inquired, 'for this person to take a ticket, and the train, without your noticing him?'

'Certainly, sir. He could have obtained his ticket through some one else; and, even if he had come himself, I might not have recognised him through the window.'

This clerk was plainly a stupid fellow, who could only think of just one thing at a time.

'That, of course, is the very point,' I said impatiently. 'Now, can you tell me what tickets were taken by the eight-forty-five?'

He was able to furnish this information at once. Three tickets had been taken for Lepping, an intermediate station, and five for Hinton Junction. There were no others, and I knew that Ashdon's must have been one of the five.

'Thank you,' I said; 'that will do very well;' and with that we passed out of the office.

The train was just being signalled, so there was still time. 'The next thing,' I said hurriedly, 'is to make things ready at Hinton Junction. It would be well to have a couple of men on the platform.'

The Chief gave an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders; but his answer was satisfactory enough. 'Very well,' he said. 'How many shall we require?'

'Two ought to be sufficient; and they ought to be in plain clothes, so that they may not alarm our quarry too soon.'

We hastened down towards the telegraph office. I remained outside while my companion despatched the necessary message. It happened that one of the station officials was standing in the office at the time, and I could not help catching the words of a brief conversation between him and the Chief Constable just after the message had been sent. The official was evidently curious.

'Business, Mr Wade?' he asked. 'You're travelling late.'

'Yes,' answered the officer.

'Something up in Hinton, I suppose? Anything special?'

There was a brief pause. Then the officer answered quietly:

'Nothing much. It's a kind of picnic, I fancy.'

He spoke in such a level tone that I could not tell whether the remark was an intentional impertinence to me or only an evasion of the question which had been asked. I had no chance to consider, because just then the train came rushing in, some five minutes after her time. A group of waiting passengers emerged from

various rooms and began to take their seats. We chose our own in an empty compartment of a second-class carriage. I did not anticipate a pleasant journey with such a companion as I had; but there was no help for it.

At the last moment, when the train was on the point of starting, a man came rushing on to the platform and made straight for the nearest compartment. In fact, there was no time for him to choose a place, even if he had wished to do so; but the nearest compartment happened to be the one which we had selected for ourselves. At the instant of his appearance that door of the booking-office marked 'Private,' facing the platform, was hurriedly opened, and the clerk appeared on the threshold. He looked over towards the train with visible excitement in his face; but that was all we saw of him. After that glimpse we required all our attention for the new-comer.

He was a stout, blonde-bearded man, and he threw open the door of the compartment with a rush and commotion that were entirely unpleasant. A porter helped him in, and slammed the door upon his heels. In his right hand he bore a brown-leather travelling-bag, and his first act was to pitch this into the rack. Then he sat down, breathing hard, took off his hat, and began to rub his glowing face with a large handkerchief.

One glance at that face was enough for me. This was Messrs Pillottson's representative!

ACROSS AUSTRALIA WITH A DROVE OF SHEEP.

By F. JONES.



WHY I went to Australia without a situation in prospect on arriving there is a question which need not concern the reader of this article. Suffice it to say that, like many another young fellow of a rambling turn, I landed there, after working my passage out, with sufficient money in my pocket to keep me for several months from starving. I was strong and healthy; and being by trade a brick-layer, besides having a good knowledge of carpentry, I imagined it would not be a difficult matter to obtain employment in that great country. In this, however, I was seriously disappointed. I found hundreds of men walking about in the principal cities and towns, able craftsmen in various trades, eager to do anything to earn a few coppers to keep body and soul together.

During the first few weeks I did not feel particularly anxious for myself. I lived carefully, so that I might make the little money I had spin out to its farthest extent, and assuring myself that something would turn up before long by which I might earn an honest livelihood.

In roaming about the country I eventually

reached Fremantle. I was almost at the end of my tether, when I fell in with three fellows from England who, like myself, were in search of a job. They informed me that they had an offer from a big sheep-farmer to take some valuable rams across the country. This would require many months to accomplish, but the pay would be fairly good. Horses would be provided for them, and wagons well stocked with provisions. They were, however, undecided about accepting the engagement. The dreariness and tediousness of the work affrighted them, as well as the fact that they knew very little about cattle. Still, on the other hand, starvation was staring them in the face. I remonstrated with them on their folly in despising such a chance as this, and argued the case so effectually that at last they agreed to go if I would make one of the party. To this I assented, and we went in a body to the agent, signed our papers, and obtained our instructions.

I should explain here that the object of our journey was to drive by easy stages twenty-five prize rams from Fremantle to Cook Town. These animals are so valuable (many of them being worth three hundred pounds each) that the

owners will not risk loss or injury to them by any other mode of transit. A number of natives were to accompany us, to act as servants; and, as the native will not travel without his wife nor the wife without her baby, this mixed detachment numbered some forty persons. As a matter of fact, however, these black fellows proved to be a real accession to us, as the experience of the journey will show. They are very skilful in the use of the boomerang, and can bring down a bird with great precision. I never saw one miss his aim. Then they can bear the heat so much better than a white man, are indefatigable in their labours, can unerringly follow the trail of a strayed animal even in the desert sand, and know the healing power of various roots and herbs. In a word, they were simply invaluable to us.

An important part of our instructions was to steer clear of all townships on the route, and keep to the open country. This was to prevent the blacks from obtaining rum, of which they are extremely fond. When the native is primed with drink he loses all control of himself, and becomes like a madman, is insubordinate, and even murderous.

We started a few days before Christmas. Our cavalcade consisted of some thirty bullocks to draw the wagons (horses being utterly unsuitable for that work), three sheep, two lambs, and the twenty-five prize rams. The party consisted of four white men, all well mounted, with several horses to spare, and the forty blacks. The task of conducting the expedition was, therefore, not without responsibility, as the journey of several thousand miles would occupy many months. The wagons contained stores of preserved food, a keg of rum, and a barrel of water (each under lock and key), a few firearms, ammunition, blankets, harness, and a general assortment of articles needed for constant use, or in reserve for possible contingencies that might arise.

We had not been on the road many days before one of my mates threw up the job. Another was struck down with dysentery, and died; then we dug a grave and buried him. The other fellow wandered off to a township, where he got drunk and was locked up. So it came to pass that before many weeks had gone I was the only white man left, with the sole charge resting upon me. I was inexperienced, knew comparatively nothing of bullocks or horses or sheep, much less of my black contingent, yet I determined to stick to my post and carry the enterprise through.

When Christmas Day arrived we were far away from towns and settlements, yet we celebrated the festive season in a sumptuous if original style. One of my black fellows went out and killed a wild turkey, while I concocted a plum-pudding. The bird was placed in a covering of clay, just as it had been killed, feathers and all. This we put into the hot ashes of our fire, where it cooked

beautifully; and when the clay crust was broken off it left the turkey as clean of feathers as if it had been plucked by a master-hand. The meat was done to perfection; and when the pudding was boiled we sat down to a right royal feast. I served out a small quantity of rum and a little tobacco to each of the natives, which put them in good humour, and thus we celebrated our Christmas in the bush. Naturally my thoughts turned to the home-country, and the familiar faces of friends rose up in my imagination; but I question if any of them enjoyed their Christmas dinner, apart from the company, better than I enjoyed mine.

In due course we proceeded on our journey, guided by a small compass like a ship at sea. There were many things to occupy my attention, and which served to break the monotony of travel. At times some of the rams would become footsore. These had to be placed in one of the wagons for a day or two. Then the water in our barrel had to be carefully replenished whenever we came to a water-hole or running stream. The selection of suitable camping-grounds for the night, gathering wood for our fires, watering the cattle, going through the roll-call each morning to ascertain if any of the animals had strayed, and, if so, tracking and recovering them—all these matters gave me plenty to think about. As for my bed, it was nothing more than a blanket, in which I rolled myself, and lay upon the bare ground.

I maintained my control over the natives very well on the whole. One of them, whom I named Dick, became very closely attached to me; and when I eventually returned to England the poor fellow wanted to come with me. But, of course, for obvious reasons, that was impossible.

Dick was once the cause of great trouble to me, and by his conduct robbed me of many nights of sleep. It happened in this way: Unconsciously, in our march we had approached a small township—the very thing I had been told to avoid. Several of my black fellows knew of this place, and mysteriously disappeared, amongst them Dick. As soon as I had missed them I made inquiries among those who were left as to where the delinquents were likely to be; but all professed to be entirely ignorant of their possible whereabouts. When I knew, however, that we were in the vicinity of the township my fears were at once aroused, and I prepared myself for whatever serious consequences might arise. I had no sleep that night. Throwing my blanket loosely around me, and with my revolver fully charged, I waited the return of the truants. Every nerve quivered with excitement. At length I heard them in the distance, shrieking and shouting in their drunken frenzy like demons filled with fury, their mad laughter echoing over the plain. This awoke their companions who had remained in the camp; these sprang to their feet full of excitement; they jabbered and laughed and capered about as if

they were welcoming returning conquerors. Doubtless they expected that their mates were bringing them a supply of rum, with which they would hold high carnival. This expectation was partially fulfilled. Dick came first, flourishing a bottle of the spirits in his hand; the natives gathered round him eager for a smack at the coveted prize, and for a moment it seemed as if a revolution was inevitable. Not a moment was to be lost. If my authority over these fellows was to be maintained I must assert it with a dogged determination. My own life, as well as the success of the enterprise, was at stake. I rushed among them, and demanded that the bottle should be surrendered to me. Dick savagely refused to give it up. I levelled my revolver at him, telling him I would shoot him if he did not obey my orders. He laughed in my face. The others looked on, awaiting the issue, ready to glory in Dick if he was victorious. It was a fearful moment. I shrank from bloodshed, but at that moment there rose before my mind the possible contingencies of any timidity on my part in the presence of these savages. So I braced myself for the effort, and, taking aim at the bottle, I fired. The glass was blown into a thousand fragments and the rum scattered like rain. Dick howled with pain, for the bullet had taken off the top of his thumb. The crowd of natives dispersed, cowed and overcome by my stern demeanour. I ordered them all to their beds, and then, after giving Dick a severe lecture for his conduct, I bound up the stump of his finger with linen rags. In a short time the whole camp regained its quiet; but for weeks after this event I was afraid to sleep, and spent my nights in watching and wakefulness. Suffice it to say that Dick's wound quickly healed under my constant care and the application of healing herbs known to the natives of the bush. I had no further trouble with my servants after that. They knew that I was master of the situation, and respected me accordingly.

Proceeding along our course, we eventually crossed the long, dreary desert, with its depth

of white sand, rendering our progress slow and laboured. Some days we could only travel a few miles, and then were obliged to camp because of the excessive heat and fatigue of the journey. In spite of my compass I got some ninety miles out of my proper course; but patient, persistent plodding brought us at last to our destination, where, in consideration of the desertion of my companions, and my having brought my charge safely through, I received a much larger remuneration than I should otherwise have obtained. It was now September, the journey having occupied no less than nine months. How thankful I was for liberty! The sound of white men's voices speaking in my mother-tongue fell like the sweetest music upon my ear, and the hum of town-life like a grand chorus. My face was the colour of a boiled lobster, scorched with exposure to the sun. My hair and beard had grown to a great length; while my clothes were torn and patched in many a place. Altogether I cut a very grotesque figure, and I should have been past recognition to my friends.

Now that my purse was replenished and I was once more my own master, I gave myself up for several weeks to rest and enjoyment, feeling that I had well earned the vacation. I quickly made myself presentable to society by the help of barber and tailor, and took life easy. Before long, however, I began to have the home-fever. The symptoms increased; and the longing grew upon me and became very intense. I suppose this is a real disease, of which doctors are cognisant. Under its grip the patient frequently wastes away until he dies, medicine being utterly powerless to touch it. Well, I was a victim. I did not want to die yet, for I was only about thirty years of age. So I turned my steps southward, doing odd jobs on the route, until eventually I reached Melbourne, where I embarked on a homeward-bound ship, working my passage to England.

My children often ask me to tell the story of my Australian tramp; but if ever I go there again, it must be under very different circumstances from those under which I first went out.

OBITUARY NOTICES FROM THEIR HUMOROUS SIDE.

IT is not generally to obituary notices that one looks as a source of mirth; but a considerable fund of humour can be conjured up by the use of such unpromising material, as the following instances will show.

Newspaper editors are responsible for the publication of not a few humorous obituary notices; but there are few who thus show so much enterprise as the editor of a Kansas paper, who, when on his deathbed, and aware that his demise was

only the question of a few hours, wrote out his own obituary notice. He then handed it to his printer, with instructions to insert the hour and date of his death as soon as it occurred, and to lose no time in having it printed before the rival paper over the way could have any chance of forestalling him.

A subscriber to an American weekly newspaper, having read an intimation of his own death in the obituary column, called on the editor, and in vehement language insisted that the report should

be contradicted. The editor apologised; adding, 'However, we never retract anything that appears in our columns; but I will tell you what we will do. When our bookkeeper makes a mistake in his accounts, he, to avoid an unseemly erasure in his ledger, cancels or corrects the error by making a new entry; and we will treat you in the same way. Next week we will put you among the births.'

Another enterprising American paper makes the announcement that every subscriber who pays a quarter in advance will be entitled to an obituary notice of one hundred lines if he dies during that period.

The following obituary notice, culled from a Spanish paper, is decidedly original: 'We regret to announce the death of Señora Gonzalez, the wife of our esteemed townsman, Señor Juan Gonzalez, who has long done good service among us as boot and shoe repairer. The deceased lady leaves two daughters to mourn her loss. The elder is married; and the younger, who is unmarried, is open to an offer. The bereavement will not affect the business, which is carried on as usual in the old shop at No. 15 Calle Estrecha. Boots and shoes repaired on moderate terms. Satisfaction guaranteed.'

These are not the only cases, however, where the obituary notice is utilised from a business standpoint. When one of the partners of an English provincial firm died not long ago, the surviving partners hit on the idea of sending out a funeral card with an advertisement on the reverse side, specifying the various kinds of goods they dealt in, and quoting the prices at which they were sold.

This is well matched by the story that a member of a firm of printers who received just such a card as that described, after condoling with the surviving partners on the loss they had sustained, closed his letter somewhat as follows: 'We regret to see that you have thought fit to patronise the house of — [naming the rival firm] for the execution of your funeral cards. We hope the next time a bereavement occurs in your firm we will have an opportunity of tendering our quotation. Hoping that we will soon have the pleasure of serving you in this manner, we remain, &c.'

An evening newspaper is responsible for the two following curious notices: 'Among the wreaths resting on the coffin of Mr Grant Allen last Friday was one from Mr and Mrs Le Gallienne, which bore the following inscription: "Cadbury's Cocoa is entirely free from all foreign substances," and so on to the end of the usual paragraph advertisement. Not less startling was the announcement also that 'last year more than twenty-five thousand people died from snake-bites, and at the hands of wild animals, in India.'

An English newspaper is responsible for the following obituary notice (we give only the

closing words): 'Through his death society has lost one of its principal ornaments, his spouse a model husband, and we an honourable subscriber who always paid in advance.'

An American newspaper gives, in all seriousness, the following notice to its readers: 'We have sent an account to many of our subscribers who are in arrears with their payments, without receiving any reply from them. As we can only suppose that the cause of their failure to reply to our repeated communications is to be attributed to their death, we intend to publish a list of their names shortly among the obituary notices. Any subscriber who does not wish to figure among the deaths will, therefore, please send us, without delay, an answer—and remittance.'

As an instance where an epitaph (which is the next thing to an obituary notice) has been utilised for business purposes, we may cite the citizen of San Francisco who had a marble monument erected, on the tablet of which a space was reserved for the names of himself and his wife, after which appeared a notice that the remaining space would be let for advertisements.

Lord Brougham was the author of a rather sharp practical joke, the victim being the London *Times*. The editor of that paper was a particular enemy of the great statesman, and it occurred to the latter that it would be a good joke to give out that he was dead, and see what kind of obituary notice the great London newspaper would give. Lord Brougham was travelling in the provinces at the time, and the report of his death was soon circulated. A representative of the *Times* called at his lordship's residence to verify the rumour. There he was assured the report was indeed true, and, in proof, was shown the coffin and pall, which had already been laid out. The next day the *Times* appeared with a notice of Brougham's death, in which the statesman's life and character were depicted in the most virulent terms. It was very small satisfaction to Lord Brougham when, a few days later, he exacted an abject apology from the editor.

Lord Brougham was not the only person who has had the privilege of reading his own obituary notice. The same thing happened to Madame Putti not very long ago, when the Australian papers contained accounts of her demise, and full reports of her life and professional career. The cable message announcing the death of her husband, M. Nicolini, had been misread.

The poet Burns was fond of writing obituary notices or elegies on his friends or other people he admired. Some of these elegies are amongst his most remarkable poems—as, for example, his 'Lament for James Earl of Glencairn' and his 'Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson,' either of which may be said to have conferred more lasting fame on the recipient than a monument of stone and lime. These do not, however, come under the head of humorous obituary notices, a description

which applies to 'Tam Samson's Elegy,' which was written under the following circumstances:

'Tam Samson' was a gray-haired veteran sportsman, who, on one occasion when out moorfowl-shooting, and feeling the weight of years begin to press upon him, expressed the belief that the expedition was to be his last, and desired, in somewhat tragic style, that he might die and be buried in the moors.

Burns, hearing of this, immediately composed his famous elegy, in which he related at length the exploits and skill of his hero, ending each verse with the plaintive line, 'Tam Samson's dead.'

Some one having told Samson that Burns had written a poem—'a gey queer ane'—about him, he sent for the poet, and in something like wrath, asked him to read what he had written. On hearing the recital of his exploits he smiled grimly, and seemed by no means displeased. 'But,' he exclaimed, 'I'm no' dead yet, Robin; wherefore should ye say that I'm dead?' Burns retired for a few minutes; then he returned, and recited to Tam the following verse, which he had composed in the interval:

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin,
For yet, unskait'h'd by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin'!

Samson laughed gleefully, and exclaimed "That's no' bad, Robin; that'll do," and the poet was received once more into his good graces.

The Americans have perhaps contributed more than their just share in the composition of the present article; yet the following anecdote is too good to be lost:

An American editor had been informed that an article published in his paper had given great offence to one of his readers, who had solemnly sworn to call at his (the editor's) office and horsewhip him in his sanctum. The offended reader was evidently in earnest, for next day he appeared before his intended victim, and asked, in a voice of thunder, 'Are you Mr A—, the editor of this paper?' holding out at the same time a copy of the journal which contained the offensive article.

'I am,' was the reply of the editor; 'but wait a minute until I ask you a question;' and as he spoke he drew a loaded revolver from the drawer in front of him, cocked it, and laid it on the table.

'Now, please tell me,' he continued, 'what is your name?'

'My name is B—, and you will hear more about me before I have done with you.'

'Where were you born?'

'I was born in Kentucky. But I don't see

what that matters to you. May I ask what is that you are writing?'

'An obituary notice.'

'Whose?'

'Yours.'

As the editor afterwards stated, he presumed his visitor had urgent business down the street; at any rate he left suddenly, without waiting to take formal leave, nor did the editor ever see him again.

AT THE RIVER'S EDGE.

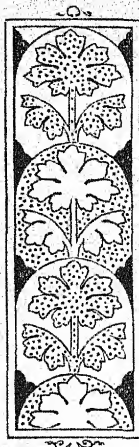
O SWEET! when we come to the distant days,
When the fancies fail like the falling flowers,
And the meads of music are soundless ways,
And the wells of wishing have lost their powers:
O Sweet! when the days and the ways are thus,
Shall we stand and tremble on Time's thin ledge,
Forgetting the fields of the years behind,
With our souls so dull and our loves so blind,
That we shall not see what is left for us
In the shadowy dusk at the River's edge?

We hear them sigh of the pains of age,
The blight of beauty, the blood grown cold;
We see the sorrows of saint and sage
When the psalm is sung and the wisdom told,
Did they love so little and fear so much
That the birds in their breasts forbore to fledge?
Did they find no flowers in the paths they trod
To warm their hearts to the old-world sod,
To bloom again at a dear hand's touch
In the shadowy dusk at the River's edge?

We have made fair plans for the days to come—
We have made enough for a thousand years—
Oh! some for wonderful work, and some
For beautiful rest—but none for tears.
Have we sinned in this? Are our hopes all vain?
Will our joy turn bare as the May-clad hedge?
If it be that the cup of our peace must spill,
Will the Hand that empties it not refill?
Of all our treasures may none remain
In the shadowy dusk at the River's edge?

To-day love's meadows are laved in light,
But we know they slope to a far-off stream.
Let us pluck the pleasures of life aright,
And garner them all for a future dream—
For the last late dream of our dreams come true,
At the last late proof of our proven pledge;
When the sun that showed us our joy is gone,
O Sweet! may the birds in our breasts sing on,
And the blooms revive with our memories' dew,
In the shadowy dusk at the River's edge.

J. J. BELL.



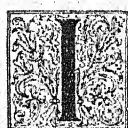
Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

ON RICE-MEAL.

A SUGGESTION FOR INDIAN FAMINE RELIEF.

By GEORGE S. KEITH, M.D., Author of *A Plea for a Simpler Life, Fads of an Old Physician, &c.*



I HAVE always believed—and this is the general belief—that rice, which is the principal food of the natives in many parts of India, is mostly a pure starch, and contains very little from which to form a strong body of muscle and bone. I was undeceived as to this when on a recent voyage to Rangoon. I had asked if brown bread was to be had on board, and was told that it was not, and that there was no wheaten flour to make it from. A few days after I was surprised to see it on the table, and of excellent quality. On inquiring of the baker, a very intelligent Scot, he told me the bread was made from white flour and rice-meal, four parts of the former to one part of the latter. He had used this for more than twelve months when brown bread was asked for.

This rice-meal is got in the process of cleaning rice in the rice-mills of India. From the rough *paddy* the husk is first rubbed off; part of it is used in the mill as fuel, and the rest is thrown into the sea. What is next removed is the rice-meal. This is sent to England, and is given to the pigs or made into oil-cake for fattening cattle. On my return voyage the vessel brought nearly one thousand tons of it in bags to Liverpool, where it is in great demand. It is not known to any of the corn-dealers in Edinburgh. Twelve months ago it was selling at about three pounds a ton; lately, owing to the high price of all feeding-stuffs, it has been quoted at from four pounds fifteen shillings to five pounds. I brought some of it home, and it makes excellent brown bread when used in the above proportions. I have also some of the partly-cleaned rice, from the further cleaning of which the rice-meal is obtained in quantity varying from 7 to 16 per cent. In a specimen of the partially-cleaned rice which I got from the largest mill in Rangoon, a considerable portion of the rich meal has evidently been lost in cleaning off the husk,

as only 10 or 12 per cent. of the grain, and this the smaller size, has retained its natural red colour, which is somewhat darker than the natural grain of wheat. Hence it is probable that the rice could give even a higher proportion of meal than 16 per cent.

I have got an analysis made of this meal by the chemist of Messrs Duncan & Flockhart, Edinburgh, and, although it had lost some of its flesh-and-bone-making ingredients, it was found to contain $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. albuminoids, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. phosphoric acid, which, in union with lime, as phosphate of lime, makes up the greater part of the ash, amounting to $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The meal is thus very rich in albuminoids and phosphates.

On the bank of the Irrawaddy I happened to see about a ton of rice which had been freed from the husk, but still retained its red colour; and I was told in Rangoon that the natives sometimes clean the rice for themselves, and use it in the form in which I saw it. I heard recently from an engineer who has for some time been in charge of railways in Assam that red rice is used by the natives, who are a finer and stronger race than the Hindus. I have also been told of a family in the West of Scotland who have been in the habit of getting red rice regularly from Ceylon.

In this country the value of rice as a food is reduced still further by the mode of cooking. It is boiled in a large quantity of water. This takes out most of the albuminoids, and as the water is thrown away, these are lost. In India the water used is just enough to swell the rice, and everything is preserved. Parkes gives 5 per cent. as the proportion of albuminoids in white rice, and 11 per cent. in white flour.

I have endeavoured to get the Government of India interested in the rice-meal question. It is a pity that the best part of the rice should be sent to this country for cattle when it is so much

needed in India, especially for the young. As a matter of pure economy it is important that it be retained in the country. Two parts of our brown wheaten bread go as far as three parts of white bread, both in satisfying the appetite and in supplying the wants of the system. If the same ratio holds as to red rice and white rice, a great money-saving would be effected by substituting the former for the latter. The price of rice-meal got in cleaning white rice for this and other countries is also less than that of white rice; but this is of small importance compared with its value as a food. It makes excellent porridge.

A time of famine may be the best for introducing a change in the habits of the people.

As red rice is already used in some parts of India, its general use should not be a great difficulty. When we consider that brown bread is so little used among ourselves, though its use is increasing among the upper classes, and that as yet far the greater quantity of wheat consumed in this country goes to the pigs, we need not be surprised that in India also this thriftless system prevails, to the deterioration of many millions of people. In this country the matter is of less importance as, overfeeding being the rule, the poor white loaf may often do less harm than the richer brown one. In a poor country like India, where the people are underfed, the case is very different.

OF ROYAL BLOOD. A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE PRINCESS ASKS A FAVOUR.

MÉLANIE! I cried joyously, dashing towards her with outstretched hand. Our eyes met. In hers I saw that same sweet, well-remembered love-look which had given me courage to confess the truth.

She uttered only one word in response, 'Philip!' in a low earnest tone; and then, as her tiny, trembling hand touched mine and thrilled me with a fond pressure, her puzzled gaze wandered again to the woman in black who stood by statuesque and motionless.

In an instant the truth flashed across my mind. Mélanie was annoyed at finding her guest in conversation with me. Perhaps, too, a slight jealousy had arisen in her. As she stood there my eyes were held to her in fascination. Her cool morning-dress of white muslin, girdled narrowly but distinctively with pale mauve, gave her an indescribably dainty appearance; her complexion, fresh and natural, bearing no traces of that artificial softness which even girls in their teens nowadays affect by means of cosmetics. How different were these two women, the one ingenuous, pure, honest, and as healthy in mind as in body; the other a painted, powdered woman of the world, steeped in the cardinal sins, and crafty, unscrupulous, designing, and unmerciful—a woman whose history had been more remarkable than any romance!

By what means, I wondered, had Judith Kohn managed to obtain an invitation to Brandenburg? Few indeed were accorded that honour outside the immediate family circle, with the exception, of course, of the usual annual visit of the German Empress and her children. Once or twice in autumn the Emperor himself also came there to hunt in the great forests which stretch eastward across the Rhineland, but by

the Hapsburgs the stronghold of their ancestors was always regarded as a place sacred to summer repose *en famille*. Numerous guests were invited to the great white palace in Vienna, or to the fine villa at Beaulieu, near Nice, where the winter was always spent, but never to Brandenburg.

At a motion from Mélanie the woman Judith reluctantly turned and, with threatening glance at me, moved out, closing the door after her. I was scarcely prepared for such obedience on the part of one so defiant, and the instant she had gone I asked, 'Who is that woman?'

'Julie, my maid. She has not been with me long. But you apparently know her,' she said. 'You were talking when I entered.'

She had overheard my denunciation. Should I now show open defiance and speak, or was it wiser to hold my peace? An instant's reflection decided me.

'Yes,' I answered; 'I do know her. But she is scarcely the kind of person to be your maid.'

'Why?' she asked, in quick surprise. 'Impertinence seems to be her only really bad quality. She is a splendid linguist, a good pianist, and rather more fitted for companion than maid. From her chance remarks I know full well she has once moved in quite a good circle herself.'

'Who recommended her to you?' I inquired anxiously, wondering with what design she could have entered Mélanie's service.

'Lady Thirlmere, one of my friends in London.'

'Then her ladyship must have been ignorant of who she really is.'

'Who is she?' asked the Princess, puzzled.

'Her name is Judith Kohn, the political agent in the employ of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Berlin,' I answered.

'A spy?' she gasped.

I nodded, adding, 'And further, she it was

who acted with that man Krauss, and induced him to prepare the plans of the Austrian frontier forts.'

'Ah!' she cried quickly, 'I recollect. You told me that she was even worse than Krauss, and that she escaped from Austria with the assistance of the German Embassy. And I have actually taken her into my service!' she said, astounded at my revelation.

'Undoubtedly her presence here is part of some well-laid plan,' I said. 'With a woman of her character it behoves one to be ever on the alert. Why has she taken the trouble to enter your service?'

'It is extraordinary. How can I tell?'

'Reflect. Is there any secret of prime importance which is in your keeping? You, a member of a Royal House, may be in possession of something which it is the object of your enemies to obtain?'

She was silent. In an instant her face was blanched to the lips.

'Ah!' she cried suddenly, as though some hideous truth had at that instant dawned upon her. 'Yes; I see it all now! There is a deep and cunningly devised plot. The *coup* would have been made quickly, perhaps even to-day, had you not thus given me timely warning.'

'A plot against you?' I suggested.

'Yes,' she faltered hoarsely, 'against me.'

Then she stood silent, deep in thought. Her mouth was hard set, and in her eyes was a look of desperation strangely out of keeping with the calm beauty of her countenance.

'This woman,' I went on, 'is possessed of a devilish ingenuity. Not a year ago I discovered her as wife of an official in our Foreign Office in London. She was leading a life of strict gentility at Richmond, the adored of her husband and the admiration of her suburban neighbours.'

'You think she had actually married him in order to obtain some secret at the bidding of her masters in Berlin?'

'Undoubtedly,' I responded. 'Gordon Clunes, her husband, died mysteriously, poor fellow! and she afterwards disappeared—to America, I believe. From that moment until a few minutes ago I have neither seen her nor heard of her whereabouts. But has the man Krauss—the spy whose release you obtained from the Austrian Emperor—never mentioned her?'

'Yes. After your statement I demanded of him the whole story, and he related it to me. He told me of this mysterious woman who enjoys the patronage of all the Embassies of Germany throughout Europe, of her artfulness, her daring, and her unscrupulousness; yet I never for one moment dreamed that this very woman, whose name is the synonym of all that is crafty and evil, was actually the one who waited upon me daily, and whose gossip was so bright and interesting.'

'Strangely enough,' I said, 'the King is ex-

tremely anxious to meet her. For months I have been in search of her in order to induce her to obey the royal command to go to the Palace.'

'The King!' she gasped. Then, after a second's pause: 'No, no, Philip! They must never meet.'

'Why?' I inquired, surprised.

'Philip,' she said earnestly, stretching forth her hand and grasping mine, 'you love me—do you not?'

'Yes, dearest. It is because I love you, because I could no longer bear your absence, that I have come here to-day, even at risk of your displeasure.'

'Then I may trust you?' she said in a deep tone of earnestness.

'Of course you may,' I replied.

'Ah! for my sake, for love of me, Philip, do not take this woman to the King.'

'But why?' I argued. 'I have reason to believe she could give certain information that might change the present critical outlook in Europe. You, of course, have heard sinister rumours of antagonistic alliances and of war.'

'Listen, Philip,' she said in a low voice, breathless in the intensity of her anxiety. 'If the King and Judith Kohn meet, the outcome of the interview will be disastrous to me, to my family—to my House. I am in grave peril. You love me. Once you declared that if you could ever render me assistance you would do so. Will you not help me, now that I am in sore need of your protection?'

I had made a promise to the King. Whatever the object His Majesty had in seeking an interview with this mysterious female agent, it was undoubtedly of prime importance. Yet with this appeal of my well-beloved in my ears, how could I turn aside and disregard it? From the very fact that Judith was acting as her maid it was apparent that she harboured some evil design; therefore it was but my duty to stand by and assist Mélanie. I had exposed this woman whose marvellous cunning had shaken empires to their foundations; and well I knew that ere long she would launch her charges against me mercilessly. The storm of her indignation and vengeance would be terrible.

'The King's command should be obeyed,' I said. 'Remember that I am a diplomatist, and that my own country and his are in complete accord.'

'No! no!' she cried, with a passionate outburst. 'No! you will not, Philip,' she implored earnestly.

'I do not see how their meeting could affect you personally, while it is just possible that the revelations which are within this woman's power to make may change the whole aspect of international relations.'

'No, I beg of you, Philip,' she pleaded, holding both my hands in her convulsive grasp, and sinking suddenly upon her knees. 'See!' she cried. 'I beg of you to spare me—to spare me.'

'Spare you!' I exclaimed in wonder. 'I don't understand. Why have you given me no explanation of your sudden flight from Brussels, or of your relations with that spy and traitor Krauss?'

'Because it is absolutely impossible,' she faltered. 'I am bound to secrecy.'

'Then you wish me to neglect my duty, and say nothing to the King of the reappearance of this woman?'

She was bowed before me, and I was holding her trembling hands. From her attitude I saw that she was terribly in earnest, as though all her future depended on my decision.

'It is the first favour I have asked of you, Philip,' she said in a low voice, panting as she spoke. 'I know that your duty to your country is to inform the King; but upon your decision all depends. Ah! you do not know how much I have suffered, or what I am suffering now. You cannot tell the dire result which might accrue if the King and the spy exchanged confidences.'

She shuddered. Her face was blanched, and as her head bowed her lips moved. It seemed as though there, upon her knees, she was praying for deliverance from her mysterious thralldom; and I stood silent and motionless, hesitating whether I should serve my country or the woman I loved so dearly.

The maxim of the philosophical controller of England's destiny, the Marquess of Macclesfield, was indeed one of truth. To be a successful diplomatist a man must needs steel his heart against all feminine blandishments. But there comes a time in the life of every man when he loves honestly and well, and when the happiness of the object of his affections is his primary consideration. My love for the Princess Mélanie had been full of a strange romance, our meetings had been clandestine, and none knew our secret. To be loved by one of the most beautiful and high-born women in Europe and placed on equality with her, poor as I was, had aroused within me a new zest for life. Could I disregard the appeal she made before me on her knees? I glanced down at her, and saw upon that pale, troubled face a look of intense anxiety such as I had never before witnessed. Tears too stood in her dark, luminous eyes as she once again raised her face imploringly to mine. Those tears decided me. I never could bear a woman's emotion.

'If you wish me to neglect my duty, Mélanie, then I will do so,' I said at last. 'You know how dearly I love you; how every day, every hour, my thought is always of you. Brussels is but a desert now that you have left.'

She rose unsteadily, assisted by me, and then, without a word, threw her arms passionately about my neck and gave way to a flood of tears. Her pent-up emotion found vent as she buried her head upon my shoulder, while I, with my arm around her, kissed her hair and endeavoured to comfort her.

'I am miserable—wretched,' she sobbed. 'I was compelled to fly from Brussels without bidding you farewell, Philip, because—well, because every hour I remained there placed me in greater jeopardy. Forgive me.'

'You were in fear of that man Krauss,' I exclaimed rather severely. 'Tell me the truth. If I neglect my duty to serve you, then surely you will at least be frank with me.'

'Yes,' she faltered. 'I left in order to escape him.'

'Why?' I asked. 'What power does he hold over you—he a traitor and a spy, and you a princess? Why should you hold him in fear?'

She shook her head mournfully and sighed deeply.

'Surely,' I continued, 'whatever may be your relations, you might openly defy him if you wished.'

'Ah! would to Heaven that I dared!' she cried. 'Alas! it is impossible—impossible.'

'He is your lover,' I said in a deep tone. 'You cannot deny it, Mélanie.'

'I have already denied it,' she answered, with a slight indignant. 'True, I obtained his release; but it was imperative. I did it to save myself, little dreaming that by so doing I was preparing for myself an everlasting torment.'

'To save yourself,' I echoed. 'You speak in enigmas. Why not be more explicit, now that I have promised to assist you with all the power at my command?'

'Because, even now, I dare not tell you everything,' she replied. 'All I can say is that I am in gravest peril, and that if you will you can save my honour, my reputation—nay, Philip,' she added in the voice of one driven to desperation, 'you alone can save me from death!'

'From death! Why?'

'Because exposure is imminent,' she said hoarsely, standing rigid and pale, her hands clasped to her open white brow. 'This woman Kolm has scented out my secret! She knows it, and will betray me! I confess to you, Philip,' she sobbed in low, broken tones—'I confess I am unworthy of your love, even of your esteem. I have sinned, and only my death can make full atonement. Alas! that the love of the Hapsburgs is fatal—always fatal!'



SOME EXPERIENCES WITH MODERN MOTOR-CARS.

By DAWSON TURNER, M.D. (Edinburgh).

HORSELESS carriages are no new thing, for in two years we shall be able to celebrate the centenary of automobilism. In the year 1802 Trevithick constructed a front-steering road-carriage, driven by steam, which attained the speed of ten miles an hour. He was followed in later years by Gurney, Hancock, and others, who designed and constructed most excellent steam-omnibuses, which for some years competed successfully with the horse-drawn coaches. Mr Scott Russell also ran a service of steam-carriages between Glasgow and Paisley, which were always crowded with passengers; but the service had to be discontinued owing to the action of the road trustees in raising barricades of stones which the motor-cars could not surmount. The road automobile movement was eventually killed by the prejudice and opposition of parties interested in horseflesh, by the iniquitous tolls levied on horseless carriages, and by the advent of the railway automotor.

The horseless carriage, thus driven from its birthplace, found an asylum in countries less conservative than Britain. This is the reason why the French are so far ahead in the industry, and we who were the pioneers of automobilism have now to go abroad for the best models and designs.

The horseless-carriage emancipation act—that is, the Locomotives on Highways Act—only came into force on November 14, 1896. Thus British manufacturers have had barely four years for experimental work; and the firms so far most successful in this have been content to profit by the experience of our Continental rivals rather than strike out on new lines.

My knowledge of horseless carriages has been gained mainly with three types of petrol automotors. The first was a French De Dion Bouton quadricycle, which arrived just in time to take part in a picnic excursion along the coast-road into East Lothian. With the exception of a little instruction from the agent of the machine in Paris, I had till this time no experience in managing a motor-cycle. Having procured a gallon of petroleum spirit, or petrol, and filled the reservoir, we started without much difficulty, and had a pleasant run to Longniddry, twelve miles from Edinburgh. Arrived there, I had to give several of our party rides, with the result that my stock of petrol became exhausted, and we had the laborious task of pushing the machine part of the way on our return journey.

Failing in the attempt to procure petrol at a village we passed through, I filled the reservoir with ordinary lamp-oil; but the engine refused

to work with this fuel. Determined not to be beaten, and being tired out with the exertion of pushing the machine, I made a bonfire with some newspapers under the reservoir, and continued the heating until I could plainly see the vapour of the lamp-oil escaping up the float-chimney. The result was magnificent, and we covered some six miles at a great speed. Again the motor flagged, and eventually stopped. We had repeated recourse to the bonfire before we reached home late at night. Here, however, let me strongly advise motor cyclists not to attempt this bonfire performance, the danger of which I did not realise at the time. I now regard our escape from a severe explosion as almost miraculous. This motor-cycle carried us some three thousand miles, including a journey to Bristol and back; and, though it afforded us much pleasure, I am unable to recommend it as a reliable means of locomotion.

My next machine was a Daimler five-and-a-half horse-power car made at Coventry. The price of this was £370. The parent company, which manufactures under the patents of the late Herr Gottlieb Daimler, is German; and when the English branch was started it had the assistance of trained engineers from the chief manufactory. The work they turn out is first class in all respects, and the engine is one of the most successful quick-running light oil-motors yet made.

An adaptation of this engine is used by Panhard & Levassor, the leading French automobile makers. It has a two-cylinder vertical engine; the diameter of the piston is $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches; length of stroke, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches; and the number of revolutions per minute is 720. Tube ignition is used. The diameter of the front wheels is 2 feet 6 inches, of the back wheels 3 feet 3 inches. The steering is effected by a tiller, which moves in a direction opposite to the wheels, which have solid rubber tyres. The method of cooling is by water, which is circulated by means of a pump; and ten to fifteen gallons are carried. There is a spoon-brake on the tyres and a band-brake on the countershaft. The power is transmitted from the motor to the rear wheels by a friction-clutch, tooth-gearing, and chains; and there are four speeds—namely, four, eight, twelve, and sixteen miles per hour. Petroleum spirit of a specific gravity of 0.680 is used. The total weight of the car is about nineteen hundred-weight.

Though the Daimler is undoubtedly the most reliable and satisfactory English car yet made, it has certain faults. To some of these I will now refer: (1) It is underpowered; the twelve and sixteen miles an hour speeds can only be used on

good level roads in summer. A touring car to carry four people with their luggage should be provided with an engine of at least eight brake horse-power. (2) Tube ignition has many disadvantages. The most serious one is the danger of the car and its occupants catching fire in case of an accident; others are the difficulty of keeping the burners alight in a wind, and of relighting them, and also the difficulty of getting them to burn with a sufficiently hot flame. (3) Owing to the absence of an efficient water-cooling arrangement, a large dead-weight of water is carried, and this must be renewed every twenty-five to thirty miles. (4) The brake-power is insufficient. (5) There are no efficient means to prevent the car running backwards if stopped on a hill. (6) The tiller steering is too sensitive, and is dangerous at high speeds. I understand, however, that in the latest Daimler cars most of these faults have been rectified.

On the arrival of my Daimler car at the Caledonian Station, in Edinburgh, last January, I went there with a can of petrol to drive it home. I had no difficulty in starting the engine, and all went well until I was about half-way up a steep street, when a snap was heard, the engine stopped, and the car began to run backward downhill. Fortunately, two active friends who were with me were able to stop the car before it had got up any momentum. A subsequent examination of the engine showed that the eccentric rod which worked the water-pump had broken, probably owing to the freezing of the water in the pipes during the previous night. By means of a strap and a piece of cord, the rod was fastened out of the way and an attempt made to start the engine; but the attempt was in vain. In turn we all tried to start the engine; but go the right way it would not. Eventually, however, it began to run backward, and then the happy thought occurred to me that by putting the reversing gear into action the car might be persuaded to move forward. I tried this at once, and, to our intense relief, it forged slowly forward, and so went to the coach-house. We must have spent fully two hours in the street, and I had just resolved to get horses to pull the car home when we succeeded in moving it.

A short time after this accident, while leaving the Queen's Park, Edinburgh, by St Leonard's Hill, the car suddenly began to run backward, and before we could do anything it had run violently into the wall at the side of the road. Fortunately the hood, which was projecting behind, served as a buffer and saved us from injury. Until I got down and noticed that one of the chains had come off I had no idea what the cause of the mishap was. This is one of the points requiring particular attention in the construction of a new car; for the chains are liable to stretch and come off, and usually do so at the most awkward

times. On another occasion an admission-valve spindle broke when I was taking a friend for a drive on the outskirts of the town; and we had to push the car into a dairyman's yard and walk home.

Otherwise, I have only had trouble with the burners and tubes; but this occurred pretty frequently. Last August we started with two friends for London, spending the first night at Moffat and the second at Penrith; but the speed of the car, in consequence of the burners acting badly, gradually diminished, until it was only with the greatest difficulty we managed on the third day to get over Shap Fells, a rise of one thousand three hundred feet. Further, when descending on the other side, I had, in consequence of the somewhat precipitous incline, great difficulty in holding the car in check; and when we reached the bridge at the bottom the car was enveloped in smoke. Here we jumped off quickly and removed the spare cans of petrol and our luggage. It was then discovered that the brake-strap, owing to the long-continued and intense friction, was smouldering. Two or three buckets of water put this right. One of the burners, however, had gone from bad to worse, and now it would not light at all. We had therefore to continue our journey to Kendal on one cylinder. So far I had only endeavoured to doctor the tube-burners themselves; but on our arrival at Kendal I determined to examine into the condition of the tube that conveyed the petrol from the reservoir to the burner; and here I found the origin of our trouble, for the tube was almost blocked at one place with a curious deposit from the petrol. After this had been removed the burners gave us much less trouble.

Leaving the Daimler in London, I went to Paris to drive back a car which had been on order for some months. This car was made by the Delahaye firm, of Tours and Paris, and its cost is £450. It is a four-wheel phaeton. There are two horizontal cylinders placed at the back. The diameter of the piston is 4.33 inches; length of the stroke, 6.29 inches; with about 725 revolutions per minute. The diameter of the front wheels is 34 inches, of the back wheels 43 inches, and the tires are pneumatic. The ignition is electric; the brake horse-power 10.8. Power is transmitted from the motor to the wheels by belts and chains. There are three band-brakes—one on the countershaft and one on each driving-wheel; and a ratchet arrangement prevents the car from running backward downhill. A very efficient water-cooling arrangement, consisting of thirty metres of copper piping, is placed in front, to be cooled by the air, the result being that only three gallons of water are carried and two hundred miles or more can easily be run without renewal. A device is provided whereby the compression is relieved while the engine is being started. The fuel used is petroleum spirit, and the average

cost per mile for the fuel, at one shilling a gallon, is 0.36 pence; thus four people could be conveyed from Edinburgh to Carlisle at a cost of less than ninepence each for fuel.

This car has given me very great satisfaction. It is undoubtedly much superior to anything yet turned out in this country, one of its chief merits being the efficiency of its brake-power. When descending a gradient of 1 in 12.9 at a speed of sixteen miles per hour, it was stopped in twelve and one-third yards (automobile club trials). Further, there is ample reserve-power, and it will ascend the slope of Liberton Hill, Edinburgh, at an average speed of eight or nine miles an hour.

A few lines will be sufficient for a narrative of my journey on this car from Paris to Edinburgh. We left Paris with a *mécanicien* from the works, who to my mind drove far too recklessly through traffic. The only incident on the first day's journey, however, was the catching up and running over of a hen. We slept at Rouen; and the next day, on our way to Dieppe, the connecting water-pipe broke, causing a delay of several hours. As motor-cars are only carried by the night-boats of the Dieppe-Newhaven service, we had to drive to the wharf about midnight. Here the captain informed us that the sea was too rough to permit him to take the car, so we had to return to our hotel.

Next morning we drove the ninety miles to Boulogne; and, after waiting there two days for calmer weather, we crossed by the day-boat. Arrived at Folkestone, we found that great caution is required to prevent the wheels getting between the rails and the planking; and in spite of the greatest care, I unfortunately got both fore and aft wheels firmly wedged in. It took the united efforts of some fifteen men to lift the car out.

During our drive to London the engine stopped at Mitcham. I now found the water-pipe had broken just where it gave way before. We had been running for an unknown period without cooling-water, and the engine had stopped from overheating. It was raining hard and blowing a gale; I therefore had to crawl under the car, detach the broken pipe, and then walk some distance to an engineer's shop to have it repaired; this done, I replaced it, filled up with fresh water, and then, to my joy, found that the engine worked quite satisfactorily. Since then the water-pipe has given me no trouble.

We stayed a night at Oxford, Kidderminster, Liverpool, Windermere, and the Gordon Arms, Yarrow. We ran on an average about ninety miles a day, and were nearly always at our resting-place for the night before 4 P.M. Our longest day's run was one hundred and fourteen miles.

Three chief types of motors have been used for the propulsion of horseless carriages: steam-

engines, petroleum-vapour or gas engines, and electric motors. Steam holds the field for wagons or lorries; its chief advantages are its elasticity, its variable speed, very great range of power, and self-starting action. Its disadvantages are that a fire and a boiler are required; consequently it cannot be started at once, steam must first be raised, and constant vigilance must afterwards be exercised as to the state of the fire, the pressure of the steam, and the supply of water.

Oil-motors or internal-combustion engines are of two kinds: heavy oil, and light oil or petroleum spirit or petrol. Attempts have been made in this country by Roots & Venable, and on the Continent by Koch, to utilise ordinary petroleum. These attempts will no doubt be eventually successful, and will result in a great saving of trouble and expense, because ordinary petroleum can be obtained almost anywhere, and at a cost of less than half that of mineral spirit. At present there are difficulties connected with the vaporisation of the oil, the deposits which form in the cylinders, and the smell of the exhaust. Chiefly for these reasons the petroleum-spirit engines are at present to be preferred. They have as compared with steam the following advantages: they are always ready and can be started at once; when once started they practically require no looking after, but will run on as long as the supply of spirit is maintained. The consumption of fuel is less, and the consumption of water in a modern car fitted with a radiator is practically nil.

To mention some of the disadvantages of oil-motors: they have neither much range of power nor capability of variation of speed; thus a complicated transmission-gear between the engine and the driving-wheels is necessary; they must be started by hand, and cannot be reversed; and there is more vibration, which naturally is most noticeable when the car is at rest.

For touring purposes the petroleum-spirit car is at present unsurpassed. Provided with a few gallons of the spirit, the autocarist is enabled to travel immense distances at high speed, and he has an engine that never tires and requires scarcely any attention. Arrived at his destination at night, he has only to extinguish his ignition and turn off the petroleum spirit, and the car will receive no damage and will undergo no deterioration though he should not return to it for an indefinite period.

The third source of power is electricity. This will probably be the motive-power for light carriages in the future. The chief advantages of electrically propelled vehicles are: the motor is always ready, and it is a self-starter; great variations in power and speed can be obtained by proper arrangement of the cells, and thus the complicated transmission-gear of the oil-motor becomes unnecessary; there is less vibration and

less noise than with the steam or oil engine ; and there is no smell and no exhaust.

Against these great advantages we must place the following disadvantages : the electricity must be carried with you in the form of the stored chemical energy of accumulators, and no light and durable accumulator has yet been discovered. Even were this difficulty surmounted, another would appear, due to the want of sufficient conveniently situated charging stations. With the best accumulator procurable it would scarcely be safe to tackle a distance of more than twenty-five miles, and when this distance was completed an hour or two would be lost in recharging the accumulators. Those who have had experience with accumulators, even when placed under the most favourable conditions—at rest in a laboratory—would probably be inclined to admit that the accumulators of an electrical car would—owing to the spilling of acid and detachment of the lead-paste caused by the jolting—be an endless source of trouble and anxiety. At present the electrical car is only a luxury for the rich, and suitable for running short distances in a town or in the vicinity of a charging station ; and it requires the services of a trained electrician to keep the accumulators in order.

Amongst minor general points, it is to be noted that belt transmission-gear is preferable to toothed-wheel gear, chiefly because the former is absolutely silent, is flexible, and no friction-clutch is required ; speed changing is effected smoothly and without jerks ; and not only is the first cost less, but the expense of renewal is trifling.

Electric ignition or magneto-electric ignition will no doubt eventually completely displace tube ignition. The danger of the car catching fire from the lighted burners in case of an accident is of itself a sufficient reason for preferring electric ignition.

In conclusion, it may be urged here that the law regulating the speed of motor-cars should be amended. In England motor-cars are permitted to travel on country roads at twelve miles per hour ; in Scotland, where the average country roads are far less frequented, the speed must be reduced to ten. What our legislators have failed to perceive is, that danger to the public does not depend so directly on the speed at which a vehicle may be travelling as on the driver's control in stopping suddenly on emergency, and on the facility with which the car may be turned aside to avoid collision. It is not too much to assert that a properly equipped motor-car can be pulled up in one-third the distance required for a horse-drawn vehicle. Further, as regards manœuvring and turning,

the shortness of an autocar permits this to be effected much more readily and in less space than a similar movement by a horse-drawn carriage would require. In my opinion, any attempt to fix a speed limit is a mistake ; the ordinary law as to furious driving, which applies to all vehicles, is amply sufficient to control the driving of motor-cars. Thus, while a speed of six miles an hour in the crowded parts of a city might rightly be regarded as furious driving, a speed of twenty miles an hour, or more, on perfectly clear country roads might be quite safe. Mr Outhwaite, manager of the Edinburgh Autocar Company, Limited, made a record run with a heavy motor-car. Leaving Edinburgh at 9.5 P.M. on 14th March, Mr Outhwaite drove *viâ* Berwick, Newcastle, and York to Selby, a distance of two hundred and twenty-one miles, without once stopping, reaching the latter place at 2.45 P.M. on the 15th. This is the longest 'non-stop' run which has been accomplished in Great Britain, and goes far to prove the perfection to which self-propelled vehicles have now been brought.

The Automobile Club of Great Britain has amongst its five hundred members the Lord Justice-Clerk, Earls Talbot, Carnarvon, and Shrewsbury, Sir Francis Jeune, Sir William Gordon-Cumming, and Sir David Salomons. The Scottish Automobile Club, whose temporary offices are at 4A St Andrew Square, Edinburgh, has amongst its vice-presidents Lord Saltoun, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir James Pender, Sir Lewis M'IVER, and Sir John Murray. It made the local arrangements for the Automobile Club thousand miles trial, for which more than seventy automotors have entered. The route chosen for this trial is from London, *viâ* Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, and Carlisle, to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh, *viâ* Newcastle and Leeds, to London. The vehicles were timed to leave London on April 23, and reach Edinburgh on May 1. Hill-climbing competitions were organised at Shap Fells, Dunmail Raise, Grasmere, and Birkhill, Moffat, and certificates and prizes will be awarded to the vehicles which acquit themselves best.

The opposition manifested in some quarters to horseless vehicles is of the same character as the bitterly antagonistic feeling to the introduction of railways, tramways, and bicycles. Opposition did not succeed in the past, and it will assuredly fail in the case of motor-cars. The purchase by the Prince of Wales of a six horse-power Daimler motor should still further remove prejudice and popularise automobilism.



ANOTHER MAN'S BAG.

THE NARRATIVE OF EX-PROFESSOR CROSSLEY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.



HE Chief Constable was at the other end of the compartment, and Mr Charles Ashdon had taken the corner opposite myself. When he had looked once at me he gave an exclamation of wonder.

'Upon my word,' he said, 'the Carlyle man!'

I was so taken aback by what had happened that I scarcely noticed the rudeness of the remark. But, without the slightest sign of guilt or consternation, he apologised at once.

'I beg your pardon, sir. That slipped out unawares. So startled, you know, to see you here like this.'

He replaced his hat, and returned the handkerchief to his pocket. Then he began to realise the strangeness of our meeting, and was visibly puzzled. He looked hard at my clothes, for I still wore the garments which I had borrowed for my meeting. After that he turned his attention to my companion, and gave him a sharp and scrutinising glance. For myself, I scarcely knew what to think, and could only wait in bewilderment. My feeling was that everything was in confusion; that a house of cards was falling about my ears. I was aware, however, that the Chief of Police was watching both of us from his corner with quiet interest.

'A friend of yours?' asked Mr Ashdon suddenly.

'Ye-es,' I stammered. 'Mr—Mr'—

'Wade,' said the Chief of Police, with a nod. 'Mr Wade.'

The representative of Fillottsons nodded in return. 'Glad to see you, Mr Wade,' he said genially. 'I fancy I've met you somewhere before.'

Then he turned back to me. 'Upon my word,' he began again, 'but this is a surprise! I thought you intended to stay at Lechester for the night, you know. Going down to Boltport?'

'No,' I replied. 'I—we—we're going to Hinton Junction.'

'Indeed? Friends there?'

There was no other way out of it. 'Yes,' I said.

It was plain to me by this time that I had made an awkward mistake, and had brought myself into a delicate situation. It was borne in upon my consciousness, as soon as I looked at the man's face, that there was a shocking blunder somewhere. If he had been guilty he would have been alarmed at this meeting; but he showed not the slightest trace of alarm. He was no burglar, no diamond thief! I could read it in his face, in his voice, in his manner.

I tried to pull myself together, as the saying goes, and to recover my presence of mind; but this was a difficult thing to do. Rarely indeed have I found myself in such a painful and puzzling position. Mr Ashdon was surveying me once more with visible bewilderment and curiosity. He was reluctant, perhaps, to put any further questions. Then I saw his eyes turn to the luggage-racks above. Except for his own bag, they were empty.

After that I trembled at the prospect of another question, but it did not come. He turned his attention instead to the Chief of Police. I saw his quick eyes take in every detail of the stiff military figure, and then I saw them brighten slowly. I knew, as if by instinct, that the facts of the situation had dawned upon him. Still, he did not seem in any hurry to speak. He proceeded to make himself comfortable in his corner by taking a reclining position and raising one foot to the cushions. This took quite two minutes, and all the while he was evidently thinking things out. I felt that his thinking would have unpleasant results for me, and glanced at my helper. With his eyes half-closed he was still enjoying the spectacle.

When at last Mr Ashdon spoke it was in quite a pleasant tone. I raised my eyes to his, and saw there a good deal more than he showed me in words. Malice? No, it was not malice. Revenge? Yes; there was something of revenge there, but it was mingled with something else; there was amusement, enjoyment, and a certain playfulness; there was also a trace of contempt. Was it contempt for me? What was coming now? He was addressing his remarks entirely to myself.

'I didn't expect to see you again so soon, Mr Crossley; but I've been thinking a good deal about you since we last met. That was a nice trick you played me by carrying off my bag!'

The tables had been completely turned. Instead of being called to account himself, he was bringing me up before the bar of judgment. With a strange sensation of helplessness, I murmured something about a mistake.

'Mistake?' said the representative of Fillottsons. 'Of course, my dear sir, of course. I am not complaining in the least. In fact, I have to thank you for a very pleasant evening with an old friend. Whom should I meet, when I went to recover my bag, but King of Burfords—Burfords of Belfast, you know, the linen people. He's staying at the "Lion" to-night, and I've been having a chat with him. We got so busy with it that I nearly missed the train.'

The 'Lion' was a Leachester hotel, situated near the station. My calculations had been faulty indeed!

'As it is,' continued Mr Ashdon, looking at me pleasantly—'as it is, I've only lost six or seven hours. The Countess will get her diamonds in time, after all.'

'The Countess?' I gasped; for he had evidently intended me to say something.

'Yes, the Countess, sir. I suppose it never occurred to you that Mr Charles Ashdon should have dealings with the nobility—eh?'

He concluded the question with something like a chuckle, looking first at me and then at the Chief of Police. I can only answer for my own sensations. They were sensations of increasing bewilderment.

'Did you happen to see the evening paper at Leachester?' asked Mr Ashdon.

How I wished that I could say 'No'! I nodded helplessly. 'Then, of course,' he continued, 'you saw the account of the great jewel robbery?'

I could not deny it. 'Well,' he said, leaning forward and touching my knee with his forefinger, 'the diamonds stolen from the Hotel Petersburg are—in—my—bag!'

What did the man mean? I knew that they were in the bag well enough; but my knowledge only added to the difficulties of the situation. But, apparently satisfied with my confusion, Mr Charles Ashdon went on:

'You wouldn't think it, now—would you? There you had the bag in your possession for hours, and I'll warrant you never dreamt it. But if you'd been a prying, inquisitive kind of man, you'd have stumbled upon them, sure enough; and I fancy they would have given you a bit of a sensation!'

I felt warm and uncomfortable, not only because of the words, but because the man's eyes were upon my face. He kept them upon my face while he continued:

'I can just fancy, now, what a prying sort of man would have done in your place, if he'd rummaged the bag and afterwards seen the accounts in the paper. He'd have gone straight to the police with his story—and with the bag too. And if the police were stupid enough to swallow all the impossibilities—as they generally are—they'd have been after me all down the line in less than no time.'

With that he glanced at the Chief. But the Chief simply nodded.

'That,' added Mr Ashdon, 'is just what would have happened if you had been a prying, inquisitive kind of character.'

This was horrible. I felt my warmth turn to heat. I did not glance at the Chief; but I knew that he was smiling.

'By Jove!' continued Mr Ashdon in the same tone, 'it has been a splendid joke, though. The landlord of the "Lion" brought us the paper in

the smoking-room. "Great jewel robbery," says he; "sixty thousand pounds worth stolen."—"Hullo," says King, "that's in your line, Ashdon!" And sure as I live, Mr Crossley, so it was! It was a full account of my robbery this morning from the Hotel Petersburg!'

He paused to note the effect. The Chief did not move, and I could only stare. This was almost a nightmare to me!

'You should have heard us roar,' continued Mr Ashdon, 'when we'd read it through, and you should have seen King's face. "Ashdon," he said, "if you ever get safe home with that sixty thousand I'll eat my hat. Good gracious, man, what a thundering, reckless kind of thief you are! Suppose the gent who took your bag"—meaning you, Mr Crossley—"suppose he'd happened to peep into the cases! Why, you'd be clapped up in walls in half-an-hour. You look a suspicious character at the best of times—you do. There's something in your eye quite extraordinarily bad and wicked; and if you got caught with those things in your bag, do you think you'd get any one to believe your story?"—'

Mr Ashdon paused to give effect to his last words. "'Do you think," said King, "that you'd get any one to believe they were only—paste?"'

Paste! At that word I gave a start. Mr Ashdon saw it, but only made a brief pause. He went on, looking in turn at each of us:

'You see, gentlemen, King is a bit of a humorist. Of course, the thing he was talking about could hardly happen. In the first place, even if my bag were taken away by a gentleman in mistake, he would never dream of turning it inside out. In the second place, no man, police or not, would swallow the story. No police-officer would be fool enough to think that a jewel-thief would steal jewel-cases as well as jewels. No police-officer would be stupid enough to believe the report in the *Echo*—that a Countess would be such a numskull as to carry sixty thousand pounds about with her in genuine stones. Everybody knows, in these days, that the real jewels are kept locked up in strong-rooms, while their owners wear facsimiles of them in paste.'

There was another pause. The last sentences had been spoken at, rather than to, the Chief Constable. He, watching me still with lazy eyes, answered quietly:

'Exactly. Everybody knows it.'

The remark was intended for me. I suddenly remembered the scene in his office, and understood. Those last arguments were probably the very points which he had wished to touch upon when I had refused to listen further. It was his turn now!

Mr Ashdon was slightly taken aback by his assent, and there was a longer pause. Then the Chief spoke again:

'That report in the *Echo*,' he said, 'was a bit of smart journalism, at least.'

Messrs Fillottsons' representative laughed. 'Smart, sir? Well, I should think so. A silly girl gives the alarm, and the right man happens to get hold of it. I pity that girl when her mistress gets hold of her. Wait a minute, though; I'll show you the jewels.'

He had forgotten, for the moment, his attack upon me. A rising interest in the details of the story had turned his attention aside, and he rose to get his bag. Taking it down, he laid it upon the seat and began to loosen the straps. At the same time he kept on speaking:

'It was a curious affair; but I dare say such things happen oftener than we think. As a matter of fact, of course, the Countess left her family diamonds at home—in the strong-room of a Russian bank in St Petersburg. But she had a sketch made of them by an expert, and sent it to Margate & Fry's to have a set made exactly like the originals. This, you see, is the Countess's first season in England; and though she wouldn't risk her jewels by bringing them with her, she wanted to show them off all the same. Any way, no doubt she felt that she wouldn't deprive the English of a sight of her historic gems. So she took the sketch to Margate, of Regent Street. Margate, of course, sent the order to us, as he sends all such orders. Perhaps you know, gentlemen, that Fillottsons' one special line is—paste diamonds?'

The straps were thrown off and the catches slipped back. Mr Ashdon took out a noisy bunch of keys.

'It was rather a hurried piece of work, but I waited on the Countess yesterday with the jewels. She was not at all satisfied, as it happened, and was able to point out one or two things which could easily be bettered. A keen old lady is the Countess, and she knows all the points of her jewels, I can tell you. But she decided to wear them last night to a ball, and to send them back with me next day—that is, this morning. "And I must have them back by Monday," she says. "There is a reception at the Russian Embassy on Monday, and you must bring them back, better. I shall meet some people there who know my jewels, especially the rose diamond. I must have them back on Monday."'

The bag was unlocked and opened. First appeared the layer of magazines, and under that the closely-packed garments. Mr Ashdon removed them, speaking all the while. He was now a plain, good-humoured commercial, interested in his subject, and ready to talk it out; and I, even in my discomfort, could not but feel a certain interest myself.

'Now,' he said, 'you can see how it happened. The servants knew nothing of me or of my goods. The Countess kept all that to herself; and very wisely, for in an hotel things soon get abroad. Everybody thought these were the real articles come from Russia, and the maids saw them

placed in the cabinet after the ball; but they didn't see the Countess take them out this morning and hand them over to me; and she, as it happened, forgot to lock the cabinet after her. So, when I was gone to Paddington, and when she was off to Leatherhead, they found the jewels gone, and raised a scare. A smart man gets hold of it for a Press Intelligence office, and it's all over the country like a shot. And that's all about it!'

That was really all about it. The story was complete, with no necessity on my part for a single question. It was only too easy to see how things had fallen out. Ah, if I had only refrained from looking into those cases!

By this time the Chief of Police was looking into them. Mr Ashdon took up the first, and held it out so that we might see the coronet upon it.

'The Lenstoi coronet,' he said briefly. Then he opened the case, and passed the diamond necklace over to the Chief. 'Now,' he said, 'just look at some of our work. Can you tell it from the real thing?'

I had failed before, and could only gaze at the lustrous pieces in mute misery; but the Chief turned the necklace over carefully, and then stood up in the centre of the carriage. Holding one of the largest jewels to the lamp, he slowly moved it this way and that, to catch the light at different angles.

'Why, you are an expert!' cried Mr Ashdon.

The officer smiled and gave the necklace back. 'Not exactly,' he said; 'but I had an opportunity to study the subject once, and thought it worth while to do so. The power of refraction, of course, is the simplest test of all.'

He returned to his seat, and Mr Ashdon began to return his wares to the bag. Perhaps he thought as he did so that it was a good thing that they were only paste after all. 'It is very seldom,' he said, 'that I meet a person who knows the difference. You wouldn't know it, Mr Crossley—would you?'

He was returning to the attack. Once again I began to wish myself out of the carriage. His keen eyes were upon my face, and I moved helplessly beneath them. Replacing the bag, he went on—mercilessly:

'It was lucky that it was you that took the bag, sir, at any rate. If it had been one of those prying, inquisitive people I have been speaking of, why, I might have got into no end of a bother. It's a good thing to travel with gentlemen!'

I hated the man at that moment. The Chief, from his corner, was watching me, and I felt, though I did not see, the gleam of amusement in his eyes. With it all I could only take off my glasses, rub them for a very long time, and return them to their place. In my heart I thanked Heaven that we were nearing the end of our journey.

It was a relief that Mr Ashdon, having been placed on the trail of business, could not easily leave it. He commenced to tell us now how the Countess's diamonds had been made, and how such articles are generally manufactured. The Chief displayed a good deal of interest; but I could only listen stupidly. There was, I remember, a curious jumble of references to 'Mayence' base, rock-crystal, salt-of-tartar, white-lead, powdered borax, manganese, and metallic oxides. There was also a considerable talk of hot and cold water, crucibles, and mortars; for the making of paste diamonds seemed to be a somewhat complicated affair; but when we ran into Hinton Junction Mr Ashdon drew himself up with a jerk.

'Upon my word,' he said, 'here we are! I suppose we have to part now. I'm afraid I've bored you; but at least I've tried to give you a little information. If at any time, Mr Crossley, you happen to find a hoard of diamonds in another man's bag, you will be able, now, to say at once whether they are genuine stones or not.'

The train stopped, and I hastened to get out. The Chief followed, and stood beside me on the platform. Mr Ashdon shook hands through the open door, and gave a quick look all round. He saw a couple of men standing together at the station entrance.

'Ah!' he said, 'so your friends are waiting. Dear me, Mr Crossley, they look very much like—policemen!'

I did not wait to hear another word. That remark explained everything. He had, no doubt, recognised the Chief at once, and had been enjoying his discovery throughout the journey. I hurried across the platform; but before I had reached the other side the Chief's hand was on my sleeve.

'It is useless to go out,' he said. 'We could scarcely get rooms to-night. It will be better to stay here in the waiting-room, and catch the first train back.'

'When will that be?'

He looked at his watch. 'At six-fifteen in the morning,' he answered coldly.

Five hours! This was pleasant indeed! I stood mute in doubt and helpless wrath; and while I stood the train by which we had come began to move out of the station. I saw the compartment we had occupied, and saw Mr Ashdon in it. He was leaning back in his corner seat, looking over at us and smiling.

As you will have guessed, Mr Ashdon's story was correct in every particular. In the morning papers it was explained that the Lenstoi diamonds had not been stolen, but that the Countess herself had placed them in security before going out. The subject was dropped at once as far as the public was concerned, and I should have been the last to revive it if I had not been obliged to do so in self-defence. The story is bad enough in any case, but not so bad as some have painted it. In fact, a distorted version of my adventure has lately been published. It appeared first in a Boltport sheet, under the heading, 'The Prying Professor, the Chief Constable, and the Paste Diamonds.' I was described in this as 'a prying old gentleman, whose lack of the sense of humour is only less conspicuous than his conceit, his ill-temper, and his love of meddling.' This absurd slander gradually went the round of the county press, and certain people have at last connected it with me. It appeared in another form in a higher place. This was in the columns of the *Spectator*, where my recently published Carlyle discoveries have provoked so much discussion. In a letter dated from Lechester, the inquiries which resulted in my possession of those documents were declared to be 'an unwarrantable intrusion into the private compartments of Another Man's Bag'!

My narrative, I believe, will show that I was the victim of circumstances rather than of a vulgar, prying curiosity. It will also explain why I am now so careful as to my luggage.

THE TANGYE BROTHERS.



AMONG the many men of mark that the county of Cornwall has produced, the five Tangye Brothers—sons of a worthy Cornish farmer—have gained a world-wide renown in mechanical matters. Their mechanical proclivity showed itself in their early days, and was encouraged in every way by their gifted mother, who foresaw a famous future for her sons, but, unhappily, did not live to witness it. With her dominant spirit pervading them, and led by the eldest brother, James, each of the brothers was attracted into the mechanical world. Joseph, distinguished by his remarkable ability

for fine work; Edward, with his gift of inventing labour-saving machinery effecting increased production; Richard and George, with business ability of a high order, all worked together towards a golden future foreseen more clearly by the sanguine Richard, and all cheered on by the jovial, humorous George.

It is not generally known that the first business with which the Tangye Brothers were concerned was that of the manufacture of safety-fuses for blasting. More than thirty years ago they were employed in a small factory in Cornwall for a short time, when James invented an entirely new set of machinery for making fuses.

On leaving this employment Edward went to America, and was a passenger on the ill-fated *John*, which was wrecked on the Manacles in 1855, with the loss of nearly two hundred lives. Edward managed to climb into the rigging, holding on with a determination characteristic of him in later life under less exacting circumstances, and eventually was brought away on a raft. Undaunted still, Edward sailed again for America, where he spent three years; and then he left to join his four brothers in Birmingham, where together they succeeded in founding the Cornwall Works, now known in mechanical circles the world over. Here James was at once the leading spirit in the mechanical department.

The well-known Weston's differential pulley-block, which was chiefly in Edward's department, and the hydraulic jack were the means of first making known the fact that new and energetic spirits were at work in the mechanical world. Later on James devoted his attention to steam-engines, and, after long and laborious experiments, succeeded in making a perfect beam-engine. Eventually Tangye Brothers became famous for their horizontal and other steam-engines and their steam-pumps, the production of which was chiefly due to the genius of James, who on his retirement from active work had made a mark on steam-engines and other machinery for all time.

On the retirement of Edward, after twelve years of arduous work, the idea of improving the process of making blasting fuses presented itself to his mind; and in his small factory at Redruth in Cornwall he laid out machinery on a novel principle of a most accurate and labour-saving class, by the use of which the speed of production is much increased and the cost greatly lessened. These important improvements were gradually brought about by Edward during several years of diligent devotion to safety-fuse machinery, and as a result of a fine appreciation of things mechanical.

Birmingham, as being the scene of their early and brilliantly successful career, has always had an attraction for the Tangye Brothers; and now Edward has removed from Cornwall and settled down in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, and intends devoting himself, like R. D. Blackmore, to the culture of apple and other fruit trees, which, curiously enough, has always possessed a keen attraction for him. His fuse factory has been removed from Cornwall, having been taken over by a large and important concern engaged in the manufacture of kindred articles. Sir Richard Tangye, who has been a frequent contributor to these pages, has given in his autobiography, *One and All*, a narrative of the wonderful rise and progress of the Tangyes.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ELECTRICAL POWER DISTRIBUTION.

THE supply of electrical energy for general purposes from advantageous centres—such as the immediate neighbourhood of coal-mines—is a possibility which experts have foreshadowed ever since electric motors of the modern type were devised. In America and on the Continent power is distributed in this way at from one farthing to a halfpenny per unit, which means that a manufacturer can keep machinery in motion for from five pounds to ten pounds per horse-power per annum; whereas the cost of steam-power for the same work would be three or six times as much. Britain is lamentably behind foreign countries in this matter of electrical power distribution; and, strange as it may seem, the chief cause has been the opposition of local authorities to bills brought before Parliament to accomplish by private enterprise what municipalities are not able to do. The matter is of the first importance. Our manufacturers are already handicapped by foreign competition, which must become more keen if we neglect to obtain our power on the wide-distribution principle. In one case, where the proposed area of supply covers one thousand square miles,

on which there are hundreds of factories, the opposing municipality supplies only sixteen and a half square miles with electricity, and that at a comparatively exorbitant price.

THE FATHER OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

The discovery of the art of photography is very generally, but erroneously, ascribed to Daguerre, a Frenchman; but those who have any acquaintance with the history of the art rightly ascribe the honour of its inception to one of our own countrymen, Fox Talbot, the centenary of whose birth has recently occurred. It is a matter of comparatively easy proof to show that Talbot brought his process before the Royal Society some months before Arago introduced Daguerre's name to the French Academy. Still more has Fox Talbot the claim to be the parent of photography when we come to compare his process with that of the Frenchman. Daguerre produced on a silver plate a single picture in the camera, and his process has for many years been obsolete; Fox Talbot, on the other hand, gave us the transparent negative image from which numberless copies could be printed—a method which, in this main feature, is practised in the present day. It is also noteworthy that Fox Talbot gave us a method of obtaining pictures by the action of light on metal

plates, the prototype of the beautiful photo-gravure process.

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS.

Missiles which come under this category are in reality miniature shells, which explode with disruptive force upon impact, and cause lacerated wounds of an almost necessarily fatal character. By international agreement such bullets are forbidden to be used in warfare, their use being confined to the hunters of wild animals and to whaling expeditions. By a confusion of terms an expanding bullet has recently, in many letters from the seat of war, been described as an explosive bullet; and there is no doubt that the Boers have been using these, which also come under the head of things forbidden. Mr Treves, the eminent surgeon who so nobly volunteered for duty at the front, testifies that a considerable proportion of the wounds received by the British were caused by these expanding bullets; and he believes they were deliberately and vindictively used by the Boers, for large quantities of ordinary ammunition were left behind by them after actions in which the prohibited bullets were employed.

LYDDITE.

The action of lyddite, used for the first time extensively in the present war in South Africa, is variously described by observers, the Boers making light of it, while on our side we receive terrible accounts of its destructive power. The Boers tell us that we altogether exaggerate its effects, that it has done them little or no harm, and that when they are comfortably settled in their trenches a lyddite shell can explode within a few feet of them without causing any inconvenience. Opposed to this we have the evidence of Lieutenant Anderton, whose battery fired lyddite projectiles at the battle of Pieter's Hill. The Boer trenches there were speedily cleared, and in them ninety-eight dead bodies were found, not one bearing wounds. Every man had died from the actual effect of the awful concussion of the lyddite. 'Their hair and beards had turned a peculiar greenish hue, and their skin was of a strange orange-yellow colour.' In adjoining trenches fifty-two living men were found so paralysed with fear that they were readily captured.

PNEUMATIC DESPATCH.

An interesting paper on this subject read to the Society of Arts, London, by Professor Carus-Wilson, described the postal service as by far the most important means of communication of intelligence which London possessed; but he thought an improvement might be effected by the adoption of certain recent advances in mechanical science. At present a letter posted at Westminster reaches the City—hardly three miles away—in three hours; and inquiry showed that accumulation accounted for one hour, handling

and delivery of the document for another, while the remaining hour was occupied in transit. What is wanted is quicker transmission from point to point by some rapid means not hindered by surface traffic. The Professor also described in detail the Batchellier pneumatic-tube system employed in certain cities of the United States for carrying the mails. One of these carried two thousand four hundred pounds of letters daily, the time of transit being three minutes instead of twenty-seven under the old conditions. During the discussion which followed the reading of the paper it was stated that the pneumatic system described was already under the consideration of our postal authorities.

ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

According to a recent consular report from Lyons, there is a demand just now in France for fish-scales to be used in the manufacture of artificial pearls and other ornaments by a new process discovered by a French chemist. For some reason the supply does not equal the demand, and a good price is paid for an article which hitherto has not had any commercial value. The scales should be sprinkled with salt as soon as they are removed from the fish, and packed in tin cans. Specimens sent to the Consulate will be carefully examined and duly reported upon. The idea of using fish-scales for the purpose of making artificial pearls is certainly not as new as this consular report would seem to suggest. A process has long been known by which the silvery scales of the bleak—a little fish common enough in most rivers—can be ground up in a suitable vehicle and used for lining tiny spheres of glass.

THE RESTORATION OF THE BUSTARD.

The Great Bustard has long been extinct as a British game bird, and the last attempt to reintroduce it into this country was made twenty-five years ago. On that occasion a male bird suddenly made its appearance in Norfolk, and the late Lord Lilford supplied from his splendid aviary at Lilford Hall a couple of hens in the hope that the birds would breed. The experiment ended in failure, as two of the birds died and the other disappeared. It is now in contemplation to bring specimens of the Great Bustard from Spain, in the expectation that they may remain here and become the nucleus of a colony of these birds. Ornithologists will be much interested in watching the progress of this experiment.

IRISH TOBACCO.

The practicability of growing tobacco in Ireland as a paying industry has again been considered, and certain members of Parliament, encouraged by the Vice-President of the Department of Agriculture in that country, are urging Government to make the experiment. With few exceptions, experts look upon this proposal with disfavour.

A trial of tobacco-culture in Victoria, where climatic conditions are certainly more favourable than they are in our sister-isle, resulted in failure, in spite of the fact that an American thoroughly conversant with the culture was employed by the Colonial Government to instruct the growers. Tobacco certainly was raised, but it was not of the quality to meet the approval of buyers. After two years' work a consignment of the Victorian leaf was sent to the London market, with the result that the very pick of it did not realise threepence per pound. As to the rest of the lot, it did not find a purchaser at any price. There is little hope that the proposed culture of tobacco in Ireland would prove more successful.

MODERN INVENTIONS USED IN WAR.

Could Wellington revisit the earth and see the marvellous change which has taken place in the methods of warfare since the day when a round ball and a smooth-bore cannon represented the most scientific weapon, he would indeed be filled with astonishment. Not only have our weapons become so perfect that they have an effective range beyond that of ordinary eyesight, but we have also enlisted for service in the field all sorts of appliances which a few decades ago were undiscovered or unknown. An article in *Cassier's Magazine* on 'War Mechanism in South Africa' groups together in a concise manner the various machines and pieces of apparatus which in modern times have been called in to the soldiers' aid. These consist principally of the armoured train; the search-light borrowed from H.M.S. *Terrible*, and used at the front for signalling purposes; the Maxim-gun mounted on a tricycle for quick transport; the modern field-gun; the traction-engines for hauling supplies; the heliograph for flashing sun-signals; the wireless telegraphic apparatus; and, lastly, the gigantic plough or trench-digger constructed by Messrs John Fowler and Co., of Leeds.

ASPHALT PAVING.

This paving material has become so general for street service, in spite of its terrible slipperiness to horses under certain climatic conditions, that a report on its shortcomings embodied in a publication by the Engineer Commissioner of the District of Columbia will be of universal interest. Asphalt is liable to become disintegrated, and in the report referred to this disintegration is placed in three classes—namely, disintegration by cracking, by rolling or waving, and in spots. The formation of long irregular cracks is due to cold, and such cracks occur more frequently in streets where there is little or no traffic, the action of the traffic tending to knead the material together and prevent disruption. Disintegration from rolling or crowding occurs when the surface is too soft, the traffic tending to push the paving into waves

or ridges towards the gutters. The spotty condition of asphalt may be due to a number of causes; but one of the most curious causes of deterioration is the absorption of gas from leaky pipes lying below the pavement. This is evidenced by fine cracks in the asphalt, which subsequently becomes much softened, and in some cases is so heavily charged with gas that the material can be lighted with a match. Cases are also known where asphalt has been spoilt by the action of water oozing up from below.

NEW USES FOR REFRIGERATING MACHINERY.

The possibility of attaining a low temperature by means of expanding air has created a vast trade with the Antipodes in frozen meat and other food-stuffs; the refrigerating system of meat-storage on shipboard and on land may, indeed, be regarded as one of the most notable triumphs of the closing century. A new use for cold-storage is indicated in a letter we have received from a correspondent, who states that a London furrier doing a large trade is keeping his goods at a temperature below the freezing-point, with a view to prevent the ravages of moths. It may, therefore, be worth the attention of the proprietors of cold-storage chambers to devote space for the accommodation of furs as well as flesh. It is interesting to learn that plans have been prepared by Rear-Admiral O'Neil, of the U.S. Navy, for the provision on war-ships of refrigerating machinery for keeping the magazines cool, with a view to the prevention of explosion.

LIQUID CARBONIC ACID.

Carbon dioxide—or, to give it its more popular name, carbonic acid—was one of the first gases to be liquefied, and for many years it has been supplied for various industries in steel tubes or cylinders. In this form it is employed largely by mineral-water manufacturers for aerating the various beverages, and it is also used for refrigerating and other purposes. Hitherto the gas has been made by a chemical process, such as the action of dilute acid upon marble dust; but recently a more economical method has been introduced which is described in a French journal. It is well known that in breweries and distilleries large quantities of the gas are given off as a by-product; and the new system, which has found its first installation at Rouen, collects and compresses this gas instead of allowing it to go to waste in the atmosphere. At one large distillery it is computed that sixty thousand pounds of carbon dioxide are allowed to drift away into the air daily, and that if the new system were established there what has always been neglected as a waste product would become a valuable asset.

ELECTRICITY IN MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Medical electricity has so often formed the subject of quack advertisements that it has been

looked at askance by many members of the medical profession; but there is no reason to suppose that, because adventurers have found electricity a potent charm with which to deceive the ignorant and credulous, this force should not in capable hands be productive of curative effects. A paper recently read at St Bartholomew's Hospital by Dr H. Lewis Jones demonstrated the conditions under which electricity was valuable in medicine, and described the apparatus most suitable for the purpose. Great progress has taken place in the employment of electricity in this comparatively new field of usefulness since electric lighting has become general, for the current can now be easily obtained. Most of the London hospitals have now an electrical department, that at St Bartholomew's accounting for about six hundred patients last year, exclusive of the surgical cases in which the X-rays were called into play. Dr Jones claimed that electrical applications had a large and legitimate field of employment in medical practice, and that the advertisements of electropathic or magnetic appliances—which are very often totally devoid of any connection with electricity or magnetism—do not represent the position of medical electricity.

CURIOUS METEOROLOGICAL EXPERIMENT.

We have all heard of the coaxing of rain from a saturated atmosphere by the firing of heavy guns or the explosion of shells; but the prevention of the fall of hail by the adoption of the same means is certainly new. Experiments for the prevention of damage from hail by gun-firing have during the past year been carried out in several of the Italian provinces, and these experiments formed the subject of a lecture given by Mr J. M. Pernter before the Austrian Meteorological Society. The apparatus employed consisted of an iron mortar provided with an iron funnel six feet long, which protruded from the muzzle like an enormous speaking-trumpet. It was found that when this mortar was fired in the air the explosion prevented a fall of hail, whereas in neighbouring districts out of the zone of fire, or sound, much damage was caused by hailstones. The effect is supposed to be due to the force of the air-whirls formed by the explosion, or to the fact that the electrical discharge between the earth and the clouds was quietly effected by concussion, and thus the chief factor of hail-formation removed.

PHOTOGRAPHING LIVING FISH.

To Mr Douglas English belongs the credit of devising a means of photographing living fish, a matter of great importance to the naturalist, seeing that post-mortem alterations are so rapid that an immense change of form and proportions takes place soon after fish are removed from the water. The difficulties of the work are great, owing to the quick movements of fish, to the loss

of light in having to photograph through water, and the terror of the subject during the operation of photographing. Mr English has cleverly overcome these difficulties by confining the living fish in a narrow cell or tank, the sides of which are constructed of the whitest and thinnest plate-glass procurable; and, being movable, they can be approximated to the size of the fish under treatment. Thus life-like pictures of fish have been produced, which should be of immense service to science.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ISLAND.

White Island, thirty miles distant from New Zealand, to the north-east, is perhaps the most extraordinary island in the world. It is an enormous mass of rock nearly three miles in circumference, rising nine hundred feet above the sea, and is perpetually enveloped in dark clouds which are visible for nearly one hundred miles. The island consists almost entirely of sulphur, with a small percentage of gypsum. Some years ago an attempt was made to float a company to work the sulphur, which is of high quality; but, strange to say, sufficient capital was not subscribed. Therefore, the export of sulphur from White Island is still very small. In the interior is a lake fully fifty acres in extent, the water of which has a temperature of one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit, and is strongly impregnated with acids. On one side of this lake are craters from which steam escapes with great force and noise. This steam and the vapour from the lake form the dark cloud which envelops the island.

SUNSET.

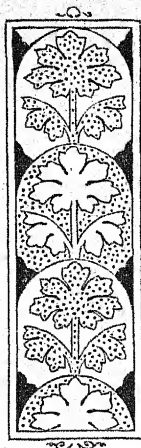
BEHIND the bastions of the darkened hills
Sinks down, in shining rifts, the glowing sun,
Within whose reddened shrine our fancies run,
And wake in saga-songs and passion-thrills.
Low in the brakes, the softness which instils
Deep peace; a breeze that rocks the woodland bowers
To dewy rest; and quivers of perfumes
Break on the air till heart and memory fills!

But, lo! as gazing on the wondrous scenes
Of shifting change, from gold to purple rare,
The stately night, inexorable, fair,
With gloomier grandeur hushes 'might-have-beens';
And, like to Death, slays life, to wake in being
A Presence that has Life beyond our seeing!

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE OPAL BRACELET.

By A. FRASER ROBERTSON, Author of *A Commonplace Woman*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE Mrs Lamington was giving a dinner-party—quite a small, informal affair—I, as the governess, not being much concerned therewith, except in the matter of table decoration. On the morning of the day, however, Mrs Lamington came hurriedly into the schoolroom.

'I want you to come downstairs to-night, Miss Ashley, please,' she said. 'Cyril has gone and asked an extra man.'

Nothing seemed to go right with that dinner-party from the outset. Half-an-hour before dinner she came to me again—this time flushed and agitated, an open note in her hand.

'Could anything be more provoking? Dr Grenfell sends an apology at the last moment—"suddenly indisposed;" and Mrs Grenfell not even the sense to decline. It spoils the numbers, of course—disorganises the whole table. I shall have to take Mr Hooper; and now, whom will Marion Crescent have?'

'If I stay out,' I suggested, 'that will equalise numbers, and Miss Crescent can have my man.'

But Mrs Lamington impatiently negated my proposal.

'Nothing of the sort,' she said. 'That would make it too much of a family party'—Lady Crescent was a second or third cousin of Mrs Lamington's, and Mr Hooper was connected with her, too, in a similarly distant manner—'and that almost always falls flat or ends in friction. But if you don't mind having no partner—and, as you say, Marion can have Mr Crosley.'

She bustled out of the room, leaving me to adjust a spray of scarlet geranium in the bosom of my black lace gown. I was not to be allowed to escape the ordeal, although I would gladly have relinquished a quarter's salary to avoid the close contact this impromptu dinner-party involved with Jack's aunt, the terrible Lady Crescent, and her daughter Marion, both of whom divined my en-

gagement to Jack, and regarded me as some sneaking reptile who had wormed herself into his unsuspecting affections on the strength of a pretty face.

In the back seat befitting the governess of the house, I awaited the guests' arrival. Mrs Lamington had partly got over her vexation, and Mr Lamington would have worn the same unconcerned and genial air had the Prince of Wales or the Prime Minister suddenly elected to dine with him.

Lady Crescent, with her hawk-like features and aggressively insolent bearing, emphasised by a tortoise-shell *pince-nez*, sailed in first, followed by her daughter, narrow-eyed and sallow—the bride his aunt had selected for my Jack. Mrs Grenfell succeeded, comfortable and good-tempered in the prospect of a good dinner. She in her turn was followed by three nondescript men—a dried-up scientist, a man who looked like a professional diner-out, and the Mr Crosley who had been the late addition to the party.

We paired in to dinner, I partnerless, and regarded with that uncertain air with which people look upon the governess of the house, not sure whether to treat her as a servant or as a lady, and in the end hitting something of a mean between the two extremes. I found on my right the eminent scientist, on my left a vacant space, and beyond Lady Crescent's formidable proportions. At a safe distance, Marion's pale eyes scrutinised me across an elaborate arrangement of chrysanthemums and feathery grasses and silver candelabra. I began to breathe freely. The scientist made an isolated remark to me during soup, in a voice whose depth suggested dungeons of abstruse learning. Then an officious servant, moved by some fiendish impulse, cleared away the things belonging to my partner's unoccupied place; and, with an 'Ah! that is better,' Lady Crescent moved her chair a little way nearer mine.

'I never, never crowd my table,' Mrs Lamington, whose quick ear had caught the remark, said to me later. 'I consider it an insult to my guests.'

She had heaps of room. She only wanted to torment you—all on account of Jack, of course. I could have cried with vexation when I saw how I had managed things.'

I inwardly trembled as I noted the movement. Her ladyship's fat hand crumbled bread at my very elbow. Her podgy white fingers were encrusted with diamonds, and her arm was clasped by a broad opal-and-diamond bracelet. Jewelled, and in my severe black gown, I seemed to shrivel into nothing beside her sparkling magnificence.

During an interval in the courses she levelled her *pince-nez* at the table.

'Your handiwork?' she asked abruptly.

'Do you mean the table?' I asked. 'Yes, I did it.'

'Humph!' she remarked; 'some girls make it a profession nowadays. I believe, during the season, they make quite a respectable income.'

'So I have heard,' I said.

'Opportunities for girls obliged to earn a living are greatly increased in these days,' she went on, helping herself largely to a *quenelle entrée* as she spoke. 'It relieves the congested state of the governess market.'

I said nothing. I was quite alive to the improved condition of the market as regarded woman's work; but her ladyship's remarks struck me as in doubtful taste.

'You have never thought of striking out some more enterprising line?' she asked, determined, I thought, to make me speak.

'Never,' I said coolly. 'I am very happy.'

'Ah!' she said, 'you are fortunate in your berth, and don't like the idea of change. Of course change is a bad thing. By the way, isn't there a society that gives rewards and medals and such things for long periods of service—just as domestic servants have—pensions for old age, and so on? Very good things, too. They act as a check upon those horrid registers and that restlessness and love of change that are the crying evils of the day. Don't you think so?'

'I really don't know,' I said. 'I have not studied the subject. I do not think, however,' I added, deliberately dealing a stab to my opponent with great relish, 'many girls look forward to being governesses to the end of their lives.' She turned her bead-like eyes quickly on me. She quite understood my insinuation. Lady Crescent's rôle was a persistent ignoring of my engagement to her nephew, as if her refusal to admit it would alter the fact.

Suddenly she swept her arm along the table to reach some salted almonds in a *bonbonnière* in my vicinity. In drawing it back she brushed my elbow, and her bracelet caught momentarily in the lace of my sleeve.

She disengaged it with an impatient movement.

'The clasp is not too secure,' she remarked, examining it without apologising. 'So like a man,' she went on, speaking half to herself,

although the words were intended for me; 'and, most of all, like my nephew. He gives nothing trifling. His presents are all massive and handsome.' She regarded her ornament with great satisfaction. 'He and Marion chose it together,' she added in a pensive aside.

My heart beat at the mention of Jack's name, but I made no remark. So he had been the donor of the handsome bracelet! It was perhaps, after all, a little hard on Lady Crescent that a penniless governess, however pretty, should have stepped in and wrested the prize that would so well have suited her daughter.

She turned to Mr Lamington, and my quick ear caught the words:

'He hopes this native disturbance will soon be over, and then we expect him home. Marion heard from him the other day. The wretched climate of the place makes us anxious.'

I smiled to myself. I had later news of him than Marion.

Then Mrs Lamington made a move, and the ladies rustled out of the dining-room; Lady Crescent, with a white marabout feather waving aloft, like a ship in full sail.

When we reached the drawing-room Marion ensconced herself in a distant corner, with a book of photographs on her knee, a distinct intimation that she preferred her own society to that of any one else. Mrs Grenfell engaged Mrs Lamington in close conversation regarding the symptoms of her husband's sudden indisposition, and again Lady Crescent was left to me—or, rather, I was left to her—with very much the sensations of a helpless mouse left to the tortures of a cat.

'Marion, love,' she said, looking over at her daughter, 'you are in a draught. There is always a certain amount of draught between a window and a fire, and you know how delicate your throat is.'

'I shall do very well, mother,' said that young lady shortly, without budging. She always ignored my presence when possible.

I made an attempt to escape upstairs, but Lady Crescent pinned me down with:

'By the by, Miss Ashley, Mrs Lamington promised you would show me the sofa-blanket you have done for her. She said I might have it for Marion to copy.'

'Now?' I asked reluctantly.

'There is no time like the present—is there?' she asked, with a disagreeable smile.

I rose and reached forward Mrs Lamington's standing work-basket, and unfolded the blanket.

'It looks very elaborate,' she said, raising her tortoise-shell *pince-nez* and examining it; 'but I dare say Marion could manage it. You could come along for a few afternoons and set her going. You could do a corner. I shall let you know what afternoons we are disengaged when I consult my engagement slate.'

'I am afraid that would be quite impossible,

Lady Crescent,' I said coldly. 'My afternoons are very fully taken up. I certainly could not dispose of them as you propose.'

'Some people are very disobliging,' she remarked, with a tart laugh.

'I had rather be disobliging than dishonourable,' I said, with heightened colour. 'My afternoons, please to remember, are not my own to give away.'

Lady Crescent muttered something about 'nice sense of honour' and 'hair-splitting distinctions,' with a little sneer.

'I presume you will hardly combat Mrs Lamington's decision if I speak to her on the subject?' she said, with hardly-suppressed wrath.

'I shall certainly combat it,' I said, extremely nettled, 'if it includes my giving lessons in needlework to strangers.' I was quite in the mood to do battle and to enjoy it. I do not know what would have been the upshot of our contest had not the drawing-room door suddenly opened and a small, white-robed figure, with bare feet and wide-open staring blue eyes, ushered itself in upon the company.

Mrs Grenfell stifled an exclamation of alarm. Mrs Lamington, instinctively grasping the situation, breathed a soft 'Hush!' The rest of us were silent, while Sid, unconscious and open-eyed, came towards the sofa where Lady Crescent and I were sitting. I laid my hand softly on the child's, unwilling to wake him suddenly. Now and then, at long intervals, he walked in his sleep. Involuntarily I drew the blanket I was exhibiting round his shoulders, when suddenly Lady Crescent made a dive at the unconscious figure.

'Good gracious!' she exclaimed in astonishment, 'you don't say the child's asleep. It's positively uncanny. I declare it has given me quite a turn. I hope he doesn't do this often, Evelyn.'

Thus rudely awakened, the dreaming eyes took on a confused expression of fear and apprehension that grew into positive alarm as they lighted on Lady Crescent's huge nose, thus suddenly thrust before his eyes, and was accentuated by an abrupt attempt on her part to draw him to her. He shrank frightened into the folds of the blanket from her enforced embrace. The large nose, the waving white marabout erected on coils of false hair, produced only horror in the bewildered mind of the child. The brilliant lights, the strange faces, the unexpected scene, all seemed to him like a bad dream. He shuddered and began to cry.

'Let me have him,' I demanded, trying to draw him from Lady Crescent's tentative grasp.

'Nothing of the sort,' she said, retaining her hold from pure contradiction.

'You are only frightening him,' I said. 'He should never have been waked. It is the worst possible thing for a sleep-walker.'

'You are the only authority on the subject, I suppose,' she sneered. 'Poor little dear, his nerves must be quieted.'

Meantime the 'poor little dear' struggled. I appealed to Mrs Lamington, who was looking flushed and distressed on the edge of the group. Here Sid burst into a wail, and from the depths of Lady Crescent's voluminous embrace held out his arms to me.

'Better let him away before the gentlemen come in,' put in Mrs Grenfell; and I managed to extricate and carry him off.

It was not to be the only diversion of that ill-fated evening. After soothing Sid I was just in the excited state when I would fain have crossed lances with Lady Crescent again. I no longer trembled. My blood was stirred. When I came back to the drawing-room I found that the gentlemen had joined the ladies, and that all were concentrated in a group round my enemy. She herself was standing erect, her headgear quivering excitedly. My first impression was that her dress had caught fire; my second, that some objectionable insect had lodged in the front breadth of her dress, which she was shaking so violently as to display a considerable length of ankle and white petticoat.

'Had it! Of course I had it,' she was protesting excitedly, in answer to a suggestion of Mrs Lamington's. 'I never have missed wearing it in the evenings since Jack gave it to me. Marion clasped it for me.—Didn't you, my love?'

Marion nodded. 'Don't excite yourself, mother,' she said. 'It can't be far off.'

But Lady Crescent made no attempt to repress her feelings. It might have been Billingsgate, instead of a highly respectable abode in Kensington, to judge from the anxiety she manifested as to the safety of her property.

'I have a presentiment I shall never see my bracelet again,' she broke out at last excitedly.

At a suggestion from his wife, Mr Lamington rushed off to the dining-room and searched that apartment thoroughly. Lady Crescent declared she remembered to have seen it since coming to the drawing-room. The eminent scientist went down on his knees and delved his long thin fingers into the recesses of the sofa-sides with an eagerness that could hardly have been exceeded had there existed the possibility of geological or botanical 'specimens.' Mr Crosley adjusted his single eyeglass and walked round Lady Crescent, examining her as if he expected to find the lost article suspended from her back hair. The diner-out seized the fur hearth-rug and shook it so violently that the dust rose in clouds from the ash-pan. Suddenly Lady Crescent's distracted looks fastened themselves on me.

'Miss Ashley,' she cried, 'you saw it. You remember we were talking about it at dinner. I told you it was a present from my nephew, Captain Vernon. You remember it caught on the lace of your sleeve at dinner?'

'I certainly remember the bracelet,' I said, suddenly constituted a centre of observation, and

reddening furiously because of Jack's name and the consciousness of Marion's furtively scrutinising eyes. Lady Crescent's remark about it catching in my sleeve seemed to impart a fresh impetus and a new direction to the search.

Mr Crosley took a turn round me instead of Lady Crescent, specially focussing his eye-glass on my elbow, as if he fully expected to find the bracelet still dangling from my sleeve. The professional diner-out reshook the rug and blew fresh clouds of ash from the fireplace. Mr Lamington lighted a candle and examined the fender, while the rest of us awaited the result of the scientist's operations. They were all in vain.

'You say it was a diamond bracelet set in gold,' remarked Mr Crosley reflectively, as if the search had issued in the discovery of several bracelets, none of which exactly answered the description of the lost one.

'I did not say anything of the kind,' snapped Lady Crescent irritably. 'I said it was a broad gold band set in opals and diamonds.'

'Oh, opal!' murmured Mrs Grenfell, turning to me. 'Such an unlucky stone!'—as if this circumstance accounted sufficiently for the mishap.

Lady Crescent, arrived at a stage beyond concealing her anxiety, turned sharply on the speaker.

'Excuse me,' she said; 'that's a common mistake. In certain circumstances it is lucky rather than otherwise; for instance, when it happens to be the stone of your month. My birthday is in October.'

This effectually put the matter beyond a doubt, and silenced Mrs Grenfell.

'Let us go to the dining-room and search there again. Lady Crescent may have made a mistake about seeing it afterwards in the drawing-room.'

And we repaired in a body to the scene of our late festivity. Clark (the butler) and the table-maid, both servants of long standing in the Lamington family, had apparently been conducting the search under the table, and now came up breathless but unsuccessful. The table-napkins

of the entire table were shaken out without result, and my decorations ruthlessly picked to pieces, as if the bracelet might have lurked in one of the chrysanthemums.

Lady Crescent's agitation knew no bounds by this time. Mrs Lamington's distress and the guests' discomfort equalled it in intensity.

'I would not have lost Jack's gift for worlds,' she kept repeating.

The guests murmured 'Most extraordinary!' at intervals, or 'Quite inexplicable!' or 'Very mysterious!' And every few seconds, till I was vaguely exasperated, Lady Crescent reiterated:

'You saw it, Miss Ashley. You can vouch for my having worn it,' with special stress on the pronoun. And on each of these occasions Marion fixed me with her narrow green eyes.

Our search was fruitless. The rings of the impatient cabmen who had come to convey away the guests bore the fact in upon us at last. The bracelet had disappeared as completely as if it had been spirited away or vanished into thin air.

The guests gradually melted away, completely baffled, at their wits'-end; and, I venture to think, with more material for discussion than is generally afforded by an ordinary dinner-party.

'Most extraordinary!' Mrs Lamington ejaculated, reiterating the threadbare remark when her guests had dispersed. 'I shan't know a moment's peace till the old hag's bracelet is found. I should not wonder if she thought one of us had taken it.' Her eye wandered round the room, and by chance lighted on me as she concluded. Then she laughed. 'My dear Miss Ashley,' she continued, 'you looked guilty enough to have been the thief twice over when you heard that it was a present from Captain Vernon. You should really learn to control your blushes.'

I laughed and blushed again. Mrs Lamington privately enjoyed the Crescents' disgust that Captain Vernon had been 'hooked' by a penniless governess. She had come in, too, for the odium of having 'encouraged' his attentions to me.

HOW INSECTS RECOGNISE THEIR FRIENDS AND WARN THEIR ENEMIES.

By Professor A. S. PACKARD.

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WE recognise our friends by their personal appearance, by their features, voice, and dress. This is because, with us, no two individuals are alike. We share, though in a more marked way, that quality of individuality which is common to all animals. Within very slight limits the individuals of each kind of insect differ from each other in colour, markings, size, &c.

Ants and honey-bees are very modestly coloured; and yet our best observers agree that the individual differences between ants and bees are well marked. So close and good an observer as Sir John Lubbock (now Lord Avebury), speaking of the individual differences existing between ants, tells us that they also differ in moral character; 'that there are priests and Levites and Good Samaritans among them, as among men.'

Lubbock does not question the general opinion

that ants recognise their friends, the members of their own colony or nest. He threw a number of ants into water, and let them get half-drowned and become insensible; but even then they were recognised by their friends. He gives strong proof that a strange ant is never tolerated in a community; and this he claims, as a matter of course, implies that all the members of a colony have the power of recognising one another—'a most surprising fact when we consider the shortness of their life and their immense numbers;' for in the large nest of the European field-ant there are probably nearly half-a-million individuals; and in other cases, he adds, even that number is exceeded.

Huber gives an instance where ants recognised each other after an interval of four months. So apt an observer as Forel, another Swiss naturalist, thinks that ants will recognise each other after a separation of several months.

Now, the question arises, How do ants and bees recognise their friends?

The question is difficult to answer. Some have even supposed that the members of each nest have a sign or password; but Lubbock has disproved this by experiment, and, on the face of it, it does not seem probable. Others have thought that these insects recognise one another by their odour or smell. This really seems the safest conclusion or explanation. Lubbock seems unwilling to accept this view; he regards it as 'certainly unfavourable to the theory that anything like an intelligent social sentiment exists among the ants. The recognition of their fellows is reduced to a mere matter of physical sensation or "smell." He does not think this view is conclusively established.

It seems probable, however, in the light of Bethé's researches, that in this matter we shall have to fall back on the sense of smell, and suppose that in the case of ants and bees—which are dull-coloured—a common scent pervades each colony, and that all the individuals are infected with it, and are thus mutually and to the same degree recognisable. We do know that moths recognise their mates by scent. The assembling of silkworm-moths is due to the fact that the males can smell the females when miles away.

That ants can distinguish each other by some peculiarity of form or dress or markings of any sort is extremely doubtful. We know but little about the eyesight of insects—how well they see; but experiments made on certain species show that they do not see well, and that they are very near-sighted. Probably most insects only perceive other objects or even insects when in motion, when flying towards or from or past them.

It cannot be denied that some insects, as butterflies and bees, have the colour-sense. Even ants have been shown by Lubbock to have this sense of distinguishing colours; they are very

sensitive to violet, but not so to ultra-red rays. He has also shown that bees have certain colour-preferences; with them blue and pink are the most attractive colours, while they seem less inclined to fancy yellow and red.

Now, brightly-coloured bees, such as the humble-bees, which are yellow and black, probably recognise their fellow-citizens not only by the odour peculiar to their species, but also by their colour-markings. It is a curious fact that the gaily-marked, banded, and hairy humble-bees are mimicked by certain big, hairy flies, species of *Volucella*, of their own size, which, though they have but two wings and differ in other most important respects, yet would, probably, be at first mistaken by many of my readers for humble-bees. Under this disguise the *Volucella* enters the nests of the bees and deposits its eggs without apparently awakening their suspicions; and there they live on, hatching as parasites, feeding at the expense of their involuntary hosts by devouring their young. In this case it would seem that the bees recognise one another by their colours and gay trappings, and that the *Volucellas* take advantage of their disguise to deceive their hosts.

Such styles of colouration as in humble and other bees, as well as other insects, have been called by Mr Wallace 'recognition marks,' and they are the main reliance of naturalists in recognising species, while they enable the insects possessing them to recognise individuals of their own kind. They occur in many insects such as wasps and butterflies; but they are most noticeable in those birds which assemble in flocks or which migrate in company. Morgan, in his interesting book entitled *Animal Life and Intelligence*, thinks that in such birds there is what he calls 'preferential mating' between individuals possessing special recognition marks.

It seems probable, then, that insects in general recognise others of their own kind by scent, while some at least distinguish their fellows by their colours.

I turn now to a subject on which it is easier to form a decided opinion. We certainly know that many insects hang out danger-signals and warn their enemies, and thus save their own lives. The most familiar example, among animals, is that of the skunk. It is easy to see this creature in the night because of the broad, conspicuous white stripes on its black body. Thanks to this danger-signal, many of us take warning and give the creature a wide berth; and, on the other hand, the creature's enemies hesitate at least before attacking an animal so well armed. Another very clear case is that of a Nicaraguan frog, 'which hops about in the daytime dressed in a bright livery of red and blue.' Its immunity from harm is due to the fact that ducks and fowls cannot be induced to eat it, owing to its unpleasant taste.

Such danger-signals among insects are displayed by many caterpillars, which are gaily ornamented with bright spots and stripes, but are distasteful to birds. For example, the currant measuring-worm—unlike others of its group, green or gray and protectively marked and coloured, which are greedily snapped up by birds—is severely left alone because of its bad taste. It is bright yellow, spotted with black. Its flaring, conspicuous style of colouration warns off birds, which know well that it is useless to spend any time on them.

Few experiments have been made with the American currant-worm; but an allied European species has been fed by different naturalists to several kinds of birds, lizards, frogs, and spiders, all of which almost invariably refused to touch the caterpillars when offered to them. Yet birds have been known to swallow currant-worms—perhaps in a half-hearted way. Mr Beddard relates in his attractive book on *Animal Colouration* that a specimen was eaten by the green lizard, and several birds were seen to peck at them, and one bird swallowed a worm. Monkeys, he says, are well known to be great eaters of insects. He experimented with four of them. A marmoset monkey ate insects quite greedily, while two Cebus monkeys sucked at caterpillars and threw away the skins after the contents had been entirely extracted; they paused now and again to sniff suspiciously at the caterpillars, but nevertheless they steadily persevered in munching them.

Mr Beddard also made further experiments in the London Zoological Gardens, which are described in his book. A drone fly, which is of the same colour and bears a remarkable resemblance to the honey-bee, was seized, but quickly dropped, by a thrush. It was then tasted and refused, as if unpalatable, by an Australian plover; a third specimen was entirely disregarded by a rose-coloured pastor. A cautious Australian crow was offered one, which it seized, but carefully pinched with the tip of its bill before eating it, as if it had formerly experienced unpleasantness with a bee. Marmosets seemed afraid of the fly; but in some cases they soon found out the deception, and greedily ate the insect. A blue jay consumed an *Eristalis* 'without making any fuss about it;' and these flies, which so closely copy the form and colour of the honey-bee, were seized without hesitation and eaten with relish by a chameleon, green lizard, and sand-skink. Toads will, of course, he says, eat this fly, for they will eat wasps, bees, and the most gaudy of caterpillars, being no respecters of persons.

One often sees on apple-trees large clusters of the *Datana* caterpillars, which are black and conspicuously marked with longitudinal yellow stripes. No experiments have been made in offering them to birds; but it is quite evident that

their colours are of a warning nature, otherwise they would be devoured.

Experiments on English caterpillars show that they are not regarded by the birds as particularly desirable. One was offered to a great spotted-woodpecker, and partially eaten, though after some delay and much pecking. The worm was eaten by marmosets, though they found it to be very tough. One was well tasted, but rejected, by a duck; but these worms were not noticed by fowls. These experiments show that caterpillars with warning colours may at times be eaten, if the bird is hungry enough.

A case in point is that of the American tent-caterpillars. They appear on apple-trees when the leaves bud out, and early in June attain maturity. They feed in a very open manner, spinning their large, conspicuous tents in the crotches of the trees, and the birds never seem to eat them, as they refuse hairy caterpillars. During the summer before last, at the end of June, in a farmer's orchard which was overrun by a large number of hens, these caterpillars abounded everywhere, on or near the ground and on the stone wall; but the hens never seemed to eat them. I threw a number to the owls, but they paid no attention. These caterpillars are hairy and gorgeously coloured, being gray, spotted with bright blue, and variously marked. Their bright colours seem to signal the birds that they are inedible; and the industrious insect-eaters take note of the warning and confine their attention to the less gaily-decked worms swarming among the leaves and in the buds. Never before have these tent-caterpillars been more numerous and destructive in the New England States, where immense damage was done by them to forest trees of different kinds. Their abundance was evidently due to their inedibility, and they flaunted their gay colours to good purpose, so far as their own existence was concerned.

The trees in Boston Common and other parks are in some seasons sorely afflicted by the tussock caterpillar, which is a very beautiful yellowish hairy worm, with tufts and long pencils of black hair. It feeds in conspicuous positions, and is evidently unharmed by birds. We know of no experiments on the American species, but Mr Beddard says that lizards either eat or reject the English one.

On the whole, though there may be exceptions, it seems that some, and probably many, brightly-marked and hairy caterpillars which feed conspicuously, seeking no concealment, as most caterpillars do, are passed over by birds and other animals, and allowed to live, their bright markings serving as danger-signals.

Mr Poulton has also pointed out how very important it is that an inedible caterpillar should be at once recognised and avoided: 'Owing to the thinness of the skin which encloses the blood

under considerable pressure, the slightest injury may prove fatal; for the blood will escape in considerable amount quite incommensurate with the size of the wound, or the pressure of the blood may force out the viscera; hence the means of protection are chiefly passive, depending upon concealment or advertisement by warning colours.

What makes the caterpillars, at least such as the currant-worms, distasteful has been supposed by Dr Eisig to be the colouring matter in the skin. It has also been proved that this nauseous pigment material is formed from the excretions of the animal, being the waste products of the blood, which are retained in the skin instead of being thrown off.

Now, geologically speaking, the insects appeared before the birds, and in early times there may have been as highly-coloured caterpillars as now, and the warning colours may have existed without reference to insectivorous birds. Hence Beddard thinks that the brilliant colours have caused the inedibility of the species 'rather than that the inedibility has necessitated the production of bright colour as an advertisement.'

Another group of insects with warning colours are the wasps, so gaily painted in black with bright-yellow trappings. Though toads and bee-eaters readily devour them, they are not as a rule molested by birds in general. A young bird which has innocently tried to swallow a wasp and been stung in the attempt will not make the mistake a second time, we may be sure, so easily are wasps recognised by their bright markings. It is apparently owing to this immunity of wasps from the attacks of most birds that certain flies painted like wasps are not eaten by birds.

Once, while in the woods of northern Maine, my attention was attracted by an insect I had never before seen, and which I thought was a wasp. I instinctively drew my hand back, but afterwards captured it with a sweep of my net. On examination I found it was a harmless wasp-like fly, but with a rounder body and more truly wasp-like in its yellow trappings than most

Syrphus flies. If I was thus deceived, why should not a bird be mistaken? These black and yellow Syrphus flies are very common in America, hovering near or alighting upon flowers to feed upon the pollen. They apparently have no fear, and escape the attacks of birds, and thus owe their immunity from danger to their resemblance to other insects which hang out danger-signals saying very plainly, 'Touch me not.'

After all, as has been stated by Mr Poulton in his *Colours of Animals*, warning colours can only be safely adopted by a small proportion of insects in any country. The means of defence is so simple that we should expect more instances of it. We do see that honey-bees, with their modest Quaker-like garb, are not thus protected, their sting being their sole means of defence; but yet there are many beautifully-coloured bees, especially in the tropics, which may be said to possess warning colours.

The males of insects play quite a less important rôle than the male of the human species, in their own sphere; they are not the lords of creation. Male wasps and also bees of highly-coloured kinds, as humble-bees, are marked in nearly the same way as the workers or females; but they have no sting. It will be readily seen, then, that the warning colours of this sex are all-important. Certainly most people would fear to pick up a male wasp, though an entomologist can recognise them by the different shape and colour of the front of the head. But there is little doubt that birds confound them with the females, and let them alone.

It may be stated, finally, that the matter of warning colours is not fanciful, but apparently well founded; for there are clear cases of the kind in animals. Very striking examples occur among snakes, frogs, and salamanders; also, while some animals possess warning colours, it has been pretty well established that others have alluring colours; but space forbids our entering upon this subject. Meanwhile we would commend such attractive themes to our young and rising naturalists.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XXIII.—EVEN MORE CURIOUS.



LOWLY I retraced my steps towards the winding sun-lit river, stumbling on utterly heedless of where I went. Through a full hour I had remained with my love, holding her hand and trying to comfort her; but, overwhelmed by a weight of secret sorrow, she only sobbed upon my breast. The

world, she said, was against her, and her dream of happiness with me could never be realised. I strove to induce her to look upon the bright side of life, but she had only mournfully shaken her head, saying, 'For me, it is all finished—finished.'

As I went along, dull and dispirited, I turned and glanced back at the frowning pile standing

out black and forbidding against the mellow sunlight. High up, at one of those narrow windows, the Princess was undoubtedly watching me; and as I stood at the last bend of the road from which I could see the Castle I tried to decide which was the window of the room where our interview had taken place. Upon my lips was the impress of her fond, passionate, final kiss, and in my ears rang her parting words of love and despair. Then, with a sigh, I took a farewell look of the ancient fortress of the Hapsburgs and dragged myself wearily forward; her sweet face—the sweetest God ever gave to woman—rising before me, full of fine sympathy and irresistible charm.

As I had followed the servant across the old courtyard Judith was standing at a window, watching my departure. In her eyes I discerned a dastardly evil glint, by which I knew that she suspected that I had told the truth; yet I cared not now for her vengeance or her allegations.

I had given the Princess timely warning of Judith's identity; but the result of my visit had only been to increase the mystery which seemed to surround her actions, and to add to our unhappiness.

One day, nearly a week afterwards, when I was back in Brussels again, my man brought in a letter, the envelope of which bore the Hapsburg coronet and cipher. My heart gave a bound; for Mélanie seldom wrote to me. I tore the letter open and read it eagerly. Full of expressions of trust and tenderness, it also contained a strange request—namely, that, in order to fulfil my promised offer of assistance, I should proceed to London on the following day, and call at nine o'clock in the evening at a certain house in Porchester Terrace, Bayswater, but for what purpose was not stated.

'If you love me, Philip, you will not hesitate to serve me in this,' the letter concluded. 'I rely on you to redeem your promise to assist a helpless and friendless woman who is in gravest peril. Adieu!'

I pondered over the strange letter long and earnestly; then, finding that it had been apparently delayed for a day in delivery by post, and that I had only half-an-hour in which to catch the morning mail to England by way of Ostend, I scribbled a note to Sir John Drummond explaining my absence, and then set forth upon my journey.

I arrived in London about five o'clock, dined at the club, and later took a hansom up to Bayswater. The house at which I alighted was a large and comfortable-looking one, which bore on its exterior evidences of prosperity in the shape of sun-blinds and a small well-kept garden. A few stunted, smoke-blackened trees overhung the wall which shut the place in from the gaze of passers-by; and as, in the evening light, I passed up the gravelled walk I fancied I detected a dark

figure disappear from one of the ground-floor windows.

The moment I ascended the steps and rung the bell the ludicrousness of the position flashed upon me: I did not know for whom to ask. Therefore, when the elderly man-servant opened the door I lamely said, 'I believe I am expected here,' and handed him a card.

'Yes, sir,' answered the smart and evidently well-trained man. 'Kindly step this way;' and he led me to an elegantly appointed little room which looked out upon a small flower-garden in the rear.

I wondered why I had been sent there; but I was not kept long in suspense, for a few seconds later the door was opened and Mélanie herself, in a dark-green travelling-dress and neat toque, stood before me.

'Ah, dearest!' I said in joyous surprise, springing forward and seizing her hand, 'I had no idea that you were in London.'

'No,' she smiled. 'But how am I to thank you sufficiently for keeping this appointment?'

'Thanks are unnecessary between lovers,' I answered.

'Then you do still love me, Philip?' she asked in a strange tone of doubt and anxiety.

'Love you! Of course I do, darling. Why do you doubt me?' I asked quickly.

She sighed, and I thought I detected in the corners of her pretty mouth an almost imperceptible expression of bitterness.

'Because,' she answered in a low, nervous voice—'because, when you know the truth, your love will turn to hatred.'

'Never!' I cried. 'Never! How strangely you speak! Tell me why you have come here, and what I can do to assist you.'

'Wait,' she answered in the voice of one speaking in a dream. 'Be patient, and you shall know all—everything.'

'But it is all so puzzling,' I said. Then, after an instant's pause, I asked, 'What of Judith? Has she left you?'

She nodded.

'After making a charge against me?' I inquired.

Again she nodded.

'And you believe it?' I gasped.

'I believe nothing without proof,' she answered; and I saw a sweet, sympathetic love-look still in her eyes.

'I swear that her allegation is not true,' I said.

She was calm but pale, and I fancied she shuddered when I took her hand and raised it to my lips.

'You think it strange that I should meet you here,' she said at last. 'This house is the home of a lady with whom I lived for three years while learning English, and this room has been kept just as I left it on my return home to make my *début* in society. How well

I remember it,' she exclaimed, glancing round; 'and how happy I used to be here, in my girlhood days, before the great evil fell upon me!'

'The great evil? What do you mean?'

'Ah, Philip!' she answered, 'it is only right and just that you should know, even if after I have spoken I dare never to look into your face again. You are an honest, upright, conscientious man, a trusted servant of your Queen and country, and a lover of whom any woman might be proud—yet I have deceived you.'

'Deceived me!' I ejaculated. 'How?'

'Towards you my life has been a living lie. I have'—

But her words were interrupted by the entrance of the man-servant, who said, 'A gentleman who gives the name of Krauss desires to see your Highness.'

'Krauss!' she gasped, turning to me, in an instant white as death. 'Is he alone?' she inquired with an assumed calmness.

'A lady is with him. She is fair, and dressed in black.'

There was a short pause; then, with a calm, determined look, she ordered them both to be shown in.

'Krauss and Judith Kohn!' she said, turning to me. 'They have lost no time in tracing me here, and their purpose is undoubtedly a sinister one: to obtain by foul means that which I have refused them.'

'Happily I am with you,' I said reassuringly.

'Yes, yes,' she cried in despair; 'but you, like all others, will turn from me when you know the wretched, ghastly truth.'

Next instant the spy and traitor, together with the handsome woman who was his ingenious confederate, entered the room. Both drew back aghast. Probably they remembered that the frustration of their clever designs was once due to my watchfulness; at any rate they both had sufficient cause to detest the memory of those past days.

'Good-evening to you,' I said, with an affected politeness. The interesting pair had evidently walked quite unconsciously into a trap. Their confusion was, however, very quickly dispelled, for Krauss, arrogant and overbearing as was his wont, answered:

'I called to see the Princess alone.'

'I am a friend of hers—an intimate friend—and shall remain here,' I said.

'Then my business can wait until she is alone,' he answered, with a grin. 'I am in no immediate hurry, I assure you.'

'Speak,' exclaimed Mélanie hoarsely, grasping the back of a chair to steady herself. 'I well know that the object of your visit is in continuation of the overtures you have so constantly made to me. Speak. Explain.'

'My business can only be transacted with you

when alone,' he answered, fixing his eyes upon her quite calmly.

Judith stood at a little distance, a silent figure in black, her handsome features but half-concealed by her spotted veil.

'You know Philip Crawford,' Mélanie said impatiently. 'You have met before, and are not strangers. Why do you hesitate to speak?'

The spy, silent for a few moments, exchanged a quick glance with his companion.

'Because,' he said at last, 'exposure is quite unnecessary. The matter between us is entirely of a private character.'

'Then if you are determined not to speak, I myself will explain,' said Mélanie, bracing herself up with an effort. 'I am resolved to suffer no longer. I am determined to end once for all this eternal mental torture, even at risk of losing all in this world, I hold most dear.'

'Your love—eh?' sneered Krauss, with a glance of contempt at me. He had not forgotten our encounter on that well-remembered night in Brussels.

'Listen, Philip!' she cried in a voice of desperation. 'The persecution of this man has driven me to moral suicide. To-night I will end it all. Hear me, and then judge my faults impartially and with justice. I know I am unworthy; yet I have deceived you because, loving you as I did, I feared that, when you knew the hideous truth, you would cast me aside and forsake me.'

A cynical laugh escaped the ex-captain's lips.

'Continue,' I said. 'Take no heed of this released criminal's jeers.'

Krauss made no reply; his face puckered into a frown, and he darted at me an evil glance.

'For years I have been this man's victim,' the Princess continued breathlessly. 'Fearing always to disobey his commands, I have been compelled to act as he has directed, to be his cat's-paw in the many dishonourable transactions in which he has been implicated. To-night, however, I release myself from the hateful thralldom by making full confession of all the past. True, I am of an honourable House upon whom no breath of scandal has ever rested, and at the outset I declare that I will rather die by my own hand than bring discredit and idle gossip upon the Hapsburgs. The pride of my family has always been the virtue and integrity of its women; and in order to clear the escutcheon I have besmirched by my conduct I tell the whole truth without concealing a single fact.'

'Then you're an idiotic fool,' interrupted Krauss bluntly. 'You were always the most circumspect and cautious woman I ever knew; but now you actually intend to bring scandal on yourself in a manner utterly unnecessary. You alone can suffer by such an exposure.'

'Wait until I have finished,' she cried, turning

fiercely upon him. 'I have suffered enough at your unscrupulous hands. I have been compelled to perform mean and despicable actions, even to commit crimes which might have brought me within the clutches of the law, to pose as your lover when you so desired it, and to render you assistance in official quarters. Little the world has imagined that you, the condemned traitor to your country, obtained your liberty through my effort, or that my money has kept you in luxury and extravagance for months—nay, years. And why? Because I feared you. I was not long in discovering how mean and relentless you could be when occasion required, and I knew that defiance meant my ruin and a scandal which would fill the newspapers, and cause half Europe to gossip. The safety of an empire was at stake; the honour of a Royal House was in your hands; therefore I, believed by all to be innocent and ingenuous, was compelled to submit to your demands, to act as you dictated, to supply you with information which you sold at enormous profit to enemies of my House and country. In a foolish moment I had placed myself in your power; and you, a cunning schemer, used me as your tool wherewith to execute some of the most delicate and ingenious feats of espionage ever perpetrated. Nothing is sacred to you—patriotism, honour, family ties, or even a woman's life. These three long weary years have to me been a veritable century of suffering. Now you have driven me to desperation; and I prefer exposure, the execration of the world, even the denunciation of the man who loves me so tenderly and truly, to this secret alliance which has crushed and killed my very soul.'

At these passionate words the man drew back with an uneasy laugh, meant to be derisive, but sounding strangely artificial. My previous dealings with him had shown me that he was by no means easily abashed. To obtain success he had hesitated at nothing, and was an adventurer of the very worst and most irresponsible type. There was a look of cruel, crafty cunning upon his countenance, and a glitter in his eyes which told of fierce thoughts within.

'Well,' he said, 'explain all if you consider it wise. You alone will suffer.'

'You,' she cried, 'have striven to drive me to commit suicide, and I should long ago have taken my own life were it not for the fact that by doing so you would triumph. Indirectly you sent this woman to me,' she said, pointing to Judith, 'in order to obtain what you sought; but by a fortunate circumstance Mr Crawford came to Brandenburg, and there recognised her as the woman who helped you in your nefarious, traitorous work in Vienna. It placed me on my guard, and happily I have been enabled to frustrate your attempt at a *coup* which would undoubtedly have startled the world.'

'But tell me,' I interrupted, much puzzled—

'tell me by what influence you have been held powerless in the toils of this man.'

'Ah! it is a wretched story,' she answered, turning to me; 'yet it is only just that all mystery should now be removed, and that you should have full and clear explanation. Four years ago, while still in my teens, I delighted to escape from the Palace and wander about alone. We were living in Vienna, and I often went out secretly and alone to make various little purchases, being in the habit of calling at a pastry-cook's where they made English tea. On one of these visits I met a smart-looking officer who showed me some trivial attention, and who afterwards returned so frequently that I could not help guessing that he came purposely to meet and chat with me. This acquaintanceship quickly became more sincere; he gave me his card, and at his request I one evening met him clandestinely. In those romantic days of girlhood I thought it great amusement to have a lover, and evening after evening I would contrive to get away from the home-circle to walk with him. Months went on. He was unaware of my name or who I was—for I had given as my address the house of a friend on the outskirts of the city—until one day he was ordered to do duty with the Palace-guard, and quite by accident discovered my identity. Almost a year had elapsed—a year of halcyon days and foolish dreams of love and happiness—when one evening he did not keep the appointment he had made. I waited for him over an hour, then went back disappointed. For three evenings following I returned to the same spot; but he came not, nor did he write and explain. I thought that probably he had been ordered into the country suddenly; but about a week later the real truth became revealed, for I received anonymously in an envelope a clipping from a newspaper which briefly stated that Captain Oswald Krauss of the 33rd Regiment of Artillery had been arrested for gross dereliction of duty.'

'Krauss!' I echoed. 'Then he was the officer whom you met, and whom you loved!'

'Yes,' she answered hoarsely. 'I loved him; but remember I was young, and utterly inexperienced in the ways of the world. I knew little of life beyond the walls of the Palace or of Brandenburg.'

'Well, after his arrest—what then?' I inquired, amazed at her revelation, and recollecting how I had successfully tracked the spy through a perfect labyrinth of complications previous to his arrest.

'I knew that he would be tried by court-martial; therefore at my request the president allowed me to remain in an adjoining room at the trial. There, through a small window, I saw the man who was my lover standing between two guards with fixed bayonets, and I heard the terrible charge against him. I heard the evidence, and

was present when you explained how you had first made the discovery of his treachery. He trembled at your calm, straightforward denunciation, and I saw of what dastardly treachery he had been guilty. He had coolly sold his country, and placed the lives of his fellow-men in jeopardy in exchange for German gold. Had you not discovered the truth in time he would have given Germany the key to Austria.'

'You actually heard me give my evidence?' I exclaimed, amazed.

'I heard every word of it, being present each day that the court-martial sat,' she answered. 'I was present, too, on that morning when at

sunrise the spy was led forth into the barrack-square, and, in front of the whole garrison, his sentence was read out, although the exact charge was not stated, for fear of giving offence to Germany. Then his sword was broken, his epaulettes torn off, the gay braiding cut from his tunic; and, to loud drumming and the execrations of his brother-officers and the men who had served under him, he was led off to prison, a scowling, sneaking wretch in whose crime there had been no extenuating circumstance. From that moment my love for him turned to hatred. He had deceived me, and had sought to betray his country and his Emperor.'

SPECULATING IN DIFFERENCES.

BY ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT.



WE used to laugh at the man in the play who was anxious to speculate on the Stock Exchange, and being advised to 'sell Trunks,' eagerly began to buy Grand Trunk stock, that he might be in a position to sell. But probably no very large proportion of us would have known how to go to work if, holding no stock, we had wished to take advantage of a falling market. We knew vaguely that the Stock Exchange was the portal to either a country mansion or the bankruptcy court, and that it sometimes led from one to the other. How it was done, however, was as deep a mystery as some of those manufacturing processes of which we see the completed results every day, but the details of which are hidden from the eye.

However, knowledge is now extending in all directions, and soon there will be no mysteries left. Every Board school teaches the history of the common things around us; and—to come back to stocks—every newspaper contains the seductive announcements of those who are prepared not only to initiate you into all the secrets of the Stock Exchange, but to show you how you may enter its mazes with a certainty of coming back a richer and a wiser man. For one who knew anything about speculation in stocks and shares thirty years ago, there must now be a hundred. There are, I think, three principal reasons for this change: (1) the spread of education of a superficial character, which has tended to popularise everything which depends for its success upon the number of persons possessing a little knowledge; (2) the greater diffusion of wealth, so that a very large proportion of the people have now rather more income than is needed to meet the immediate wants of the hour; (3) the enormous development of the joint-stock system, which has thrown open to public speculation hundreds of business concerns which would a quarter of a century ago

have been conducted by private individuals, singly or in partnership.

The third cause is largely the outcome of the first and second. This combination of a little wealth with a little knowledge has given strength and appetite to the gambling spirit inherent in a large proportion of mankind; and this has found its nourishment on the Stock Exchange and the turf. The class of man who used to hear only the remote echoes of the great events of Epsom and Newmarket and Doncaster has now just sufficient education to 'follow form' in the sporting papers, and just sufficient spare cash to back his fancy for half-a-crown with the neighbouring hairdresser or tobacconist, or the 'hookie' lurking at the street corner. The middle-class paterfamilias who would in days gone by have carefully hoarded the hundred pounds he had laboriously saved is now immersed in a constant stream of prospectuses which invite him to invest it at 20 per cent., and 'bucket-shop' circulars which show how he may double it in a few weeks.

The gambling bacillus is abroad in the land, and has found its way among all classes, not omitting by any means the parsonage and the manse. We are all, indeed, bitten by the same craze—the desire to get money without earning it. It does not lie in the mouth of the speculative lord to blame the labourer's pitch-and-toss; neither can the labourer who has his 'bit' on a horse throw stones at the peer's over-capitalised company. The man who never earned a shilling in his life by honest toil is just as anxious to add to his possessions by a successful gamble as is the worker to add a trifle to his hard-earned wages.

The moral aspect of all this seems to be entirely a question of degree and of circumstances. Where is the difference between the man who buys a plot of land because he believes it will increase in value and one who purchases Grand Trunk stock because he believes the price will go up? The essence of the two transactions is the same; either may,

according to the circumstances, be a pure gamble or a piece of perfectly legitimate enterprise.

Be this as it may, I did not set out to criticise others or to discuss morals, but to narrate the results of my own modest excursion into the domain of speculative finance. It may interest those who have had similar experiences, as well as those who have never put their fingers to the fire, or rather to the cog-wheels, for that is a more appropriate simile; and it should also serve as a warning to some who may be tempted to 'listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope' which are heard and seen in the neighbourhood of Capel Court. I shall be laughed at, no doubt; but this happy land contains a large and varied assortment of fools, and the folly of those who laugh may have taken another form. At any rate, I paid for my experience without any serious detriment either to myself or to any one else, and not all the fools can say so much as that.

It was in April last year that my attention was drawn to an advertisement offering to send, post free, a pamphlet showing how to deal successfully in shares, and I wrote for a copy. It came in due course, and was quickly followed by two from other firms who had by some means discovered where to cast their bait. Perhaps they had a spy in the rival office. However, I dealt only with the people to whom I first wrote. I formed the opinion that they were a respectable, well-established firm (though not, of course, members of the Stock Exchange, or they could not have advertised), and I have found no reason to change that opinion. At the same time my readers are advised never to invest money except through a recognised member of the Stock Exchange.

The prospectus indicated several methods of speculation or investment; but my observations will be confined to 'cover accounts,' or speculation in differences.

Let the reader look at the list of Stock Exchange quotations in his daily paper, and he will find that, as compared with the previous day, certain stocks have gone up and others down. London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Stock, for example, may have stood at $26\frac{1}{2}$ to $26\frac{3}{4}$ yesterday, and fallen to-day to $25\frac{3}{4}$ to 26. No commission is charged, and the margin between the higher quotation and the lower furnishes the dealer's profit. Consequently, whereas yesterday you could have bought stock at £26, 15s. or sold it at £26, 10s., to-day you can buy at £26 or sell at £25, 15s. So far as it affects the speculator the margin is like the banker's advantage in *vingt-et-un*, *rouge et noir*, and other games of that character. The gamester, in his optimism, is content that the mathematical chances should be slightly against him, trusting to his luck to counteract the disadvantage; and the speculator in differences runs a similar risk, relying partly on

luck and partly on what he knows of the probable course of the market.

Of course where the change in price is greater the amount of the dealer's margin is proportionately smaller. Had Chathams fallen from $26\frac{1}{2}$ to $25\frac{1}{2}$, the man who sold £500 yesterday and repurchased to-day would have made £5, the difference between £26, 10s. per cent. and £25, 10s. per cent. The dealer's contract notes would in that case read something like this:

Jany. 1, 1900.

Bought by us of John Smith, Esq.,
for account Jany. 10,

£500 London, Chatham, and Dover Stock at
 $26\frac{1}{2}$£132 10 0

Jany. 2, 1900.

Sold by us to John Smith, Esq.,
for account Jany. 10,

£500 London, Chatham, and Dover Stock at
 $25\frac{1}{2}$£127 10 0

Of course, no stock passes. Indeed, there is no sale at all; it is merely a contract to sell, and one transaction neutralises the other. It is only on settling-day that the time comes for specific performance. The settlement occurs about once a fortnight; and I suppose in the ordinary course of things John Smith would have been obliged to purchase Chatham stock by the 10th of January, in order to fulfil his contract to sell, whatever the price they had gone to in the meantime; but he has an alternative. He may pay a *contango*, and thus carry over the transaction to the next settlement, when a change in the quotation may have taken place which will make his situation either better or worse than before. Of the *contango*, which is of the nature of interest, I shall have a little more to say hereafter.

I need hardly say that were every speculator required to make himself responsible for the full value of the stock which he buys or sells these operations could never gain a wide popularity. Hence the invention of the system of cover, which presents itself at first sight in charmingly modest and attractive colours. This is how the cover-system works: You have—or think you have—reason to believe that Chatham stock will rise, and you send to the dealer £10, instructing him to buy for you (or sell to you, for that is nominally the nature of the transaction) £1000 of Chatham at 1 per cent. cover. This means that your liability is limited to £10. If the stock stands at $26\frac{1}{2}$, and you buy at $26\frac{3}{4}$, and it rises before the settlement $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $27\frac{1}{2}$ —28, you can sell at £27, 15s., thus making a profit of £10; but if it falls $\frac{3}{4}$ to $25\frac{5}{8}$ (the cover not running off until its limit, in this case $25\frac{3}{4}$, is the middle price), then your £10 is gone.

I don't know that there is any limit to the amount which may be risked in this way. A cover of £500 at 1 per cent. commands £50,000 of stock, and you may gain £1000 if the quota-

tion rises over two points before the settlement. On the other hand, of course, a very moderate fall will sweep away the £500. If you choose to make the cover 2 or 3 per cent. you can do so, and run a smaller risk, for the stock must fall two or three points before the cover runs off; but of course the chances of gain are also smaller, for at 3 per cent. it would require £30 to command £1000 of stock. One would think that 3 per cent. was a tolerably safe margin, and that you could with some confidence risk a fall of three points when a rise of one will at any rate give you some 30 per cent. profit. But after all (apart from any knowledge you may possess of the probable course of the market) this is only like laying odds of three to one on a three to one chance, with the odds slightly against you, as represented by the dealer's margin; and my own experience shows that 3 per cent. is not enough to ensure safety. This will be readily understood when I say that Chatham, for example, last year varied from $28\frac{1}{2}$ to $21\frac{1}{2}$, and this is not an extreme instance of fluctuation. Many British railway stocks varied more than 10 per cent. Great Eastern Ordinary fluctuated between 120 and 138.

Some of the facts I have mentioned were not, I confess, clear to me when I resolved to try on a small scale what it felt like to speculate in stocks. It would not risk much. It might give me the novel sensation of getting a few pounds without earning them, and it would at least give me a little experience of the interest which those dull-looking columns in the commercial pages of the daily newspapers must possess for thousands of persons. I admit it was a mere gamble, for I did not even trust to any knowledge, or acuteness, or prevision of my own. The firm announced in their prospectus that at the request of many clients they had established a system of operating every Monday in a stock likely to go up or down. They made contracts in these stocks for any one sending the amount of the cover (2 per cent. being the rule in this department), and the client could either close the transaction when he chose or leave it to their discretion. It is due to them to say that they expressed a preference for clients to select their own stock, and I do not in the least blame them for the unfortunate results of the selections they made on my behalf. It is doubtless to their interest that their clients should succeed, and thus be encouraged to further business.

On April 29 I sent a cheque for £5, being 2 per cent. cover on £250 of stock selected by the dealers, to close at their discretion. This was the minimum acceptable, and the reader need only multiply my figures throughout to see how much may be gained or lost in these transactions; for had the cheque been for £500 the result, in proportion, would of course have been the same. In due course came a contract note for the sale to me of £250 North British Ordinary

at $45\frac{1}{2}$ (£113, 2s. 6d.) for settlement May 12. Within a day or two the stock, instead of rising, as had been expected, was down below 45, but it kept fairly steady; and at the close of the week, so as to have another iron in the fire, I sent a second £5 on similar terms. This time I purchased £250 Great Eastern at $127\frac{1}{2}$ (£319, 13s. 9d.), and two days later came another note showing that the Great Eastern had been sold at $128\frac{1}{2}$ (£321, 11s. 3d.). Here was a clear gain of £1, 17s. 6d. on the first completed transaction, though a little of the gilt was taken off it by the receipt of a contango note showing that, short as had been the interval between purchase and sale, it had been necessary to carry the contract over to the next settlement at a cost of 18s. 9d. The North British were also carried over, but the charge for this was only 5s. 8d.; and, deducting the contangoes, I was still left with a balance of 13s. 1d. to the good.

Slightly encouraged by this result, I next ventured upon a little deal on my own account. Being persuaded, in my wisdom, that Spanish Bonds were at an inflated price, and bound to come down, I sent £5 for the sale of £500 worth at 1 per cent. cover. They were bought from me on May 25 at $61\frac{1}{2}$, and the very next day, for some inscrutable reason, they shot up to about 64, so away went my £5 irrecoverably.

North British meantime continued sluggish, but remained well above the $43\frac{1}{2}$, at which the cover would run off. On May 29 they were again carried over at a cost of 5s. 8d., the price about this time being $44\frac{1}{2}$. Seeing that I had got on a weak stock, and hankering after that £5 lost on Spanish Bonds, I sent another £5 to be invested as the dealers thought best; and on June 5 I was the purchaser of £250 Great Northern Deferred at $71\frac{1}{2}$, at 2 per cent. cover. This bold venture must have alarmed the market, for the stock at once began to decline steadily. Indeed, home rails generally were just entering upon a rather bad time; and within a short period both my outstanding contracts had approached perilously near the running-off point. At the risk of throwing good money after bad, I wired on June 9 to increase the cover on both stocks to 3 per cent., and thus for another £5 I was safe till North British ran down to $42\frac{1}{2}$, or Great Northern to $68\frac{1}{2}$. I omit the fractional margin for convenience, and, indeed, it did not affect the result in any case.

All through this month of June business in home rails was deadly dull; money was said to be dear—that was the chief cause assigned—and political troubles were in the air. Day after day my two precious stocks stood at fractions over 42 and 69 respectively, and watching the quotations lost its interest in a sickening monotony. Then I bethought me of a piece of advice given in my dealers' pamphlet: that if you hold a stock that has fallen and it is a good security, the wise

plan is to buy again at the lower figure, for a rise will probably follow on the fall, and then you will get a profit on the second purchase if not on the first. Accordingly I resolved to retrieve my waning fortunes by a master-stroke, and sent £10 to the dealers with instructions to sell me £250 each of the two stocks if they thought it would be a good plan in my circumstances. The reply was that they thought the home railway market was likely now to go better, and that North British and Great Northern were two of the cheapest stocks on the list. On June 24, therefore, I became the holder of £250 more North British at 42½, and £250 Great Northern at 69½. I now held £1000, nominal, and had £25 at risk. The £5 on Spanish Bonds had gone, the profit on Great Eastern had already dribbled away in contangoes, and the £5 originally invested in this stock was being eaten into by these recurrent charges for bridging over from one settlement to another.

July brought no improvement in the situation. Various home rails attained better prices as the dividend season came round; but my two stocks continued miserably flat. By the 17th the Great Northern bought on June 5 fell to vanishing-point, and at 68½ the 3 per cent. cover ran off. On the 28th the dividend was announced. This disappointed the market and caused a heavy fall, which left my second purchase hopelessly in arrear, so that also ran off at 67½. It was now becoming a serious question whether I should save anything at all from the wreck. I was simply waterlogged and could do nothing, except take the advice the dealers tendered to put money in some other ship. This I was not

disposed to do, and there was nothing for it but to await events.

I was thus left with only the North British, and the prospect for them was by no means a rosy one. Dissension in the management of the line had come to a head; and though this did not affect the price so seriously as might have been expected, I had little hope of saving the £12, 10s. which remained. On August 2 the first lot went by the board, the £250 bought just three months before running off at 42½, after I had paid £1, 11s. 9d. for carrying it over six settlements. The one hope remaining was that the dividend announcement might save my last £5; but the Scotch lines do not declare their dividends until September, and before the announcement was made the price had fallen to my limit. On the 9th 40½ was touched, and my little adventure came to an ignominious conclusion. This was the net result of it:

To Cash.....	£35 0 0	
" Profit on Great Eastern.....	1 17 6	
		£36 17 6
By loss on North British.....	£12 10 0	
" " Great Northern.....	12 10 0	
" " Spanish Bonds.....	5 0 0	
" Contangoes.....	6 16 9	
" Balance.....	0 0 9	
		£36 17 6

It would have been rather too tragically comic to receive 9d. as the sole salvage from the wreck; and I wrote and told the dealers to give it to the office-boy, which I presume they did. They again advised me to try this and that; but I had come to the conclusion that speculation in differences was not a sufficiently interesting game at the price.

THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.



MOST people in England, if asked about the State of Washington, would say that it was somewhere up in the frozen north, near Alaska, and it is hard to realise the fact that, far north as it is, Washington enjoys one of the mildest, most delightful, and most equable climates in the whole world.

Washington is the extreme western state of the Union, and lies between the British Columbia line on the north and the Columbia River on the south, a distance of two hundred and twenty miles. On the east is Idaho, and three hundred and thirty miles across is the Pacific Ocean. Its area is nearly forty-five million acres.

The state is divided into two quite different regions by the Cascade Mountains, a range that averages about eight thousand feet in height.

Eastern Washington is almost entirely agricultural. Here, in the rich valleys of the Palouse and the Big Bend, and the fertile plains that

border on the Columbia River, are the wheat-fields that produce most of the grain that goes to Europe from the Pacific coast. The soil is a rich sandy loam, and so well watered is it that the crops seldom, if ever, fail, as in California, from drought, while the pests that infest the wheat in other parts seem to be unknown here. Over twenty million bushels are raised here every year, the greater part of which is exported to Europe by way of Tacoma and Puget Sound. There is, however, a large quantity of flour manufactured in the numerous mills in this section; and most of this, outside of local consumption, is shipped to China and Japan. Wheat yields from thirty-five to fifty bushels to the acre, and is the principal crop; but hay, potatoes, and fruit grow to perfection, and are raised in large quantities. This is also a fine country for stock-raising and dairy-farming. Cattle do well on what is known as the 'bunch-grass' of the ranges, and are always in demand. The butter and cheese made here

amount to over six hundred thousand dollars annually.

Just east of the Cascade Mountains is what was formerly known as the Great Yakima Desert, a stretch of rolling country, entirely without water, with a light soil of volcanic ash that looks like cement, and which in its natural state will grow nothing but wild-sage brush. Some years ago a great system of irrigation was started, conducting water in canals from the Columbia and Yakima Rivers and from artesian wells; and the result is that the desert has been transformed into one of the most fertile regions on the earth. The flourishing town of Yakima is surrounded by an immense area of irrigated land divided up into small farms, on which are raised extraordinary crops of hay, alfalfa, potatoes, and fruit. Four crops of alfalfa can be cut in one season; and this makes the finest kind of feed for hogs and cattle. Potatoes yield from two hundred to five hundred bushels to the acre; while the yield of fruit is enormous—apples, pears, peaches, apricots, melons, grapes, and cherries. Prunes (dried for export) and hops form a big item in the product of this irrigated country. The summers east of the Cascades are warm, and the winters are tolerably cold, with plenty of snow.

The Northern Pacific Railroad and the Great Northern Railroad cross the Cascades through different passes in the mountains, at great elevations, and partly through tunnels at the summit. This journey over the mountains is one of the great attractions of transcontinental travel. The wild, rugged scenery is terrible in its grandeur, as seen from the dizzy height as the train literally climbs up the steep ascent. As you descend the western slope, at this time of the year, you leave the snow and all signs of winter behind you, and strike a new climate entirely. Here everything is fresh and green and spring-like. Cattle are grazing out, and there is no sign of winter anywhere; the air is warm, and your heavy overcoat feels uncomfortable.

The western side of the mountains is covered by an almost limitless forest of fir, cedar, and spruce that extends in some parts clear to the Pacific Ocean. The trees are enormous—from three to six feet in diameter, and from two hundred to three hundred feet in height. This timber is Washington's great source of wealth, and, even at the present rapid rate of consumption, will last for generations. The trees when cut down are sawn into logs and floated down the small streams, or brought by rail to the sawmills on Puget Sound. The output of lumber from the sawmills of the Sound amounts to over ten million dollars annually. The fir lumber is for the most part shipped to foreign countries in sailing-ships or to the eastern states by rail. It is always in great demand on account of its superior strength, and for the almost unlimited size of the timbers. A

stick of timber thirty inches by thirty inches and a hundred feet long, without a knot, is nothing unusual. The cedar is shipped in the shape of roofing shingles, doors, and fine inside finishing. The sawmills of Puget Sound are large concerns, many of them cutting from three hundred to four hundred thousand feet per day, and employing hundreds of men. Unlike the pine of the eastern states, the fir and cedar will not grow on poor land.

The mountains and foot-hills are full of minerals—gold, silver, lead, copper, and iron. These are extensively mined; but still the great mineral resources of the state have hardly begun to be developed.

Washington bids fair to be the great coal-producing state of the Union. There are immense deposits of lignite and bituminous coal nearly all over the western part of the state. The mines already opened up yield over twenty million tons annually, nearly all of which is shipped to California and the Hawaiian Islands. So extensive are the coalfields that so far they have hardly been touched, and there are thousands of acres of the finest coal-land, with seams of coal ten feet thick and over, lying waiting for capital to develop them. In the near future there is going to be a great manufacturing city somewhere on Puget Sound, as the supply of coal is practically unlimited.

The valleys and districts watered by the numerous rivers, the islands in the Sound, and the lands bordering upon it are wonderfully fertile. Fruit and vegetables grow to perfection. Strawberries grow so large that some varieties weigh an ounce apiece, and cannot be eaten at one mouthful. Cherries yield enormously, and so do apples, pears, and plums. Prunes make the most profitable crop. The trees begin to bear at about four years, and an eight-year-old orchard will yield six tons of green fruit to the acre. Prunes are nearly all dried and shipped to the eastern markets and to Europe. Hops are extensively grown, and more than forty thousand bales were shipped abroad last year. The hop-picking is a very busy time while it lasts, most of the pickers being Indians who come from long distances, even from British Columbia, to share in the hop-harvest. The arrival of these Indians in their canoes is one of the picturesque sights of Washington.

Wheat is not raised on the west side of the mountains, but oats are; and on the reclaimed lands, and those lands overflowed by the freshets on some of the rivers, the yield is from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty bushels to the acre. Some of these low lands have been raising oats steadily for thirty years in succession, and the yield still keeps up.

Western Washington is a perfect paradise for flowers. Roses grow here in greater profusion than in any other part of the world. Even the

choicest varieties grow out of doors, and need hardly any protection in winter. The display at the annual Rose Carnival at Tacoma would be almost incredible to a stranger from a colder climate.

The 'state flower' is the rhododendron, which, with the pink-flowering currant, grows wild on the shores of Puget Sound. The old English favourites—the holly, ivy, primroses, cowslips, &c.—grow here as in few other parts of the United States.

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A pleasant upper room looks far away
O'er land and water, field and tower and tree,
Across the village house-tops and the bay,
To fair Beaumaris, Queen of Anglesey.

The subtle fragrance of a thousand flowers
Floats through the open window on the breeze;
In drowsy dalliance pass the sultry hours
As grow the length'ning shadows of the trees;

And from the mill hard by the mighty wheel
With rumbling cadence fills the air with sound—
The groaning giant slowly grinds the meal,
Urged by the stream to run his daily round.

Nor does tradition leave this spot unsung;
The mystic Mydand, bold Llewelyn's tower,
Attests where princes ruled ere Edward flung
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Two friendly nations—one united band—
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and work in the deadly West African region. The loss of life among these men is terrible. For more than two hundred years we have been paying a toll to King Death in West Africa that has been too heavy a drain for us to prosper under. Every endeavour—missionary, mercantile, and administrative—has been so grievously hindered and hampered by that toll that in West Africa we have no advance to show that can compare with our advance in other regions; and behind the public loss we have thus suffered, and still suffer, there has been, and there is, a wilderness of sorrow, poverty, and gloom peopled by widows and orphans, sisters and friends, who mourn their dead and have to battle with the world unaided and uncheered by the men who died of fever far away—men who have too often died unnecessarily and ingloriously; for their death aids not one cause that Britain has at heart there, but hinders all. How much longer shall we be willing to pay this toll to King Death? Surely no longer, if it be true that we are all Imperialists now.

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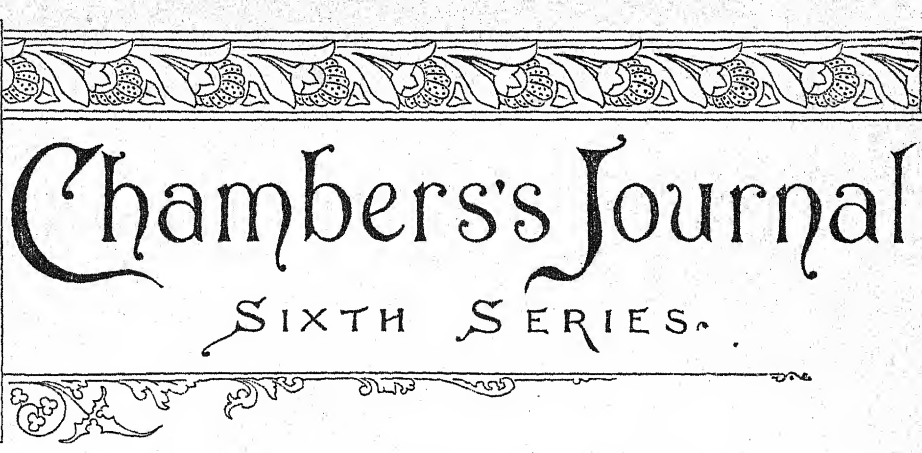
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work which is its own reward, for the sake of making money in trade. Let them provide their own protection against the local danger of disease. Do we say this to the wayside tramp? No. Then why say so to the men we are every day more indebted to? Do we say this to the soldiers and sailors who go out to fight red war for us? Again, no. Then why say so to those heroes of commerce who face King Death in West Africa, and by so doing keep thousands of our working and manufacturing classes at home happy, safe, educated, well paid, and well cared for?

Truly there are many ways whereby this British Empire is fed, armed, and educated; but of all those ways there is not one more truly important than the control of the tropics; and of all the tropical regions we hold there are none equal in natural wealth to West Africa. Certain things—cotton, hardwoods, rubber, fibre, vegetable oils, tea, coffee, cocoa, and tobacco—we as a great manufacturing and trading nation must have. That it is better to have a supply-region for these things under our own flag the cotton famine in Lancashire in the days of the Civil War in America demonstrated; and the commercial war against our trade now waged by Continental nations, and America with high tariffs, still point this out. People nowadays are often hasty, and think they can measure the importance to us of a region by only looking at the bare total amount of the trade that region does with us; but this is not a true test. It must also be taken into consideration whether we can get the stuff that region exports to us equally good and cheap from elsewhere. Judged by this consideration, the worth of West Africa to us is high;—therefore, the worth to us of the men who now work there is very high, for without them it would, in every respect save for mission work, be valueless.

Passing from this important point which I have referred to so often, I will now make a few suggestions as to how we may help, not only West Africa, but our tropical African possessions generally. Much, I think, may be done by supporting Mr Chamberlain's noble scheme now in operation, which consists of two branches—one the scientific study of diseases peculiar to the tropics; the other the supply of a working medical and nursing staff there. Undoubtedly Mr Chamberlain has been prompted by sympathy in taking up this good work, and he has been splendidly supported by the merchants of Liverpool and Manchester, who individually had long striven for the same end. Certainly this far-sighted scheme, employing in the public service both the laboratory and the hospital, will do a great and beneficent work in our tropical empire, and it deserves the support of all Imperialists. Personal tastes and peculiarities in our education may prevent some of us from personally pursuing the bacilli in the microscopic field, and personal duties may prevent

some from going out as nurses under the Colonial Nursing Association; but I cannot conceive of the existence of any objection to aid the schools for the study of tropical medicine in London and Liverpool, and also the Colonial Nursing Association, with funds to carry on the noble work; for that expense should not be borne by the State. It must be remembered that the British Empire is great because her citizens do not depend on Government as a child does on its mother; her citizens are grown men capable of carrying out great imperial schemes by themselves. In this matter of saving the life of white men in West Africa our Government, as represented by Mr Chamberlain, has done its part ungrudgingly. Let us do the rest: man, work, and pay for it, as our forefathers in their day did things for themselves and the Empire without Government aid.

I am not urging you to fit out an expedition to singe the King of Spain's beard, as Sir Francis Drake did; but for one in the same spirit—namely, to singe King Death's, and crush his Armada and make him lower the toll he now levies on the lives of our fellow-countrymen. Let us fight this enemy in the spirit Francis Drake fought, as independent men; then we shall win in this age of Victoria just as Drake won in the days of Elizabeth, and be in likewise Britons worthy of the name of Imperialists.

I now turn to suggesting means whereby this campaign against pestilence in West Africa may be aided, and do so with a certain knowledge of West Africa's social and natural conditions.

Ever since I became acquainted with West Africa I have had a strong conviction that what is wanted is a hospital-cruiser; and the more I know of those regions strengthens my opinion on that point. A properly equipped hospital-ship, with a staff of trained white female nurses on board, two medical men, a dispenser, and a boy, would do work no other kind of hospital could do so well.

Then there should be in each European settlement ashore a branch hospital in charge of the colonial medical officer of the district, as there is now in many places. In these shore-hospitals, at the small stations at any rate, the nursing should be done by men—white hospital orderlies for the white patients, black for the native wards. These shore-hospitals, both in large and small settlements, should deal with white patients who could not immediately be put on board the hospital-ship; but the rule should be that as soon as a white patient could be got on board that ship he should be so transferred.

Now, I am quite well aware that there are objections to hospital-ships in the tropics. When they are moored there is the burning question of bilge-water. I will not discourse on the subject of bilge-water, as inexperience thereof might make the explanation wearisome. Any one ac-

quainted with the bilge-water question knows it is of engrossing interest. Bilge is a prince among smells, and if you have ever fallen under its power you will always think that every terrific thing in smells is a manifestation of bilge-water. I remember on one occasion, when on board a moored hulk—not a hospital-ship—smelling in the evening something that called for mention, so I mentioned it. 'Oh,' said my companions—more under the sway of bilge-belief than I was, from their greater knowledge of its power—'it's only our bilge-water.' In the morning we found it was the rotting carcass of an elephant that had floated down the river and now hung in the mooring-chain. After a considerable time was spent in getting rid of the carcass, I said, 'For goodness' sake, gentlemen, stir up your bilge-water and let the smells fight it out together while we go ashore for a spell.' 'No,' said my companions, terror-stricken at the suggestion; 'you do not know our bilge-water when its back's up. It would stretch you if you were half-way across Africa. This elephant is mere lavender-water to it.' This was a more dreadful bilge-water than a hospital-ship would have. Still, though bad, bilge-water is not necessarily fatal, under proper management.

Then there is the objection to the motion of a vessel moored at sea. The West African seas are not stormy except during a tornado; and these may be expected twice a day during two seasons in the year. I do not say they will occur regularly twice a day; but during these seasons you must keep an eye lifting for them, for they will come if so disposed. When they do come they relieve the monotony of life on board a hulk considerably, and will no doubt occasionally cause a hospital-hulk to break her moorings and go adrift out to sea. Still, as it is healthier out at sea, a little trip will not matter much; and there is not a colony in West Africa that would view unmoved the departure of its hospital-ship with the white lady nursing-staff on board, or would

not send out immediate assistance to fetch her home again.

Then there is another objection—the difficulty of getting men in such a place as the Gold Coast out across the surf to the hospital-ship; and much was made of this difficulty when I first advocated such floating hospitals for West Africa. However, when we remember that, in desperation, sick men are at present brought out through the surf to get a last chance, by getting out to sea in a mail-boat, without proper accommodation for such patients, this objection to hospital-ships is ridiculous. In fact, I am convinced the advantages of a floating hospital—its comfort, cleanliness, and sanitary condition generally—far outweigh any possible difficulties.


I venture, also, to say that even the admitted disadvantages would disappear were the floating hospitals fitted as cruisers rather than moored hulks; one such cruiser for Gambia and Sierra Leone, and one for the Gold Coast, Lagos, and Niger Territories. Even the moored hulk, with all its shortcomings, is preferable to any so-called sanatorium on high ground in West Africa; but, as I have published my reasons for distrusting the efficiency of a sanatorium ashore, these need not be stated here.

As an alternative plan, however, I should suggest that every mail-steamer running to West Africa should have a large, roomy, properly fitted hospital-cabin, with a trained nurse in charge—the steamers already carry doctors. This nurse should be one from a shore-hospital, thus giving these women, in rotation, a change from shore-life now and then. By this plan, instead of the expensive system now in vogue of a voyage home every eight months or so, the nurse could serve a year or eighteen months in comparative safety on the coast, which she certainly could not do in safety ashore. The mail-steamer should act in connection with the shore-hospitals on the same system as the hospital-cruiser referred to in my first scheme.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A TALE OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONFESSION.

ND then?' I asked eagerly. 'Well, I left Vienna with my family, and we spent the summer at Brandenburg and the winter at Beaulieu. Then we went on a round of visits to London, to the Hague, and to Rome, until all thought of the wretched convict passed from my mind. One day, however, while on a visit to the Empress at Berlin, I received from Krauss a letter dated from the prison of Budapest, containing a cool, alarming demand—namely, that I should go at once to

the Emperor Francis Joseph and beg for his immediate release. To this I made no response, whereupon I received several other letters, in which he repeated his demand; adding that he knew the Emperor would accede to my wish provided the release was kept a secret and he gave an undertaking never to set foot on Austrian soil again. I replied, telling him that no Hapsburg had ever assisted one guilty of treason, and that I would be no exception. Then, in rejoinder, came another brief note which held me terrified, for he threatened that if he were not released

within fourteen days he would write to the newspapers a certain statement concerning me—a statement which I knew too well, alas! would cause a sensation throughout Europe. Defiance was useless. This keen-witted and unscrupulous spy held me irrevocably in his power; hence, though I hated him and detested his memory, I was compelled to go to the Emperor and plead for his release. At first I was unsuccessful; but, having concocted an ingenious story, I at last succeeded, and the man who had so coolly bartered his country's military secrets was escorted to the frontier.

'Many months passed and I heard nothing of him,' she continued. 'Last summer, however, I came to London and stayed here with my old teacher of English, when one day he called, and from his conversation I learnt that he had left the secret service of Germany and entered that of France; further, that together with the woman who had so cleverly assisted him in Vienna, he had devised a deeply-laid scheme for getting possession of certain secrets of the British Foreign Office. He told me how at Downing Street the French had established a complete system of espionage, and, equally with Germany, were aware of nearly all that occurred. So cleverly were documents copied or their purport noted that no suspicion was ever aroused; and, further, he said that one of the principal secret agents was the wife of a trusted official through whose hands all treaties, or drafts of treaties, passed.'

'And that woman,' I interrupted, 'is now before us.'

'Why should I thus be implicated?' Judith cried resentfully. Then, turning to her companion, she said in Hungarian, 'The affair is growing too ugly for my liking.'

'No doubt,' I exclaimed severely. 'You remember your brief married life with poor Gordon, and the circumstances of his death, which were more than peculiar.'

She glared at me fixedly, but made no reply.

'Continue,' I said, addressing Mélanie, who was now calm and determined, and spoke with a fearlessness which showed her resolution to explain the whole circumstances.

'He said this woman had obtained knowledge that certain negotiations were in progress between Belgium and England which, in event of war, would seriously affect the success of any operations by France. They had gained a good deal of knowledge of the preliminaries, which had been carefully transmitted to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris, where the information had created great consternation. Orders had therefore been given to this arch-traitor and spy to secure at all cost the original documents on which the supposed secret treaty was based; and it was with that object he had come to me.'

'I suppose he wanted you to assist him,' I said.

'Yes,' she answered. 'He unfolded an elaborate

scheme by which I was to help him. Briefly, it was that on a certain day the correspondence between the King and your Ambassador, Sir John Drummond, would be transmitted by special messenger from the Legation to Downing Street; and he proposed that I should travel with the messenger from Brussels to London with an exact duplicate of the Foreign Office despatch-box, and on the journey contrive to exchange the box containing the State secrets for the counterfeit he had prepared with marvellous ingenuity.'

She paused. I listened to her statement in amazement. Resuming the narrative, she said:

'At first I allowed my disgust to overrule my discretion, and angrily ordered him from the house; but very soon, from his threatening attitude, I saw that his fixed intention was that I should render him assistance. Thus, from fear of the exposure he might make regarding myself, I was compelled to submit, and to become a political agent.'

'You!' I cried. 'Did you actually assist him?'

'Yes; under compulsion, and in order to avoid the gross and terrible scandal which he might bring upon my family, I was compelled to sacrifice myself and become this man's cat's-paw in his nefarious schemes.'

'Then you actually stole the King's correspondence?' I gasped, utterly amazed.

'For a long time I refused to consent,' she answered. 'He called fully a dozen times; at last, finding him inexorable, I went to Brussels, carrying with me the dummy despatch-box. Then, on the day he had stated—his information coming, I suppose, from some secret agent in the Belgian Ministry—I saw on the platform of the Gare du Nord at Brussels the messenger bearing the despatches. I entered the same compartment, and contrived to get into conversation with him. The dummy box was concealed in my dressing-bag, and I awaited my opportunity to draw it forth and exchange it for the one he had placed on the seat beside him. It was a hazardous and delicate piece of work, and no opportunity presented itself during the journey to Ostend or while on board the steamer bound for Dover—where, by the way, my bag was not opened by the Customs officers. The Queen's messenger—Graves was his name, I think—kept an ever-watchful eye upon his despatches. During the journey we had become very good friends, and when at Dover we entered the express for London he suddenly asked whether I would like some tea. To this I replied in the affirmative, and, asking me to keep an eye on his things, he descended and obtained the tea from the refreshment-room lad on the platform. In the moment of his absence, however, I drew forth the counterfeit box Krauss had given me, and placed it on the seat; then I slipped the box containing the despatches into my dressing-bag. My heart was beating wildly when he returned, for I feared he might discover the trick; but so

well had the box been imitated that he merely placed it on the rack above his head, and settled down and chatted affably with me during the remainder of our journey to London. Eager to escape at the earliest possible moment, I told him I was on a visit to some friends at Horsham, in Sussex, and therefore London Bridge was my nearest station, for there I could obtain a train direct to my destination. So I left him when we arrived at the first stoppage in London; and after the train had crossed the bridge in the direction of Cannon Street, I at once took a ticket back to Dover, and a quarter of an hour later was again on my return journey, having successfully accomplished my first adventure as a spy. How I existed during that journey back to Ostend I scarcely know. So intense was my excitement, and so great my fear of arrest, that I passed hours of agony and dread, until in the gray of morning I found myself once more in Brussels. I concealed the unopened box in one of my trunks in my own room at the Palace. Later that day I telegraphed the result of my journey to the man Krauss. He was in London, and replied that he had further important affairs there, but that he would meet me in Brussels in three days. He also wrote by the same post saying he would meet me three days later at the evening promenade concert in the Wauxhall Garden, where I was to hand him the stolen correspondence, which he would then convey at once to Paris.

'And did he meet you?' I asked, eager to know what had become of the file of the King's letters.

'Yes,' she answered. 'But on the night following my return from London I made a discovery which entirely altered my plans. I found that you, Philip, whom I had met in the Bois, were an agent of the English Government; and I then saw that if I parted with the stolen papers opprobrium must fall upon you. I learnt from the King's own lips that you were employed on secret service, charged with the task of making inquiries into certain operations of the *cabinet noir* in Brussels, and with obtaining such information as might combat the conspiracies of the enemies of Belgium and England. Well, I may as well confess that I loved you, Philip; and with a vague idea of rendering a service to you, as well as to the King, I refused to give up the stolen letters.'

'You refused?' I cried quickly. 'Then have they not fallen into this man's hands?'

'No,' she answered. 'The unopened box is still in my possession.'

'Then you have saved England from a deadly peril—from a disastrous and terrible war!' I exclaimed, almost breathless, but jubilant.

'When Krauss came to me and I refused to deliver up the despatches,' she explained, 'he grew furious, threatening me with the same menace of exposure he had successfully used to secure his release and obtain my assistance in his master-stroke of espionage. But from what I had

learnt by diligent inquiry, I knew full well that you were in active search of the missing letters; and, further, I felt assured that they must be of gravest importance in the critical political outlook. Hence, after fully viewing the situation, I determined to disregard his threats and keep the correspondence intact. I feared to reveal my wretched story of woman's weakness lest you should cast me aside as a spy; and it was for that reason I have been compelled to preserve silence so long. You will now understand the reason of our midnight meetings on the boulevards, and of this man's murderous attack upon me. At that moment, so infuriated was he by my refusal to deliver up the papers that I believe he would have murdered me had you not come to my aid.'

'It is amazing!' I exclaimed, dumfounded, when she paused.

'Yes, the facts are indeed extraordinary,' she said. 'When Krauss found me inexorable and determined not to betray the secrets of English diplomacy, he first employed that tall man whose presence at the Palace you noticed, as a spy on me, and then he devised, with vile ingenuity, another plan, which, but for you, might have succeeded. By artful plotting he contrived to introduce this woman, his accomplice, as my maid, in order that she might be enabled to search my belongings and secure the papers which the French Government were so anxious to possess. Fortunately, however, you recognised her, and then I instantly discerned her object in entering my service.'

Judith Kohn laughed defiantly; while Krauss, sullen and silent, seemed undecided how to act now that his secret designs were made known and he was denounced as a cunning, despicable spy, whose craftiness had been frustrated just when he hoped to make his greatest *coup*.

With the vindictiveness characteristic of such women, Judith Kohn poured forth on me a torrent of abuse, referring in no measured terms to the death of the Chevalier de Jedina, and declaring that I was a murderer. Mélanie, however, took no heed of her libellous utterances, for she was satisfied as to the truth of the explanation I had given of the dastardly plot against me, by which a man's life was sacrificed.

'But the stolen despatch-box—where is it?' I asked of Mélanie.

For answer she crossed to an antique carved oak chest, which she opened, and, lifting out the box so cleverly snatched from Graves's possession, handed it to me. As I took the box I noticed that Sir John Drummond's seals on it were still actually intact.

The covetous eyes of the pair were fixed on the box; and, fearing they might make a dash to overpower me and obtain possession of its precious contents, I whipped out my revolver and held it in readiness. The sight of my weapon cowed them;

possibly they remembered that I could generally shoot straight.

'You have, by refusing to part with this, *Mélaine*,' I said, placing my hand upon the despatch-box, 'rendered a service to my Queen and country of a magnitude it is almost impossible to comprehend. Had these letters been in the hands of our enemies it is absolutely certain that to-day the whole of Europe would have been convulsed by the most terrible and disastrous war the world has ever known. Driven by this pair of malefactors to commit a treasonable and dishonourable offence, you fortunately recognised the extreme gravity of the situation in time, and thus the honour and security of England has been preserved.'

'Had I not met you in the Bois, Philip,' she said

in a broken voice, 'I should certainly have parted with the box in order to obtain a respite from this man's eternal persecutions, for he made it the price of my deliverance from this thralldom. God knows how I have suffered; how, day by day, I strove to brace myself up to confess all to you, but had not the courage; how day by day I prayed to Heaven to deliver me from the hateful bond.'

'But what was this bond?' I asked, puzzled. 'Why were you in constant dread of this man? Why were his threats so potent in compelling you to act as you have done?'

'Ah!' laughed Krauss, with sarcasm. 'Now tell your lover the truth in that also. You said you would not conceal anything.'

She was silent, and the colour again left her face.

THE SQUALOR OF ROME.



ROME, the symbolic capital of Italy—for it is not the same to Italy that London is to England or Paris to France—has a criminal class of its own, resembling in some points, but differing in many from the criminal classes of other great cities.

Rome has no *mafia* like Sicily or *camorra* like Naples; it has not even the *teppisti* of Milan or the *barabba* of Turin. It has, however, criminals of a higher and a lower grade. Proofs of this were shown not long ago, when two mysterious assassinations occurred, caused neither by love nor greed; the victim in one instance being a young aristocrat, and in the other a common cook.

The chief nest of criminals in Rome is the quarter lying between Campo Verano and Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. This quarter is almost wholly filled by the street called Rione di San Lorenzo. Secondary evil localities are situated in Trastevere and towards Prati di Castello.

The torrent of vice flowing through Rome was accumulated in the muddy region near Castel St Angelo until the renovation of the city demolished all the old buildings and drove the inhabitants away.

The street of San Lorenzo has not the filthy appearance of the worst quarters in Naples; but it has an intensely sad and dreary aspect, breathing of poverty—a poverty pervading every tenement-house, every shop, every group of women and children working and playing under the great portals leading into the courtyards.

In these latter, and from the surrounding windows of the four or five stories, hang strings of clothing wet from the wash. At sunset, when the glow from the Campagna can be seen between the roofs of the tall houses, the place seems even more melancholy. Workmen return, toil-worn, from their labour; untidy women gossip on the landings of the huge staircases; children shout

and scream with renewed vigour; and the costermongers in the street cry out their wares with greater persistence as the day declines. Then thieves and wretches begin to creep from hidden corners; the drinking-shops become crowded. In Piazza Guglielmo Pepe, close at hand, the penny theatres, booths, rope-dancers, and *saltimbanques* are stared at by the destitute and patronised by those who have a farthing to spare or to risk in some illegal game.

The accounts of overcrowding given by the authors of the book before us, *La Mala Vita a Roma*, greatly resemble the vivid pictures of overcrowding in London published in the *Daily News*. The authors describe a large tenement-house in Via dei Marsi, in which most of the rooms are rented at five francs a month. It looks towards the Campagna, and contains an enormous population. The tyrant of the tenants is the inevitable *guarda-porta*, or doorkeeper, an old hag who knows everything about the occupants of the different flats, and very often has their fate in her hands—for it is to her that the police apply when wanting information concerning some suspected person. She it is who is questioned by charitable ladies when they distribute soup-tickets and the like; and she acts as arbitrator in a quarrel or undertakes the office of spy.

This hag pretends that she never meddles in other people's business; but she cannot hold her tongue, and retails all she knows of the scandal of the place with a malignity proper to women of her class and profession. See her talking to that worn woman, who wears a 'fringe,' a low-necked yellow bodice, and a purple skirt. The woman dandles a neighbour's child on her knee, while she makes wicked remarks, in a peculiar dialect, on the passers-by. The great staircase of the house is full of shabby men and women going up or down. Some sit on the steps; others cook their mess of greens on little terra-cotta

stoves placed on the landing outside their door. Now and then a young man passes who is distinguished by a thick lock of hair hanging over his forehead and a bold and impudent stare: a thief, and worse than a thief, he lives on the abandoned woman over whom he tyrannises.

There are also some honest folk among the wretched crowd: poor mothers who work hard for their little children and for their husbands out of work or dying from fever. Such women lower their eyelids modestly as one passes by, and never beg, but try to hide themselves and their poverty.

Here is a small room which is a type of many others. Two boards resting on iron supports form the bed for the parents and four children. The parents are flower-sellers out of work—that is, not working for a florist; but they endeavour to buy enough material to make a wreath or fill a basket, which they may sell for a trifle. When you give them money or a soup-ticket, a little boy, to whom his father has whispered a word, takes a violet from the table, and, with Italian grace, touches your sleeve, places the flower in your hand, and, with a murmured ‘*Grazie*,’ runs away.

In another room, scarcely larger, lives a washerwoman with five children ranging from nine to seventeen years of age, who sleep on one straw mattress. Two young joiners lodge in an adjoining room, paying the washerwoman five sous a day for the accommodation. The woman declares that she and her children are starving, and that the latter cannot go to school because they have no decent clothing; but in a drawer of the table is hidden white bread of the finest quality, and plates with traces of gravy are to be seen, and empty bottles still odorous of wine, which speak of good fare.

Many of the tenants of these slums are consumptive, even in ‘sunny Italy,’ and unable to work. One such patient and his wife live on a little food doled out to them by a relative, with, in addition, about six sous a day earned by the wife taking care of the children of half-a-dozen neighbours while the mothers are out at work. The couple also lodge an old woman, who sleeps on a straw mattress in their own room; the old woman helping to pay the rent.

In another room, the rent of which is six francs a month, we find four small children all alone; their parents are away gathering herbs in the fields. There is absolutely nothing in this room but a bench, and across one corner is stretched a cord on which hang ragged clothes.

In one similar miserable den lies a dead child, covered with vermin; the mother, indifferent or stupefied, gazes at the priest who has been called in to give extreme unction, while five children stare carelessly at their dead sister, and are full of curiosity about the sacred rites.

The most awful promiscuous herding together of both sexes is to be found in another almost

dark room, where an old beggar, the tenant of the place, sleeps on a sack in one corner with his aged wife; and he lets two other sacks, one to a workman eighteen years of age, and the other to three orphan sisters, the eldest eighteen years old and the youngest nine. The poverty of all of them is so abject that the gift of a pair of old boots makes them happy.

Let us go down to a lower story and visit four orphans who live there. The eldest is nineteen years old, and has been in hospital with fever until a few days ago. She is haggard and pale, and her eyes are large and hollow. An old shawl, faded and torn, is thrown over her head and shivering shoulders. She and her next eldest sister are seeking situations as servants; but who would engage girls who look so weak and incapable? Who, were the two away, will take care of the younger sisters?

On the walls of all these miserable dwellings designs and sentences have been traced by the tenants in charcoal, paint, or any colouring matter that came handy. Many of the rude drawings are obscene; many are figures of men drawn by children, and are identical with such found all over the world. Inscriptions such as ‘Famine!’ ‘Starvation!’ or ‘Viva Garibaldi!’ are frequent.

To leave this hive of misery and in a few moments change the scene to the gardens of the Pincio or the gay crowd on the Corso is to feel acutely the vast difference which exists between the lives of the rich and the poor, and to cease to wonder that very often the former class is hated by the latter.

Our authors, Signor Niceforo and Signor Siquhele have drawn vivid pictures of the fortune-tellers, hags who prey on the superstition of the ignorant Roman populace, and even wrest money from the foolish of the upper classes. A typical fortune-teller is Teresinaccia, nicknamed *La Strega*, or the witch. She inhabits a decent tenement-apartment in Via Margherita, and her parlour is furnished with some attempt at elegance. She is well dressed, for she is a fashionable fortune-teller, and demands one lira for each telling of the cards; therefore she looks down on humbler colleagues who are content with a few sous. In one corner of her parlour stands the wooden figure of a wizard, peaked cap on head and magic wand in hand. A young working-girl arrives to consult the fortune-teller, who, after reading the cards, advises her to use magic to hasten her lover, as he is slow in proposing marriage. ‘What shall I do?’ asks the girl. ‘Have you a lock of his hair with you?’ questions the witch. The girl produces from the bosom of her dress a lock of hair tied with a gold thread. Teresinaccia takes down a crucifix from the wall, places it on the table, and lays upon it half of the hair. Then, kindling charcoal in a small stove, she begins to mutter an incantation as absurd as it is blas-

phemous, spits three times on the crucifix, and ends by enjoining the girl to recite the *Ave Maria* three times. The hag then repeats many nonsensical verses, in which the name of Beelzebub is mentioned, and throws the half-lock of hair she has reserved on the live-coals. The girl pays two hard-earned francs and goes her way. Presently there enters a shoemaker, who boldly declares that he desires the death of a woman he hates. Thereupon the hag produces a board on which a live frog is fastened by means of four pins. She bids the man pierce the stomach of the frog with twelve other pins, saying that each prick will be transferred to the heart of the woman on whom he wishes to be revenged, and she will die as soon as the frog ceases to live, which may be at once or some weeks later. The man obeys, while the hag recites an incantation to St Colomba and St Giovanna. When the pins are all placed she bids the man kneel down and recite a nonsensical paternoster. Here we have cruelty and blasphemy combined.

A fortune-teller of a lower order, who lives in a dirty and obscure house, is constantly applied to by jealous lovers. A girl who has a hated rival sends the latter, under the veil of friendship, to consult the fortune-teller, who is prepared beforehand to frighten her from her pursuit of the man she loves. While the hag mixes the cards and the girl watches, three knocks are heard at the door. 'That is a bad sign,' says the witch. 'It means that you are not beloved.' The fortune-teller continues to lay the cards several times, but always with a bad result. The girl is told that the man she loves has no intention of marrying her, and is advised to have recourse to all sorts of magic, for which she pays a considerable sum. The rival who has sent her also pays the witch, who thus earns a double fee. The objects sold by the witch as charms are many and various. One is a bit of rag; another is a purse containing salt, a bit of hay, some barley, and some nails. These charms are said to lose their power after a month or two, when they must be replaced. Packs of cards which have been blessed by a priest are considered very efficacious.

Such fortune-tellers as Teresinaccia are also frequently so-called 'makers of angels'—that is, they sell pills for illegal purposes; and the number of girls and women of the lower classes who have recourse to these infernal arts, for which sums of twenty to a hundred francs are paid, is frightful. The Roman poet Gioacchino Belli wrote a sonnet, entitled *La Strega* ('The Witch'), referring to this horrible phase of modern Roman life.

Passing over a description of vice in the chapters entitled 'The Demi-Vierges of Rome,' 'Thieves and Beggars,' and one on the thieves' jargon of the *Mala Vita*, we come to an account of the deleterious influence of permitting the

prisoners to meet together in large rooms, passing the time in relating their several adventures; the older ones instructing the novices, who have, perhaps, barely entered on a life of crime, into the best means of robbery, cheating, and all forms of vice.

Confirmed criminals regard the prison as a place of temporary repose, and play like children at all sorts of games, which they contrive to make both cruel and wicked. The victim of the game is always the new-comer, who, in the jargon of the place, is called the *burro*, a name no doubt derived from the Spanish *burro* (ass); and he is the object of practical jokes which deprive him of sleep, food, and all comfort.

A curious game is that called 'The Smuggler.' The prisoners stretch a counterpane over four benches, so that a man can creep through underneath. Each player takes the name of some article of contraband; but the novice is given the name of 'Pepper.' Then each man in turn creeps under the counterpane at one side, and as he issues at the other he calls out his name. Another man, acting as Custom-house officer, waits, besom in hand, for the appearance of the 'smuggler.' As soon as the turn of the novice comes, and he calls out 'Pepper!' as instructed, all the other players fall upon him and beat him with right goodwill.

These prison games are all founded on a base of cruelty, risk, and fortitude; therefore they have a certain psychological interest. Almost all the amusements of prisoners end in the shedding of blood; and it seems that the authorities are unable to maintain discipline and order. Especially is it impossible to prevent those who do work from secreting pointed nails, bits of sharp steel, or a knife, which they hide in the most ingenious manner. A very dangerous game is called the *Patta*, in which there are two players. One holds in each hand a small stick with a nail or other sharp point fastened at the end; then, with his arms at full stretch, he strikes the points together. The task of the other player is to pass his head between the two points without being struck, if possible; but generally he is struck, getting severe pricks or stabs on the temple or face. Some of the men, however, do not cease playing till they have received fifteen or sixteen pricks deep enough to leave scars.

In another game one of the players places the palm of his hand flat on the table with the fingers outstretched, while the other strikes with the armed stick rapidly in the spaces between the fingers. When the striker happens to hit a finger the players change places; and woe to him who refuses to place his hand on the table when his turn comes.

Well-known children's games acquire a fierce character when played by criminals. In 'Blind-man's Buff' the blinded man seeks for his companions with a handkerchief in which is tied a stone or heavy ball, which he launches with full

force at a person whom he believes to be within his reach, often hurting him severely. 'Skipping' is also managed in such a way as frequently to produce serious hurt, and prisoners speak of this game as very dangerous. When a player jumps, the two who hold the rope raise or lower it suddenly, and so trip him up, and cause him to fall heavily on the stone pavement. 'Leap-frog' is also rendered dangerous in a similar manner, the player who 'gives a back' suddenly starting erect, so as to throw the leaper backwards to the ground.

In other games fortitude is the absolute condition of victory. For example, one of two players puts his closed fist on the table, tightly holding two large needles so that the points protrude. The other player strikes his own closed fist on the needles, and the game is to see who can best resist the pain of inevitable punctures.

Love of combat is shown in all these prison amusements; and as games are, everywhere, due to superabundant vital activity, it is evident that this is specially prominent in criminals. Professor Lombroso ascribes the peculiar quickness and agility of criminals to a kind of simian nature, showing a great development of the motor at the expense of the cerebral centres; and the intense admiration which all criminals bestow on proofs of physical force belongs also to the primitive stage of civilisation.

The authors of this interesting book conclude by advising a thorough reform of criminal law, and especially do they advocate the creation of penal establishments in which professional criminals would be entirely separated from those who are just entering on a career of crime, and might therefore be saved.

THE OPAL BRACELET.

CHAPTER II.



EXT day everything in the drawing-room and dining-room was turned out of doors without result. Not a trace was to be found anywhere of the unlucky opal bracelet.

Lady Crescent sent round in the morning for latest reports, and Marion came in the afternoon with similar purpose. One or other of them continued to call every afternoon during the succeeding week. Twice, after sitting in the drawing-room with Mrs Lamington, her ladyship penetrated the schoolroom.

On the first of these visits Evie and Sid were playing in the bow-window. I was writing at the centre-table. Though outwardly controlled, I was inwardly nervous at the unwonted intrusion.

'I suppose you know I haven't heard anything of my bracelet?' her ladyship asked, levelling her tortoise-shell *pince-nez* at me.

'I know,' I said. 'It is very mysterious. Mrs Lamington has had a thorough search made, and of course Clark and Matilda are above suspicion.'

'Of course,' she assented, still looking at me fixedly. 'Mrs Lamington would have me believe I never wore it at all,' she continued. 'But you saw it?'

'Of course I saw it,' I said impatiently. 'I said so at the time of the loss, if you remember.'

'I know,' she said. 'But your manner was so uncertain and hesitating that it seems unfortunately to have conveyed a doubt.'

'I am afraid I cannot help my manner,' I said stiffly.

'Perhaps you would repeat to Mr and Mrs Lamington that you did see it,' she persisted.

'Certainly, if you wish it,' I returned coldly.

She treated me to some moments of fixed scrutiny, and then she left as abruptly as she had come.

The second visit she paid me I was threading some beads for Evie, and kneeling in the bow-window. Although a *portière* curtain covered the door, I became aware from the sound of voices on the landing outside that the door itself was ajar.

I heard Mrs Lamington say, in accents I knew so well, distressed, wavering, undecided:

'Of course you can say what you like to her. You are the person principally concerned. She certainly appeared to be pushed for money that morning, but that might mean nothing. No; it is a ridiculous notion. I should as soon think of suspecting myself.'

There was a pause; then the muffled exclamation of consternation people emit when they discover their audience is larger than they bargained for, and Lady Crescent entered the room alone.

She merely nodded to me. Her equal for aggressive insolence would have been hard to find. She began by addressing the children. They both disliked her, and drew away as soon as civility permitted.

I continued to thread the beads in silence. I had always vague expectations of unpleasantness when Lady Crescent sought me out; and there was always the possibility of the unpleasantness being somehow connected with Jack.

'You don't ask if there is news of my bracelet,' she said suddenly.

'No,' I said. 'Is there?'

'There isn't,' she rejoined, with a solemn significance that wholly escaped me.

I returned to my beads.

'Miss Ashley,' she began again, 'what is your theory about its disappearance?'

I was bored by her persistency. An opal bracelet may be intrinsically valuable, but it has limits as a topic of conversation.

'I haven't any theory, Lady Crescent,' I said quietly. 'There isn't any explanation that I can see.'

'There is always an explanation of everything,' she argued.

'I dare say,' I assented, sick to death of the subject, 'if you can find it.'

'You think Clark and Matilda quite reliable?' she asked presently.

'Haden't you better ask Mrs Lamington?' I said, at the extreme of my patience. 'They are her servants. She knows their characters.'

'I see you don't think them altogether reliable?' continued my exasperating interrogator.

'Lady Crescent,' I said angrily, 'I must ask you not to put words into my mouth. I consider Clark and Matilda as reliable as—as you are.' I did not add 'More so,' but I meant it.

'Then why did you not say so at once?' she asked testily, the upright jet ornament in her bonnet quivering angrily.

'Because the matter is not one that concerns me,' I retorted.

'I should have said it concerned every one on whom the shadow of a suspicion might rest,' she said—'all the guests at the dinner-party,' she added, catching my eye. Then she rose and sailed out of the room.

Left alone, I boiled to a white-heat. Sid jugged my elbow, but received no response. Evie relieved my trembling fingers of their string of coloured beads unopposed. I was confounded—utterly paralysed. The accusation that every individual feature of Lady Crescent's face conveyed—those bead-like black eyes of hers, her hawk-like nose, even to her aggressive tortoise-shell *pince-nez*—the accusation of all was clear enough now. She suspected *me*—me, who might have held my head as high as she in the social world had not pecuniary misfortune overtaken my family—of stealing her bracelet!

From a white-heat I became limp, inert, nerveless. More terrible than this woman's fiendish suspicious Mrs Lamington's wavering tones echoed in my ears: 'She certainly appeared to be pushed for money that morning.'

The hot blood surged in my face and tingled to the tips of my ears. What fiendish fate had prompted me on the very morning of the dinner-party to ask Mrs Lamington for arrears of salary due to me to send out to America to poor, wayward, erring Tom, who could not be impressed with the fact that his sister was not possessed of inexhaustible reserve funds? Then came the echo of Mrs Lamington's protesting tones: 'It is a ridiculous notion. I should as soon suspect myself.' But I knew little Mrs Lamington was in the hands of a woman like Lady Crescent as clay in the hands of the potter.

By-and-by the mists began to clear away. Then to my aid came the blessed thought of Jack. How utterly ridiculous were my fears and anxieties—how senseless the first fierce impulse to denounce Lady Crescent and then throw up my situation! I had a reaction of robust common-sense.

Jack would be home shortly. Meantime an old woman's vile suspicions could not harm me; and the odious piece of jewellery must surely turn up some day from some unexpected quarter. A broad band of eighteen carat gold (as Lady Crescent had frequently informed us), studded with opals and diamonds, does not ordinarily vanish without leaving a trace behind.

Time passed at the Lamingtons', bringing Jack's return nearer. I avoided contact with Lady Crescent and her daughter—not a difficult matter—and at times I even forgot there had ever existed an opal bracelet. What brought it to my recollection from time to time was a certain subtle change that I fancied I detected in Mrs Lamington's manner—a shade of coldness that had crept into it, and that seemed to interject a barrier between us that had never been there before.

It was nearing Christmas-time. The children were already in imagination drawn into that halo that to the child's mind seems invariably to glorify that special season of the year. Jack was coming. I too was infected by their spirits.

One day Mrs Lamington announced that she had taken two tickets for an evening concert, and that she would like me to take Sid. An infant prodigy was advertised to perform on the violin; and, with a mother's fond hopefulness, Mrs Lamington trusted the sight would act as a spur to her boy's ambition in this direction.

'I shall not make a practice of his going to evening concerts,' she said. 'But only just this once; it is so good for him to see what *can* be done.'

As the hour of the concert approached I despatched Sid to get ready, and went to my own room to do likewise.

It was a pleasant variety to the monotony of my evenings. I rarely had an opportunity of wearing anything gayer than a silk blouse in the quiet home evenings, so I shook out the bodice of my black lace dress, and laid it tenderly on the bed, reflecting that times had indeed changed since misfortune had thrown me on a cold world. Before these days it would have been no event for me to wear an evening-dress. Now I had not had one on since the night of Mrs Lamington's fateful dinner-party.

I lifted the skirt from the lowest drawer of the wardrobe and gave it a little adjusting shake, preparatory to depositing it beside the bodice. As I did so something hard struck my foot sharply. I turned it round. Something gleamed near the foot, half-concealed in the lace

flounce. I lifted it quickly. It was Lady Crescent's opal bracelet that stared me in the face! It hung by a mere thread of lace, that had entangled itself in the catch of the clasp. I extricated it carefully. Then the skirt dropped on the floor in a heap, and I sat staring at it for I do not know how long. In the first confusion of ideas came the flashing thought that I was the victim of a plot. '*An enemy hath done this.*' I had a confused mental vision of Marion's green, jealous eyes. Then I realised that the explanation was of the simplest. It had fallen from Lady Crescent's arm and caught in my dress.

My first impulse was to call Mrs Lamington, and then suddenly Sid's voice on the other side of the door brought my heart into my mouth, and caused me to do one of the most foolish things I have ever done in my life. I threw the bracelet into the depths of an open drawer under some clothes, turned the key on it, and bade him enter.

'Aren't you ready?' he asked, astonished at the early stage in which he found my proceedings. 'Are you ill? The cab's here.'

'I shall be downstairs in five minutes,' I said, despatching him, and throwing on my dress.

I went to the concert. Apparently there is something discouraging about perfection. The violinist prodigy goaded Sid to no emulation. He was too far above him, and fell flat in so far at least as acting as a spur to his ambition. Some one nearer his own level would have appealed to him more. I have noticed this in the big world, too, outside the violin.

As for me, the infant prodigy fiddled to deaf ears. I saw nothing before my eyes but the opal bracelet.

I might write volumes without being able to convey the trembling indecision, the fears, the apprehensions, the torture, the weary tossings, mental and physical, that made up that miserable night. Lady Crescent and Marion believed me a thief. Mrs Lamington half-believed it. How would they receive the confession of my discovering the bracelet entangled in my dress at this late date except as a cock-and-bull story, raked up to still conscience-prickings—a tardy repentance? By confession, so to speak, I would but make a virtue of necessity.

And so, hardly realising what I did, and because it seemed impossible for me to act otherwise without seriously inculpating myself, I kept the bracelet from day to day locked up in a drawer. I guarded it as if it were some guilty secret. The detestable piece of jewellery robbed me of sleep and appetite.

I exaggerated to myself the coldness of Mrs Lamington's manner. I flushed up to the eyes at lunch one day when Mr Lamington made a chance reference to the bracelet; and when it occurred to me that I had forgotten to lock the drawer where the hateful article was hidden I

broke into a cold perspiration. I started at the slightest sound. The sight of Lady Crescent in the hall or meeting Marion in the street produced a fit of trembling.

One day Mrs Lamington, remarking my pale face, I suppose, and nervous, spasmodic manner, said kindly:

'I am afraid you are not well, Miss Ashley. I shall be glad when Captain Vernon comes home'—whereat I burst into hysterical tears. I thought at the time she construed them into symptoms of guilt.

While I was perfectly aware that by acting as I was doing I was incriminating myself more and more, I seemed powerless to do anything else.

Life became an intolerable burden. I came so near being unhinged as sometimes at nights to be haunted by the idea that perhaps I really had taken the bracelet. I went the length of pondering whether it would be feasible to go out before daybreak and drop it into the river.

Before, however, I had succeeded in overbalancing my brain, or in sowing the seeds of a fatal consumption, I had news from Jack that he was on the eve of landing in England. I immediately revived. I had written merely the bare details of his aunt's loss—nothing more. Perhaps Jack might have a way to clear off the clouds of this daily nightmare. Then there crept into my mind the awful possibility of Jack's loyalty and love not being proof against Lady Crescent's and Marion's vile suspicions. Then I took myself to severe task for my lack of faith.

But no amount of theories about a person is equivalent to the assurance conveyed by that person's warm, living, tangible presence. I found this to be the case with Jack's arms round me and his bronzed face and blue eyes within easy reach of mine.

He held me off after the first greetings, noting with searching, dissatisfied gaze every detail of my features.

'What have you done to yourself?' he asked. 'Or what have they been doing to you?'—looking grimly round to avenge the deterioration in my personal appearance on the Lamingtons or any one else who might offer convenient.

'Done?' I repeated tremulously. 'Nothing.' I manfully winked away an uncomfortable moisture in my eyes. 'I have been bothered,' I added.

'How?' fiercely.

'Never mind just now,' I faltered, dying to unburden myself.

'But I do mind,' he persisted, still fierce and determined. 'My poor little girl! No one shall bother you with impunity;' and he straightened himself into an attitude of challenge towards my unknown tormentors.

His accents of tender solicitude, his ardent regards, after the frigid ones that had been my daily portion, proved in my unstrung condition to be the last straw.

I threw myself into his arms and broke into hysterical weeping. 'Oh Jack,' I cried, 'take me away from here! I would far rather starve on a crust with you than go through again what I have endured.'

I felt Jack's strong arms tremble.

'There, there, you are all upset,' he said in a voice in which one would soothe a child. 'Try to control yourself if you can, and tell me all about it.'

By-and-by I did succeed in controlling myself, and told him the whole matter. I concealed nothing. I slurred over no detail. I rehearsed the eventful evening—the dinner-table conversation between me and Lady Crescent, the after-dinner doings, my unwillingness to teach her the blanket-stitch—the friction between us over it—even to Sid's dramatic entrance in his night-gown, and the incriminating fact of my having left the drawing-room with him for ten minutes after wrenching him from Lady Crescent's embrace. I told him of Lady Crescent's and Marion's evident suspicions, of Lady Crescent's words to Mrs Lamington, which I had overheard, even my unfortunate request on the morning of the dinner-party for the arrears of salary; that seemed to imply a shortness of money and to supply the needed motive for my supposed crime. I told him of Mrs Lamington's growing coldness, and finally of my discovery of the bracelet in the lace flounce of my dress after many days, my first impulse to call Mrs Lamington, succeeded by deterring thoughts; of the interval that had elapsed since the loss, of the improbability of my story being accepted, and all my subsequent misery.

I unfolded it all to Jack, and he listened with unflinching attention, only interrupting me to ask a question here and there.

'Confound the bracelet and the old hag!' he exclaimed when I had concluded. 'She was not satisfied with the division of jewellery on my mother's death, and as good as asked me to supplement her share of the spoil. That was how I came to be the donor of the bracelet.'

'And now that you are here, Jack,' I said, with sudden bravery, 'I don't mind so much telling them how it all happened. It is funny what a difference your backing makes.'

Jack stroked his moustache thoughtfully.

'No,' he said at last; 'that's hardly my idea. Of course, what you ought to have done was to explain the first moment you found the beastly thing; but, not having done this, it is out of the question to do so at this distance of time.'

'Then how am I to get the bracelet back to Lady Crescent?' I asked.

Jack dived into his pocket and extracted some loose scraps of paper.

'Just release the particulars once more, please,' he said, with the air of a detective, pencil in hand. I had always known that Jack was a first-rate soldier. I now discovered, from his accuracy,

his searching questions, the prominence he gave to apparently insignificant details, that he had in addition a distinct legal aptitude. He made copious jottings. Then he folded up the slips and put them in his pocket.

'You've got the bracelet all right?' he asked as he was leaving.

I nodded. 'I wish it were at the bottom of the Thames.'

'Or in Lady Crescent's jewel-case. That would answer the purpose equally well,' Jack said. 'But don't you worry your little head. Leave it to me.'

I need hardly say I was too glad to ease my burdened mind at the expense of Jack's.

The very next day he appeared in Hatton Gardens. He looked so confident that I almost thought that he had found a way for me out of the very tight place in which I found myself.

'I think I have it,' he said slowly. 'Just answer one or two more questions, please—will you? The little chap, Sid, who walks in his sleep—you say it was Lady Crescent's sudden grasp that waked him?'

'Yes,' I said. 'I had the greatest difficulty in disengaging him from her hold. She held on, I feel sure, just to annoy me.'

'It might have been in this friendly little skirmish that the bracelet became detached and hooked on to your skirt—eh?'

'Quite possible.'

He knitted his brows thoughtfully.

'You did not let the child recross the hall in his night-shirt alone, I presume?' he asked after a pause.

'No; I threw the sofa-blanket round him—the piece of work Lady Crescent and I quarrelled about. It was handy. You remember I told you Lady Crescent wanted the pattern.'

'I suppose she has got it by this time?' he asked.

'No, she hasn't,' I said. 'I happened to hear her reminding Mrs Lamington about it the other day.'

'What has become of it?' Jack asked.

I confess that about this juncture I thought Jack was becoming irrelevant.

'I don't know. Yes, by the way, I do. I remember Mrs Lamington folded it away the next morning with her own hands.'

'You are quite sure of this?'

'Quite sure. She said it was for a Christmas present, and it would only soil lying about as it had been doing.'

Jack nodded his head twice, apparently satisfied with my replies to his extraordinary questions.

'I think it will do,' he said in a satisfied tone, 'if you will just execute one little commission for me?'

'Yes,' I replied, thoroughly mystified.

'You have access to the place where this rug or sofa-blanket, or whatever it is, is kept?'

'Yes,' I returned. 'It is in a trunk in the lumber-room.'

'Good,' he said. 'I suppose you go there occasionally? You could go without it appearing in any way singular, I mean?'

'Easily. I keep things there too, in another trunk.'

'Good,' he reiterated again. 'Now,' he said, with a touch of repressed eagerness, 'what I want you to do is to take the bracelet and put it among the folds of the rug, the clasp open as you found it, the catch caught on the fabric of the rug instead of on your dress. Do you understand? Do you think you could do this?'

I opened my lips to exclaim.

'Trust me,' he said; and I closed them.

'I think I could,' I said.

'This afternoon—now?' he went on. 'Clark said Mrs Lamington had taken the children out.'

He took out his watch, and then smiled at my agitated face.

'Do you see a light?' he asked. Then, stopping me as I was about to speak: 'Trust me, and try not to be out of the way to-morrow about five—not to have the children out of the way either if you can manage it.'

'The schoolroom tea is at five,' I said.

After he left, with trembling fingers, I unlocked the drawer where I kept the opal bracelet, deposited it in my pocket, and crept up to the lumber-room with a beating heart and the stealthy tread of a thief. I opened the trunk that held the sofa-blanket. It reposed squarely folded under an eider-down quilt. I raised the latter gently, and taking one of the elaborately embroidered corners, easily hooked the catch of the bracelet into the silk thread. Even were the blanket suddenly unfolded, I, with a glimmering of Jack's meaning, made sure that it would still adhere. Then I replaced the quilt and crept downstairs. Merely to have my room rid of the hateful presence of the bracelet was a relief.

BACK FROM MAGDALA; CHOLERA AND MUTINY ON THE HIGH SEAS.

By H. HERVEY.

THE 10th of June 1868 found me boarding the good ship *Zenobia*, lying in Annesley Bay. The Abyssinian campaign was over; the expedition to Magdala to release the prisoners and vindicate the far-reaching power of the British Lion had been successfully carried out; and now the universal cry was 'Home'—some to dear Old England, others to India. I was numbered among the latter.

Originally a paddle war-steamer of the Indian marine, the *Zenobia* had been recently purchased by some London shipowners, who had stripped her of machinery, lengthened her, and launched her on the bosom of the deep as a three-masted full-rigged sailer; and here she was, a chartered Government transport, the 'blue-peter' flying at her foretopmast-head, her canvas cast loose and anchor apeak, on the eve of leaving for Bombay. When joining the field-force I had voyaged in the *John Bright*, an opium screw-steamer, narrow as a knifeboard and swift as a greyhound, which ran across from Bombay to Zoulla in a little over a week. The prospect, therefore, of spending an indefinite period on this huge, 'heartless' three-master, at the mercy of the waves and the winds, was somewhat disconcerting; for, naturally enough, we one and all yearned to return to civilisation and get home, wherever that was.

My colleague, Brown, of the Telegraph Department; a transport-officer named Devine, in command of five hundred Punjabi mule-drivers; Dr Ratton, in medical charge of us all; Captain

Hutchinson, the rough, burly, north-country skipper; the first mate, an Irishman named O'Kelly; and, lastly, the writer—we composed the *élite* or 'cuddy-end' population of the ship. Corsy and Rob, the second and third mates—who, having 'come through the hawse-holes,' always preferred eating peas with their knives and dispensing with pocket-handkerchiefs—occupied a deckhouse amidships, and messed with the steward and gunner. The fore-castle was peopled with a mixed crew of some thirty hands, composed of Yankees, South Americans, Maltese, and Greeks; the only Britisher among them being a Scotch lad named Ross. The mule-drivers were berthed 'tween-decks.

All went well for a few days—winds light; the ship, carrying every stitch, making about five knots, close-hauled. On this particular morning the waist was black with the Punjabis; the watch, when they had scrubbed decks, having nothing to do beyond trim sail occasionally, lolled about wherever they could find a patch of shade; while we on the poop aft amused ourselves to the best of our ability. Dr Ratton, on completing his usual round, considerably startled us by reporting that several of the Punjabis were ill with cholera. Consequently disinfecting measures were resorted to immediately after breakfast, the sick men segregated as far forward as practicable, and all other precautions taken. As the day wore on two natives died, while others were seized. The Punjabis soon became demoralised, and not a man could be coerced or persuaded to

sew up the corpses of their brethren and slip them overboard. The crew had, therefore, to be called on for the work; and we noticed they undertook it with reluctance, and behaved insubordinately when piped for the purpose.

To add to this undesirable state of affairs, it fell a dead calm; and there we lay like a 'painted ship upon a painted ocean,' with a crowd of cholera-stricken people, a crew of foreign disaffected seamen, and but one medical man to cope with the terrible visitation. While we stood deliberating at the break of the poop, with the din of the Punjabis' lamentations in our ears, the third mate, who had gone forward to get together some hands to man the gangway-doors for the purpose of disposing of several corpses, came aft and climbed the poop-ladder.

'It ain't no use, sir,' said he, touching his cap to the captain; 'they say as they didn't sign on for no such job as this 'ere. Not a soul on 'em will budge.'

'Lay forrard, and tell the bo'sun to pipe all hands aft; you and Corsy come back 'ere.—Stoord, ask Mr O'Kelly to step this way.—Gentlemen,' he added, turning to us, 'stand by me; there's nine on us, and we'll tackle 'em!'

Presently Rob returned, followed by the whole crew. The three mates and the steward ascended the ladder, Ross relieved the wheel, and the men stood in irregular groups on the maindeck, facing the poop-rails.

'Now, my lads!' cried the captain in a loud voice, addressing the sullen-looking crowd below him, 'what's your grievance? Appoint your spokesman, and let us 'ear all about it.'

After a little muttered confabulation, the sailors pushed forward one of their number—a big American, a typical Yankee, with long hair and a 'goatee,' dressed in a red flannel shirt, dirty white ducks thrust into rusty half-boots, and his waist swathed in a blue silk cummerbund, with an ugly knife peeping from its folds.

'Oh, you—eh?' remarked the skipper. 'Well, Silas Lampsey, what 'ave you to tell me?'

'Wal, boss,' replied the man, with a drawling nasal twang, 'the boys says that we didn't sign on articles at Liverpool for the job of heavin' a dead nigger over the side every five minutes of the day an' night; an' we are doggoned if we are goin' to do 't no more!'

'You refuse duty?'

'No, sires; we're willin' to work a healthy ship; but we've had enough of this 'ere. We doesn't care to ramose afore our time.'

'But how are we to get shot of the dead uns? You know the niggers won't do 't themselves.'

'Give the darned greasers a lambastin' with the rope's-end, and make 'em!'

'Yes, and 'av 'em at our throats, and all on us chucked overboard in a jiffy! You miserable son of a sea-cook! what do yer know of these 'ere

niggers? There's close on five 'undred on 'em, and every man-jack 'as a cutlass, as yer see!'

This was a fact; the mule-drivers, in common with the rest of our host of camp-followers, had been armed with drummers' swords, to be eventually given up at the arsenals of Bombay.

Another American now spoke up. 'This here doldrum acomin' on us has made it all the wusser,' said he. 'Joaquino here, as has been on the pilgrim run, knows these here parts, and says we mayn't get a breeze o' wind not for a month mebbe—didn't yer, Joaquino?'

'*Es verdad*,' replied Joaquino, the man appealed to, a swarthy Peruvian, with rings in his ears.

'There ain't no more round-shot to sink the greasers,' resumed Lampsey; 'the last went over the side this mornin'. How air yer agoin' to weight 'em, boss? This ain't a blessed steamboat, wi' firebars handy. Yer ain't agoin' to burrow through the notions to get at the ballast, all for the sake of a heap of dead niggers—air yer? I doesn't serpose as yer'll take the marlinspikes, break off stanchions, and wreck the darned ship for the same puppose—will yer?'

'I ain't agoin' to stand palaverin' with you chaps all day,' fumed the skipper. 'One word: will you turn to?'

'Barrin' heavin' of the corpuses, we will, boss,' replied Lampsey. 'But, look here, that tarnation cholera'll stick to us as long as we don't get no wind, and we may all on us be toes up in the space of a dog-watch. So, will yer listen to our pupposal?'

'What is it?'

'Show yer British rag topside donnards to the first steamboat as comes along, and get 'em to tow us through the Straits; the wind'll be fair then, and not only blow the tub along, but the cholera out o' her as well.'

The proposal was as feasible as it was reasonable; the doctor, too, agreeing that a good wind would tend to purify the ship. So we persuaded the captain to acquiesce. We were certainly in a serious predicament, chiefly on account of the presence of the fell disease in our midst; it was more than probable that it would in time spread all over the vessel. Therefore we did all we knew to get the skipper to agree.

'All right, lads!' he said, leaning over the rails; 'I will speak the first steamboat as passes goin' our way.'

'Good!' exclaimed Lampsey. 'But, say! the sooner the hawser comes aboard the better; for, mind you, boss, ne'er a one on us'll lay no finger on a corpus again; yer'll have to tote 'em along yerselves.' Saying which he slouched away forward towards his mates.

Now came a most trying time. Not a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the water; the ship rolled gently on the oily swell, with all her sails—even to the royals—set, to catch the slightest stir. The deaths continued with alarm-

ing rapidity; and then, as Lampsey had said, there was actually nothing wherewith to weight the corpses. The steward, Ross the Scotch sailord, and one or two of our own private native servants—under the stimulus of reward paid down on the nail at so much per head—their mouths and noses muffled in carbolic-saturated towels, constituted the burial-party. These men, penetrating 'tween-decks, dragged the corpses up the hatchway, across the deck, and pushed them through the gangway doors, just as they were; for there was little time and less inclination to sew them up in canvas, as had been done at the outset. Being unweighted, the bodies refused to sink; the sharks, moreover, did not appear to fancy them; and, being impelled by the same current, they kept by the ship's side, bobbing up and down, rolling over, now on their backs, now face up, in the most horribly gruesome fashion. We in the cuddy were fast becoming demoralised as well; then the wretched Punjabis crowded at the doors, and appealed to us in piteous strains, invoking Allah to grant us a wind, and imploring us to pray to God with the same object. What could we do? We told them that we should hail the first steamer and get her to tow us into a wind, which would not only fill our sails but blow the cholera out of the ship. In the meantime we exhorted them to be patient and obey the doctor in all things.

Several steamers passed, going in the same direction, but too far off to communicate. At last, on the tenth day of the calm, we sighted a two-funnel steamer hull down in our wake. She came on slowly, and as she drew abreast of us, about a mile away, we hoisted our distress-signal, and anxiously awaited the result. In a few minutes she replied, whereupon we displayed a whole line of bunting; on reading which she altered her course and ranged up to within speaking distance.

'Steamer, ahoy!' shouted our skipper through his trumpet. 'What steamer's that?'

'*West Indian*,' bellowed a voice from the other's bridge; 'Jeddah to Bombay. What ship's that?'

'*Zenobia*; Annesley Bay to Bombay.'

'What's the matter?'

'Cholera! Will you tow us through the Straits?'

'Sorry we can't. Port-engine broken down; much as we can do to get along ourselves. Can we help you otherwise? Have you a doctor?'

'Yes.'

'Want medicines?'

'No, thanks; have lots. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye!'

In another minute she put up her helm and resumed her course.

'There's no 'elp for't but to wait for the next,' said the skipper.

True, there was no help for it; so we put on

the best face possible, and called on our fortitude and patience to aid us.

Presently the crew again came aft, this time on their own initiative, their demeanour more truculent than before. Whether the disappointment had irritated them, or whether, owing to the existing dislocated state of affairs, they had managed to gain access to the spirit-room, I do not know, but their bearing now was mutinous.

'Capt. Hutchinson!' called Lampsey roughly from the maindeck.

'Well?' replied the skipper, going to the rail, whither we all followed him.

'We ain't agoin' to stand this here no furrer—we ain't!'

'Ain't yer? Suppose you think as that there steamboat with 'arf a lung could a towed a twelve 'undred ship—do yer?'

'What we thinks or doesn't think ain't neither here nor there; but I tell yer what, this ship's a coffin—she is; and we ain't agoin' to stop in her—we ain't! Jest yer come along to the fo'castle and take a whiff o' the stink as comes through the cracks in the bulkheads, and then say if Christian sailor-men can stand it any longer!'

'Ave patience, can't yer? Another steamboat'll be along presently, and we'll stop 'er.'

'We calkilate as we've drifted pretty considerable out o' the course, and ne'er a craft'll be acomin' this way; so we've made up our minds what ter do, and have come to give yer all a chaunst in wid us.'

'Well, out with it! What 'ave yer made up yer minds to do?'

'Take to the boats, and leave the tub and the niggers to theirselves.'

'Yes?'

'They'll all be dead afore a week; so will us if we stop here. The ship is sartin to be picked up by some darned salvager.'

'Well, all I 'ave to say is,' replied the captain, leaning over the rail and speaking impressively, 'that the first as touches lift or tackle I'll put a bullet through 'im as sure as God made little apples!'

'I guess more nor one can play at that game!' exclaimed Lampsey, shaking his fist at the captain. 'Come on, mates!' he added to his fellows, and the whole crowd made off to the fore-castle. A storm was brewing, and we unanimously ranged ourselves on the side of law and order. I and the other passengers fished out our revolvers, loaded them, and stuck them in our belts; the skipper similarly armed himself and the officers; and several of us, descending the poop-ladder, cast loose the two small brass guns which the ship carried, and trundled them into the cuddy. Rob, Corsy, the steward, and the lad Ross all came aft; while the crew, gathered in clusters on the fore-castle-head, appeared to be deep in consultation. Thus there ensued a lull. We were in the cuddy, talking over the state of affairs,

Ross at the wheel, and O'Kelly, the chief mate, on deck looking out for steamers. The poor plague-stricken Punjabis frequently came to the door and asked if there were any signs of a wind; for they had evidently become imbued with the truth of what we had told them earlier in the day, that a breeze, in all probability, would rid them of the scourge. The atmosphere was dense and hot, without the slightest breath of air; and we sat anxious and watchful, expecting at any moment to come to open loggerheads with the crew.

'Below there!' suddenly called O'Kelly through the skylight.

'Ullo!' responded the skipper.

'Sure, sir, it looks black and threatening to the west; it's a breeze of wind, I'm thinking.'

At the welcome words we all followed the captain, and rushed on deck. The mate pointed to the west; and, true enough, the horizon in that direction presented a dark-brown aspect. There was something in the air, too—in the oppressive stillness—that presaged an atmospheric disturbance of some sort, and we eagerly waited to hear the captain's opinion.

'A sand-squall, by thunder!' exclaimed he. 'Twill be down on us in no time! All hands take in sail!' he roared, in the direction of the forecabin. 'Be smart, lads; 'tis one o' them confounded tornadoes.'

'Stow yer slack as well as yer sails yerselves!' retorted Lampsey, with his hand to his mouth. 'We ain't agoin' to budge!'

I don't know what may have passed through the captain's mind at this terrible juncture; for every sail was set, and a squall fast bearing down on his ship—a full-rigged ship, fitted with the more cumbersome and old-fashioned tackle of that day—carrying quite five hundred souls all told, allowing for the deaths, and a valuable Government cargo. I know not what he contemplated, I say; but at that moment an unwonted commotion was observable among the hitherto apathetic Punjabis. They too had noticed the change in the sky's aspect, and, following our glances, had heard the short altercation between poop and forecabin, had seen the threatening gestures of the disputants, and, without understanding what was being said, guessed its purport. Then scores of them, suddenly shaking off their lethargy, and ignorant of marine etiquette, swarmed up the poop-ladders, and asked what was the matter. Was a breeze coming at last? If so, why did not the sailors do what had been ordered? They knew enough to tell them that the canvas ought to be taken in. Devine and I, who were the only men on board conversant with Punjabi Hindustani, hastily explained the situation, the advancing storm, the consequent danger to the ship, clothed as she was to the mastheads, and the refusal of the crew to do their duty.

The Mohammedan mule-drivers at once realised

the situation. 'We will make them!' they shouted, their blood now thoroughly up. 'God has sent the wind to drive away the cholera, and shall we go to another death because your men are untrue to their salt? No! we will aid you! You are our protectors! After Allah, we look to you, and will stand by you! On, then, in the name of God! We will force these sons of defiled mothers to do their duty!'

Before we could stay them, some two hundred Punjabis rushed along the maindeck and mounted the forecabin. The crew were ready to receive them. There ensued a fierce fight; knives were freely used against the now infuriated natives, who were, however, entirely unarmed, their cutlasses being in chests below-decks. Shrieks and groans assailed our ears, and we were about charging forward, revolver in hand, to quell the disturbance, when, numbers having gained the day, we saw the sailors driven along with kicks and cuffs by the victorious Punjabis; we saw them ascend the ratlins followed by the swarms of mule-drivers, who threatened by gestures to throw them into the sea if they did not immediately furl sail. The seamen, not daring to disobey, worked in fear of their lives; and in a few minutes the *Zenobia* floated under bare poles. With a low rumble the squall came on. Sand was in the air; it invaded our eyes, nostrils, and mouths; the hurricane struck the ship with terrific force, and swept on, leaving us well-nigh on our beam-ends—but safe!

The gust proving to be a precursor of a stiff but favourable breeze, sail was speedily made on the ship, and in due course we bowled along towards our destination, thankful for our deliverance from a combination of perils that once seemed to threaten us with annihilation.

Only two deaths occurred after that terrible day. Next morning the crew expressed contrition for their behaviour; the Punjabis, now full of renewed spirits, came aft in a body and interceded for their late antagonists; cuts and bruises were forgotten, and both parties shook hands in token of amity and absence of ill-will. The skipper, nothing loath, accorded his forgiveness, ordered extra grog to be served; and so, without further adventure or misadventure, we arrived safely in Bombay harbour on the twenty-eighth day after weighing anchor off the Abyssinian coast.

THE ROSE.

FAIR Queen of Flowers!

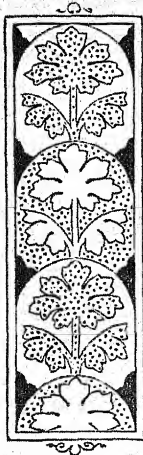
Whether thy robe be crimson, white, or gold,
None can with thee compare.

Fragrant as fair,

Deep in thine heart a subtle essence lies,
Covered by silken petals manifold,
Till, these unfolding to the summer air,

The sweetness flies

Forth from the depths in which it lay concealed,
As love at touch of love doth stand revealed.



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BY A HOSPITAL NURSE.

THE siege of Kimberley will undoubtedly constitute one of the most notable episodes in the exciting and eventful history of the South African campaign, and its memories will not soon be effaced.

The vicissitudes endured by the beleaguered inhabitants were probably more acute than outsiders conceived; for had the enemy known the worst their efforts to effect a surrender might have been redoubled, and would perchance have been attended with success, a consummation which was happily averted owing to the self-sacrifice and fortitude of one and all concerned.

The Kimberley Hospital is recognised far and wide as one of the best institutions of its kind in the country, and appointments on its nursing staff are eagerly sought after by those who have adopted the tending of the sick and wounded as their career in life.

If there is one place more than another where the horrors and ravages of war are emphatically in evidence, it is in a hospital whither the brave men fighting for Queen and country are brought, helpless and disabled, after shot and shell have accomplished their cruel work. It was my lot to be in the Kimberley Hospital in the capacity of a nurse throughout the whole of the protracted and trying bombardment, and the experience was one which I hope never to have again; albeit one cannot but plead guilty to a certain feeling of pride and self-satisfaction at having been afforded an opportunity of aiding to assuage the sufferings of the patients. In one way, it is an advantage at such times to have plenty of occupation, as one's necessary avocations, which have to be unremittingly performed, naturally tend to divert the attention and obviate to a large extent any proneness to depression or despondency. Day after day and night after night we had to go about with our lives, as it were, in our hands, causing a constant strain on the nervous system, and not knowing when one of the hurtling

missiles from the Boer guns might seal our fate.

It was on the 14th of October 1899 that we first became aware that communication north and south was cut off, and that we were an isolated community, for all we knew, at the mercy of a hostile and relentless foe. Martial law was at once proclaimed, and no one without a permit was allowed to be abroad after nine o'clock at night. Those in possession of a pass were made acquainted with the countersign, which I remember on one night was the word 'Tiger;' and the constant liability to be challenged by a sentry at every turn brought home to one's mind very forcibly the grim reality of the situation. It was not very long before the pinch began to be felt by the price of provisions going up abnormally; but in order to prevent anything like extortion, and to place every one on a similar footing, Colonel Kekewich, who was in command, issued a proclamation fixing the price of the necessaries of life, which, under pain of a fine, could in no case be exceeded. The next little *contretemps* was the cutting off of the water-supply at its source on the Vaal River, several miles distant, by the enemy. Fortunately the town reservoir happened to be pretty full, and this supply was at first turned on daily for domestic purposes for two hours. Anything like watering gardens was strictly tabooed, and such a thing as a bath regarded as altogether a luxury. It may readily be imagined that, with the manifold hospital exigencies at such a time, the shortness of water was particularly trying and irksome; and I shall never forget the frantic rush that occurred in order to catch the precious fluid when a shower of rain happened to fall.

On Sunday, 15th October, just when the morning church services had commenced, the hooters at the diamond-mines—which are used, when their shifts come round, to awaken the sleepy workmen—sounded a weird alarm, and people could be seen flocking in all directions, the idea being

that the Boers were about to make a forcible entry into the town. The Town Guard and various Volunteer corps turned out without delay and proceeded to their assigned posts; but fortunately the alarm proved to be groundless, and we breathed a little more freely. It was not until 24th October that the first engagement took place, at a suburb named Dronfield, a mounted force having been despatched there to examine the intermediate pumping-station. The enemy suddenly made their appearance, and were successfully driven off, but not before three of our men had been killed and nineteen wounded. As these wounded men were brought through the streets, in charge of the red cross ambulance corps, the townsfolk began to realise to the full the terrible meaning of stern-visaged war. An immense crowd surrounded the hospital, the gates of which had to be closed to relieve the pressure. Some of the scenes that occurred when relatives and friends came to make inquiries were harrowing and pathetic in the extreme; and it was as much as one could do to repress emotion and keep up nerve and spirit amidst such melancholy surroundings. We soon had the unfortunate men's wounds dressed, some of them being very severe; but it was astonishing how quickly they yielded to treatment and healed up, owing in a great measure to the favourable climate. Following this there were numerous minor engagements, the Boers sniping at cattle-guards and patrols whenever they got a chance. Almost every day some wounded were brought into the hospital, and all hands were kept busily employed.

On 6th November we got the first intelligence that the Boer commandant intended to shell the town if surrender was not made, a brief message being sent in to that effect; but from first to last there was no intention to comply. Colonel Kekewich challenged the enemy to take Kimberley if they could; and thereupon the firing commenced, the first two shells falling at what is known as the Premier Mine. It was reckoned that in the course of a fortnight over seven hundred shells were thrown into the town. All the damage done by the first missile was to kill a peacock and smash an iron pot; but the enemy, thinking they had done tremendous execution, sent in word that eight hours' respite would be granted, so that we could bury our dead. Whether the peacock was accorded a decent interment I am unable to say. The next casualty was of a more serious nature, a Kaffir woman being killed in the street near the Club by a shell. Subsequently two Dutchmen were wounded and a cab-horse was killed; and then the bombardment became more severe, shells falling in all directions, though a large proportion failed to explode. Some of the people who were struck were dreadfully mutilated; and it was the custom, immediately after a shell had burst, for the bystanders to run and pick up the fragments, which they sold as

relics at handsome prices. Military funerals now became quite a common occurrence, and altogether things began to wear a most sad and woe-begone aspect. Coupled with this was the anxiety about food-supplies, and a notification was in due course made putting every one on reduced rations. It was not long before the shops were denuded of all comestibles; no vegetables were to be had in the town, and such articles as eggs, butter, and milk were great luxuries only to be obtained upon a medical certificate. Under these circumstances it is easy to conceive that the condition of the patients in the hospital was very trying, the greatest difficulty being experienced in providing them with anything like suitable nourishment. All sorts of expedients had to be resorted to; but many succumbed for lack of proper medical comforts. Mr Rhodes, to whom the people of Kimberley are under a lasting debt of gratitude, did all in his power to supply milk and vegetables from his farm at Kenilworth. It was said that one morning Mr Rhodes strolled into the Club, and sat down at one of the tables, when the waiter brought him a plateful of ham-and-eggs. 'Hullo! what's this?' he asked. 'Your lunch, sir.' 'Bring me another plate and napkin.' 'Yes, sir.' Mr Rhodes then carefully tied up the plate of appetising food in the napkin, and, turning to the waiter, said, 'Now bring me the usual daily ration.' A few minutes afterwards the ham-and-eggs were conveyed to the hospital, to delight the heart of the convalescent patients there.

The daily ration of meat for the inhabitants generally was now only a quarter-pound for adults and two ounces for children, with eight ounces of bread. When the daily ration was distributed the commotion and excitement were intense, each trying to get ahead of his neighbour in the struggle, prompted thereto no doubt by the pangs of hunger. It was no uncommon sight to witness ladies in the streets munching their allowance of bread and bully beef, thankful to obtain even this rough repast. In course of time the supply of sugar was exhausted, and recourse was had to chocolates and sweetmeats, even sticks of liquorice being used to sweeten tea and coffee. Long before relief came the stores were emptied of every description of confectionery; matches were sold at sixpence a box, tobacco was at a high premium, and alcoholic liquor of any kind was almost unobtainable at any price. Kaffir beer and 'Dop' brandy—locally known as 'tangle-foot'—were the only stimulants, and the unfortunate patients had to be contented with the latter, for want of anything more refined. Luckily we had a good supply of chloroform in the hospital, and were even able to supply some of this to the enemy, who sent in word that their stock had come to an end.

But the anxiety regarding the commissariat was small compared with that experienced through the continual shelling of the town, especially when the 100 lb. shells began to drop around.

On one occasion I was walking down the street accompanied by a lady when one of these huge missiles came screeching overhead, and exploded not very far from where we were. I never felt so terrified in my life, and my first impulse was to hurry home as fast as I could, trembling in every limb and pallid with fright. Another striking incident of the siege was the death of Mr Labram, chief engineer in the employ of the De Beers Company, and the designer of the celebrated gun known as 'Long Cecil.' It was a remarkable coincidence that a man who had done so much for the town defence should himself fall a victim to a Boer shell while sitting in his room at the Grand Hotel. Just as the funeral was leaving the hospital gates a shell fell close by, every one instinctively lying down flat on the ground so as to avoid the splinters. This was followed by a second shell, when the same performance was gone through. Then the melancholy *cortège* proceeded on its way to the cemetery, a sad and striking commentary on the uncertainty of human life, recalling the lines from William Knöx's poem 'Mortality,' which Abraham Lincoln was so fond of quoting :

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.
'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death.

I well remember sitting in the hospital one night in fear and trembling, while the bombardment was going on, when all of a sudden a shell fell through the roof of the ward where I was on duty, knocking down an iron beam, which grazed the leg of a patient, and afterwards smashed a lamp. It is needless to say how scared we all were at this rude and unwelcome intrusion. Another time a 100 lb. shell fell in the nurses' quarters ; but fortunately it did not explode. It is at present in the hospital as a trophy. One day a patient was walking in the hospital grounds when a shell exploded close to him, and it was only by ducking his head that he escaped. There was a perfect scramble for the pieces of this shell, which were lying in all directions, some of them almost red-hot. I picked up one of them, and shall always treasure it as a valuable memento of the siege.

On Sundays the Boers invariably ceased the bombardment, and the inhabitants availed themselves of the intermission to construct bomb-proof shelters. It was quite a common thing to see barricades of sandbags and cunningly devised places of refuge, some of them being made in the débris-heaps which are such a distinctive feature about Kimberley. As things became more serious and the danger intensified, it was deemed advisable to send the women and children down the De Beers diamond-mine ; and so great was the rush to take advantage of this that in some

instances men were known to attire themselves in women's clothes. The lifts were kept hard at work for a considerable time, and eventually some fourteen hundred or fifteen hundred individuals were safely stowed away in the bowels of the earth, as many blankets and mattresses being provided as possible. The bridge spanning the railway line was also utilised as a shelter ; and at this spot a large crowd of men, women, and children congregated. As the days went on, and no relief appeared, a good many became despondent and hopeless at their enforced seclusion from the outside world, although occasionally signals were exchanged at night with the relieving force in the distance by means of search-lights.

On 28th November there was a big sortie, the object being to capture the enemy's redoubts ; and in this engagement Colonel Scott-Turner and twenty-one others were killed and twenty-eight wounded. The bringing in of the latter was a mournful sight, and some of the men expired as they were taken from the ambulance wagons. All night the hospital was in a state of the greatest excitement and commotion, operations going on in every available place, while doctors and nurses were quite worn out with fatigue. Kimberley people will never forget the sight when the funerals of the unfortunate victims took place ; it seemed like a personal loss to the townsfolk. Some of the dead bodies were riddled with bullets, and it was alleged that the Boers were firing at a distance of only seventy yards, which would probably account for this fact. Lieutenant Clifford of the North Lancashire Regiment had two bullets through his clothes, luckily only making skin-wounds, and a third ploughed a furrow about the eighth of an inch deep right along his scalp. Colonel Scott-Turner had the top of his head blown entirely off.

There is not the shadow of a doubt that a great deal of treachery existed in the town during the siege operations, which would account largely for the persistency of the Boer attack. On one occasion a Kaffir was caught going over to the enemy's lines with a loaf of bread in which was concealed a copy of the local newspaper giving an account of Mr Labram's death, and intimating the time the funeral would take place. It was also discovered that a Dutch woman residing on the border was in the habit of giving signals to the enemy by means of rockets. A brooch belonging to her was subsequently found in the Boer laager after the enemy had fled. Traitors were also known to go over to the Boer lines by creeping on all-fours and barking like dogs.

Just four months had elapsed when General French with a flying column eight thousand strong came to our relief. The soldiers had heard such distressing and pitiable accounts about the shortness of provisions that they filled their pockets with biscuits to distribute to the starving people they expected to meet along the road. The column

came in quite unexpectedly, and there could be no demonstration of welcome whatever, as numbers of persons were down the De Beers Mine, and the defensive forces were still at their several posts. The first soldier who entered the town nearly had his clothes torn off his back by the few individuals who happened to be about when he passed.

At the first intimation the Boers got of General French's approach they evacuated the positions they had occupied so long, leaving behind them a large stock of stores and ammunition. The first butter and potatoes which reached the town when the siege was over came from the enemy's camp,

showing that they possessed a more plentiful commissariat than most people believed to be the case.

Looking back, after the strain and anxiety are over, it seems difficult to realise what one has gone through, and how unique and singular the whole experience has been. Remembering the hairbreadth escapes and the many perils from which preservation has been vouchsafed, there is deep cause for thankfulness; nor must the fortitude and heroism which animated the inhabitants be forgotten. But for this, a humiliating surrender instead of a gallant and successful resistance might have had to be recorded.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER XXV.



MÉLANIE'S clenched hands trembled.

In her bright dark eyes was the haunted look of one driven to desperation.

'The truth!' she gasped in a low, hoarse voice, full of emotion. 'The truth is that I feared he would expose me, and create a scandal. I—I am that man's wife!'

'His wife?' I cried in blank dismay. 'Impossible!'

'Alas! such is the hideous truth. In the early days of our acquaintance I loved him with a romantic admiration, as a girl does her first lover. He spoke of marriage; I consented, and we were legally married at Budapest, only two other persons being in the secret. On that Sunday morning in early spring, when we attended before the Mayor with a dozen other couples of the lower class, I gave my name without my title, and none suspected my rank or station. For a year, separated as we were bound to be, our lives were not without their romance; but judge my horror on the day I learned that my husband was to be tried by court-martial, and later when I saw him degraded and condemned to life-imprisonment as a traitor to his Emperor and his country. A feeling of hatred and disgust was created within me when I received that letter declaring that if I did not obtain his release he would, through a journalist who visited him in prison, reveal to the world that the Princess Mélanie of Hapsburg was the wife of an imprisoned traitor and spy. Because of this threat, which he ever held over me, I was compelled to act as he directed; but, now that I can bear this terrible mental tension no longer, I have preferred exposure and confession.'

'You are actually his wife?' I exclaimed, utterly amazed at this astounding revelation.

For answer, the man Krauss, with a triumphant exclamation, thrust a paper towards me, and at a

single glance I saw from it that the marriage was in legal form. The woman I had loved could never, indeed, be mine. The ghastly truth fell upon me, crushing out all hope. She had been tricked by this cunning scoundrel, and her suffering had, I knew, been terrible through all those weary months. She had loved me fondly, knowing at the same time, however, that we could never be more to one another than friends. Yet her friendship had been staunch and true; and by her firm determination and resolute action she had saved England's honour and the lives of thousands of her valiant sons.

Shortly before eleven o'clock on the following morning, accompanied by Mélanie, pale and anxious, and carrying the missing despatch-box, I ascended the grand staircase of the Foreign Office to the Marquess of Macclesfield's private room. We had not long to wait, for Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was always punctual at Downing Street; and a few moments after the clock at Westminster had solemnly chimed the hour he entered, gray-faced and calm, with that light sprightly step and smartness of gait that was astonishing in one of his age. None passing him in the street would ever suspect that upon the shoulders of that thin, wiry, solitary-looking man rested the responsibilities of the greatest nation in the world. As he passed through the outer room wherein we were waiting he raised his gray eyebrows in slight surprise. Then, recognising me, he wished me good-morning, and glanced inquiringly at my companion, for ladies were unusual visitors there.

'I wish to be permitted to introduce to your lordship Her Royal Highness the Princess Mélanie of Hapsburg,' I said. 'She wishes for an interview on a matter of extreme importance.'

The old man bowed with his courtly diplomatic habit, expressed his instant readiness to receive

us, and opened the door of his private room for her to pass in. Then, when we were all three closeted together, I placed in the chief's hands the stolen despatch-box, with a word of explanation that the King's correspondence contained therein had remained hidden from the eyes of all. His hands trembled slightly as he took the box, carefully examining the official seals affixed by Sir John Drummond; then, with a mingled look of surprise and satisfaction, he raised his eyes to mine, saying:

'Then you have actually outwitted the dastardly spies after all, Crawford?'

'No credit is due to me,' I answered. 'Her Highness has called to make personal explanation.'

'To make apology and what amends I can,' faltered Mélanie, raising her veil and glancing timidly at the great Minister.

'Apology!' he repeated, puzzled. 'I do not understand.'

'I was the thief,' she said in a low, hoarse voice, 'and it is but just that I should make full confession.'

'You the thief!' exclaimed Lord Macclesfield, amazed. 'Did you actually steal these despatches?'

'I did,' she answered firmly. 'Mr Crawford knows the whole truth. He will tell you everything.'

Pressed by his lordship, I then related the whole of the curious circumstances, just as they are set down in the foregoing narrative, without, of course, referring to my love for the penitent woman before us, although I think he must have shrewdly guessed it. The telling occupied half-an-hour or more, and when I had concluded the Minister broke the seals, unlocked the box with his key, and drew forth the despatches and file of the King's precious correspondence.

After glancing cursorily through them, he raised his eyes to Mélanie and said in that grave, kindly tone which always endeared him to the staff of the Foreign Office:

'In this matter I offer your Royal Highness the warmest thanks of Her Majesty's Government, for, by refusing to part with these despatches, you have not only averted war, but also preserved the honour of two nations—that of my own and of Belgium. Though induced by threats to commit the theft, you happily realised later the terrible consequences of your act, and have now—at great risk—atoned for the wrong-doing. Hence, we can only offer you our heartiest thanks.'

'You are indeed generous. I am not deserving of thanks,' she protested in a low voice.

'Pardon me; you are certainly,' declared his lordship with courtesy. 'Had this correspondence actually fallen into the hands of those who conspired to obtain it, we should, no doubt, at this moment be plunged into one of the fiercest and most calamitous wars that the world has ever seen. By the recovery of these letters confidence

is at once restored, for we can now act vigorously, and the whole European situation is thereby changed.'

Mélanie smiled, much gratified at these words from the statesman for whom, as she had told me long ago, she had the highest admiration. She had come there humbly to ask forgiveness, yet this Minister of world-renown had thanked her as a benefactor of England.

'And now that Her Highness has succeeded in restoring the despatches to the owners, there is still another matter which it is only fair that I should explain,' observed his lordship, settling himself in his chair, with his thin clasped hands resting upon the writing-table. 'Curiously enough, it was quite by accident that my suspicions were awakened regarding the wife of poor Gordon Clunes. One afternoon, as I was walking down to the House, I passed Clunes in Whitehall, and saw him meet a woman whom I at once recognised. It was discovered, about a year before, that a certain important document was missing from the archives of the Embassy at Vienna; and one day, to my surprise, I received a letter from a person giving an address in Dieppe, offering to restore it on payment of a certain sum. Correspondence was entered into privately with this person—a woman—who subsequently came over to London and saw me. I was amazed to recognise that woman in the company of such a trusted and faithful servant of the Department as Clunes; therefore I caused secret inquiries to be made, and found she was actually the wife of Clunes, and lived at Richmond. Comparison between the letters written from Dieppe and one written by Mrs Clunes showed the handwriting to be identical; therefore there was every reason to suppose she was an adventuress who had made a matrimonial alliance with Clunes with some ulterior motive. The unfortunate man himself must also have had his suspicions aroused,' continued his lordship after a pause, 'for on the day prior to his death he sought a private interview with me, confided to me the belief that his wife was a foreign agent, and handed to me a document he had found in her possession—an official document which plainly showed that France was conspiring against us. It was a startling revelation; but, of course, I hesitated to repeat his statement,' he added, glancing at me, 'having given my word to keep the information secret.'

'Then he knew that his wife was a spy?' I queried.

'Certainly,' responded his lordship gravely. 'But in a matter of such delicacy I could not betray the poor man's confidence; therefore I sent you, his friend, down to Richmond in order to hear of his suspicions from his own lips. When the news came that he had been found dead I caused the most searching inquiries to be made. The Director of Criminal Investigations

gave the case into the hands of four of the most expert detectives in London, who, although they were unable to trace the whereabouts of the woman, made several very curious discoveries. I have their report here;' and unlocking a drawer, he took therefrom an official document, which he opened and spread before him.

'The inquest was held at Richmond, and after an adjournment an open verdict was returned, the jury being satisfied to leave the further inquiries in the hands of the police. The most careful investigations were subsequently made by Dr Bond and Dr Woodhead, two competent analysts of the Home Office, who, after a long series of experiments, were agreed in their opinion that Clunes had been poisoned. There was a slight abrasion of the skin upon the forefinger of the right hand, caused by a trivial accident, and on searching the room in which he was found dead they discovered that the silver penholder which he habitually used was somewhat discoloured, as though by an acid, a single spot of which had apparently been dropped by accident upon the blotting-pad. This was submitted to a number of experts for analysis, and pronounced to be poison extracted from the leaf of the *strophanthus*, a plant which grows in Uganda. The poison is a little-known one, and almost impossible of detection thirty hours after death. It is likewise most virulent, one-hundredth part of a grain being sufficient to kill a man.'

'Then, by taking up the pen which had been smeared with that deadly compound, the poison had entered the finger?' I exclaimed in surprise.

'Exactly,' answered his lordship. 'The detectives succeeded in reconstructing the whole scene and its surrounding circumstances. It would appear from their report that the woman Judith Kohn, having ascertained that Clunes had discovered her identity, killed him in order to prevent betrayal, not knowing, however, that he had already handed me the documents found in her possession. On the day of the murder Clunes went forth in the morning with the ostensible purpose of going to the Foreign Office as usual; but, having sent a telegram of excuse, he remained in Richmond and watched the man Krauss call upon her. During the whole of that day he was engaged in carefully watching her movements, being now confident that she was a foreign agent. He followed her home, and through the study window watched her take some documents from her jewel-case and burn them in the grate. Then he withdrew, and wandered about Richmond for an hour or so, hesitating how to act. Meanwhile the woman had completed her arrangements for departure. Again he returned shortly before the dinner-hour, and, finding the French windows of the study open, entered from the lawn. Having made an examination of the tinder in the grate, and satisfied himself that the remains were of

some official papers written in French, he sat down in perplexity, and lit a cigar. At last he rose and seated himself at the writing-table, and took up his pen to write her a letter of accusation and farewell, intending afterwards to leave without an interview. But the touch of the pen was fatal. She knew of the trifling injury to his finger—for it had been caused on the previous evening while they were cycling across Richmond Park—and had carefully prepared the penholder he habitually used. He sat for a moment with it poised in his hand; but the time was sufficient for the poison to produce a fatal result. The poison of the *strophanthus* is extremely rapid in effect; at once he experienced a strange giddiness, which was succeeded by racking pains in the limbs. Throwing himself upon the couch to rest, coma ensued quickly, and afterwards death. His wife was in the adjoining room, and knew the result of her dastardly plot; then, having received you—for you called at the final moment—she left the house and disappeared. Dr Woodhead reports that the poison placed upon the penholder was sufficient to kill fifty men. Whoever supplied the woman with the poison must have been well versed in toxicology; for, as far as is known, this is the first time *strophanthus* has been used in this country for the purpose of committing murder.'

'Are those the actual facts?' inquired my fair companion, who had listened dumfounded.

'Every fact I have related has been proved by the most searching inquiries,' his lordship answered gravely. 'It was undoubtedly Krauss who called upon the woman after her husband's departure; and there is no doubt that the object of her marriage with Clunes was to obtain from him the secrets of certain drafts of treaties which passed through his hands.'

'Astounding!' I said, amazed at these startling revelations.

'Yes; most remarkable,' the Minister went on. 'You may, I think, both congratulate yourselves upon your fortunate escape from the hands of a most unscrupulous pair. It is evident that they have been actively conspiring against you. However, now they are in London, their arrest will be only a matter of a few hours. I will at once see the Director of Criminal Investigations myself.'

'But you will not give publicity to my statement?' exclaimed Mélanie in alarm.

'Of course I shall respect your Highness's confidences in every particular,' his lordship answered reassuringly. 'I am fully aware how much you have risked in order to preserve this despatch-box intact; therefore you may confidently trust I shall act with discretion. None will know the truth save Mr Crawford and myself.'

With tears in her dark eyes Mélanie thanked him; then, after some further consultation lasting over an hour, his lordship shook hands with us both, and we withdrew.

THE FUTURE OF THE CINEMATOGRAPH.

By Mrs J. E. WHITBY.



CERTAINLY few people, if any, can have foreseen in the invention of the cinematograph that which would to a great extent revolutionise the world of teaching; and yet this is precisely what the instrument promises to do, though originally offered to the public only as a toy, an amusement for an idle hour, in the form of a superior magic-lantern combining motion with pictorial effect.

The cinematograph—with several variations of name, but based on similar principles—has already excited considerable attention and popular favour, by bringing scenes of national and stirring interest before spectators prevented from seeing the actual occurrences, and with a promptitude which made the representation more valuable. Now it appears about to enter on a path of usefulness the extent and value of which it is impossible to estimate; for it has been recognised that as an unrivalled means of demonstration for the use of teachers, and in cases where the eye and hand require to be educated and trained, there is unmistakable evidence that before long its application will be widely established. Every one will understand the enormous advantage, to those engaged in imparting instruction, of a demonstrator which can be called upon to repeat the examples required to explain a lesson whenever and as often as may be required, and can, moreover, be depended upon to reproduce the examples in precisely the same way. The latter attribute makes the cinematograph extremely useful, especially in cases where delicate and exact manipulation is required, and gives the instrument an enormous advantage over a mere flesh-and-blood performer, whose fatigue, state of health, the weather, and numberless other circumstances might cause variations. The use of the cinematograph, by which moving reflections of the subject under consideration will be distinctly seen by all, also enables a much larger number of students to assist at an illustrated lecture, and to derive benefit from the demonstrations. In addition, the lecturer—whether he be the author of the examples or not, and no matter how practised and expert he may be—might be expected to give a far more clear and lucid interpretation of his subject if freed from the embarrassment of simultaneous performance.

To students unable to attend the lectures of the cleverest and ablest professors, as well as those whom fate compels to reside at some distance from the centres of education, the cinematograph in its new function will come as an incalculable boon; for it will be possible by its aid to repeat the illustrative action of the greatest authority on any given subject, and by means of an accom-

panying lecture to repeat the lesson not only as many times as may be required, but in as many different places. This will enable the poor as well as rich, the country as well as the town mouse, to enjoy the same high advantages.

It has always been acknowledged that 'example is better than precept,' and a moment's consideration will help any one to realise the vast field for instruction thus opened, for there is scarcely any branch of instruction that does not require a certain amount of demonstration; and the pupil can be so thoroughly familiarised with the movements required for any special purpose, through constant repetition by mechanical means, that there will be far less difficulty experienced in practical work than if the ordinary methods of teaching were followed.

That the same illustrations may be given again and again is an economic advantage which will be apparent to all. Thus, the movements required for swimming might be studied, before the pupil entered the water, by means of a representation of a swimmer actually breasting the waves; cooking classes could be held and lessons given without fire; dancing could be taught, and gymnastics imitated; in fact, there is no end to the subjects which could be treated. It would also be possible, and might be advantageous, for pupils to compare the methods of different demonstrators; while the demonstrators themselves might gain by being able to see and judge of themselves and their actions when imparting instruction.

Useful as all this undoubtedly promises to be, the cinematograph, however, proposes to make its greatest mark in the science of surgery, and by its illustrative power to add immensely to the knowledge of that science, as well as to simplify the means of acquiring it. All centres of medical education possess amphitheatres in which is carried on the practical study of those surgical operations to which poor suffering humanity has to submit. These studies are usually practised on corpses; and though this may be highly necessary in the interests of all, and for the promotion of science, it is a gruesome idea, and most people will hail with satisfaction the news that the use of the cinematograph will do away with or at least lessen the necessity for dissection. No demonstration, however cleverly given, on a dead body can possibly equal all that may be learnt from studying the same operation performed on a living patient; and it is just this which the cinematograph will ensure. Even when it is possible for students to watch an operation on a patient, a large number of spectators is impossible, while for various reasons those present must keep at a distance, and thus have a difficulty in seeing the operations. All

these disadvantages the cinematograph promises to remove; the benefits to be derived from its employment as a demonstrator in surgical lectures being proved on its exhibition before the British Medical Association when in Edinburgh. There seems to be little doubt, therefore, that the cinematograph is destined to become a recognised factor in the course of surgical instruction. Amongst others who will benefit by its introduction may also be reckoned those people—and there are many such nowadays—who, although not actually following the profession of medicine or surgery, interest themselves in assisting the suffering, as they will thus acquire a knowledge of certain facts of immeasurable importance in a moment of urgency.

It has also been suggested that, by familiarising people with the sights the cinematograph might show, much of the terror felt regarding a surgical operation could be dispelled; while the apparent precision and care with which everything is done, as well as the calmness of the surgeon and his assistants, would induce a feeling of confidence.

Enough has, perhaps, been said to prove that the cinematograph has a future of usefulness totally unsuspected by those who first launched it, and of an extent no one in these days of marvellous discoveries can possibly foretell; while, in addition, there is stimulus given to, and the change likely to result in, the art of photography, of which the cinematograph is a part.

THE OPAL BRACELET.

CHAPTER III.



STRUNG up to the highest pitch of expectation, I awaited the issues of the next afternoon. About four o'clock I heard the sound of carriage wheels at the front door. Some intuition told me what Sid, coming into the schoolroom at the moment, confirmed—that it was Lady Crescent and her daughter. I began to tremble. Had Jack hatched a conspiracy? About twenty minutes later I heard my lover's unmistakable peal at the door-bell. Then I heard the drawing-room door close. Shortly after it closed again. It was probably Clark taking in fresh cups. I waited with painfully sharpened hearing. By-and-by we sat down to the schoolroom tea. I forgot to sugar Sid's cup, and gave Evie a double supply. I spilt the cream, and was brought up short by Sid's remark:

'Miss Ashley, you are eating jam with cress.'

Then I heard a foot on the stair. It came nearer, and soon passed the door and mounted the next flight. I heard it in the box-room above, and shortly afterwards it came lightly down again. It was like Mrs Lamington's. It went into the drawing-room, and the door was shut. At this juncture I stopped even the feeble semblance of making a meal, and responded in such disjointed fashion to the children's questions that their cherubic azure eyes fastened themselves on me with puzzled wonder. Then my quickened senses heard the drawing-room door open again. There were voices and a commotion, and some one seemed to run upstairs, throwing back excited remarks to some one below. Involuntarily I rose in my place. Mrs Lamington's curly head was thrust in at the door, followed by her small figure quivering with excitement.

'Miss Ashley,' she said, jerking out the syllables so hurriedly that they seemed to tumble over each other, 'come down to the drawing-room—now, right away. I want to show you

something. It is a discovery. Make haste. The children may come too. You, Sid—I want you particularly;' and she threw her arm round the boy's neck and swept him and Evie along in her train. I followed more leisurely.

'Make haste, Miss Ashley,' she repeated impatiently. 'I want you to see the discovery.'

I followed her slowly into the drawing-room. There something of a tableau awaited me. The tea-table was drawn up near the fire. Lady Crescent sat close to it. Her daughter was seated on a sofa below a standard lamp, that threw its shaded light on her face. There was the cold, distant, hostile expression on both faces that they generally exhibited to me. Mingling with that there was a crestfallen, disappointed, chagrined air about them both. I was magnetically conscious of another figure in the background—without my eyes actually lighting upon it.

Mrs Lamington left me no time for greetings.

'Look!' she cried, seizing my hand and drawing me forward to the sofa. 'Look!—look!'

They had thrown the sofa-blanket over one end of the couch, and there on the embroidered corner stared the bracelet as I had fastened it with my own hands into the silk-worked scroll.

'The long-lost bracelet!' cried Mrs Lamington dramatically. 'Fact is indeed stranger than fiction. It might make a story.'

I trembled and looked confused; but these emotions passed for astonishment at the unexpectedness of the *dénouement*.

'You remember this was the rug we threw over Sid,' went on Mrs Lamington, 'that night of the dinner. It lay overnight in the nursery, and I recollect perfectly folding it away next morning with my own hands—and all the time I had been folding away the bracelet. Could anything have been more extraordinary? I've just been telling Captain Vernon how it all happened.'

She kept throwing out her excited spasmodic

remarks first at me, then at Jack. I knew that her radiance and good-humour were more the expression of her relief that her suspicions of me had been groundless—and of her own remorse for them—than for the recovery of the lost bracelet.

The children stood in silent wonder staring at the bracelet. Mrs Lamington suddenly threw her arm round her son, venting her elation at the turn affairs had taken in a squeeze.

'Naughty boy!' she cried between her hugs. 'Who frightened his mummie out of her wits by walking sound asleep with his eyes open into a room full of people, and then ended by carrying off a lady's gold bracelet? What shall be done to him? You must go first of all to Lady Crescent and say you're sorry.'

Sid declined to budge in the direction of the lady named, and seemed to consider he had done something to be proud of rather than otherwise.

'Lady Crescent is to be congratulated now at any rate,' said Jack, moving forward to extricate the bracelet and cover my silence.

I glanced at Lady Crescent. Neither she nor her daughter wore an expression of face that conveyed the idea that either deserved congratulation on any subject whatever. Willingly, I knew, would they have suffered the loss of a hundred bracelets could they have prejudiced me in Jack's eyes.

Mr Lamington's latch-key rattled in the door at the moment, and Mrs Lamington immediately pounced on Jack to arrest his operations.

'I should like Cyril to see just how the thing happened,' she said. 'I never saw anything so cleverly done—almost as if it had been studied.'

The little woman's random remark grazed the truth so dangerously that I hastily escaped with burning cheeks to the schoolroom. I asked Jack afterwards how he had managed to lead up the conversation to the sofa-blanket.

'Easily enough,' he said, with a chuckle. 'This is just how I did it. First I sat down on the couch, and remarked upon its luxurious springs, &c., and said they ought to see the sofa in my rooms—it was tattered and torn, and an eyesore generally. The rooms suited me otherwise. I then appealed to Lady Crescent to say if there were any way of covering the unsightliness of the

article in question, and sparing my own and my friends' artistic sensibilities.

'Marion suggested a blanket. I looked helpless. "What sort of a blanket—a knitted one?" She smiled pityingly at my ignorance. "Such abominations," she said, "were entirely out of vogue." Then her mother chimed in, sweeping the room with her eagle eye as if in search of something, and asked where was the Kensington art one Mrs Lamington had promised she might copy. "Mightn't Marion"—with a significant glance at her daughter—"who was a beautiful worker, copy it for me?"

'Mrs Lamington said the article in question was not in use. She had put it away. It was intended for a Christmas present—not that she had not really great use for it herself—only we were sometimes kinder to our friends than we were to ourselves—et cetera. She hoped Marion understood how much work there was upon it; it was a Kensington design, and had taken Miss Ashley a long time to work, in spite of her being a quick worker. Lady Crescent said there was nothing Marion's capabilities were not equal to in the way of fancy work. Mrs Lamington offered to send round the blanket the next day, so that it might be returned in time for Christmas. Here I broke in and said I must see the article in question and make sure Marion was not being victimised. They laughed and pooh-poohed my request, but I insisted; and at last, half in joke, Mrs Lamington went and fetched the thing herself. The rest you know. I would not have missed the tableau at the moment of discovery for a good deal. The ladies' faces were positively green when they discovered that Sid was the innocent culprit—that, in fact, Lady Crescent herself was the person to blame. They had recovered a little of their normal complexions by the time you appeared on the scene. I think little Mrs Lamington enjoyed their discomfiture almost as much as I did.'

We are married now, Jack and I. He got a staff appointment soon after the bracelet affair, and we are together, though luckily not 'starving on a crust,' as I had once rashly proposed we should do.

NURSING IN WEST AFRICA.

PART II.



OW I pass on to the practical consideration of the establishment of an efficient nursing-service in West Africa under existing conditions. There are two things to be considered in this matter: first, the

amount of good the nurses can do; and secondly, whether that amount of good is commensurate

with the sacrifice of health and life the nurses will be called on to make.

It may seem waste of time to consider the value of nursing and remedial treatment. We all know of the terrible prevalence of malarial fever in West Africa; and we also know this disease repays the nursing. The difficulty is that lady nurses, under present conditions,

cannot do a tithe of the good they are anxious to perform; touching, in fact, only the fringe of the work so urgently required. How are the present arrangements to be changed for the better? The means of transport are bad. The white men are scattered; therefore, when a man gets ill, in the hinterland of the Gold Coast for example, the only means of conveying him to a coast-town hospital is in a hammock; and it will be admitted that a long journey in a hammock will probably be so injurious that the hospital staff will be unable to do him much good when he is placed under their care. It is this difficulty of conveying white patients so widely scattered that will curtail the usefulness of the trained women-nurses, unless they can be scattered too, which I am sure they are prepared to be, although this is not probably contemplated by the authorities.

Britain is now sending out many officers into the remote possessions in West and Central Africa; only on arrival they will not go forth in a band, but in little groups or as single individuals; and, generally, when these men are stricken with fever they must live or die without the aid of nurse or doctor. They are doing a good work for our Empire; but to them, away in the hinterland bush, the British Empire can afford little more than her moral support. As this is not always practically useful, I should advise them to supplement their knowledge and skill by learning cooking suitable to the supplies of the country, and by studying Dr Crosse's admirable book, *Medical Notes for Expeditions*. This knowledge of cooking and the advice of a man well versed in the country and climate will enable white men frequently to prevent illness and the consequent need for the unavailable nurse and doctor. It will also enable them to render valuable aid to others in time of need. The advice on the use of drugs given by Dr Crosse will also save them from amateur doctoring; for, although all amateur doctors are dangerous, the male amateur is more deadly than the female. The lady fond of prescribing for herself and friends usually sticks faithfully to one patent medicine, and regards it as applicable to all ailments; and whatever there is to be said against this system, it is far safer than helping yourself to raw drugs out of a bottle with a spoon, or keeping bottles of tabloids—a collection with all the labels off: tabloids of corrosive sublimate, tabloids for making tea, tabloids for use in preserving bird-skins, tabloids of quinine, tabloids for every disease under the sun, from measles to megrims; and then, when you feel ill, taking the one you rather fancy must be the right one. I know men in West Africa who do this thing. I have also known men who did it once too often; they are dead now. I have had a considerable experience in the evils arising from the employment of valuable medicines by the uninitiated.

On one occasion I was sent for to a white man who was very ill; he was comatose, and his black Kroo-boy servants thought he was dying. As I had been very liberal to them with tobacco, they had a strong belief in my intelligence in matters beyond their personal knowledge. So, master being 'ill too much,' they requested me to go and see him. 'Has he had any medicine?' I asked. 'Yes,' said Brass Pan. 'What?' said I. 'This,' said he, giving me a bottle labelled corrosive sublimate. 'How much?' said I. 'Two tablespoonfuls,' he replied. 'It is an undertaker that is wanted here,' I said, 'not I.' 'Go one time.' 'Get me hot water, salt, mustard, and oil.' I had no stomach-pump, but had the next best thing ready rapidly, and the patient had it too. In a short time he was better, and sensible; so I said, 'Have some more.' 'No,' said he. 'Do,' said I; but I will omit his observation; it was firm, and all his remaining strength was in it. 'I do not want to frighten you, sir; but, after the poison you have taken, it is necessary,' I said. 'What poison?' he said. 'Well,' said I, 'Brass Pan says you have had a little out of that bottle.' 'Oh,' he said, 'that's my last remaining lot of Eno's Fruit Salt. Its own bottle got broken. Have you been giving me this emetic for that?' 'I have,' said I, 'and it serves you right for putting medicines in wrong bottles; and at any rate it is a mercy the emetic did you good.' I need not relate further details. The man got well; he is alive now, and remains insufficiently convinced that he owed that emetic to his method of keeping medicines in wrong bottles.

I merely mention the incident to show how fearfully careless is the white man in medical affairs, and how enormously valuable the moral influence of doctors and nurses, who would teach these men that keeping Eno in a corrosive sublimate bottle and similar practices are crimes and reckless conduct unjustifiable in civilised men. How valuable the station doctors are in the treatment of sick men is well known; but I sometimes think the good work done by the doctor in a settlement is not sufficiently appreciated. He does not get due credit for the sickness and death prevented. Thus, if he is on the spot the men do not doctor themselves, while his advice on housebuilding and other sanitary matters is generally invaluable. In fact, his work is a great preventive agency. I believe good nurses will be of service in the same way.

In our present forward policy in West Africa we require both men and women nurses; the men ashore at the out-stations, the women in the established, well-found hospital. It ought to be quite possible to find both. The hospital soldier-orderly is more mobile than the lady-nurse; moreover, he can make himself generally useful when not professionally employed. The soldiers who have had the experience of hospital-duty in the war in South Africa, when it is over, should

have the offer of well-paid appointments as squires for our knights-errant far away at bush-stations in our tropical empire, and all minor Government appointments might be thrown open to them; in fact, they should have a preference before young men with merely a clerk's training.

The establishment of a main hospital for West Africa at Sierra Leone is also very necessary. Although not a health-resort, Sierra Leone is less unhealthy than either the Gold Coast or Lagos; it is the port-of-call at which all vessels from the Bights call, and these vessels only too often have on board a fever-stricken man, whose life might be saved if at Sierra Leone he could be sent ashore—landing is easy—and nursed and properly fed, which are equally important, and so pulled through sufficiently to enable him successfully to face the trade-winds. I do not hesitate to say that for one man who dies on board a ship in the Bights there are three who die between Sierra Leone and the Canary Islands, a result attributable to the chill they suffer while weak and ill in that horrible trade-wind zone.

The thorough officering of the hospitals at present existing in the English West African colonies would not require a large army of nurses; but I would urge the necessity for a sufficiently large number—a double staff, in fact, so that one-half may be on duty while the other half is home on leave. Our West African possessions are not places where it is advisable for any one to stay more than twelve months at a time, even if they have no severe attack of fever; and after cases of severe fever a run out to sea—home, if need be, or, at any rate, to the Canaries—is necessary. It is not wise nor does it pay in the end to do without change when on duty of any kind in these regions just because you can stand. I have often heard the remark, 'Oh, Mr B. is all right and back to work again;' and when I saw Mr B. pottering about looking after things, I noticed he only looked 'all right' from the point of view of an expectant grave-worm, while from other points of view he looked as if he needed change of air and a month's careful feeding and tender care. Then, when we next hear of Mr B. that he is 'down again' or 'dead,' or that 'he had to go home at last,' we know what that 'at last' means—namely, an invalid for years, or possibly for life.

In the English colonies in West Africa the term of service expected from a man by the Government is twelve months on the coast and six months at home, and for the trading interest the period is two years on the coast, both classes having sick-leave in severe fever cases only. To put it mildly, however, it is not advisable to have so heavy a death-rate in nurses as in either Government service or traders' employment; and I strongly advise those in authority to see to it that the trained lady-nurses who go to West Africa have a longer leave and greater advantages

than are now given to either Government officials or traders. For one reason, the life she will lead in a Government hospital is one more akin to that of a white lady who goes out to teach in a mission school, a class whose mortality is high in West Africa; and the nurse's work will be even more dangerous, from the extra strain put on her by the nature of her work.

In advocating the employment of male nurses, or hospital orderlies, I do not wish to underrate the usefulness of lady-nurses; I have seen too much of the splendid work done by them in Calabar. However, the usefulness of lady-nurses depends largely on the sort of women engaged. There are many excellent trained nurses who could do grand work here but would not be so useful in West Africa; and there are many trained nurses who, although not coming up to the standard at home, would be superior nurses in West Africa. It is, therefore, a great advantage to have in the Colonial Nursing Association a selecting and organising executive committee. The able services of Mrs Piggott, who, from a personal acquaintance with the circumstances and needs of the tropics, first set the association to work in supplying the necessary trained nurses, guarantees that the object of the association is well attended to; and Mrs Chamberlain, Lady Ampt-hill, and Mrs Antrobus are now gallantly and enthusiastically forwarding the same work. I do not wish to underrate the general power of ladies to endure the West African climate. Several ladies of the missions of the Baptists, the American Presbyterians, the United Presbyterians, and the Roman Catholics have been on the coast for many years—my esteemed friend, Miss Mary Slessor, of the United Presbyterian Mission, for nearly twenty years. Still, most of these ladies have more open-air exercise than a hospital nurse can enjoy. The nurse is condemned to a life like that of a rabbit in a hutch—such as the Government civilian and the trader lead in the Bights in the coast towns.

It is frequently said the country is healthier when you leave the coast regions, but I do not think so, until you are well out of the West African region and into the North, Central, or East region. This, it may be said, is only my personal opinion; but it is based on the opinion of French friends with experience of West African hinterlands. I have also some knowledge of the western equatorial hinterland. It is the life men lead when in the hinterland that keeps them healthy; the physical exercise and the constant presence of danger keeps the mind free from the depression of the humid tropical climate. The death-rate of African explorers is small compared with that of African administrators, missionaries, and traders. It is the existence in a corrugated-iron house, with every comfort civilisation can give, and without violent exercise, danger, or worry, that makes life in Africa—especially in

West Africa—so truly dangerous. This is the life the nurse will have to face. The life is not so sensational as that of Mr A. or Mr B. or Miss K., who go gallivanting about the bush; but it is one of greater value in winning Africa for the British Empire. All those who know anything of Africa are aware that it is the building up of centres of definite effort that will permanently benefit these regions.

Regarding the ability of natives for the work, I believe the women might be trained as capable nurses, and that such training would be beneficial to both white man and black. The West African women are excellent, quiet, gentle, and very devoted; and if you heard the whole of the story you would believe that quite as many white men are saved by good nursing at the hands of Africans as there are of men whose lives are lost through Africans' neglect.

In conclusion, I will briefly refer to another important matter in connection with the preservation of health in Africa. Bad cooking is chiefly the cause of the want of good food in West Africa; and the want of good food is the cause of much of the sickness there. It may be that a slight fever is on a man; the tinned

provisions mainly constituting his food-supply become distasteful; he gradually becomes weaker, the fever increases, and finally he dies. After a severe fever an appetising and strengthening diet is necessary. There is abundance of excellent food in West Africa: fish abound in all its waters, and vegetables in the bush and native farms; and in many districts there is game to be had. The true negro native woman is a good cook; but the majority of white men are not in touch with African food, or African cooks in the Bights of Biafra and Benin; they are almost entirely dependent on tinned food and on a man more worthy of the name of tin-opener than cook. Of course it may be argued that tinned provisions are so excellent that fresh food is not now a necessity; but somehow perfection in any form does not usually go in large quantities to the West Coast of Africa. I often think of a valued friend out there whose storeroom got washed out by a tornado. He bitterly complained to me about it. 'I shall never know what I am eating now,' he said; 'all the labels have been washed off.' I left him dismally complaining that he would be taking boiled beef for tea and strawberry-jam for dinner.

BEYOND EARTH'S JUDGMENT.

By ISABEL MAUDE HAMILL, Author of *A Bit of Blue China*, *The Master and the Bees*, &c.

IT'S a grievous job,' sighed Martha Askew, as she sat at her cottage door mending her husband's shirt; 'a real grievous un, an' no mistake.' A shadow in front caused her to look up.

'La, 'Liza Ann, how still you do come! I never heard you,' she exclaimed.

'No; you might well not hear me, you was so busy talkin' to yourself. What a fashion you've got of it, Martha! What's the grievous job as you was lamentin'?'

'Grievous enough! The doctor says as Mark Halliday'll pull through.'

'Never! Well, all as I can say is as the Lord's ways is past findin' out.'

'The Lord indeed!' snapped Martha. 'It don't seem to me as if the Lord had much to do with it; it's his own constitution. Iron ain't in it with him; he's that obstinate and set agen dyin', I never see'd any one like him.'

'Nor me neither. What does Kate say?'

'Nothing! I met her comin' from the corner shop, and says, "I suppose Mark ain't long for this world;" and she says as quiet as could be, "Doctor says he'll recover"—never another word, but passed on in that way she has, and left me gapin' open-mouthed. "Recover!" I gasped. "The Lord help her!"'

'How long's he been bedfast?'

'Six months, an' expectin' every day to be his last. It would 'a been some consolation if he'd died at the end of it; she might 'a looked forward to a bit o' peace the last few years of her life, and now most likely he'll outlive her. It's just like Mark Halliday; even on his death-bed he must go contrary to every one else; any one but him would 'a died respectable.'

'It's Providence, Martha; and it's no use you nor Kate runnin' your heads agen it.'

'Providence! Bosh! 'Liza Ann, I hate such talk, puttin' things on Providence as He'd scorn to have the doin' of; but that's the way with lots o' folks. They does things wrong, then lays the blame on Providence, as is convenient-like.'

'Ah, well! I ain't goin' to discuss Bible doctrines with you, Martha. You've never studied and read the best o' books as I have; an' it 'ud ill become me, a professin' Christian, to be hagglin' with you over the Lord's dealin's with Mark Halliday and his wife, though I do say as I'm real grieved for her. All the village knows as she's had the life of a dog, and worse, with his cantankerous, selfish ways.'

So saying, Eliza Ann Hargreaves walked away to her own cottage.

Mark Halliday and his submissive, patient wife were somewhat of a puzzle to the simple village folks, who had been born, brought up, and lived all their lives in Callow Green. These

two were not Callow Green born, but had settled there about twenty years ago. So few strangers of the working-class made their abode in the place that at first they had been regarded with some little suspicion; but, as the man stuck to his last and made good boots and shoes, and his wife never gossiped but was always ready to do a kind act, they had become part of the community, with this difference: whereas every other person's antecedents were known from great-great-grand-fathers downward, nobody had ever been able to find out anything about the Hallidays' parents, much less grandfathers. In the matter of past history, husband and wife were alike reticent.

To say that Mark Halliday was disliked in the village by no means expresses the way in which he was regarded; he was hated with sincere cordiality. His surly manners and ungovernable temper—which he showed not only towards his wife but to nearly every one who crossed or offended him—and his domineering ways, were resented greatly by those who had been 'born and bred on the spot.'

'Mark Halliday needn't think as he's the only one as knows anythin'; them as is born to the place, it stands to sense, knows better nor him as was born nowheres in partic'lar,' was a sentence frequently heard in the mouths of the rustics when annoyed by his dictatorial 'overbearingness.'

Why his wife submitted so patiently to him was a matter of wonder to many, and especially when it was known that underneath her calm, impassive exterior there smouldered the embers of a fire which, if roused, burnt with a terrible fury. One of the very rare occasions on which she had shown her temper was when a neighbour's child, aided and abetted by its mother, had endeavoured to take away from her own only child, a boy, a box of toys which he had gained for good behaviour in the village school; but it was the epithets applied that roused her indignation even more than the meanness of the act. She came upon the scene as the woman was saying:

'You little interloper! Who knows where you've come from? Like enough your mother's no better than she should be; and yet you, with your hypocritical face, come and take prizes as *born villagers* ought to have. Impudent young varmint! the sooner you get out of this the better.'

How Kate acted, and what she said when her terrified lad, then about six years old, ran to her crying, made a deep and lasting impression upon those who saw and heard her. Some said it was like thunder from hell, others that her eyes were like lightning-flashes; but a few said she was like a stricken deer, who in its dire extremity looks round to shield its young. From that day Donald Halliday was left in peace.

This child, born six months after they came to Callow Green, was the apple of her eye; and when, in course of time, no other children had come to the home, it seemed as though the love

that ought to have been given to husband and father, under ordinary circumstances, was lavished in a double portion upon him. Mark took little notice of the boy, and as he grew older treated him with a sort of contempt and indifference. The one bright spot in the woman's life was the monthly visits of her boy, just out of his apprenticeship to a large engineering firm in the neighbouring town of Marnsfield. His employers had spoken highly of him, and had offered him a good situation immediately his time was up.

He was a tall, handsome young fellow, fond of learning, and had taken certificates of merit in many branches of science at the night-schools he had attended. In most things he appeared superior to his father and mother; but of his devotion to the latter there could be no doubt, and a large proportion of his spare sixpences, which were not overabundant, were spent in little surprise presents for her. How happy the two were when she went, as was her custom, to the nearest railway station, three miles away, to meet him at the end of each month! How proud she felt, too, when they walked side by side up the long village street! And she knew, though she never turned her head to look, that the neighbours were peeping over the white muslin blinds to catch a glimpse of her handsome boy, and saying, 'Kate's a proud woman this day; and he's a son to be proud of.' How little they imagined that at his birth the iron had entered into the mother's soul, penetrating to its very depths!

Twenty-three or twenty-four years ago Kate Ollerton had been lady's-maid to Squire Coke's wife, of Debington Hall, an old-fashioned country place situated about four miles from the large town of Nottingham, and a mile from Debington village. She was a favourite with both mistress and servants, and her good looks and pleasant manners soon gained her many admirers of the opposite sex; but on none of these did she look with favour. There was one, however, who would not be said nay; and this was Mark Halliday, the village shoemaker. He was a tall, well-made man, with a dogged pertinacity of character that might have been turned to good account, but which he used only to further his own ends whatever they might be.

'If Mark Halliday sets his mind on a thing, you may depend he'll get it sooner or later,' was a remark frequently passed about him.

He had taken a great fancy to Kate Ollerton, and, as far as his selfish, self-pleasing nature allowed, *liked* her; the term love can hardly be applied to men of his calibre. Her supreme indifference to his suit only made him all the more determined to win her. To her he showed the best side of his warped nature; but to all his pleadings she turned a deaf ear. Perhaps what stung him most, and created a desire for revenge in his narrow soul, was that Kate had been

reported to say that 'she looked far higher for a mate than a village shoemaker, so that Mark Halliday might as well give up thinking of her first as last, for she would never marry him if he were the only man who ever asked her.'

When this was told to Mark he said nothing; but he registered a vow that 'before he died he'd humble the proud hussy.'

About this time there came to stay at the village inn a young man, whose purpose was to paint the old Hall. He was the son of Sir James Gledhill, and brought with him letters of introduction to the squire and his wife. The first time he saw Kate Ollerton his artistic temperament was struck by her beauty; and when he found that the exquisite old oak panelling he desired to sketch was in the room where she frequently sat to work, his eyes wandered oftener to the girl's face, on which the lovely colour came and went in quick succession, than was good for the details of the carving. And then—it was the old story, in which a man and a woman have played a part since the foundation of the world, and will do so until the end; a story with whose tragedy human hearts are ever throbbing and—dying. To do him justice, he offered Kate marriage—that the girl would have scorned any other proposal he knew—but a secret one; and when, three months after Harry Gledhill left Debington, Kate too left her situation, the gossips all said that she had run away with him.

They were married over the Border, and according to Scotch law, so her husband told her; and then came four or five months of delicious, uninterrupted happiness, in a picturesque Scotch village, where he took lodgings, coming to see her whenever possible; and then—a long dreary month of suspense and anxiety when no letter came, and no lover. The untold anguish of those days, and the hope deferred, were well-nigh unbearable, and left their mark on her for ever.

Then, when autumn was fading into winter, and the red, russet, and brown leaves rustled under her feet, Kate read in the paper that her husband had been accidentally drowned whilst bathing, and that the family had been so overwhelmed with grief that they had shut up the family mansion and gone abroad for an indefinite period.

'Nobody will believe I am married, and baby coming. Oh, how can I live! Oh, let me die! let me die! The disgrace is more than I can bear!' moaned the poor girl over and over again in her anguish.

It was at this juncture Mark Halliday, who had never for any length of time lost sight of Kate, came to her, saying that he had seen all about her trouble in the papers, and had come to see if he could help her in any way. The poor girl, who had never had any feeling towards him except the saucy independence of youth, and looking higher, was much touched by his

apparent kindness, and told him how greatly she feared that people would not believe that she was properly married.

'Well, we can soon settle that if you let me look at your papers.'

'I have none,' she replied blankly; 'but Mr Gledhill said it was quite right.'

Then the devil entered into Mark Halliday, and something seemed to say within him, 'Here's the chance come as you never dreamt it would,' and his keen eyes glistened.

'I'm very sorry for you, Kate,' he replied; 'but I am afraid yours is not a legal marriage; leastways it don't seem like it to me.'

'Oh! but it must be,' she groaned. 'My child! my child! to be born into the world without a father's name! Would to God I could die!'

'Now, look here, Kate, don't you fret. I'll stand your friend, though every one should turn against you; and I'll get to know right for you about the marriage.'

'You're very kind, Mark; and I don't deserve it of you.'

'Never mind that; bygones is bygones. I'm not one to cast up the past in folk's face. It's the present as we've got to do with—ain't it?'

For a day or two after this Mark went away, ostensibly to inquire concerning the legality of the marriage, in reality to find out and interview the witnesses to it. He only found one—a deaf, stupid old man, of whom he could make very little; and he returned, satisfied in his own mind that Kate could easily be made to understand that the wedding had not the sanction of the law.

The agony on her face when told that she was not properly married almost made the man repent of his purpose; but he knew that it was now or never, so he held on, saying:

'Even if you were lawfully wed, the family would never believe such a story; and you'd be just as badly off as you are now.' This he said to appease his conscience.

'It's not myself I think about, though that's bad enough,' she moaned; 'it's the child being born out of wedlock, and pointed at as base-born. Oh, it's cruel, cruel! I'm sure Mr Gledhill thought it was all right.' She was always particular to speak of her husband as *Mister* Gledhill.

'See here, Kate'—and as he spoke he went up to her and put his hand lightly on her bowed head—'I'll do for you what few others would do: I'll marry you right away, and make an honest woman of you; and then the child will be mine before the world, registered as mine, and no one but our two selves will ever know any different. I give you my word of honour that not one word shall ever pass my lips concerning it from the day we are man and wife.'

At first she viewed such a proposal with horror, and would not listen to it; but gradually, as he daily expatiated on its advantages to the child, the disgrace from which it would be saved—no

stigma would attach to its name, no suspicion even—the mother-heart stirred within her, and her love for the yet unborn babe pulled at her heart-strings till the pain and indecision were well-nigh intolerable, and she wished that she could die.

'But people like me never do die, and their babies always live. I wonder why?' she thought in her misery. Another time she would say, 'It will be for my baby's sake. God would forgive me for its sake; surely He would.'

So by degrees she allowed Mark to persuade her, and they were married at a registrar's office in the big city of Glasgow, where, as in London, nobody knows anybody. It was after this marriage that they had come to live at Callow Green, Kate having insisted that they should go to some quiet, unknown spot. Here the child was born, and proved to the poor woman's desolate heart a heaven-sent gift.

Mark Halliday had strictly kept the letter of his promise; but the *spirit* of it he had broken in a way that only men of his type can do, and which to their wives is slow, agonising torture. As he grew older his self-will and ungovernable temper increased, and in unmentionable petty ways he made her feel that a word from him could ruin her reputation and that of her boy; and she, realising that to her much-loved child he had at least given his name, and thus hidden her shame, silently bore his gibes and insults. There were times when she felt that even death would be preferable to the humiliating bondage to which she was subject; but she was a proud woman, and not even her next-door neighbour had any idea of the life she lived, though it was well enough known that 'Kate's husband was a cur and treated her shameful.' Thus for twenty-three years she had lived, silent, uncomplaining, and self-contained; and now, after nursing her husband patiently for six months, expecting every day to be his last, the doctor had said that he thought he would pull through. When he told her this not a muscle of her face stirred; but a hard, set look came into it and remained there.

Martha Askew had been one of the few women with whom Kate had formed a friendship, and many a kindly act she had done for the long-suffering wife during her husband's illness.

'How she puts up with his surly way, which is past bearin', I don't know; waitin' on him like a lamb,' she remarked many times to her neighbours. 'If he was mine he'd get as good as he sends, and a bit to make weight.'

Slowly Mark Halliday crept back to life; and one day, as he lay in his bed watching Kate, who was sitting by the window sewing, he said, 'I suppose you thought I was going to die?'

'The doctor thought so,' she replied.

'I reckon I've disappointed you both a bit—haven't I?'

'You've surprised us,' she answered, trying to speak cheerfully.

'Surprised you! I guess I've done a bit more than that. However, that don't matter as long as I'm here to give you the protection of my name—do it?'

The woman made no answer; the only sign that she heard the remark was the vivid red that flushed her pale cheek and the quicker movement of her needle.

'Many a woman,' he continued, unheeding, 'would deem herself lucky to be in your shoes this day, Kate.'

'Would they? There might be a difference of opinion about that.'

'What do you mean?' he inquired angrily, and raising himself in bed.

'What I say,' she answered quietly.

'What *you say*! you impertinent jade—you, to whom I have given character, and prevented your child—*your* child remember, not mine—from being known as a'—

'Stop!' she cried in a voice which she hardly recognised as her own; 'you may call me what you like, but you shall not utter a word against the boy. As you are not his father, you have not the right to'—

A gurgling sound made her look up, and she saw her husband struggling as though for breath, and almost purple in the face. She was at his side in a moment, and raised his head; but it was of no avail.

Death had claimed his unwilling victim unexpectedly, and he lay back with gasping breath and a look of beseeching terror in his wide-open eyes. Poor man! His own ungovernable temper had brought about the very catastrophe he so wished to avoid. His rage and indignation at hearing the woman who had for over twenty years borne his gibes and taunts in meek and patient silence retort at last in the cool contemptuous manner of defiance were more than he could bear; and his great wrath had brought on a fit of apoplexy, and his heart, weakened by his long illness, hastened the end.

Kate, with a frightened look on her face, ran to the door to call in her next-door neighbour; but, as Eliza Ann Hargreaves happened to be passing, she asked her to come in.

'What's the matter? Is he worse?' she inquired anxiously.

'He's dying,' was the laconic reply.

'Dear! dear! Truly, as I remarked only a week or two ago to Martha Askew, the Lord's ways is past finding out.'

Kate made no reply to this pious utterance. As soon as Eliza Ann came to the bedside she realised that Mark Halliday had at length bowed to the inexorable summons from which there is no escape, be it sooner or later.

'The Lord's took him at last,' she murmured softly, 'and He's give him a long time to repent in, Mrs Halliday. I hope he's done it proper all these months, and not gone back to the world as

so many of 'em do when they think they're recoverin'; then the Lord drops on 'em again, like this, you know.'

Again the woman made no reply; the idea of the Lord 'dropping on people' was not in her creed.

'You will go at once for the doctor—will you? Likely Martha Askew would come to me if she knew; she was always very kind.' Here her voice trembled and tears filled her eyes.

'Certainly I'll go for both of 'em, and do anythin' I can for you, I'm sure.'

'Thank you. Perhaps you'd take a telegram to the post for my son?'

So she wrote these words: 'Mr Halliday is dead. Come to your mother.'

'Wouldn't you say father? It sounds kinder.'

'That will do. I don't choose to let all the post-office people know what relative is dead.'

'No? Then I'll go and send it off; and may the Lord comfort you.'

Left to herself, Kate sat down for a few minutes in utter bewilderment; but two words kept ringing in her ears above everything else: 'Safety! Freedom!' Safety from ever having the secret of her boy's birth betrayed, and freedom from bondage. As she reverently closed the dead man's eyes and looked into his face, her thoughts turned back to the days when he had first brought her to Callow Green—days fraught with so much. Could it be twenty-two years since? Twenty-two years! It seemed incredible.

Presently the doctor entered, so quietly that she was not aware of his presence until she heard him say in that soft, sympathetic voice his patients loved so well:

'This is very sudden, and a great shock to you, I am sure, Mrs Halliday; but I am not surprised. Any man subject to fits of excitement and passion like your husband would be liable in his weak state to go off in one. You must not reproach yourself at all, you have been a good wife, and very patient during this long illness.' Then, shaking hands kindly with her, he left, muttering to himself, 'That woman's life has been a tragedy. Why or how I cannot say; but she carries it in her face, poor soul!'

The last offices for the dead man were soon performed by kind neighbours; and Kate, who had refused their well-meant offers to stay with her, sat alone awaiting the arrival of her boy. After a while she went upstairs and began slowly and carefully to fold and put away Mark's things. As she laid them mechanically one by one in a drawer no tears dimmed her eyes; she almost wished they would. All she seemed conscious of was a dull feeling of relief. In the waistcoat-pocket he had last worn she found a small key; and, thinking it might fit a tiny black box she had discovered under some paper in the bottom of a drawer, she applied it to the lock, which, though rusty, yielded; but it only con-

tained a piece of paper in an unknown handwriting. She looked at it listlessly, and then sat down to read it. She never knew how long she sat there, nor how many times she read it; but in her dire agony great drops of sweat stood out on her forehead, and she dug her nails so deeply into her arm that it bled, yet she never felt it.

Was it for this she had endured twenty-three years of untold misery *needlessly*? Yes, needlessly; for the piece of torn paper that she held in her trembling fingers was a note from the clergyman testifying to the legality of her marriage according to Scotch law; therefore her boy was legitimate, and the man lying dead in the other room had known it!

As she realised the cruelty and injustice of all he had done, a feeling of suffocation came over her, and an insatiable desire for revenge well-nigh maddening.

Then, as she thought of her utter impotence—that he on whom she desired to be revenged had gone beyond all human jurisdiction—she clenched her hands in mute despair and groaned aloud.

The long vista of years rose before her, with all she had endured, all she had suffered—the days of agony and nights of shame—to *no purpose*, until her brain reeled. She was back again in the Scotch village, the happy wife of Harry Gledhill; she heard his voice once again, and felt the touch of his hand on her arm, and life was love, and love was life!

Presently she rose, and going over to where the dead man lay, looked at him, hatred written on every line of her face, saying as she did so:

'Mark Halliday, you have gone to your Judge; but this day your revenge is robbed of its sweetest bit. You thought to tell me yourself before you died of what I now know, and gloat over my impotency and rage; but you have been balked, and *you know it*.'

For some moments she remained absolutely still, her eyes fixed on the white, still figure; then, closing the door of the room behind her, she never entered it again.

SONNET.

THERE be some songs that, whosoever singeth,
They fall in measured cadence on the ear;
And soft and slow their music ever ringeth
Adown the weary waning of the year.
All may not think their strains divinest rapture,
But unto us their faintest echo seems
Like unto those that all our senses capture,
Heard in the fairy realms of sweetest dreams;
And the spell lies in touch of mem'ry's fingers
That wake within our hearts some answering note—
A note whose blessed sweetness ever lingers
Like the dear sounds from some rare song-bird's throat;
A lingering note that, from the past, doth borrow
Something of long-gone joy or half-sweet sorrow.

CLARA SINGER POYNTER.

OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

CROSSES ON THE ROAD: A PAPER FOR CYCLISTS.

By C. EDWARDES.

EVEN in England there is an extensive range of obstructions, possible or probable, trivial and grave, which any cyclist may have to face in the course of an ordinary day's run. In spite of the loudest bell, there may yet be a child just round the corner at the bottom of the hill; and though you are going at your most cautious pace, with hand on brake, ready for all emergencies, the youngster in such a case often entreates you to knock him down. This is one of the commonest experiences; but the mother of the particular hopeful who, at your reluctant bidding, has kissed his other mother, Earth (and little more), is likely to be as rude to you as if her darling was the first of its kind thus to suffer. Wonderful, however, is the salving power of coin of the realm in such events; and we suspect there is not a little of this infantine deafness and audacity that is in a measure inspired by the hope of a half-crown or so in exchange for a mere scratch.

One of the funniest of our experiences, more or less, of the kind was in County Down. Here, in descending a coast road, with keen outlook for babies, pigs, and poultry (the local products), we were taken unawares by a very excited hen attached to an old boot. The hen rose, boot and all, and, with most scurrilous cries, attempted to cross the road in front of the cycle. In this it failed. The boot ballast brought it down by the front wheel, in the hub of which the string got looped, so that neither boot nor hen could touch the ground. For a score or more yards boot, hen, cycle, and cyclist all went on their way, pursued by the irate mistress of the hen, which had probably never made so awkward and constrained a flight since it was fledged. Then we pulled up, and—not without difficulty—unhitched the string. To hear the tongue of the dame who owned the hen you would have thought that we were the criminal instead of the hen

itself, or, better, the person who insulted the hen's respectability by attaching it to so very humiliating an incubus. Happily, neither hen, cyclist, nor cycle suffered materially, though we imagine that for a few hours the gentle fowl's nerves would continue in a state of 'upset.'

In Scotland weasels are very common objects on the road. They cannot exactly be called obstructions; but twice in a day we have caught them at a disadvantage that seemed to reduce them to a condition of helpless panic. One of these little fellows fairly invited us to run over him. He slid this way and that in front of the wheel, and finally escaped only by inches. His wife or other near relation had disappeared like a shooting-star in the midst of his bewilderment, and we have little doubt his own hesitation was laudably disinterested: he would have given a young rabbit, for instance, to have known for certain into which hedgerow the lady had precipitated herself to avoid the awful object that surprised them both in turning the corner. Of horses and dogs, cows, sheep, and pigs, there is no need to write in detail. They are among the cyclist's inevitable crosses. Combined with ruts and mud, contrary winds, and long, long hills to climb, they do very good service by taming in him much obtrusive exuberant felicity.

There is, of course, also the highway robber, for whom enterprising persons are patenting special pistols. But he is as yet a rarity: the subject of hollow whispers at afternoon teas—'Oh, my dear, I have had such a truly awful adventure!' &c. Most assuredly, if he increases and multiplies, he will have to be extinguished root and branch. Let country innkeepers see to it. They will find whose shoe pinches worst if it should happen—though we apprehend it will not—that our sisters and aunts and great-grandmothers are frightened by this ugly bogey out of their little dissipated runs of ten and twenty miles into the lanes and cross-roads. The tale has yet to be told of the muscular lady cyclist (a pupil of Sandow's) who

dismounted and met fairly and squarely one of these felonious miscreants. He asked for money, watch, trinkets, and everything; and when she left him he was prone in the dust with a ruddy nose, and nothing else. Perhaps, indeed, even the highwayman lying in wait among the bracken for timid maidens awheel may prove a blessing in disguise, like so many other things in life that we complain about. If he arouses in the fair that combative instinct which some say is latent in them all, there will in future be no need for paterfamilias to lift his unwilling toes out of bed when stealthy movements are heard in the dining-room below at about 3 A.M., with a faint chink as of silver spoons: the practised cyclist, as wife, will be a match even for the burglar.

It is abroad that one may with the most complete confidence expect the undesired in the way of obstruction to happen. Either it is a swelling functionary in spectacles, eager to make sure you are not insulting the local bylaws in riding without a name-plate, a license, or a lamp. Or it is a company of genial but yet obstructive other cyclists, who all dismount and salute you becomingly with uplifted caps and ardent inquiries about nothing in particular, or about a certain other cycling Herr who is supposed to be miles in advance of them. Capital fellows all, unless by that hour in the day you have lost the greater part of the good-humour with which every touring man may be supposed to mount in the blithe morning and look forward gaily to the evening's rest; but yet obstructionists. There is also the extremely audacious knicker-bockered Parisienne who awaits you while she smokes a cigarette, seated upon a kilomètre-stone: she has had a 'bête' of a puncture, and wholly relies upon monsieur's courtesy and skill. This, too, may be charming, if you are in the mood for such mild adventures, and her tire is an easy one to treat. Otherwise—Nevertheless, even at the brightest estimate, she also is an obstructionist. So is the troop, followed by another troop, and yet another, of jingling cavalry, who of a sudden threaten to sweep the roadway in the fine imperious manner current in those unhappy lands across the Channel where the curse of militarism periodically infects the atmosphere. Their dust is too opaque for words, and as obstructionists they may be the worst of all.

Down south and up in the north the dogs are apt to be peculiarly interfering. In Scandinavia, as we all know, these animals run large, and they have teeth and spirits well-proportioned to their size. It is far, very far, from soothing to be rushed upon by two, three, or even four of these brutes—with an average height of five hands—all angry, and all, as it seems, possessed by the same idea that the wheeled thing in the roadway is a cross between a bear and an elk, and in any case most positively a creature to

be dragged down and worried. Such is the initial impression they create in the perturbed rider. Of course, in this situation he leaps to the ground, and, perhaps with a quick, tender thought of his about-to-be-bereaved relations, resolves at least to sell his life dearly. The revulsion may even be provocative of tears. For, like the cycle-attacking dog nearly all over the world, these demonstrative beasts no sooner perceive that their quarry is a commonplace trousered biped than they wag their tails, perhaps even attempt to lick the hand that was ready to smite them, or (more generally by much) flee to the farthestmost parts of the adjacent fields, with tails covering and long-drawn howls of mingled terror and disappointment. Even in the north, however, there are exceptions among dogs; and it will not do to rely absolutely on so pleasing a change of front in these four-footed nuisances.

Down south it is pretty much the same. The Spanish or Portuguese dog is, however, infinitely more excited by the cycle than is, say, the Danish dog. There is, also, more of him. As you approach the first humble hovel on the threshold of a village, a mustard-coloured, wolfish muzzle protrudes itself from the doorway. Instantly afterwards, with the most degraded air that you ever saw in this reputedly noble kind of quadruped, the thing hurls itself into the roadway, and begins that infernal music with which the cyclist in the Peninsula becomes so distressedly familiar. The thing somersaults alongside you, with cautious snaps at your tire or your calf (whichever annoys it the more), and yells without ceasing; and as you enter the village itself, from a score of other hovels a score of the fiend's friends or enemies rush forth, and all join in the cheerful sport of baiting this common foe. In these circumstances you may, of course, please yourself whether you continue steering between the files of yawning and bellowing jaws, taking all risks rather than truckle down to the brutes. For our part, we prefer, as a rule, to get off and pick up a stone; then astonishing is the result, as a rule. With dismal howls of forebodings, the yellowish mongrels speed to their respective homes; nor do they reopen their fearful concert until they have their sterns comfortably set towards their respective domestic interiors. The owners of the dogs in the Peninsula, though ever so civil at heart, do not seem to trouble about the annoyance their properties cause the cyclist. Instead of calling the dogs off the poor traveller (who five minutes earlier, perchance, was transported by the beauty of the landscape and its sweet peacefulness), they merely stand at their doors and smile in expectation of what shall happen.

In the highlands of the Peninsula, alike in Spain and Portugal, the exceptions are still more noteworthy than in the north. Here the dogs

kept are of a specially ferocious breed and build. They are used to wolves, which they will, if need be, tackle singly. Candidly, they are the sort of dog to affect one's nerves, especially if the shepherd in command happens to be sleeping in the distance, or has gone off somewhere, leaving his faithful deputy in sole responsible charge. With such good brutes we have ever found it well to act cautiously. Once we had three of them upon us at the same time: height above the sea some four thousand feet. Their fangs were of the most picturesque kind, and their growls were as different as possible from the yelps of the lowland curs; and the more they were stoned the more aggressive they grew, until their master (in a straw overcoat) came speeding to the rescue. No one of the three was smaller than a four-weeks' calf.

The course pursued by the practised Spanish cyclist is to carry a few dozen stones in the pocket, and jerk these right and left when traversing a village. It answers, too, though the roughness of the average village thoroughfare in the Peninsula makes it a little risky to allow one's attention thus to be divided.

In the highlands after a time we found it effective to whistle forcibly for the hearing of the sheep-dogs (a sort of mastiff), just to convince them that we had something in common with the master before whom they are wont to cringe and fawn so affectingly.

An odd and extremely aggravating obstructionist also to be reckoned with in the realms of Don Alphonso and Don Carlos is the creaking ox-cart. On first-class roads the thing is not formidable; but met in the mountains, where there is not one only, nor any fewer than twenty of them, in a long ear-tormenting procession, it becomes vexatious. It is worse still when, in descending one or other of the glorious mountain zigzags, you see a dozen or two of the monstrosities studded about the road beneath you.

Of course, no man will be likely to cycle in these countries without a brake. Even then, however, it galls prodigiously to pull up in the very middle of ecstasy time after time. Moreover, there may be a very profound ravine on one side of the road, and it is somewhat more than possible that the oxen, heavily yoked though they are, may yield to a panic at sight of the cycle. Then anything may happen, from the death of one span of beautiful mild-eyed beasts to the death of the cyclist himself at the hands of the frenzied driver.

As of the oxen, so of the mules, high-spirited

and inexperienced horses, and even the generally phlegmatic common donkeys of the land. The cycle is quite as likely as not to excite in them all a feeling of alarm akin to madness. We write this with an especially tender recollection of the overturn of a large wagon of goods and human beings, drawn by four mules, all of whom took flight most gracefully under the gentle stimulus of our melodious bell. This was on the high-road between Burgos and Madrid. It was a petrifying calamity at first, though in the end, happily, it did not mean anything very serious. An oath or two from the swarthy Castilian men of the party, a good deal of tugging with the aid of other mules as well as the terrified four, some sobs and prayers to the Virgin from the women and children thus surprised and capsized, and a *peseta* or two from the cyclist himself for the bruises of the youngsters, with all the regrets he could signify—and that was the full tale of the mischief. But the cyclist subsequently reflected, with a curdling of the blood, about the awful consequences if the disaster had happened on the edge of a precipice instead of on the borders of a wheat-field.

After such an experience, the apparition of snakes and big fat green lizards in the roadway may be mentioned with a sense of bathos. These creatures, indeed, excite no alarm. Only in an extreme case may they be dangerous. Commonly in Portugal when one espies a brace of snakes lovingly coiled together in the middle of the well-cooked highway, the inclination urges to put on speed to see if haply one may take the reptiles unawares—not, of course, to run over them; the imagination declines to tamper with the sequel to so barbarous and wanton an act—merely, in fact, to see if they may be caught napping. The event, however, seldom comes off. With an astonishingly quick slide, the snakes vanish into the roadside scrub, and the road is clear. The lizards, on the other hand, are real fun. They do not move so fast, and again and again they *might* lose at least their tails under the cyclist's Juggernaut. They seem to realise this, and the air with which they scamper, tail lifted high, and one beady black eye upon the intruder, compels to laughter.

It must suffice in conclusion merely to name the most tiresome of all the cyclist's obstructions—our friend and enemy, the wind. When he is in opposition there is no one so detestable, even as, in the contrary case, he is the most affectionate and inspiring of allies.



OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONCLUSION.

LATE that same afternoon the Princess left London for Brandenburg. I saw her off at Charing Cross, and it is sufficient to say that at the moment of parting we were both speechless—overwhelmed by regret, sorrow, and blank despair. I raised her tiny gloved hand to my lips for the last time. My heart was bursting with a poignant grief. I watched the Continental train steam away across the Thames into the mist, then turned into the busy turmoil of the Strand with the heaviest burden of grief my soul has ever borne. My idol was broken. Mélanie, the woman I had loved dearer than life, could never be mine—never.

A few days later I sadly returned to my post in Brussels, and eagerly watched the newspapers, fearing day by day lest, in revenge, Krauss should expose the secret of Mélanie's marriage. Although the London police were active, their search was in vain. Descriptions of both Krauss and the woman Kohn were circulated in every district in the Metropolis, and every constable on duty remained on the lookout for them. The detectives on duty at all ports watching embarking passengers were duly apprised, and were vigilant in their efforts; but days lengthened into weeks, until at last it was believed at Scotland Yard that both had escaped from the country on the evening prior to our interview with Lord Macclesfield.

I had audience of the King on the morning after my return to Brussels, and related to him the circumstances in which his correspondence had been recovered, but without making known Mélanie's marriage or her complicity in the theft of the despatch-box.

At mention of the woman Kohn His Majesty said:

'You will remember that some time ago I expressed to you a strong desire to see her. Some two years ago I ascertained that she was one of the most accomplished secret agents, and it occurred to me she might possibly have had a hand in the theft of the despatch-box. My Minister in Paris was of the same opinion; therefore I wished to see her and ascertain if such were the truth. If so, I intended to offer her her price for the return of the letters. But what you have told me fortunately renders this unnecessary. I can only thank you very heartily for your successful efforts which have saved my personal honour; and as a mark of my esteem I desire to confer upon you the Order of Leopold,

which I trust your Sovereign the Queen will, in these exceptional circumstances, allow you to accept.'

'I thank your Majesty for the honour,' I responded; 'and I sincerely hope that my Queen will give her permission. As your Majesty is doubtless aware, the regulations in our diplomatic service are very strict regarding the acceptance of foreign orders.'

'I am well aware of that,' answered the King, smiling pleasantly. 'But I will use what personal influence I have, for you certainly merit some reward more substantial than mere words.'

Shortly afterwards, having received renewed expressions of the royal favour, I withdrew, and had the satisfaction a fortnight later of receiving the handsome insignia of the Order, together with the Queen's gracious permission to accept it.

About a month after my return to Brussels the post one morning brought a long rambling letter from Judith, dated from Dawes Road, a thoroughfare in Walham Green, confessing to the murder of Clunes, and giving precise directions as to where her accomplice Krauss was in hiding. Save that she was prompted by some motive of revenge, there seemed no reason whatever why the letter should have been written, and its wording puzzled me. Knowing, however, that the police were still in active search for her, I wired the address to Scotland Yard.

Two hours after the despatch of my telegram the police arrived at the house where Judith Kohn was lodging under disguise, and bearing the name of Franklin. The detectives found the door of her room locked, and when they broke it open, discovered her lying upon the bed lifeless. After writing the letter to me on the previous afternoon she had apparently committed suicide, using the poison with which she had so swiftly and secretly killed poor Gordon.

Krauss, according to the dead woman's letter, was working as a shoemaker, a trade he once followed in his early days in the Austrian army, at a farrier's in the Passage St Pierre, a turning off the Boulevard Voltaire in Paris. That same afternoon three agents of police went there to arrest him, and found him wearing a leather apron, and quietly engaged in shoeing a horse. He was amazed at the suddenness of his arrest; but upon being interrogated, some days later, it quickly became apparent to him that the truth was out, and before the formalities for his extradition could be completed he hanged himself in the police-cell.

Few letters had come to me from Brandenburg; but when the details of the death of that pair of accomplished spies reached the Embassy officially I lost no time in communicating them to Mélanie.

In response, she wrote me a long letter of warmest thanks for my efforts, pointing out that to me alone was due her freedom from that hateful tie, and therefore she owed me a debt which she could never hope to repay. The letter, which at her desire I at once destroyed, spoke of our mutual love in terms of tenderness and deepest regret. It was true, she wrote, that we had loved each other fondly and passionately; but all was now of the past. Ours had, indeed, been a dream impossible of realisation; but her final words gratified me, and will ever live within my heart. 'I shall remember you, Philip,' the letter ended. 'I have loved you, and shall remember you always—always.'

Our correspondence, after that, was, as may be well imagined, full of the tenderest passion of a platonic love, until one day, coincident with the announcement in the newspapers, she wrote informing me that the Emperor Francis Joseph had suggested to her family that she should marry the young Prince Adolphe of Hohenzollern. I sent her congratulations; but my heart was heavy with its burden of sorrow. My love had passed from me for ever.

The royal marriage took place at Potsdam in the following spring. I was present in my official capacity, having in the meantime been promoted to the secretaryship of Embassy at Berlin, under that most accomplished of ambassadors, Sir Frank Lascelles. The wise maxim of the Marquess of Macclesfield, that to be a successful diplomatist a man should not marry, consoled me in my long hours of regret and melancholy. To satisfy the curiosity of those who read this narrative I now add that I am still a bachelor.

I owe to a sadness and grief sometimes, and more than once since Mélanie's marriage, when I have danced with her at some State ball, or she has leaned lightly on my arm at some brilliant

Court function, a recollection of the old days when we were lovers has come vividly back to me. But since that well-remembered day when she wrote telling me of her engagement no word of love has ever been exchanged between us.

I am philosopher enough to know that things are as they should be. Our love was but one of those vague dreams of the impossible which, even if followed by a flood of sorrow, do much to lighten and brighten our lives and make us better men and women. Sometimes, when she speaks to me, I fancy I detect in those dark, beautiful eyes something of the old love-glance of long ago. But it is really only a foolish fancy of mine. That look is not of love; it is a look of extreme happiness, and of confidence that I will ever be loyal to her and rigorously preserve the secret of her marriage and her tragic widowhood.

Yes, it is as it should be, even though in the lonely silence of my rooms I may sigh sometimes during those little indulgences of regret that come at intervals to every man. From the very first I had regarded marriage as impossible. We had loved each other with a deep, profound, and tender affection, yet the barrier of birth was impassable—I a struggling diplomatist, and she a Hapsburg.

The Prince and Princess Adolphe of Hohenzollern are now my warmest friends, and I am always a welcome guest at their palace. Moving in the centre of Berlin Court life as they do, Her Highness is often in possession of information of highest importance to us in our constant efforts to counteract the wiles of French and German diplomacy. Truth to tell, therefore, to our mutual friendship is due those constant hits that we, at the British Embassy, are enabled to make, so much to the chagrin of our enemies, certain Powers who are ever seeking to outwit us, and who little dream that the information upon which we so promptly and successfully act comes direct from the private circle of the Emperor William, or that our informant is actually a Princess of the Blood Royal.

THE END.

PRIZE POULTRY AS A HOBBY.

By ARTHUR H. BLAIR.



ANY person with a love for fowls who has not indulged the desire to keep them could not do better than take up the breeding and rearing of prize poultry; provided always he has at disposal sufficient ground on which to erect suitable houses and runs.

It will be clearly understood that it costs no more to keep and feed a dozen first-class fowls than the same number of mongrels. To a person

who really takes a delight in pets there are few hobbies so interesting as the breeding and rearing of prize fowls; the hobby is remunerative, too, as first-class exhibition specimens change hands at very high figures, twenty-five pounds being quite a common price, and even as much as one hundred pounds have been given for perfect specimens. Of course every chicken hatched will not develop into a first-class exhibition bird. The percentage of really first-class show-birds bred is

small; but when one is bred and reared the income and pleasure derived are in many cases very considerable. For instance, say fifty chickens are reared in one season. Of these perhaps three are really excellent specimens; then the remaining forty-seven may be disposed of at good prices, not because they are perfect show-birds, but because they are related to the three champions which have made a name for themselves and their owner in the show-pen. Again, a very tempting sum may be offered for one or all of these three champions, especially if the breeder is successful in winning at one or two of our largest poultry-shows—namely, the Dairy, the Palace, and the great Birmingham event. These shows are acknowledged to be the largest and best in the kingdom, and the breeder who captures a first prize at either will not require to look for a merchant for his surplus stock.

There is a great deal to learn regarding the keeping and exhibiting of prize fowls, but those possessing the fancy readily acquire the necessary knowledge. As to what breed of fowl the beginner should keep, that is a matter for personal decision; but I would strongly advise the keeping of one breed only to start with, for by giving your undivided attention to the study of a particular breed a satisfactory result is sooner arrived at. The novice should take up a breed which does not require too much attention, especially in getting birds into show condition. He must be prepared to part with a little money, too, as it is useless to go in for cheap and unreliable birds; but the purchase of high-priced exhibition specimens is not essential. What must be got, however, is a good pen of stock-birds—say, four hens and a cock.

The beginner must purchase stock-birds only from reliable and trustworthy dealers or breeders—men who have a good name to preserve, and whose interest it is to give good value, as by supplying good birds they secure the best possible advertisement. Unfortunately there are many unscrupulous dealers who prey upon the novice; but honest fanciers with really good stock for sale are numerous, and these may be ascertained through the agency of the journals published in the interest of poultry-keepers.

Having decided on the breed to be kept, and having secured a really first-class breeding-pen, the beginner must, of course, have a house and run ready for their reception. Now, a few remarks as to the housing of poultry. One necessary caution to the beginner is, that he must never overstock the fowl-houses and runs. Disaster will certainly follow overcrowding, as nothing tends to depreciate live-stock sooner. In arranging poultry-houses and runs, always endeavour to have them facing the south or west, but never the north or east. All runs should be roofed over, as this keeps the ground dry, and therefore makes it easy to clean; and the birds will enjoy better health than

if they had no such protection from the elements. Where possible, a grass run should be provided in addition to the covered runs; but if a grass run cannot be provided, the birds must be supplied with green food to make up for the want of the grass. Fowls consume large quantities of green stuff; and if deprived of this they very soon drop into ill health and die. The house should not be less than eight feet long, six feet broad, and six and a half feet high; and the covered run should not be less than twenty feet long and six feet broad. Such a house would accommodate a very large number of birds; but it is not advisable to keep more than ten or twelve in it. To the novice this may seem a small number, considering the size of the house; but it will be found that ten or twelve birds will thrive better than fifty would do in the same space. In any case, no matter the size of the house and run, never keep more than twenty-five birds together.

When the house and run has been erected, the question is, What is the best thing to put on the floor of the run? I answer at once, peat-moss litter. First of all the earth in the run should be dug up to a depth of, say, a foot and a half, and filled in with broken bricks, ashes, rubble, &c.; then cover these with a dressing of earth, and beat down firmly. On the surface put the peat-moss litter to a depth of from four to six inches. This is an ideal run, as the moss-litter is very absorptive and will act as a deodoriser, and it need not be renewed oftener than two or three times in a year. A dust-bath must also be provided for the birds; this may be a box about two feet square by one foot deep, filled to a depth of, say, six inches with fine ashes in which you have mixed a little ground sulphur. Place this box in a corner of the covered run, and renew the contents every fortnight. There should be a box eighteen inches long by six inches broad and six deep, divided into two compartments, with a good supply of flint grit in one division and broken oyster-shells in the other. Fresh water must be given every morning.

The fowls should have only two solid feeds a day. The first feed should be a hot one, given about eight o'clock in the morning. This may consist of any of the poultry-meals so frequently advertised; but it is advisable to buy these from well-known and trustworthy firms only. Never give the birds more than they can eat with relish, for if food is allowed to stand in the feeding-troughs very long the birds take a dislike to it, and will waste instead of eating it. About twelve noon some green stuff should be given them, and at three in the afternoon a feed of good sound wheat or oats. Never feed poultry on Indian meal or corn; it is most injurious. Barley may, with advantage, be given as a change; but there is no grain better than good sound wheat. If the fowls are to be closely confined, a barrow-load of old lime should be put down in a corner of the

run; this will be greatly enjoyed, and is very necessary for laying birds, as it greatly assists in the formation of the egg-shells, and prevents soft shelled eggs being laid.

It is advisable that the interior of the hen-house should be gone over with lime-wash in which a little carbolic acid has been mixed, as this will prevent the collection of insects and keep the house in a sweet and healthy condition. The nest-boxes should also be washed with the same mixture, and a little dry lime-powder put in the bottom of the boxes will be beneficial. All the nests should be made of nice, sweet hay, which should be changed at least once a month.

Now as to the rearing of the chickens. If the breeder desires to exhibit at the early shows, it is, of course, necessary to have early chickens. I think, however, it is a mistake to hatch too many very early birds, as they drop into the moult just when the regular show-season is beginning; so that, at best, perhaps only two shows can be got out of them before they become useless as show-birds so far as that season is concerned. However, if it is decided to have a few really early birds, the eggs must be set about the end of December, so that the chickens hatch out about the middle of January. All chickens hatched before the 1st of January are excluded from competing in the cockerel and pullet classes at shows where classes are provided for them.

Great care must be exercised in the rearing of chickens, early or late, for many a good bird has been ruined through improper treatment while still a chick. They must be well fed, and fed on food which will keep them growing, as size counts a great deal in the show-pen. A chicken does not require food for at least twenty-four hours after it is hatched, and will sometimes not even look at the food placed before it until thirty hours old; therefore no alarm need be felt if the chickens do not at once pick up the food placed before them. If the eggs are set under a hen and she is allowed to hatch them, she will look after their wants at the proper time if provided with the necessary food. Never disturb the hen while the chickens are hatching, for this will simply increase her excitement and probably cause the loss of some valuable birds. The day after the first chicken is hatched the breeder should ascertain if all the chicks are out, and if so, remove all broken egg-shells from under the hen and remake the nest with fresh hay. Then place a little chicken-food near the nest; in good time the hen will take her little ones to it. This first food should consist of finely-grated bread mixed with a little hard-boiled egg chopped up fine. The chickens should be fed every two hours until they are a fortnight old, then every three hours until they are two to three months old. The chopped egg can be discontinued after the third day, and a little good coarse oatmeal added instead to the bread-crumbs. This should be slightly

damped, but not made wet. After the chickens are ten days old a little grain may be given—buckwheat is a capital grain for chickens. A little onion chopped up and mixed with their soft food occasionally is very beneficial, and is greedily devoured by the chicks. A supply of small flint grit must be kept in a place where the chickens can get at it, as it aids their digestion.

Regarding water for chickens. This is a question on which a large number of fanciers differ. Some say chickens should get no water until they are four weeks old; others say they should have as much as they will take from the first. Now, personally, I have never noticed much difference between chickens which have had water from the very first and those from which it has been withheld until they were four weeks old. I would strongly advocate, however, that if water is to be given from the first it should be boiled, as I think a large percentage of deaths among chickens can be traced to the water. Therefore, boil the water and thereby eliminate everything injurious. After the chickens are three to four weeks old the bread-crumbs and oatmeal feeding may be discontinued, and the birds fed on chicken-meal. This meal can also be had from dealers.

All young chickens must be kept in separate runs from the old fowls, otherwise they will not thrive. Again, when the chicks are about eight weeks old the pullets must be separated from the cockerels, as thereby they will thrive much better. Never kill a chicken because its feathers are not the colour they should be. The birds will cast their chicken feathers, and the new feathers will come all right. I am always very pleased when I see my chickens with plenty of pure white feathers, for I know that when the chicken feathers moult out, the black of the adult feathers will be all the more intense and pure in colour.

The best time to hatch chickens is the end of March or beginning of April. These birds when they get their adult feathers will not moult until next season, and are, therefore, available for the principal shows. If well cared for they will stand a good deal of showing, although it is a great mistake to overshadow birds. When the chicks are about five months old those intended for showing should be selected and their training commenced. It sounds rather funny, no doubt, to read that young birds intended for shows require training; nevertheless it is the case. Many good birds have been passed over by judges simply because they were wild and untrained. The birds must be tame and bold, so that when the judge comes round they will not fly all over the show-pen, but will come boldly up to the front and show themselves off, at the same time allowing the judge to handle them if he so desires. The best way to proceed is to get a few show-pens

from a maker, and have them fitted up in a shed or outhouse. Into these place the birds you desire to train. As is to be expected, the birds will at first be rather wild; but with the exercise of a little patience they will become quite tame. Do not overfeed them; in fact, cut down their daily supply a little, for a bird that cannot get exercise does not require so much food as one which has its freedom. After the birds are fairly well tamed the breeder must proceed to train them to show off their fine qualities; and to do this he will require to use what is known as a judging-stick. This is a thin wand about two and a half feet long, with which the birds are stroked to make them turn round in their pens. At first they will be rather afraid of the stick; but a little patience and perseverance will soon accustom them to being stroked, and they will then show themselves off to the best advantage. It is not desirable to keep show-birds shut up in these pens for more than two days at a time, so that the training may extend over a fortnight; and it will be found that after the birds are properly trained they will not require to go through the same process again.

When entering birds for a show be very careful in filling up the entry-form, and see that the birds are entered in their proper classes. If the entries have been accepted, labels will be received from the secretary of the show, and these should be attached to the hampers before sending the birds off. Great care should be taken that the class number is correctly stated on each label, and that the name and address of the exhibitor is on the reverse side. Birds should

always be sent off in time to arrive at the show on the evening previous to the opening, as by so doing they will have time to recover from the effects of the journey. If the exhibitor cannot attend personally, the secretary will see that the birds are returned to him at the close of the exhibition. It is, however, an advantage to the beginner to attend the shows, for by so doing he will get to know the type of bird he should endeavour to breed.

My advice to young exhibitors is: Never be disheartened by defeat; have a definite object in view, and strive to attain it. This object should be to breed better birds than Mr X., who has perhaps been winning all over the country; and when you have attained this proud position you must keep on breeding the best birds. After a few successes you will very soon forget the struggle for the attainment of position, and your name will become well known throughout the poultry world, and orders for birds and eggs for setting will soon begin to come in. Always act honestly in your dealings, and have nothing whatever to do with fanciers who are not above doing a shady trick; they will soon reap their reward.

In the foregoing remarks I have endeavoured to give a few hints to those inclined to take up the breeding and rearing of prize poultry. There is, however, still a great deal to be told; but it would occupy far more space than is at my disposal. One thing I may say to the beginner regarding the rearing of prize poultry is, that he will learn far more by actual experience than by reading. Nevertheless, what information I have given in these lines may be found acceptable.

A JEST THAT CAME HOME TO ROOST.

By W. SCOTT KING.



My special sympathies, if my profession will permit me to possess any, gather around three types of our modern English humanity: the schoolboy, the soldier, and the convict. This is largely to be accounted for, no doubt, by the fact that during the past twelve years I have held successively three chaplaincies: one in a boys' school, one in a military barracks, and one in a convict prison. How they compare with each other in duties generally it is not within the boundaries of this story to show, seeing that it has to do with, or rather grew out of, the last chaplaincy of the three. Still, I perhaps may be allowed to say that, in the matter of supplying fascinating opportunity for the study of mental and moral vagaries, there is little to choose between a school-room, a parade-ground, and a cell; though, of course, in point of tragic interest, Dartmoor comes easily first. Such is my personal experience.

As might be expected, association with these three institutions has brought me already a small hundred of somewhat romantic and out-of-the-way experiences, which will doubtless, in due time, bring much welcome grist to the mill of my future biographer. But lest there should be in my case any miscarriage of justice in this respect—I have known many in Dartmoor, which make me apprehensive—and no biographer be appointed, I am now about to make public, if not the most thrilling or important, certainly the most irritating, and also comic, adventure and coincidence which my Dartmoor chaplaincy has yet brought to me. I have had others, as I say. For example, the other day I had a nasty fall from my bicycle, and on being carried unconscious into a neighbouring hospital, what was my surprise on coming round to recognise in the young house-surgeon binding up my ankle one of my 'boys' to whom it seems but yesterday I was preaching muscular Christianity

in the dim old college chapel! Again, my summer holiday this year I spent in Egypt, and my chagrin may be pictured when I say that in Cairo I discovered, in an old half curiosity, half pawn shop, a silver watch which I had given to a young artilleryman, who was a favourite of mine, upon his departure with his regiment to join Lord Kitchener's forces. He, poor fellow! had pawned it perhaps to buy stamps for home letters. I always put the best construction I can upon ambiguous acts. But, alas! the pledge will never be redeemed, for he who held the pawn-ticket—or whatever the Egyptian equivalent of that familiar English curiosity is called—found his grave amid the red, trampled sands before Omdurman. The keepsake returned to its original owner for the sum of seven-and-sixpence.

However, all these minor coincidences and semi-adventures—for a complete catalogue of which I must entreat the reader to await as patiently as he can my afore-mentioned biography—retire from the foreground of interest, at least in my personal, though possibly prejudiced, judgment, at the entrance of the incident which I am about to relate. For its complete understanding, and in order to appreciate its ironic humour—though not till it was past did I discover that it was ironically humorous—it will be necessary for me to go back some eighteen months, to the date of my relinquishing my post of chaplain in Her Majesty's penal establishment at Dartmoor, and to the occasion of my farewell service within its granite gateway. I keenly felt leaving the men, many of whom I knew so intimately, and some of whom I had learnt to respect and even admire; and, as they stood before me for the last time in the little adjudication-room, where I held my services, clad in their rough yellow jackets, many of them decorated with that terrible black letter *L*, which denotes a life-sentence, I felt a twinge of heart as I began to tell them that my ministry among them had come to an end, and that I was bound for a church in that desired haven of every convict—London. Of course I was not guilty of tantalisingly reminding them that London was the haven where they would be; but, adopting a cheery demeanour with them, as was my habit, I said at the close of my address—I never inflicted 'sermons' upon them, deeming their punishment already sufficiently great—'I am sorry to say that this is my last service with you, as I am shortly removing to London, having been appointed to a church there,' &c. This announcement was received by my yellow-jackets with many symptoms of sorrow and regret, if I may be pardoned saying so. Then one of them spoke, and spoke, I still feel convinced, without intending more than he said, and quite innocent of any subtlety of suggestion: 'We're sorry you're going, chaplain; but we won't say good-bye as if we shouldn't see you again; as, maybe, when our papers come down

[dismissal or discharge papers], we shall find you out and give you a call some fine day.'

At this some of his companions smiled hopefully, and I think innocently too; but some looked less inclined to smile than I ever saw them, for they were 'lifers,' as the schedules call them.

Then the spirit of unwonted facetiousness took a momentary possession of me, and I answered with what I have since thought was a look of insinuation which the Home Office might have considered almost a breach of discipline: 'That would give me very great pleasure indeed; that is, if you mean what you say literally, that you will give me a call some fine *day*, for I have a strong aversion to receiving *midnight* callers.' It was a match to the touchwood of their still smouldering propensities; the convicts grinned all over their clean-cropped faces, even the non-smiling ones, and nudged each other in evident token that they 'twigged' the retiring chaplain's little jest.

As I went down the line shaking hands with each man, as I always did, I noticed quite a creditable beard on the face of the spokesman of a moment earlier.

'So you will be out in three months or less, Gostick, I see,' I said, for the men are allowed to abandon the razor (a species of clipper) a few months before being discharged, if they wish.

'Yes, sir,' he replied, affectionately rubbing his chin; 'and I'm going to the big city same as you. I've got a place ready for me, and I'm going to have a shot at what you're always telling us to—begin afresh.'

'That's right, Gostick, my man. I am glad to think at least one thing I have said in this room is going to be remembered and acted upon;' and in five minutes the guard had presented arms to me for the last time at the gates of Dartmoor Prison.

The trivial matter just referred to—so trivial that an hour after its occurrence, even five minutes after, it was wholly forgotten by me—is only now mentioned because a few months later it was destined to return to my memory under most curious and annoying circumstances; and I say this at the risk of spoiling my story, because I am anxious to assure the reader that it is not my habit to put everything that happens to me under a magnifying-glass, as possibly my garrulousness has already tempted him to think. Even had it been an incident worthy to be embalmed, it would have stood no chance of being so; for during the following two months every moment and every thought of my life were being monopolised by the taking of life's most momentous step. I married!

If ever a man is entitled to live in the actual present, unmindful of the past and indifferent to the future, it is surely when he is away upon his honeymoon; and, as that Elysian holiday was

spent amid the absorbing gaieties of the French capital, it will readily be believed that all thoughts of the convict prison away amid its prehistoric terrors were entirely engulfed. Nor when we returned to our new home in Denbigh Street, S.W., had they a much better chance of lifting their heads above water; for there was our house to arrange, our pictures to hang, our At Home days to becomingly engineer, and above all—oh, far above all!—our wedding presents to examine, admire, and locate. Among these—though comparison of wedding presents is doubly odious—was a solid silver tea-urn of very great rarity of design, and consequently especially valued by us. It was the gift of my wife's aunt, an eccentric old lady with whom she had been brought up. In deference to this fact we had placed it at the head of the list of our wedding presents, which we had sent to the *Morning Post*.

Talking of that list, by the way, recalls to my mind a reflection of mine when I read down its glittering items. I never fully grasped the number or value of our presents till I saw them in print. They looked nothing in comparison when arranged for inspection in the reception-room. 'Solid silver sugar-sifter, the gift of the Misses Fairbrother,' looks magnificent; but the insignificance of the actual little utility itself when it was at last identified upon the table, half-concealed by a set of laced doilies, was very disenchanting.

Now, my wife had never resided in London before, and consequently she was deeply imbued with the provincial notion that every house in the wicked Metropolis is broken into and robbed at least once a fortnight.

'The list of our presents in the *Morning Post* would be sure to attract a good deal of notice,' she said to me; 'and we shall have them stolen some night when we are all asleep, you'll see.'

In vain I endeavoured to convince her that we had no grounds for fear, and that our ewe lamb, beyond price though it was to us, was not—what shall I do with my metaphor?—fat enough to excite the covetousness of the London house-breaker so long as Kensington and Belgravia, not to mention Park Lane, were possessed of locks that skeleton keys would fit; but my arguments were ineffective, and I regret to be compelled to say that we had our initial domestic disagreement over the alleged insecurity of our dining-room window-shutters.

One day, on returning from an afternoon's pastoral visiting, I found my wife deep in the pages of one of my numerous books dealing with criminology. It was a most fascinating work by my friend Major Arthur Griffiths.

'Do you know, dearest, what we ought to do?' she asked as I entered the room.

'Do! What?'

'He says—this man, this Mr Griffiths—that every London householder should possess three

things as security against burglars: a tinkler, a tattler, and a twinkler.'

I laughed. 'And what are they, do you suppose?'

'Oh, he tells you. The tinkler, of course, is a bell, to be hung outside; a tattler is a dog—a terrier dog if possible; and the twinkler—well, you can easily guess that that is a light. Do you think those night-lights I have would do?'

This accident of my wife's lighting upon my criminal library involved me in a very considerable outlay, for by the end of the week a huge bell adorned the outside wall near our bedroom window, a trim little fox-terrier sat upon our hearthrug, and upon our toilet-table lay a little stack of night-light boxes.

'Now aunt's tea-urn is quite safe, I am sure,' my wife announced, with heavy conviction; 'and I shall feel I can sleep soundly.'

She did sleep soundly, alas! Would she had not; for, two nights after, our house was broken into, our solid silver tea-urn taken, and Rip—that is, our new terrier—left poisoned upon the hall mat.

On coming down in the morning our new maid found the dining-room window-catch wrenched back, the shutters opened, and, what was at first sight a little perplexing, all our silver tied up in the tablecloth but left upon the floor. Evidently the thieves had been disturbed, and had been forced to leave behind them the bulk of their booty. Unluckily, however, they had managed, before their flight, to seize a few things, among them the solid silver tea-urn.

I endured with much fortitude the 'There! I told you how it would be' scolding which inevitably followed, and really I felt greatly vexed and humiliated at our loss myself, particularly in view of our elaborate precautions. I also mentally put a rod in pickle for my friend the Major, whose alliterative safeguards we had adopted with such mortifying results.

The police investigations which I at once put in train led to nothing being discovered of the thieves, as I fear I anticipated; for, as the reader will remember, I am an old prison chaplain, and my conviction grows that until we start a school where the science of thief-catching will be taught by a capable professorial staff of ex-convicts, we Londoners will retain our solid silver tea-urns upon a very insecure tenure.

Now the pace of my story quickens, for which increase of speed, no doubt, the reader will be grateful.

I was up in the City one morning, about three months after the loss of our wedding present, when I saw a bill-sticker posting up an announcement of the annual meeting of a society in whose objects I was much interested. I stopped to read it, and had run my eye down as far as the name of the chairman, when I heard a voice at my elbow:

'Chaplain!'

I looked round: it was the voice of the bill-sticker—the voice of Gostick, of Dartmoor memory. He greeted me with great warmth and most evident pleasure; and when I congratulated him upon his release and entrance upon an honest occupation his face beamed with pride.

'You should see what a snug little place we've got, chaplain,' he went on; 'and if I might make so bold, I should be fine and pleased for you to come and have a look at us some day when you are down our way. We're fixed up in Chelsea.' He told me the name of the street, and the number.

'I will certainly do so,' I replied; 'and you must come and see me—according to your promise.' I smiled as I recalled the convict's words in the little far-away adjudication-room. Curiously enough, my own would-be facetious rejoinder to that promise did not occur to me then; but it occurred to me later, I assure you.

How amused Gostick would be, I soliloquised, did he know that his old chaplain, to whom he and his mates had so often confided their burglarious escapades, had himself been victimised since coming to London!

When I told my wife of my encounter she betrayed another symptom of her provincial birth and training.

'Tell him, dearest, about our losing our tea-urn,' she said eagerly. 'No doubt he will know who took it.'

'My darling,' I replied, 'do you really imagine—I know your aunt would not give us anything that was not really good—but do you really imagine that our tea-urn was so exceptionally valuable that the fortunate rascal who stole it from us would go round informing every thief and ex-thief in London of his good luck?' I meant this to be fine sarcasm, and final; but it was not final.

'Anyway you might tell him,' she persisted.

I resolved, though with no hope as to practical results, that I would. That resolve I never carried out.

The week after my meeting with my old Dartmoor acquaintance, chancing to be in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, I called at the address he had given me, and received from both Gostick and his wife—a decent little woman who had loyally kept home together during her husband's incarceration—a right royal welcome. Everything about the house was comfortable, if simple, and I was obliged to yield to their united importunities to stay and have a cup of tea with them. As we sat in the little front parlour Gostick gave me a hurried summary of his experience since his liberation, the hardships he had endured through social ostracism, the galling surveillance of the police—in a word, the old, old story of the obstacles we put in the way

of a ticket-of-leave man's return to respectable life.

'Now it is my turn to tell a story,' I said, anticipating much amusement in watching the effect on Gostick of my recital of the adventure of our absconding tea-urn.

'Neither have I had everything as I should like since I left Dartmoor. For example, what would you say if I told you that your old chaplain had'—

I did not carry out the sentence, neither then nor ever, for the parlour door opened and the convict's wife came in with the tea-tray. It was not that I did not wish her to hear the story; it was something that I saw on her tray—our solid silver tea-urn!

For a moment I was incapable of articulation, even of exclaiming 'Oh!' but the next I scented an interesting 'case'; and, my love for criminal investigation waxing warm, I controlled my face and put my nose to the trail.

I was placed at the right hand of the convict's wife for tea, and so close to the tea-urn—I mean my own—that I could read the inscription quite plainly: 'To Dear Florence and Richard, on the occasion of their marriage, from their affectionate Aunt Eleanor'—and once or twice, as I watched my hostess manipulate the quaint little tap to liberate the tea, it was quite as much as I could do to prevent myself laughing outright at the absurdity and irony of the scene. 'What if my wife could look in upon us!' I thought; and then I smiled—I absolutely could not avoid it.

But how in the name of magic, ancient and modern, had it got here? I was so busy forming conjectural answers to this question that my friends found me a strange and absent-minded conversationalist, I am sure.

Now for a shot at a venture, I thought.

'What an exceedingly handsome tea-urn you have here, Mrs Gostick! Do you know I am wicked enough to admire it to the extent of wanting to slip it into my pocket when I leave.'

Good! My arrow had gone home. Gostick and his wife turned violently red.

'Oh, don't be afraid that I shall,' I said reassuringly.

'Haven't you told the chaplain?' said my hostess, addressing the convict.

'I'm going to directly,' he answered, and shifted the tack upon a new line.

When tea was over and we were alone the ex-convict told me the following curious story, which, stripped of its picturesque thieves' slang, ran thus:

After being liberated from Pentonville Jail he had rejoined his wife and commenced to look for employment. Time after time he had been successful; but when it came to the knowledge of the employers that he was a ticket-of-leave man instant dismissal had followed. Then his

heart began to go down. He had struggled to take the advice I had given him, and break from the old life; but the door seemed closed. When in this despairing mood he had met a chum of his previous dishonest days, who had fomented his despondency by assuring him that once down was always down, and had wound up by inviting him to join in a 'burst' the following evening. There had been a wedding in a certain neighbourhood, the man told Gostick, and the *Morning Post* gave a list of most valuable presents. Would he join in a 'burst' to try and get possession of these? The old burglarious mania returned and pleaded for one more indulgence. Accordingly he had consented. 'But there was a blessed little dog what barked the place down till we stopped 'is mouth, chaplain; and then, just as we was ready to march, we thought we heard them getting about upstairs, and we bolted. Dartmoor 'as took a lot of nerve out of me. But I just collared one thing, and that's the tea-urn what you admired this tea-time. Then I was sorry I'd been tempted back to the old game; and I thought of what you'd said to me, and I felt I couldn't give you a look up if I took to the old business again. As luck would have it, the next day I got the job I'm on now—bill-sticking. Then I wanted to send the urn back, and I couldn't help wondering whether "Florence and Richard"—these are the names on it—had missed it much. I never used to think these things; but it's Dartmoor and you w'at done it.'

'Why did not you send it back?' I inquired, much interested.

'Well, now, 'ere's a funny thing; women is funny, you know. My wife somehow took a fancy to the thing, and she says, "Let's keep it, and whenever you feels tempted just have a look at it;" and so "Florence and Richard"—why, they're a sort of danger-signal to us.' The ticket-of-leave man laughed, and I joined in with him, seeing more humour than he.

'But it must go back, nevertheless,' I said, becoming serious again. 'If you will promise to restore it I will see that you get a danger-signal in its place—just like it, in fact;' and I made up my mind to ask Aunt Eleanor's permission, and my wife's.

The convict promised. 'I'll get the address from my pal, and send it by post. I promise, chaplain.'

He left me to go and tell his wife what I had induced him to promise; and, being alone, a sudden idea suggested itself to my mind. There, on the little sideboard, where it had been placed after being washed, stood the notorious tea-urn. Would they notice it if I took it? The parlour was seldom used. I would risk it. In a moment I had folded my overcoat round it and was ready to leave when Gostick returned.

'Here is my address. No, I thank you; it is not cold. I'll not put my coat on. Now mind,

I shall expect to see you in a few days, and to hear that Florence and Richard have received their aunt's kind gift back again. Good-evening, Gostick.'

My wife and I spent a really uproarious evening discussing our novel situation, and speculating on what would happen when Gostick and his wife discovered their loss. It would really be rather rich, we thought, for the thief to have stolen from him that which he had stolen, and by the very person to whom it belonged. The next day nothing happened, and the solid silver tea-urn reigned again on our dining-room sideboard. Two days later I was sitting reading the newspaper in the same room—I desired our interview to take place in the presence of the urn—when Gostick was announced. I shall never forget the look on his face as he entered; it was second only to the look which came to his face ten minutes later. When salutations were over he dashed into his subject.

'Chaplain! what do ye think?'

'That you seem to be greatly upset about something.'

'Upset! I should just think I am. It's no good a fellow trying to be honest. You know as you told me to send the tea-urn back? Well, blest if we wasn't broke into ourselves that very night, or next, and they've took it. Now what'—

'Inform the police,' I suggested.

The ex-convict's look was beyond characterisation in comicality at my suggestion.

'An' tell 'em as I've 'ad my stolen property stolen from me?' he commented.

Before precipitating the climax I thought there was a chance for me to drive home my oft-repeated lesson, but from a new vantage-ground.

'Now, Gostick,' I said, 'your present feelings ought to help you to understand what the feelings of other people are who have'—

'Chaplain!'

'What?' I said, breaking off.

'There 'is the blessed tea-urn hisself!' Gazing round the room in his perplexity, his eye had wandered to the sideboard.

'Your loss has made you suspicious, Gostick,' I answered; 'that tea-urn is mine—was given to my wife and myself as a wedding present.'

I was too late; he had sprung towards it and was reading the inscription aloud, 'To Dear Florence and Richard'—

I have seen many men and boys 'put to confusion,' covered with shame and bewildered with damning evidence; but never have I seen a face so transformed into one personified blush as I saw then.

'So it was your crib we cracked!' he panted.

'And it was *your* "crib" I cracked,' I rejoined.

We each had five minutes for reflection, and in the ex-convict's case for recovering and cooling.

Then Gostick said, with a queer smile hanging round his lips, 'I said maybe I'd give you a look up when you came to town—didn't I, chaplain? Well, I'm'—

'But you forgot I told you I objected to midnight callers.'

Mr and Mrs Gostick, of Chelsea, still draw tea

from the solid silver tea-urn which headed our list of wedding presents; and for many months now 'Dear Florence and Richard' have successfully sustained for the ex-convict the praiseworthy rôle of danger-signal. For myself: well, I am not likely soon to forget either my own solitary assumption of the rôle of cracksman, or the jest which so strangely came home to roost.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

RIFLE-RANGES.



AMONG the many salutary lessons this nation is learning from the war in South Africa is the urgent necessity for providing rifle-ranges which shall be easy of access to those in our towns and cities who desire to become proficient marksmen. At the present time the Volunteer rifleman has often a journey of an hour or more to the butts, where alone practice is permitted, and he has also to pay for the ammunition he expends. All this must now be altered, and ranges found within our towns instead of outside them. Short closed ranges of the character needed are not uncommon on the Continent, and could be erected in our own country with little difficulty. The French include 'shooting at a mark' as one of the subjects of education at the primary schools, and can actually boast of one thousand eight hundred shooting clubs; while Switzerland, with a population of less than three millions, has no fewer than three thousand three hundred rifle-clubs, with a membership of two hundred thousand.

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

The Automobile Club at Paris has thrown out an offshoot in the shape of the Aéro Club, whose business it will be to solve the problem of flying through the air. At first sight it would appear that there is little in common between road traction and aeronautics; but the French auto-cars do their best to 'fly' along the roads, as many unfortunate pedestrians know to their cost, and this is apparently the connecting-link. We may also note that both groups of experimenters are endeavouring to find the most efficient motor which shall at the same time be of very light weight. The new club starts with money to back its labours, for an anonymous donor has presented it with a sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, which is to be awarded to the inventor of the flying-machine which will start from a given point, go round the Eiffel Tower, and return to its starting-place. The distance, about eleven kilometres, must be covered in half-an-hour, and the prize must be awarded within the next five years. The interest on the capital sum is to be

given each year to the person who makes the greatest advance towards solving the problem of aerial flight.

THE COMMON EEL.

In the course of a series of interesting lectures recently delivered by Professor Ray Lankester at the Royal Institution, London, particulars not generally known were given concerning the breeding habits of the eel. It is quite erroneous to believe that these creatures breed anywhere except in the sea, where the eggs are laid and hatched at great depths—often five hundred fathoms. A dozen years ago some fishes called *Leptocephali* were regarded as a distinct species; but at length one of them, kept in an aquarium, developed into a conger-eel. Later on the transformation of various kinds of *Leptocephali* was followed, and they were found all to change into eels, one species being recognised as the common eel. Immense numbers of these must exist at great depths in the sea, and they subsequently ascend the rivers as elvers, and will sometimes push their way across wet grass to ponds which have no direct communication with the rivers.

TUBERCULOSIS.

A wonderful institution for the treatment of consumptives is being built near the beautiful city of Palermo, in Sicily, where the inmates will be surrounded by temples, grottos, and marble statues placed in lovely grounds, which will be illuminated at night by thousands of lamps. The treatment pursued will be the modern one, embracing constant fresh air and ample diet, while the capricious appetite will be ministered to by a French *chef*. In addition to all the other luxuries promised at this unique home for consumptives, the patients will have the use of a yacht of three hundred tons. Accommodation for about one hundred patients will be provided, and the profits of the concern, after all expenses have been paid, will go towards providing for the wants of poorer sufferers.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO JOHN RUSKIN.

The idea has been mooted that it would be well that some memorial of John Ruskin should be erected in the English Lake District, which he

loved so well, and Canon Rawnsley of Keswick, with whom the idea originated, suggests that Friar's Crag on Derwentwater, or Keswick Lake, as it is often called, would be a suitable spot for the purpose. Ruskin much admired the spot, and is known to have held the opinion that from it one of the finest prospects in Europe could be surveyed. It is suggested that the memorial might take the form of an Early British cross, with a bronze tablet on one side bearing a passage from Ruskin's works. Admirers of the great writer who care to contribute to the cost of the undertaking should communicate with Canon Rawnsley.

A NEW TYPE-WRITER.

There is a distinctness and pleasant neatness about a type-written letter which is much appreciated by the man of business, and no doubt many have wished that the same good qualities could be conferred upon their ledgers and day-books. The Hatch Type-writer has been designed to meet this want; as, although it can be used for all the customary work of a type-writer, the entire machine can be placed on guides above an open book, and will print upon the page any words and figures required. The machine is cleverly contrived, and comprises many novel features. With it letters can be written direct into a book, the desired number of copies being simultaneously secured by manifolding.

THE CURE OF CANCER.

It is a matter for thankfulness that the close of the nineteenth century is identified with many new methods of combating disease. Tuberculosis, which has hitherto claimed such multitudes of victims, is yielding to the open-air treatment, and now there seems to be some hope that the dread malady known as cancer will be found to be amenable to treatment. In order to study the nature of the disease from every possible point of view, special laboratories have recently been erected at the Middlesex Hospital, London, and we may reasonably hope that by carefully conducted scientific investigation the light of knowledge will be thrown upon a scourge which hitherto has been deemed incurable.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

Cassier's Magazine points out that the periodically recurring agitation in favour of the compulsory use of the metric system does not take into account the enormous cost and inconvenience which the change would entail. More than twenty years ago, in a report to the Franklin Institute, a calculation was made that in a well-regulated machine-shop doing miscellaneous work and employing two hundred and fifty workmen, the cost of the change would be something like one hundred and twenty pounds per man. It must be remembered that all the scale-beams in the country would

have to be regraduated and readjusted, and thousands of tons of weights and myriads of measures of all capacities thrown aside. Besides this, the great mass of English-speaking workmen would have a new language to learn. To the student, who never handles rule or measure, but merely deals with them in calculation, the change does not seem to embody anything which cannot be easily dealt with by legal enactment; but to the worker, to the dealer, and to the ordinary buyer the question is a serious one indeed. Any one who chooses can use metric measurements; but for the Government to oblige people to do so would be an arbitrary act which they would be neither willing nor able to bear.

A GLUT OF NEWSPAPERS.

The enormous increase in newspaper publication has placed the Newspaper Department in the British Museum in such a condition of repletion that a bill has been introduced in Parliament to deal with the congestion. This bill authorises the Trustees to deposit with local authorities files of any local newspapers which have been received by them at Bloomsbury since the year 1837, or which may be hereafter received. The bill also makes rules respecting the disposal by destruction or otherwise of printed matter which is not deemed of sufficient value for preservation. In order to show that strong measures are necessary, it is stated that the shelves devoted to London newspapers alone exceed one thousand yards in length, whilst those devoted to the provincial, colonial, and foreign press are more than three times that length; the total measurement being close upon three miles. Of course, files of the principal papers will still be available in the newspaper room, for these form in themselves a reference library which is of inestimable value to the student.

AN UNDERGROUND CABLE.

Every winter we are uncomfortably reminded that a fall of snow is sufficient to break down our aerial telegraph and telephone wires, the repair of which, although costing much, is not a great consideration compared with the enormous inconvenience and loss to the community at large by the stoppage of communication. A remedy for this recurring disaster is the removal of the lines to underground conduits where snow cannot reach them. A beginning has been made by the recent completion of an underground cable between London and Birmingham at a cost of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This cable, which was commenced three years ago, consists of seventy-six copper wires enclosed in a leaden casing, which in its turn is covered by a three-inch iron pipe. The greatest care has been taken in the manufacture of this cable to exclude moisture, the parts being submitted to a baking operation as they are put together. The cable was made

in lengths of one hundred and fifty-two yards, each length weighing two and a quarter tons. At intervals of five miles the wires are brought to the surface and pass through a test-chamber so as to be easy of access. Ninety men have been employed in the work of laying this cable, and they have found a hearty welcome in all the villages through which they have passed, and where they have temporarily taken up their abode.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND WARFARE.

Never before in any campaign has photography played such an active part as it is now doing in South Africa; and our illustrated journals, in which for the most part photo-process blocks have taken the place of wood-engravings, continually remind us of the fact. But still, for the more salient features of the battle, we are dependent upon the artist at the seat of war, for a photograph of an actual conflict is well-nigh impossible. The camera is a short-range instrument, while the rifle which may bring destruction to it has a range of more than two miles. Then, again, supposing that photographs of actual hostilities were possible, the absence of smoke on the modern battlefield would reduce the scene to the level of a mere home parade of troops. It is curious to note the immense demand which there is just now for war photographs. Portraits of the generals engaged have for the time quite eclipsed the theatrical portraits which usually have the premier place in the shop-windows, and the demand for fighting scenes has been met both in London and Paris by photographing bogus armies equipped for the purpose and pitted against one another. Some of these which we have examined are effective pictures; but there is usually some little fault of dress or pose which a military critic will at once detect.

HORSE-FLESH AS FOOD.

The use of horse-flesh as food is a subject which has been brought into prominence of late owing to the necessities to which the beleaguered garrisons in South Africa have been reduced. It is, therefore, a matter of general interest that certain butchers in San Francisco have been detected in using the flesh of the horse as a substitute for beef in the manufacture of sausages and other viands. There is nothing unwholesome in using the flesh of such a clean-feeding animal as the horse, but it is rightly considered that it should not be foisted upon consumers in place of more expensive meats. In many Continental countries the sale of horse-flesh for human food is considerable; but the butchers are licensed, and the animals are killed under proper sanitary conditions. The *New York Medical Journal* points out that it is comparatively easy to detect the presence of horse-meat even in such small

quantities as 5 per cent. The suspected meat is boiled for about an hour, in a small quantity of water, which is afterwards reduced by evaporation, cooled, and filtered. To this liquid a few drops of compound iodine solution (one part iodine and twelve parts potassic iodide in one hundred parts of water) is added, when a fugitive red-violet colouration indicates the presence of horse-meat.

A QUICK DUPLICATING MACHINE.

A machine of American origin—the object of which is to furnish at a quick rate copies of type-written circulars and other matter—has recently been placed on the British market. It is called the Rotary Neostyle, and will produce about sixty copies a minute of a document which may be of the size of a post-card or that of a foolscap sheet of paper. First of all a stencil is obtained on specially prepared waxed material in an ordinary type-writing machine, the pressure of the letters removing the wax composition and leaving a porous web through which a liquid ink can force itself. The stencil so obtained is placed on the cylinder of the Neostyle, and as the cylinder is turned a rubber roller grips each sheet of paper fed into the machine, and at the same time presses it close against the stencil. An ink-distributing apparatus behind the stencil keeps it constantly supplied with moisture, and clear copies to the number of several thousands from one stencil are turned out. It is noteworthy that the machine, although of American origin, is manufactured on this side of the Atlantic.

A SHIP'S TONNAGE.

A correspondent, in allusion to a paper recently appearing in this *Journal*, has very kindly sent us a lucid definition of the expression 'tonnage,' as applied to ships. He points out that *gross tonnage* does not comprise, as one might suppose, the entire space available on a ship—for in measurement it is customary to exclude from the calculation spaces above deck solely appropriated to machinery, any deck-shelters for passengers, the cook's galley, the wheel-house, and a few minor offices. *Register tonnage* in a sailing-ship excludes, in addition, crew space, master's accommodation, chart space, sailroom, and boatswain's store. In a steamer the same deductions from the register tonnage hold good (with the exception of the sailroom), and here there is added 32 per cent. of the tonnage for engine-room allowance. In steamships the difference between the gross and register tonnage is often very considerable; and our correspondent quotes the case of the *Oceanic*, where the gross tonnage is more than seventeen thousand tons, while the register tonnage is only seven thousand. Measurement for tonnage is on the basis of one hundred cubic feet to a ton; but with regard to cargo the measurement of the ton varies at different ports.

PRINTING TELEGRAPHS.

In this age of 'sound' telegraphy, one is apt to overlook the 'printing' systems which held sway for so many years. The Morse Embosser was, perhaps, the earliest of these, although it imprinted, rather than printed, the signs on the narrow strip of paper which is familiar to some of us. This was superseded by the Morse Ink-writer, which leaves its black or blue mark on the surface of the paper without indenting it; and much the same may be said of the Syphon Recorder used on cables, where the signals are more transient and delicate. The drawback of all these systems is that only *signs* are printed; and, as these have to be translated into letters and words, a certain liability to error must necessarily exist with all of them. The recent death of Professor David Edward Hughes, F.R.S., recalls attention to his type-printing telegraph, the most ingenious, as it is certainly the most interesting, of all telegraph instruments. The Hughes Type-printer, as it is called, records the signals in Roman characters; but it does more—it records them at both ends of the line, so that the operator has constantly before him the results of his work, and sees in an instant when he goes wrong. This instrument differs from all others in that it is mainly mechanical, the electrical action being confined to the sending a single short current at the instant the type-wheel is in the proper position, and only a single wave is needed to produce a letter, although under certain conditions combinations of as many as five letters can be produced during a single revolution of the type-wheel. The sending and receiving instruments are exactly alike, and are manipulated by a keyboard somewhat resembling that of a pianoforte, with as many keys as there are letters, figures, and signs to be printed. When a key is depressed the current is sent which produces the given letter on the strip of paper unwound by the action of either instrument; and this strip of paper is cut up into lengths and pasted on the telegraph form, so that the receiver of the message gets, not simply a translation of the signals, but the actual signals themselves in the boldest of Roman characters. It will be obvious that there must be absolute synchronism between the instruments at either end, and the arrangement for securing this is one of the cleverest features of the apparatus, although the inventive genius displayed in the whole mechanism is simply marvellous. Strange to say, the instrument made very little headway in this country for many years; but it was instantly adopted in France, and the French Emperor was so taken with it that, so long ago as 1862, he created the inventor a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Other Continental countries soon adopted it, and then it gradually came into use as the means of cross-Channel communication with England; so that, when the

Post-Office took over the lines of the late Submarine Telegraph Company, it happily found itself largely committed to the use of the Hughes system. Professor Hughes was also the inventor of the microphone, without which the telephone would have been but a poor medium of communication even at this day; and, generally speaking, he was one of our most distinguished electricians. He was, however, so modest and so little of a charlatan that he has left us without even the humble distinction of a knighthood. But he will live in the affections of his friends, of whom he had troops; and he had no enemies: he was too lovable for that.

MY GARDEN.

My garden all a shimmer of leaves,
All a glowing glory of light;
Flowers, golden and blue and red,
Crowding together in my sight.

Mighty billows of softest air
Blowing in the trees o'erhead;
I am sitting alone, and think
Thus will it be when I am dead.

Thus will the soft wind blow, and thus
The flowers will bloom and the sun will shine;
And others, I know not who, will sit,
As I do now, in this garden of mine.

And I shall be gone from here—but where?
Dead, and lying within the ground;
Or living and glad amid scenes more fair,
With flowers, still brighter than these, around?

T. P. JOHNSTON.

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

